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INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXI

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The following letters are used to indicate the type of article:

A	Art
C	Correspondence
Ct	Cartoon
D	Drama
Dt	Driftway
E	Editorial Article
EP	Editorial Paragraph
I	International Relations, Documents
IP	International Relations, Foreign Press
IS	International Relations, Signed Article
M	Music
P	Poetry
S	Signed Article

Book reviews and reviewers are indexed separately in the Book Review Section.

A

Abbott, Grace
Appointment as secretary of labor urged; EP 540
Abbott, Leonard D.
Mother Jones and socialism; C..... 707
Abraham Lincoln. A. Bakshy; D..... 305
Abyssinia
Coronation ceremonies reported; EP.... 513
Slavery; EP..... 337
Academic freedom
List of accredited colleges and universities proposed; E..... 488
Accidents, automobile. See Automobiles
Adams, Franklin P.
Broun, H.; S..... 341
Adversity, uses of; E..... 235
Advertising, ways; Dt..... 706
Æ. See Russell, G. W.
Aeronautics
Hawks, F. M., speed records; EP..... 433
Publicity; E..... 262
R-101, disaster; EP.....389; letter.... 552
Record, woman's, by R. Nichols; EP.. 693
Safety; E..... 262
Safety; R-101 disaster. F. D. Walton; S 438
Africa, south and east
Negroes, progress or slavery; IP..... 590
Agricultural relief
Farm board attacks Central City, Nebraska, *Republican*, for criticizing it; EP 540
Farm board folly; E..... 84
Farm board's stabilization corporation wheat plan defended by Senator Capper; EP..... 596
Wheat stabilization; EP..... 109
Airships. See Aeronautics
Alabama. See Negroes
Aliens
Rights to citizenship; E..... 57
See also Immigration
All quiet on the western front. See Remarque, Erich Maria
Allen, Devere
British labor falters; S..... 519
Allen, Henry Justine
Political difficulties. P. Y. Anderson; S. 176
Wins in Kansas Republican primary; EP 211
Allen, Henry Tureman
Death; EP..... 259
Allen, Henry Ware
Tariff reform, down with; C..... 298
Amateurs. See Tennis
American federation of labor
Collapse. L. Stanley; S..... 367
Unemployment insurance, compulsory, views on; EP..... 284
American legion
Long Beach, California, post fights communism. T. W. Patterson; C..... 180
St. Clairsville, Ohio, post wrecks store for non-closing on armistice day; EP. 569
Takes Boston. E. Gordon; S..... 469
American merchant marine; E..571; see also C 708
Americanisms; E..... 572
Americans. See United States
America's cup races; E..... 313
Amtorg company
Bogdanov insulted by Americans; EP.. 166
Anaconda copper mining company
And Montana press. O. G. Villard; S. 39
Andersen, Hans Christian
Stories defended. D. F. Benardete; C..68
Anderson, Paul Y.
Allen, Henry J.; S..... 177
Congressional wonderland; S..... 669
Davis, James John, campaign expenditures; S..... 669
Democratic candidates in 1932; S..... 727
Fish committee activities; S..... 176
Hoover, "new"; S..... 176
Hoover signs tariff bill; S..... 13
Huston, Claudius H.; S..... 119
Huston, Claudius H., ousted; S..... 177
Investigations, congressional, scheduled; S 669
La Follette, Robert Marion, jr.; S.... 727
Mellon, A. W., and tax refunds; S.... 727
Mishandling facts; C..... 706
Morrow, D. W., supported by Hoover; S 13
Muscle Shoals; S..... 13
Muscle Shoals; president opposes government operation; S..... 176
National commission on law observance and enforcement; senate limits activity to investigation of prohibition; S.... 66
Norris, George W., trick attempted with another G. W. Norris; S..... 119
Post-office lease graft; S..... 66
"Power administration"; S..... 176
Power commission, finding members; S.. 119
Power trust wins again; S..... 66
Progressives in congress, program and leader; S..... 669
Prohibition enforcement becomes "conservative"; S..... 66
Republican party chairmanship; S..... 176
Senate lobby committee; S..... 14
Unemployment, administration program lacking; S..... 727
Veterans' pension bill veto sustained by house of representatives; S..... 66
Wheat problem; S..... 119
Wilbur, Ray Lyman, and water power; S 669
Anderson, Sherwood
Look out, brown man!; S..... 579
Andrée, Salomon-Auguste
Finding of body, with those of associates; EP..... 233
Animal crackers. A. Bakshy; D..... 356
Animals
Prices decline; EP..... 259
Anonymity, cult of. H. Hazlitt; S..... 350
Anthracite. See Coal miners, American
Antioch college
Faculty trust. J. F. Kirkpatrick; S.... 441
Apartments
Cooperative. R. Ward; S..... 269
Appalachian power company. See Power and power industry
Appleman, Morris
Nation club of Chicago; C..... 378
Arabs
Ferment in the Arabic world. F. Valyi; IS 77
Architecture
Chrysler's pretty bauble. D. Haskell; S 450
Monumental masses. D. Haskell; S.... 561
Stripes of the *News*. D. Haskell; S.... 713
Argentina
Revolution; EP..... 283
Armament limitation
Germany restless over failure of victorious nations to disarm; EP..... 512
See also Naval reduction (London conference and treaty)
Armaments
World, in 1929; EP..... 28
Armistice day
Hoover speech; EP..... 567
Non-closing of store, St. Clairsville, Ohio, causes wrecking by American legion; EP 569
Art, Negro. See Negroes
Asia
Central; women attain freedom. L. Fischer; S..... 11
Associated press
Labor news, mishandling. U. Sinclair; C 17
Athletics, college
Butler, N. M., views; EP..... 721
Auburn prison
Conditions, shocking; EP..... 167
Auer, Leopold; death; EP..... 111
Au Sable valley. See Delaware and Hudson railroad
Australia
Bankruptcy near; EP..... 258
Austria
Health insurance. A. H. Bornfell; C.. 43
Parliamentary elections; EP..... 541
Political situation; EP..... 391
Schober, J., downfall as chancellor; EP 362
Seipel intrigues. G. E. R. Gedye; IS. 25
Authors
Poor; E....394; letter..... 498
Automobiles
Accidents; homicide on wheels. C. Dreher; S..... 221
Old; Dt..... 297
Speed; E..... 287
Aviation. See Aeronautics

B

Babson, Roger W.
Views on trade depression and unemployment. J. Brooks; C..... 153
Bach, transcribing. A. Mendel; M..... 684
Backwoods behavior. C. M. Wilson; S.... 523
Bail, skipping. L. S. Gannett; S..437; letter, with editorial comment..... 497
Bakshy, Alexander
Abraham Lincoln; D..... 305
Animal crackers; D..... 356
Big house, the; D..... 160
Big trail, the; D..... 534
Billy the kid; D..... 534
Dawn patrol; D..... 209
Dimensions, new in the talkies; S..... 702
Fast and loose; D..... 713
Girl of the golden west; D..... 534
Grumpy; D..... 209
Hell's angels; D..... 254
Holiday; D..... 160
Igdenbu; D..... 713
Just imagine; D..... 657
Kismet; D..... 590
Laughter; D..... 713
Manslaughter; D..... 209
Moby Dick; D..... 254
Monte Carlo; D..... 356
Morocco; D..... 657
Murder; D..... 534
Old English; D..... 305
Outward bound; D..... 424
Raffles; D..... 160
Razlom; D..... 713
Slums of Tokio; D..... 104
Soil; D..... 480
Storm over Asia; D..... 356
Swing, you sinner; D..... 480
Travel pictures; D..... 657
What a widow; D..... 480
White hell of Pitz Palu, the; D..... 424
Whoopee; D..... 480
Wild men of Kalihari, the; D..... 657
With Byrd at the south pole; D..... 49
Young Woodley; D..... 424
Zwei herzen im ¾ takt; D..... 534
Baldwin, Roger
Peace lovers and the London naval treaty; C.....96; E..... 85
Balloons. See Aeronautics
Bank of United States
Closing; EP..... 691
Banks
Failures. J. G. Curtis; S..... 675
Banks, savings
Mutual, hamstringing. J. G. Curtis; S. 346
Barbers, Negro, in the south, threatened. V. Dabney; S..... 64
Barnes, Julius Howland
On return of prosperity; EP..... 191
Barnett, A. G.
Papa Droissart; S..... 123
Barry, Griffin
Prosecuted by British secret police. A. E. E. R.; S..... 321
Bathing, nude, in Russia. S. Hibben; C.... 127
Batiste, Louis
Comics and the North American newspaper alliance; C..... 17
Beals, Carleton
Mexico and the Harris bill; IS..... 51
Beazell, William Preston
World, New York; C..... 126
Beebe, Lucius
Opinion of *The Nation;* C..376; see also 323
Begley, Robert V.
Packers' plea; S..... 219
Bell, Hallen M.
Michigan unemployment insurance law, proposed; C..... 324
Bellew, Henry T.
Morrow, D. W., victory; C..... 43
Bemis, Edward W.; death. M. L. Cooke; C. 444
Benardete, Doris Fox
Books for children; C..... 68
Benchley, Robert
Brown buddies; D..... 451
Marigold; D..... 451
Stepdaughters of war; D..... 451

Berg, Carl
Farmer, approves of new tariff; C..98; letter 180
Bernheim, Alfred L.
Are wages coming down?; S..... 489
Bethlehem steel corporation
Grace, E. G., salary as head; EP..... 111
Merger with Youngstown sheet and tube; stars of Bethlehem; E..... 141
Better speech. H. Broun; S..... 33
Big Ben, time by; Dt..... 16
Big house, the. A. Bakshy; D..... 160
Big trail, the. A. Bakshy; D..... 534
Bilbo, Theodore G. See Mississippi
Billings, Warren K. See Mooney and Billings
Billy the kid. A. Bakshy; D..... 534
Birkenhead, Earl of
Death; EP..... 391
Birth control
Lambeth conference, indorsement by; EP 233
Black, Elizabeth
Manton, Judge, decision on citizenship; C 204
Black, Forrest Revere
Profits of war; S..... 222
Black, Van Lear
Disappearance from yacht; EP..... 233
Blackbirds. M. Connelly; D..... 506
Blackwell, Alice Stone
British rule in India; C..... 323
Blanshard, Paul
Lingle, "Jake," murder; S..... 9
Bliss, Tasker H.; death; EP..... 541
Blum, Emanuel
Fish out of congress (investigation of communism); S..... 202
Bobbitt, Benjamin Boisseau
Simmons, Senator, loss of election; C.. 42
Bogdanov, Mr.
Insulted by Americans; EP..... 166
Bolton, J. R. Glorney
Anglo-Indian speaks; C..... 224
Books
Censorship. See Censorship, books
Children's. D. F. Benardete; C..... 68
Communist criticism. H. Hazlitt; S.... 583
See also Fiction
Borah, William Edgar
Replies to proposal of Democratic cooperation with Republicans in Congress; EP 567
Borchard, Edwin M.
Conference for codification of international law; S..... 94
Bornfell, A. H.
Health insurance in Austria; C..... 43
Boston *Evening Transcript*
Centennial celebrated; EP..... 139
Defended. K. Schriftgiesser; C....323; letter 376
Boswell, James
Manuscripts found; EP..... 569
Boyle, James E.
Wheat prices and wheat pools; S..... 491
Brandeis, Louis Dembitz
Tribute by Ohio supreme court justice. Pertinax; C..... 651
Brazil
Revolution; EP.....391; 483
Briand, Aristide
Attacks by right may lead to retirement from active politics; EP..... 484
See also Europe; United States of Europe
British empire
Imperial conference; EP..231; J. A. Hobson; S..342; J. A. Hobson; IS.. 660
Conference, imperial; tariff at; E..393; EP..431; free trade wins; EP..... 568
Imperial conference; trade discussed; E 461
British imperial conference. See British empire
Brooks, Jack
Babson, Roger W., on trade depression and unemployment; C..... 153
Broun, Heywood
Arrest as would-be picket; EP..... 363
Arrest for picketing. H. Broun; C.... 444
Better speech; S..... 33
Candidate for congress; S...171; E.... 236
Comic strips; S..... 87
Comrade Broun. F. P. Adams; S..... 341
Farewell to arms, a; D..... 386
Fine and dandy; D..... 422
Heat and work; S..... 116
Little show, the; D..... 331
Mr. Gilhooley; D..... 422
New York turns moral; S..... 143
Once in a lifetime; D..... 386
Overture; D..... 714
Rhapsody; D..... 355
Russia, pleasure in; S..... 59
Substitutes for him as dramatic critic during political campaign; EP..... 391
Sweet and low; D..... 632
Telephone; S..... 8
That's gratitude; D..... 355
Torch song; D..... 303
Vinegar tree, the; D..... 658
Brown buddies. R. Benchley; D..... 452
Brown, Dexter P.
Costigan, E. P., campaign for senator; C 349
Brown, John Mason
His majesty's car; D..... 533
On the spot; D..... 533
Puppet show; D..... 533
Roar China; D..... 533
Bryan, William Jennings
Views on public ownership; book review 74; C..... 246
Buell, Raymond Leslie
Cuba and the world court; C (with editorial comment)..611; see also E.... 435
Slavery and forced labor; S..... 699
Burgess, Jennie P.
Mott, L., letters requested; C..... 247
Business
Adversity, uses of; E..... 235
And government. O. G. Villard; S.237; letter 297
Barnes, J. H., sees return of prosperity; EP 191
Depression as viewed by R. W. Babson. J. Brooks; C..... 153
End of depression not in sight; EP.... 191
Recovery, signs of; EP..... 138
Spreckels, R., urges governmental control of industry as remedy; EP..... 362
Butler, Nicholas Murray
Athletics, college, views on; EP..... 721
Butte *Daily Bulletin*. M. Carney; C..... 153
Byington, Steven T.
Arms and arms; C..... 402
Opposes increase in letter postage; C.. 612
Pronunciation and correct English; C.. 153
Byrd antarctic expedition
Reception on return; EP..... 1

C

C., J.
Korea, rule by force; C..... 68
California
Communism. See Communism
League for independent political action, branch being organized. O. L. Triggs; C 43
Cameron, Alice M.
England, played out?; S....265; letter, 445
Cameron, W. H.
National safety council and Mr. Resnick; C..... 402
Campbell, Maurice
Tells of officials' interference with prohibition enforcement; EP..... 310
Canada
Armaments and peace. A. Morgan; IS.. 564
Elections; Conservative victory; EP.... 137
Elections; protection policy wins; E.... 169
Tariff; E..... 169
Canaries sometimes sing. M. Connelly; D.. 506
Cannon, James, jr.
Senate lobby committee surrenders to bishop. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 14
Cano, B. Sanin
Colombia, Liberals win election; C..42; letter 97
Cantaloupes and communists. C. Seiler; S.... 243; letter..... 376
Capital punishment
Nullification by grand and petty juries; E 723
Capitalism or cooperation. C. Long; C.... 445
see also 265
Capper, Arthur
Defense of Farm board's stabilization corporation; EP..... 596
Caribbean seminar. See Latin America
Carney, Mina
Butte *Daily Bulletin;* C..... 153
Carroll, Earl. See Censorship, plays
Cartels, European; EP..... 540
Catholicism. See Roman catholic church
Catholics. See Roman catholic church
"Caucasian crusade" begun; EP..... 193
Cazanova's homecoming. See Censorship, book
Censorship, book
Casanova's Homecoming seized; EP.213; letter, 297; held not obscene; EP.... 363
Lady Chatterley's lover; EP..... 637
Censorship, mail
How pure are the mails? P. Telco; S. 144
Censorship, moving pictures
British films are pure. W. A. Robson; S 547
Censorship, plays
Dramatists' guild, statement by; E.... 696
Vanities, Earl Carroll's, part of cast arrested; EP..... 83
Censorship, press
Communist publications prosecuted; EP. 110
Census, United States
Report, preliminary; E..... 196
Returns; EP..... 258
Central City, Nebraska, *Republican*
Attacked by federal farm board; EP.... 540
Centralia, Washington
Religious bodies say conspiracy to kill by Industrial workers of the world was not proved; EP..... 432
Chain stores
Versus independents. E. G. Ernst and E. M. Hartl. I. Price war; S..... 545
II. Chain stores and the community.... 545
III. Chain management and labor..... 574
IV. Fighting independents..... 606
Chaney, Lon
Death; EP..... 259
Chicago
Crime and the courts. L. Howe; S.... 315
Crime; murder of Lingle. P. Blanshard; S 9
Newspaper criminals. Veteran Journalist; S.....88; letter, 246
Chicago music festival
Mass production; EP..... 233
Chicago, university of
Reorganization plans of President Hutchins; E..... 599
Chicago world's fair of 1933
Wright, F. L., not on list of architects. D. Haskell; S..... 605
Children. See White house conference on child health and protection
Children's books. D. F. Benardete; C.... 68
Children's bureau
Transfer discussed; EP..... 595
China
Bandits or communists?; EP..... 165
Civil war; nationalist government losing; EP..... 165
Communism. M. S. Stewart; S..... 217
Famine; not due to political disturbances; relief asked; EP..... 213
Christianson, V. C.
Republicans, an article for; C..... 154
Chrysler building. D. Haskell; S..... 450
Church and state
Hoover views offend Lutherans; EP.457; letter 552
Church and war; views of. H. E. Fosdick; EP 193
Church of England
Lambeth conference; E..... 261
Nation's editorial criticized. J. H. Lever; C..... 348
Churchill, Winston
India, "mad dog" views on; E.234; letter 377
Cities. See Municipal government; United States—Rural and urban population
Citizenship
Alien's right to citizenship; E.55; letter 204
Manton, Judge, decision. E. Black; C.. 204
Clark, William. See Prohibition
Clement, Theodore G.
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
Coal miners, American
Anthracite agreement; EP..... 192
Lewis, J. L., fined for violating injunction in Illinois dispute; EP..... 139
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram
Bats; P..... 379
Colby, Kansas
Municipal ownership eliminates taxes; EP 193
College professors. See Professors
Colleges and universities
American universities indicted in Universities—American, English, German, by A. Flexner; E..... 599
And culture; E..... 339
Collegians, American, conservative. B. R. Katz; C..... 472
List of accredited institutions proposed; E 488
On the college frontier. I. Who ought to go to college? D. T. Howard; S.. 344
II. Rollins idea. H. Holt; S..... 372
III. Experimenting at Columbia. H. E. Hawkes; S..... 398
IV. Antioch faculty trust. J. F. Kirkpatrick; S..... 441
V. Wisconsin's experience. M. C. Otto; S 467
VI. New legal education. H. Oliphant; S 493
VII. Civilizing teacher training. T. L. Scholtz; S..... 521
Sarah Lawrence plan. C. Warren; S. 549
Teachers lacking; E..... 7
Colombia
Elections; liberals win. B. S. Cano; C.....42; letter..... 97
Election; liberals win despite church opposition. J. M. E.; C..... 97
Colorado shale-oil fields. See Petroleum
Columbia university
Experimenting at. H. E. Hawkes; S.. 398
Comic strips. H. Broun; S..... 87
Committee on cultural relations with Latin America
Caribbean seminar. H. C. Herring; C. 582
Committees, government by; E..... 6
Commodore (steamship)
Word from, after thirty-one years; EP. 285
Communists
And deportation. C. W. King; C.... 97
Bail skipping. L. S. Gannett; S....437; letter, with editorial comment..... 497
California, cantaloupes and communists. C. Seiler; S.....243; letter..... 376
California, Long Beach, American legion post fights communism. T. W. Patterson; C..... 180
California; red baiting in. C. J. Taft; C 18
China. M. S. Stewart; S..... 217
China; bandits or communists?; EP.... 165

Communist criticism. H. Hazlitt; S.... 583
Fish committee ends investigation for summer. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 176
Fish, H., investigation. E. Blum; S... 202
Gold, H., arrested after giving hitch-hiker a lift; released; EP..... 110
Nation, The, and communists. G. A. Flint and G. F. Illsley; C..... 17
New York, Gonzales funeral; EP..... 54
New York; Police Commissioner Mulrooney shows willingness to avoid trouble; EP..... 54
Newark, New Jersey, persecution; EP. 2
Publications prosecuted; EP..... 110
Rights, constitutional, ignored; EP..... 2
Root, Elihu, views on suppressive measures needed; EP..... 82
Van Etten camp; two women fined and imprisoned for "insulting" flag; EP. 211
Companionate marriage. See Marriage
Compensation insurance, workmen's. See Insurance, workmen's compensation
Conference, imperial. See British empire
Congress
Adjournment; EP..... 719
Agreement, working, between Republicans and Democrats; EP..... 636
Confusion. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 601
Democratic cooperation with Republicans pledged by seven leaders; EP.....539; Senator Borah replies; EP.....567; no truce; E..... 571
Democratic opposition wakes. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 727
Investigation scheduled. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 669
"Lame duck" nuisance; E..... 543
Message to, Hoover's; EP..... 635
Progressive program; EP..... 598
Progressives, program and leader. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 669
Reapportionment; EP..... 596
Wonderland. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 669
See also elections
Connecticut
Levitt, A., fights against political conditions; EP..... 2
Republican party, revolt in. A. B. MacMurphy; S..... 263
Connelly, Marc
Blackbirds; D..... 506
Canaries sometimes sing; D..... 506
Siegfried; D..... 506
This one man; D..... 506
Conversations, requested. W. B. Pitkin; C.. 98
Convicts. See Prisons and Prisoners
Cooke, Morris Llewellyn
Bemis, E. W., death; C..... 444
Cooksley, Bert
Shadows, the; P..... 181
Coolidge, Calvin
Cluckings of Calvin. H. Fordham; S.. 270
Columnist; E..... 58
Tariff, views on; EP..... 309
Cooperation or capitalism. C. Long; C..445; see also..... 265
Cooperative apartments. R. Ward; S..... 269
Copper
Production, stocks and prices; EP..... 567
Copyright
Design; Vestal bill; E..... 668
Corey, Lewis
Wage insurance; S....573; letter, with editorial comment..... 677
Cortambert, Louis
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
Cost and standard of living
American, defended by President Hoover; denounced by E. R. Black; E..... 461
Costigan, Edward P.
Campaign for senator. D. P. Brown; C 349
Costigan of Colorado. W. MacL. Raine; S..... 465
Cotton trade
Reorganizing; IP..... 307
Country. See United States—Rural and urban population
Courts, happenings in; E..... 695
Crandall, Allen
Writing biography of C. Darrow; asks material; C..... 180
Crime and criminals
Chicago. See Chicago
Crime is crime. R. W. White; C..246; see also..... 88
Problem; A. Lewisohn; C..... 526
Stocks, use of, advocated. J. G. Curtis; C..... 734
See also Capital punishment
Crime commission. See National commission on law observance and enforcement
Crisp county, Georgia. See Power and power industry
Cuba
And the world court. R. L. Buell; C (with editorial comment).611; see also E 435
Election, result fixed in advance; EP... 513
Opposition to President Machado; EP.. 692
Political situation disquieting; EP..... 390
Culture, American, since the sixties. M. Josephson; S..... 615
Culture and colleges; E..... 339
Curtis, J. G.
Bank Failures; S..... 675
Investment trust; S..... 93
Savings banks, mutual; hamstringing; S..... 346
Stocks advocated for criminals; C..... 734
Curtiss, Glenn H.
Death; EP..... 139

D

Dabney, Virginius
Negro barbers in the south threatened; S..... 64
Dahlberg, D'Arcy
Hoover use of misleading phrase on socialism and bolshevism; C..... 498
Darrow, Clarence
Biography being written by A. Crandall; he asks material; C..... 180
Davis, James John
Campaign expenditures. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 669
Dawn patrol. A. Bakshy; D..... 209
Deer dance in Taos. M. H. Vorse; S..... 178
De Ford, Miriam Allen
Shall convicts write books?; S..... 495
Delaware and Hudson railroad
Loses fight to discontinue service to Au Sable valley, R. Kent, victor; EP.... 484
Del Bourgo, Maurice
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
Del Castillo, Hugh
Grand opera in America; C..... 444
Democratic party
House of representatives, opposition in. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 727
Presidential campaign of 1932; candidates. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 727
See also Congress; Elections
Denmark
Disarmament urged; EP..... 336
Deportation
Communists and deportation. C. W. King; C..... 97
Serio, G., ordered deported to Italy, where death awaits him; EP..... 541
Depression, industrial. See Business, Economic conditions, world
Design copyright and piracy; E..... 668
Detroit
Mayor Bowles recalled; EP..... 138
Murphy, F. radical, elected mayor. R. Rothman; S..... 400
Deutsch, Babette
Free lecture; P..... 473
De Veldt, Ochunvay
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
Dictionary, oldest; Dt..... 223
Dinosaur eggs; Dt..... 471
Disarmament
Denmark, disarmament urged; EP..... 336
Hoover armistice day speech not a help; EP..... 567
League of nations shuns disarmament; E 260
Preparatory disarmament commission meets; EP....512; EP....540; E.... 695
Way to disarm; E..... 599
What hope for? W. T. Stone; S..... 725
See also Armament limitation
Diseases
Bacteriophage, discovery reported; EP.. 513
Venereal, campaign against. R. H. Everett; C..... 552
Divorce
Schools for marriage. L. F. W.; C.... 245
Doak, William Nuckles
Appointment as secretary of labor; EP.. 636
Doctors. See Medical profession
Dogs
Judge; dog; Dt..... 179
Dominican republic. See Santo Domingo
Dorau, Herbert B.
Appointed head of public-utilities department, New York university; EP..... 484
Doukhobors in Canada. J. Montagnes; S.. 374
Downing, Agnes H.
Women and jobs; C..... 651
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan
Death; E..... 86
Dramatists' guild
Statement on play censorship; E 696
Dreher, Carl
Homicide on wheels; S..... 221
Dresbach, Glenn Ward
Orchard; P..... 218
Drought
Appropriations for relief; EP..... 691
Loss overestimated; EP..... 257
National disaster. A. Robbins; C..... 376
Plea to Hoover to do something; E.... 195
Relief; farmers and workers pay. F. S. Kinder; C..... 734
Relief measures; EP..... 211
Durling, Dorothy
Criticizes article on degradation of American psychology by B. Stolberg; C..... 525; see also..... 395
Dutch Guiana
Papa Droissart. A. G. Barnett; S.... 123
Dwyer, W. J.
Bryan, W. J., on public ownership; C.....246; see also..... 74

E

E., J. M.
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
Election in Colombia; E. Olaya Herrera wins despite church opposition; C.... 97
East Africa
Negroes, progress or slavery; IP..... 590
Economic conditions, world
Depression, industrial; E..... 338
Economic depression. See Business
Economics
Industrial system; "improvement or explosion." F. D. Smith; C..... 42
Want, elimination of. I. Rus; C..... 582
Edgerton, John E.
Working and praying in his factory; E.....32; letter..... 246
Edman, Irwin
Memoir; P..... 527
Education
Experimental College, University of Wisconsin, to continue; EP..... 55
Higher, evils in Japan; IP..... 537
"Selling" at American universities; views of A. Flexner; E..... 599
Students, wandering; E..... 57
University of Chicago, reorganization plans of R. M. Hutchins; E..... 599
See also Colleges and universities
Egypt
Anglo-Egyptian failure. D. W. Wainhouse; IS..... 332
Riots, political; EP..... 110
Egypt (steamship)
Treasure recovery operations; EP..... 285
Einstein, Albert
Visit to United States; EP.....597, 693
Elections
Candidates and issues; E..... 312
Congressional; Democratic gains foreseen; EP..... 458
Democratic sweep; EP..... 511
Hoover in; E.....392; letter, 526
Issues, and candidates recommended by *The Nation;* E..... 460
"Lame duck" nuisance; E..... 543
Primary; E..... 5
Primary, results; EP..... 257
Revolt against Hoover; E..... 542
Electricity
Rates; New York companies offer cut; EP..... 166
See also Power and power industry
Elizabeth the queen. M. Van Doren; D.... 562
Ellington, Karl J., house building method; Dt..... 322
Emelle, Alabama. See Negroes
Emigration. See Immigration
England
Cooperatives' gain in 1929. C. Long; C.....445; see also 265
Played out? A. M. Cameron; S...265; letter..... 445
Removal of landmarks; Dt..... 650
See also Great Britain
English channel tunnel
Rejected by British government; EP.... 4
English language
Americanisms; E..... 572
Pronunciation and correct English. S. T. Byington; C..... 153
Epstein, Abraham
Exposes life insurance evils; E.....287; letter..... 377
Ernst, Edward G., and Emil L. Hartl. See Chain stores
Erskine, John
Views on future of opera; EP.337; letter 444
Ethridge, Willie Snow
Southern women attack lynching; S.... 647
Europe
Economic blocs, new. F. Scheu; S.... 241
United States of Europe; Briand plan; EP.....53; E, 112; E, 286; E, 313
European war
American diplomatic correspondence with Great Britain, 1916, published; EP.. 458
Negro gold star mothers and widows, discrimination against; E..... 85
Peace treaties, Italian dissatisfaction with; EP..... 53
Responsibility; *World Tomorrow* questionnaire; EP..... 363
Unknown warrior; perfunctory wreath laying to be abandoned; EP..... 484
Evangelism. See Religion
Everett, Roy H.
Venereal diseases, campaign against; C.. 552
Ex-Employee
World, New York; C..... 126
Experimental college. See Wisconsin, University of
Ex-Reader
Down with idealism!; C..... 677
Extravagance; E..... 461

F

Facts, mishandling. P. Y. Anderson; C.... 706
Fame and privacy; E.... 195
Family reunions; Dt.... 96
Famine. See China
Famous men's shortcomings; EP.... 721
Farewell to arms, a. H. Broun; D.... 386
Farm board and relief. See Agricultural relief
Farmers
  And the tariff. C. Berg; C..98; letter, 180
  Farmer, a, speaks. F. J. Steidl; C.... 733
Fascism
  Finland; IP.... 255
  Menace of; E.... 515
  United States, fascist sympathies in. E. C. Lindeman; S.... 267
  See also Italy
Fashions
  "Shorts" craze; EP.... 29
Fast and loose. A. Bakshy; D.... 713
Federal power commission
  Appointments; president wins; EP.... 719
  Bonner, F. E., appointed executive secretary on advice of Pacific gas and electric company's president; EP.... 458
  Jadwin, E., appointed chairman; power trust wins again. P. Y. Anderson; S 66
  McNinch, F. R., appointment; EP.... 663
  Members, difficulty in finding. P. Y. Anderson; S.... 119
Federal reserve bank
  Meyer, Eugene, appointed governor; EP 284
Ferguson, Otis C.
  Lindsey, B. B., and Bishop Manning; C.... 734
Fess, Simeon D.
  Suggested for chairman of Republican national committee; EP.... 137
Fiction
  Novels, greatest; E.... 15
  Verisimilitude in; E.... 463
Films. See Moving pictures
Fine and dandy. H. Broun; D.... 422
Finland
  Fascism; IP.... 255
  Fascism wins electoral victory; EP.... 433
Finney, Ruth
  Power fight goes on; S.... 697
Fischer, Louis
  Russian "dumping"; IS.... 688
  Russia's collectivized farms; S.... 369
  Servants of the soviets; S.... 577
  Stalin's victory, reasons for; S.... 174
  Women in central Asia; S.... 11
Fish committee. See Communism
Fitts, Dudley
  Cathemerinon; P.... 70
Fletcher, Henry Prather
  Appointment as chairman of tariff commission; EP.... 232
Flexner, Abraham
  Indicts American universities in book, Universities—American, English, German; E.... 599
Flint, George A.
  Nation, The, and the communists; C.... 17
Ford, Henry
  Examination; Mr. Ford just passes; E.. 169
  Optimistic on world condition; EP.... 459
Fordham, Herbert
  Cluckings of Calvin; S.... 270
Foreign loans. See Loans, foreign
Foreign relations, information on organizations sought. R. Savord; C.... 472
Foreign trade. See Trade, foreign
Forest service; Dt.... 732
Fosdick, Harry Emerson
  On church and war; EP.... 195
France
  Finances; EP.... 336
  Parliamentary government, Tardieu's views; EP.... 138
  Prosperity fades. M. A. Hallgren; S.. 440
  Strikes. See Strikes—textile mills, France
  Tardieu, Premier, downfall; EP.... 664
  War with Italy, possibility; Germany's position; EP.... 81
Francke, Kuno
  Death; EP.... 29
Franklin, Fabian
  "Writing down"; C.... 472
Freight rates. See Railroad rates
Frisbie, Charles B.
  Oregon, exciting news from; C.... 707

G

Galicia
  Polish terror in. M. A. Hallgren; IS. 508
Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand. See India
Gannett, Lewis S.
  Skipping bail; S..437; letter, with editorial comment.... 497
Gardner, Gilson
  Taft and Roosevelt; C.....581; see also 501
Gastonia, North Carolina. See Strikes—textile mills, southern
Gedye, G. E. R.
  Austria, Seipel intrigues in; IS.... 25
Gerard, James Watson
  Lists sixty-four "rulers" of the United States; E.... 235
Germany
  Bruening, Chancellor, performances; EP 138
  Crisis near. O. G. Villard; S.... 603
  Dictatorship foreshadowed; EP.... 110
  Election, result; EP.....309; EP..... 336
  Financial and tax reforms by presidential decree; EP.... 664
  Financial reform program; EP.... 431
  Militarism reappears; EP.... 692
  See also Germany—Soldiers old, soldiers new
  Newspapers, A. Hugenberg ownership. O. G. Villard; S.... 197
  Occupation ends; EP.... 27
  Parliamentary government gets reprieve; EP.... 459
  Political and economic situation; EP.... 664
  Political unrest; street fighting; EP.... 459
  Politics and government; crisis. R. Niebuhr; IS.... 358
  Politics; dictator or parliament; E.... 365
  Soldiers old, soldiers new. O. G. Villard; S.... 463
  Travel in; Dt.... 270
  Girl crazy. N. Levy; D.... 479
  Girl of the golden west. A. Bakshy; D. 534
Gold, Harry
  Arrested as communist after giving hitch-hiker a lift; released; EP..... 110
Gold
  Shortage; EP.... 362
  Supply and prices; EP.... 664
Gold star mothers and widows. See European war
Golf, miniature; E.... 215
Gonzales, Gonzalo
  Funeral of communist; EP.... 54
Gordon, Eugene
  Legion takes Boston; S.... 469
Gouverneur, New York
  Village sells surplus power; EP.... 284
Government and business. O. G. Villard; S.....237; letter, ... 297
Grace, Eugene G.
  Salary as head of Bethlehem steel corporation; EP.... 111
Graham, Frank
  Election as president of the university of North Carolina. E. W. Knight; S... 240
"Graham, Marcus." See Poetry
Granada; Spain; Dt.... 611
Grand hotel. D. V. D.; D.... 634
Grand opera. See Opera
Graves, Henry S.
  Public domain, the; S.... 147
Great Britain
  Cheka, the. A. E. E. R.; S.... 321
  Conservative party, split threatened; EP 28
  Egypt; Anglo-Egyptian failure. D. W. Wainhouse; IS.... 332
  Labor government escapes defeat; party situation confused; EP.... 81
  Labor party falters. D. Allen; S..... 519
  Mosley, Sir O., governmental proposals; E.... 667
  Police, secret. A. E. E. R.; S..... 321
  Protection not in sight; EP.... 431
  Tariff at imperial conference; E..... 393
  Tariff, food, discussed; EP.... 212
  Trade disputes act may cause downfall of government; EP.... 484
  Great men's shortcomings; EP.... 721
Green, William
  Unemployment insurance, compulsory, views on; EP.... 284
Green pastures, the (play)
  Banned in England; EP.... 29
Gregg, Richard B.
  Simon commission report on India; S.36; letter.... 224
Gregory, Horace
  Schoolmaster dies in Italy, a; P..... 248
Grumpy. A. Bakshy; D.... 209
Guatemala
  Revolution; EP.... 721

H

H., H.
  Marseilles; D.... 658
  Oh, promise me; D.... 658
  Petticoat influence; D.... 742
  Solid south, the; D.... 479
  This is New York; D.... 714
H., J. L.
  World, New York; C.... 127
Haiti
  News, disturbing; EP.... 212
  Vincent, S., elected president; EP..... 597
Haldane, J. B. S.
  What I believe; S.....90; letter.... 153
Hall of fame
  Elections; EP.... 485
Hallgren, Mauritz A.
  Becomes associate editor of *The Nation;* EP.... 363
  Congress in confusion; S.... 601
  Fascism bankrupt; S.... 670
  French prosperity fades; S.... 440
  Polish terror in Galicia; IS.... 508
Ham; Dt.... 401
Hanson, Merlin H.
  Boycotting Negroes; C.... 180
Harding, Warren Gamaliel
  Memorial dedication postponed; Hoover and Coolidge refusal to take part alleged; EP.... 433
Harris bill and Mexico; C. Beals; IS..... 51
Hartl, Emil L. See Ernst, Edward G.
Hartmann, Sadakichi
  On Casanova's Homecoming; C....297; see also EP.... 213
Harvard university
  Teachers lacking; E.... 7
Haskell, Douglas
  Architecture; monumental masses; S.... 561
  Chrysler building; S.... 450
  Stripes of the *News;* S.... 713
  Wright, F. L., and the Chicago fair; S 605
Harkness Hoot, Yale university, starts; EP.. 459
Hawkes, Herbert E.
  Columbia university, experimenting at; S 398
Hawks, Frank M.
  Speed records in air; EP.... 433
Hazlitt, Henry
  Anonymity, cult of; S.... 350
  Our intellectual rulers; S.... 273
  Standards, literary; S.... 613
Health insurance in Austria. A. H. Bornfell; C.... 43
Heat and work. H. Broun; S.... 116
Heist, A. A.
  Edgerton, John E., "heckling" by theologians; C .... 246; see also E.... 32
Hell's angels. A. Bakshy; D.... 254
Hemingway, Ernest; Bibliography; material asked. V. Orton; C.... 247
Herrick, Robert
  Our super-Babbitt (President Hoover); a recantation; S .....60; letter..... 154
Herring, Hubert C.
  Caribbean seminar; C.... 582
Herskovits, Melville J.
  Correction of book review; C.....247; see also.... 102
Hewitt, Elsa. See Immigration
Hibben, Sheila
  Russian bare, the; C.... 127
Hirst, Albert
  Wishes to organize Westchester group of League for independent political action; C.... 247
His majesty's car. J. M. Brown; D..... 533
Hobson, John A.
  British imperial conference; S..342; IS 660
Hoe, R., and company, plant and workers; Dt.... 676
Hogue, Richard W.
  M. Storey memorial fund; C.... 324
Holberg, Ruth Langland
  Now summer; P.... 67
  Pigeons wading; P.... 177
Holiday. A. Bakshy; D.... 160
Hollywood technical directors' institute
  Attacks All quiet on the western front; E.... 7
Holmes, Aileen
  With M. Husa, fined and imprisoned for "insulting" flag; EP.... 212
Holmes, Oliver Wendell
  Tribute by Ohio supreme court justice. Pertinax; C.... 651
Holt, Hamilton
  Rollins idea; S.... 372
Hoover, Herbert
  Adminstration, Hoover commission on Hoover suggested; E.... 140
  Administration; Republican handicap; E 168
  And congress. M. A. Hallgren; S.... 601
  EP.... 691
  Appointments; EP.... 663
  Armistice day speech; EP.... 567
  Begins to fight; EP.... 27
  Committees, government by; E.... 6
  Criticism by *The Nation* offends subscriber. J. S. L. Thomas; C..... 153
  Immigration, action on, contrary to supreme court decision. C. W. King; C.... 472
  Legislation, attitude toward; E.... 31
  Lutherans, greetings to; Roman catholics offended; EP .....457; letter..... 452
  Message to congress, second annual; EP 635
  Misleading phrase, "socialism or its violent brother, bolshevism." D. Dahlberg; C.... 498
  Morrow, D. W., supported by president. P. Y. Anderson; S.... 13
  Muscle Shoals; president opposes government operation; EP.....137; S..... 176
  Muscle Shoals, views on; EP.... 137
  Naval reduction, president's views; EP.. 53
  "New" Hoover. P. Y. Anderson; S... 176
  Political campaign, Mr. Hoover in; E.....392; letter.... 526
  "Power administration." P. Y. Anderson; S.... 176
  Resents oil-shale charges; E.... 514
  Revolt against president shown by election results; E.... 542
  Silences; E.... 434

Super-Babbitt; a recantation. R. Herrick; S.....60; letter 154
Tariff bill signed. P. Y. Anderson; S.. 13
Unemployment committee; EP..... 457
Unemployment, president's job; EP..... 30
Wheat problem. P. Y. Anderson; S... 119
Hotel, American; book on; E..... 462
House building, pisé method; Dt..... 322
How, J. Eads
Left fortune for humanity; executor and trustee asks advice. N. Klein; C.... 180
executor gets too many letters; C.... 324
Howard, D. T.
College; who ought to go? S..... 344
Howe, Lawrence
Crime and courts in Chicago; S..... 315
Howie, J. B.
"Journey's end," play; C..... 98
Hugenberg, Alfred
German dailies. O. G. Villard; S..... 197
Hull, Cordell
Nominated for senator from Tennessee; EP 192
Hungary
Sixtus, Prince, of Bourbon-Parma, negotiates for return of king; his war activities; EP..... 285
Huntley, Margaret Steer
Sacco-Vanzetti memorial in New York; C 204
Husa, Mabel
With A. Holmes, fined and imprisoned for "insulting" flag; EP..... 212
Huston, Claudius H.
Holds on to chairmanship of Republican national committee; EP..... 81
P. Y. Anderson; S..... 119
Ousted as Republican chairman. P. Y. Anderson; S 176
Retires with blast at Hoover; EP..... 191
Hutchins, Grace
Gastonia bail; C.... 497; see also.... 437
Huxley, Aldous
Requests letters of D. H. Lawrence; C 127
Hyde, Arthur M.
Advice to beat growers; EP..... 54

I

Idealism
"Ex-Reader" finds it does not "pay"; C 677
Igdenbu. A. Bakshy; D..... 713
Illsley, Graydon F.
Nation, The, and the communists; C... 17
Imber, Isaac
Zionism, essence of; C..298; see also.. 200
Immigration
Aliens and unemployment. C. W. King; C 472
Hewitt, E., case of, raises question of power over entry; EP..... 310
Japanese. C. Panunzio; C....246; 323; see also EP 29
Restriction and suspension; EP..... 720
United States, checked; EP..29; letter.. 246
United States, further restriction; EP. 309
Imperial conference. See British empire
Income, ideal; E..... 288
Income tax
Cut, differences on; EP..... 232
Cut, restoration in sight; EP..... 567
Refunds and A. W. Mellon. P. Y. Anderson; S 727
India
Anglo-Indian speaks. J. R. G. Bolton; C 224
Churchill, W., "mad dog" views; E.234; letter 377
Conference. See India, conference on, London
Gandhi, M. M., negotiations with, fail; EP 285
Gandhi, M. M., views on, by S. K. Ratcliffe; C 69
Nation, The, editorial criticized by English reader. F. M. Kenyon; C.. 377
Nation, The, views on India called precise; opinions of an English subscriber. H. Spencer, Jr.; C..... 97
Nationalism, Lord Maston's views; EP.. 213
News items reflect conditions; EP..... 27
Non-violence. G. Slocombe; IS..... 454
Police brutality; EP 1
Police control; T. H. K. Rezmie; C.... 127
Policy of British government; E..234; letter 377
Ratcliffe, S. K., replies to criticisms of his views on India in book review; C 69
Resistance to government continues; EP 165
Scottish subscriber speaks. J. C. Mortimer; C 68
Self-rule; British government makes people less fit. A. S. Blackwell; C.. 323
Simon, Sir John, views; EP..... 258
Suppression by government continues; EP 665
Viceroy's speech denounces nationalists; EP 82
Simon commission report; second volume published; EP 1
Simon commission report; views on. R. B. Gregg; S.... 36; letter..... 224
Simon commission report; viceroy speaks on; E 114
Conference on, London
British delegates; EP 432
Deliberations; EP 569
Dominion status for India predicted as result; EP 693
Indian delegates; EP..... 310
Indian delegates stipulate demands; EP 459
MacDonald speech; EP 596
Meets; E 543
Indians
Taos deer dance. M. H. Vorse; S.... 178
Industrial depression. See Business; Economic conditions, world
Industrial relations counselors, incorporated
Report on unemployment insurance; EP 691
Industrial system. See Economics
Industrial workers of the world. See Centralia, Washington
Injunctions
Yellow-dog. J. I. Seidman; S..... 729
Institute of politics (Williams college)
Russian session; EP 166
Insurance, health, in Austria. A. H. Bornfell; C 43
Insurance, life
Evils exposed by A. Epstein; E..... 287
letter by A. Epstein 377
Insurance unemployment, compulsory
American federation of labor, views on; EP 284
Campaign for; EP 111
Legislative proposals; EP 720
Michigan law, proposed. H. M. Bell; C 324
New York state, move for, E..... 261
Report by Industrial relations counselors, incorporated; EP 691
Insurance, wage. L. Corey; S..... 573
Letter, with editorial comment 677
Insurance, workmen's compensation
Weakness. H. S. Cullman; S..... 294
Intellectual rulers of the United States. H. Hazlitt; S..... 273
Intellectuals in politics; E..... 236
International law
Hague codification conference. E. M. Borchard; S 94
Interstate Commerce Commission
Boosts railroad freight rates; EP.... . 82
Investment trust. J. G. Curtis; S..... 93
Islam. See Moslems
Italy
Army reorganization; EP 310
Dissatisfaction with peace treaties expressed by Mussolini; EP 53
Economic difficulties; Mussolini blames United States; EP..... 721
Fascism bankrupt. M. A. Hallgren; S. 670
Russia, commercial treaty with; EP.... 192
Slav subjects reported oppressed and killed; EP..... 310
War with France, possibility; Germany's position; EP..... 81

J

Jackson, Gardner
Sacco-Vanzetti memorial in Boston; C.. 204
Women workers in Massachusetts; S.... 608
Jackson, Mississippi
Negro killed by deputy sheriff; EP... 259
Jadwin, Edgar
Appointed chairman of federal power commission. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 66
Japan
Education, higher, evils of; IP..... 537
Immigration from; quota. C. Panunzio; C..... 246, 343; see also EP..... 29
Moving pictures. A. Bakshy..... 104
Trade-union bill; IP..... 281
Women mill slaves; IP..... 134
Jarvis, Royal P.
On Mr. Hoover and the campaign; C.....526; see also..... 392
Jay, John
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
Jennings, Leslie Nelson
Wilderness; P 709
Jews
Nation trapped. W. Zukerman; S..200; letter 298
Jones, Mary ("Mother")
And socialism. L. D. Abbott; C..... 707
Death; EP 637
Jones, Weimar
South, property-minded; S..... 319
Southern labor and the law; S..... 14
Josephson, Matthew
American culture since the sixties; S.. 615
Journalists. See Newspapers
Journey's end (play). J. B. Howie; C..... 98
Judge; dog; Dt 179
Judiciary scandals. See New York city
Jugoslavia
Agricultural exchange agreement with Rumania; EP..... 192
Matchek, V., acquitted of treason; EP.. 83
Just imagine. A. Bakshy; D..... 657

K

Kahler, Wood
Poor author; C.... 498; see also..... 394
Katz, Benjamin R.
Collegians, American, conservative; C.. 472
Kazakstan
Women attain freedom. L. Fischer; S.. 11
Kelley, Florence
Children, saving; White house conference; S..... 643
Kelley, Ralph S. See Petroleum
Kellogg, Frank Billings
Election to world court; EP..... 335
Nobel peace prize winner; EP..... 635
Kellogg pact
Strengthening, Hoover suggestion for; EP 595
Kemp, Eleanor
Criticizes article on degradation of American psychology by B. Stolberg; C..... 525; see also..... 395
Kempton, A. Norman
Nation, The, what's wrong with; C.... 612
Kenyon, F. M.
India; protest against *Nation* editorial; C 377
Kinder, F. S.
Unemployment and drought relief, farmers and workers pay; C..... 734
King, Carol Weiss
Aliens and unemployment; C..... 472
Communists and deportation; C..... 97
Kirkpatrick, J. J.
Antioch faculty trust; S..... 441
Kismet. A. Bakshy; D..... 590
Klein, Nicholas
Executor of J. Eads How bequest to help world; suggestions asked; C..180; gets too many letters; C..... 324
Knight, Edgar W.
North Carolina keeps faith; S..... 240
Kopeloff, Nicholas
Krutch, J. W., tribute to; C..... 18
Korea
Rule by force. J. C.; C..... 68
Krutch, Joseph Wood
Tribute to. N. Kopeloff; C..... 18
Kurds. See Turkey.

L

Labor
Forced. See Slavery
Japan, women mill slaves; IP..... 134
Southern, and the law. W. Jones; S.. 14
Turnover, tax proposed. J. F. Wayne; C 677
Unemployment. See Unemployment
Wage cuts; EP 82
Wage study by International labor office at instance of H. Ford; EP..... 28
Wages, coming down? A. L. Bernheim; S 489
Women. See Women
Work and pray; E.... 32; letter..... 246
Labor party (British). See Great Britain
Labor, secretary of
Doak, William N., appointment; EP... 636
Labor unions
Japanese trade-union bill; IP..... 281
Win victory in New Orleans railway company case on right of collective bargaining; E 113
See also injunctions
Lady Chatterley's lover. See Lawrence, D. H.
La Follette dynasty
Fate at stake in Wisconsin election; EP 111
La Follette, Philip F.
Wins in Wisconsin primaries; EP..... 335
La Follette, Robert Marion, jr.
Unemployment, work in senate; P. Y. Anderson; S 727
Lambeth conference; E 261
See also Birth control; Church of England
"Lame ducks." See Congress
Lamont, Professor
Greatest novels, sixty, list of; E..... 115
Lands, public. See Public lands
Latin America
Caribbean seminar of Committee on cultural relations with Latin America; C 582
Disquiet; EP 311
Loans and revolution. D. Pearson; S.. 644
Recognition of new governments by United States; EP 336
United States diplomatic blunders; EP.. 721
Laughter. A. Bakshy; D 713
Law enforcement
Third degree only part of lawless enforcement; E..... 339
See also National commission on law observance and enforcement
Law, international. See International law
Law observance and enforcement. See National commission on law observance and enforcement
Lawrence, D. H.
Lady Chatterley's lover bootlegged; EP 637
Letters requested; A. Huxley; C..... 127
Lawrence, Sarah, college. C. Warren; S... 549
Lawyers. See Legal profession
Leadership in politics; E..... 194

League for independent political action
California branch being organized. O. L. Triggs; C 43
Westchester group proposed. A. Hirst; C 247
League of composers; concert. A. Mendel; M 741
League of nations
Defended. P. C. Nash; C..... 651
Disarmament shunned by league; E.... 260
Kellogg, F. B., election of; EP..... 335
Mandate commission report on Palestine; A. Henderson replies; EP..231; EP.. 285
Meeting, forthcoming; EP 231
Permanent court of international justice; Cuba and R. L. Buell; C, with editorial comment.....611; see also E.. 435
Reorganization, and American entry; E 435
see also letter, with editorial comment 611
World court protocol to come before senate; EP 635
Legal profession
Education, new legal. H. Oliphant; S.. 493
Lena Goldfields limited. See Russia
Letters, bread-and-butter; Dt 125
Lever, John R.
Criticizes *Nation's* article on Lambeth conference; C..... 348
Levitt, Albert
Fight against Connecticut political conditions; EP 2
Levy, Newman
Girl crazy; D 479
Princess charming; D 479
Three's a crowd; D..... 479
Lewis, John L.
Fined for violating injunction; EP.... 139
Lewis, Sinclair
Wins Nobel prize for literature; E..... 544
Lewisohn, Adolph
Crime, problem of; C..... 526
Liberalism
Catholicism and liberalism. Rev. J. A. Ryan; S ..... 150; letters 271
Life insurance. See Insurance, life
Lincoln, Abraham. A. Bakshy; D..... 305
Lindbergh, Charles Augustus
Newspapers, treatment by; E..... 195
Lindeman, E. C.
Fascist sympathies in the United States; S 267
Lindley, Ernest K.
Two years of Franklin Roosevelt; S.289; EP 284
Lindsay, Vachell
Dunce-cap on the ghost, the; P..... 583
Lindsey, Ben B. See Marriage
Lingle, "Jake"
Murder. P. Blanshard; S 9
Literature
Is literature possible? L. Trilling; S.. 405
Negro in. G. A. Steward; S 295; letter 402
Standards. H. Hazlitt; S 613
See also Books; Fiction
Little show, the. H. Broun; D..... 331
Living, standard of. See Cost and standard of living
Loans, Foreign
And revolutions. D. Pearson; S..... 644
State department supervision; EP..... 3
Locmariaquer; Dt 550
London
Building height cut down; EP..... 311
London *Daily Worker*
Prosecuted; EP..... 110
Long, Cedric
Capitalism or cooperation; C.....445; see also 265
Lucas, Robert H. See Republican party
Lutherans
Greeted by President Hoover; Roman catholics offended; EP.. 457; letter.. 452
Lynchings
Commission of investigation named; EP 337
Federal law needed more than ever; EP 311
Marion, Indiana; two Negroes hanged; EP 193
Mississippi; two; EP 311
Oconee county, South Carolina, fined; EP 513
Southern comment. W. Thornton; C... 444
Southern women attack lynching. W. S. Ethridge; S 647
Texas, one averted; one perpetrated in South Carolina; EP 28
Texas riots; EP 167

M

McChesney, John
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
McDonald, Duncan
Republicans should be investigated; C.. 96
MacDonald, Ramsay
Speech at India round-table conference; EP 597
Machado y Morales, Gerardo. See Cuba
Macleod, Norman
Dark of the brain; P..... 99
MacMurphy, Allen B.
Mora, F. L., model for war memorial; C 247
Revolt in Connecticut; S..... 263
McNinch, Frank R.
Appointment to federal power commission; EP 663
Mails, censorship. See Censorship, mail
Malta
Church and state disturbances; EP..... 110
Mandate commission. See League of Nations
Manning, William T. See Marriage
Manslaughter. A. Bakshy; D 209
Manton, Judge
Citizenship decision. E. Black; C..... 204
Marclay, George C.
Public-utility and power-trust inroads on public; C 472
Marigold. R. Benchley; D 452
Marion, Indiana
Two Negroes lynched; EP..... 193
Marion, North Carolina
Relief for workers. V. Perlman; C.... 378
Marriage
Companionate; dispute between B. B. Lindsey and Bishop Manning; EP.665; letter, C..... 734
Martyrs to marriage; S....34; letter.. 245
Marseilles. H. H.; D..... 658
Marsh, Reid
Cantaloupe a fruit; C.. 376; see also.. 243
Massachusetts
Primaries; EP 335
Tercentenary. H. R. Mussey; S..... 199
Women workers. G. Jackson; S..... 608
Matchek, Vladimir
Acquitted of high treason; EP..... 83
Maternity
Death rate highest in United States; EP 693
Maugham, W. Somerset
Verisimilitude in his book, Cakes and Ale; E 436
Mavity, Nancy Barr
Billings and the supreme court; C..... 651
Meat
Packers' plea for modification of 1920 decree. R. V. Begley; S..... 219
Medical profession
Doctor and patient; E 487
Russia, soviet, doctor in. R. A. Reynolds; S..... 316
Mellon, Andrew William
Tax refunds. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 727
Mencken, Henry L.
Marriage; EP 259
Mendel, Arthur
Bach, transcribing; M 684
League of composers' concert; M..... 741
Menzel, J. C.
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
Merchant marine, American; E.....571; see also C..... 708
In war time, views of D. W. Morrow; EP 663
Mergers
Movement halted by depression; EP.... 512
Meston of Dunottar, Lord
Views on nationalism, India; EP..... 213
Mexico
Harris bill. C. Beals; IS 51
Revolution, balance sheet of. B. Urrea; IS 744
Meyer, Eugene
Appointed governor of federal reserve bank; EP 284
Michigan
Unemployment insurance law proposed. H. M. Bell; C..... 324
Militarism
In modern dress. P. von Schoenaich; IS 718
Military training
Optional in land-grant colleges; EP.... 28
Mississippi
Educational policy of Governor Bilbo brings reprisals; EP 665
Mixed claims commission
Claims against Germany by United States disallowed; EP 568
Moby Dick. A. Bakshy; D 254
Mohammedans. See Moslems
Monroe, Karl
No men wanted; S..... 146
Montagnes, James
Doukhobors in Canada, the; S..... 374
Montana
Newspapers; the state and the "company." O. G. Villard; S..... 39
Monte Carlo. A. Bakshy; D..... 356
Mooney and Billings
Billings and the California supreme court. N. B. Mavity; C..... 651
California supreme court refuses pardon in case of W. K. Billings; state pardon board in case of Tom Mooney; EP, 54; EP, 637; E..... 667
Mooney still waits; E..... 170
Rolph, James, and the case; C..... 707
Young, Governor, defeated for renomination; EP 257
Young, Governor, refuses pardon to Mooney; EP 83
Moore, John Bassett
On United States recognition of Russia; EP 663
Moore, Virginia
Last instruction; P..... 299
Parting, a; P..... 735
Mora, F. Luis
Model for war memorial. A. B. MacMurphy; C 247
Morgan, Arthur
Canada, armaments, and peace; IS..... 564
Morocco. A. Bakshy; D 657
Morrow, Dwight Whitney
Defends Hoover administration in campaign speech; EP 458
Hoover supports Morrow. P. Y. Anderson; S 13
Nominated for United States senator; E 5
Victory. H. T. Bellew; C..... 43
Views on merchant marine in war time; EP 663
Mortier bay. See Newfoundland
Mortimer, John C.
India; Scottish subscriber speaks; C.... 68
Morton, David
Again this quiet day; P..... 446
Moslems
Ferment in the Arabic world. F. Valyi; IS 77
Mosley, Sir Oswald
Proposals, governmental; E..... 667
Mosul. See Petroleum
Mott, Lucretia; letters requested. J. P. Burgess; C 247
Moving pictures
Competition and trusts; E..... 639
Competition with stage; E..... 216
Dimensions, new in the talkies. A. Bakshy; S 702
Japanese. A. Bakshy 104
Travel pictures. A. Bakshy; D..... 657
Mr. Gilhooley. H. Broun; D..... 422
Municipal government
Corruption; E 214
Municipal ownership. See Public ownership
Murder. A. Bakshy; D 534
Murders
Record in Great Britain and the United States; EP 83
See also Capital punishment
Murphy, Frank
Radical, elected mayor of Detroit. R. Rothman; S 400
Murray, Robert H.
World, New York; C 126
Muscle Shoals
Hoover, H., opposes government operation; S 176
Hoover, H., views on; EP..... 137
House of representatives and senate in deadlock. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 13
Operation; politics and power issue; E..666
Music
Mass production at Chicago festival; EP 233
Mussey, Henry Raymond
Fighting unemployment. I. Organizing the labor market; S..... 641
II. Unemployment insurance; S..... 673
III. Stabilization; S 704
Massachusetts—three hundred years; S.. 199
Mussolini, Benito. See Italy
Mutual savings banks. See Savings banks

N

Nansen, Fridtjof, death; IP..... 106
Nash, Philip C.
Defends world court; C..... 651
Nation, The
Chicago club resumes activities. M. Appleman; C 378
Colorado readers called upon to communicate with one another. E. L. Widmayer; C 98
Communists, treatment by *The Nation*. G. A. Flint and G. F. Illsley, C.... 17
Criticized by A. N. Kempton; C..... 612
Criticized by L. Beebe; C 376; see also 323
Editorial on India criticized by English reader. F. M. Kenyon; C..... 377
see also 234
Hallgren, M. A., becomes associate editor; EP 363
India, views on, found precise. H. Spencer, Jr.; C 97
Lambeth conference article criticized; C 348
Praise from Southern Rhodesia. P. Nielsen; C 180
Prodding commended. W. C. Smith; C 68
Santo Domingo, anniversary of restoration; President Urena thanks *The Nation;* C 97
Subscriber cancels subscriptions; objects to criticism of President Hoover. J. S. L. Thomas; C..... 153
National association for the advancement of colored people. See Negroes
National commission on law observance and enforcement
Disagreement, rumors of; EP..... 458
Senate limits activity to investigation of prohibition. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 66

National safety council. See Safety
Naval reduction (London conference and treaty)
Hoover expresses views on treaty; EP.. 53
Peace lovers and the treaty; E.....85; letter by R. Baldwin..... 96
Ratifications deposited in London; EP.. 483
Treaty near ratification by United States; EP..... 81
Treaty ratified by senate; EP..... 109
Neal, John R.
Loses nomination for senatorship from Tennessee; EP..... 192
Neal, John Randolph
Biography; material sought. F. Reynolds; C..... 298
Negroes
Africa, south and east; progress or slavery; IP..... 592
Art; segregation de luxe. G. A. Steward; S.....295; letter..... 402
Barbers, in the south, threatened. V. Dabney; S..... 64
Boycotting. M. N. Hanson; C..... 180
Gold star mothers and widows, discrimination against; E..... 85
Killing, Jackson, Mississippi; EP..... 259
Literature, exploitation in. G. A. Steward; S.....295; letter..... 402
Look out, brown man! S. Anderson; S. 579
Lynching. See Lynching
National association for the advancement of colored people, campaign for civil rights contemplated; EP..... 541
Race riots at Emelle, Alabama; six deaths; EP..... 54
Race riots, Texas; EP..... 167
Segregation de luxe. G. A. Steward; S.....295; letter..... 402
Spirituals; Dt..... 245
New Orleans railway company case. See Labor
New Republic
Questionnaire on American; E..... 365
New York city
Election results; EP..... 511
Judiciary scandals; "new Tammany"; municipal corruption; E, 214; EP, 362; EP 390
Sins of New York; book; E..... 640
Tammany under cloud; EP..... 362
Turns moral. H. Broun; S..... 143
New York state
Roosevelt, Governor, two years of. E. K. Lindley; S.....289; EP..... 284
Unemployment insurance, move for; E.. 261
Newark, New Jersey
Persecution of aliens and communists; EP 2
Newfoundland
Mortier bay, proposed ocean clearing house; IP..... 404
News building, New York
Stripes of the *News*. D. Haskell; S... 713
Newspapers
Lindbergh, C. A., treatment by newspapers; E..... 195
Mishandling facts. P. Y. Anderson; C. 706
News, front-page; EP..... 513
Newspaper criminals in Chicago. Veteran Journalist; S.....88; letter.... 246
Press today. VIII. Montana and the "company." O. G. Villard; S..... 39
IX. Opportunity in the small city. O. G. Villard; S..... 120
X. Hugenberg and the German dailies. O. G. Villard; S..... 197
Tales, hair-raising; Dt..... 348
"Writing down!" F. Franklin; C..... 472
Nicaragua
Concentration policy adopted by United States; EP..... 55
Election, American-supervised; EP..... 569
Nicholl, Louise Townsend
Suicide by drowning; P..... 652
Without shield; P..... 19
Nichols, Ruth
Makes woman's flying record; EP..... 693
Niebuhr, Reinhold
German crisis; IS..... 358
Nielsen, Peter
Praises *The Nation;* C..... 180
Nitrates
Merger; EP..... 138
Nobel prize for literature
Awarded to S. Lewis; E..... 544
Nobel prize for peace
Awarded to F. B. Kellogg; EP..... 635
Norris, Frank; biographical material sought. F. D. Walker; C..... 445
Norris, George W.
Attacked by R. H. Lucas; EP..... 719
Leadership in politics; E..... 194
Primary campaign, investigation; EP... 361
Trick attempted with another G. W. Norris. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 119
Wins in Nebraska Republican primary; EP 211
North American newspaper alliance
Comics and the alliance. L. Batiste; C. 17
North Carolina
Election, loss of, by Senator Simmons. B. B. Bobbitt; C..... 42
North Carolina, university of
Graham, Frank, election as president. E. W. Knight; S..... 240
Norway
Swing to right; EP..... 484
Novák, Sonia Ruthèle
Hermit by the dead sea; P..... 44
Novels. See Fiction
Nutting; Dt..... 443

O

O'Brien, Edward J.
Wilson, R., letters requested; C..... 247
Ocean clearing house; IP..... 404
Oconee county. See South Carolina
Oh, promise me. H. H.; D..... 658
Oil. See Petroleum
Oil shale. See Petroleum
Old English. A. Bakshy; D..... 305
Oliphant, Herman
New legal education; S..... 493
On the spot. J. M. Brown; D..... 533
Once in a lifetime. H. Broun; D..... 386
Opera
Future; views of J. Erskine; EP..337; letter 444
Grand opera in America. H. del Castillo; C.....444; see also EP..... 337
Oregon
News, exciting, from. C. B. Frisbie; C 707
Orton, Vrest
Hemingway, E., bibliography; material asked; C..... 247
Otto, M. C.
Wisconsin, university of; S..... 467
Outward bound. A Bakshy; D..... 424
Overture. H. Broun; D..... 714
Ownership, public. See Public ownership

P

Pacifism
And citizenship; E....57; letter..... 204
Packers. See Meat
Palestine
British action on; E..... 487
Debate in house of commons on British white paper; EP..... 568
Future. V. S. Yarros; S..... 117
Jewish immigration suspended by Great Britain. W. Zukerman; S..200; letter 298
League of nations mandate commission report; A. Henderson replies; EP.... 231
Simpson report recommending restriction of immigration of Jews denounced by them; EP..... 457
Panunzio, Constantine
Japan and the quota; C.....246, 323; see also EP..... 29
Papa Droissart. A. G. Barnett; S..... 123
Parliamentary government
French, and others; EP..... 138
Parsons, Robert. See Poetry
Patterson, Thomas W.
American legion in Long Beach, California, fights communism; C..... 180
Peace treaties. See European war
Pearson, Drew
Loans and revolutions; S..... 644
Penguins; Dt..... 67
Pennsylvania
Election; decision for Pinchot in Luzerne county ballot case; EP..... 232
Gubernatorial campaign; EP..... 390
Pinchot candidacy bolted by W. W. Atterbury and Philadelphia ward leaders; EP 432
Pensions, veterans'. See Veterans
Perlman, Vee
Mill workers in Marion, relief; C..... 378
Persia
Involved in Turkish-Kurd warfare; Mosul oil mentioned; EP..... 212
Struggle for power. J. Van As; IS.... 162
Pertinax
Holmes and Brandeis; C..... 651
Peru
Revolt; EP..... 258
Revolt; A. Roller; S..... 291
Petroleum
Colorado shale-oil fields; R. S. Kelley resigns, charging wrongful administration; EP..... 361
Kelley charges denied by department of justice; EP..... 483
Kelley charges resented by president; E 514
Kelley resignation declined; charges investigated; EP..... 389
Mosul; issue in case of Turkey, Kurds and Persia; Great Britain involved; EP.. 212
Production, shut-in; EP..... 484
Petticoat influence. H. H.; D..... 742
Philadelphia *Record*
Service to liberal cause. C. T. Sempers; C .....!.. 204
Philippine Islands
Roosevelt, N., appointment as vice-governor; EP..... 109
Phipps, Henry
Death; EP..... 363
Pierce, David H.
Exploiting Negro in literature; C..402; see also..... 295
Pigeons; Dt..... 497
Pilsudski, Joseph. See Poland
Pinchot, Gifford. See Pennsylvania
Pisé method of house building; Dt..... 322
Pitkin, Walter B.
Requests conversations; C..... 98
Playboy of Paris. A Bakshy; D..... 590
Poems
After reading a history of biology. I. Schneider 407
Again this quiet day. D. Morton..... 446
Bats. R. P. T. Coffin..... 379
Belated sheep. A. Wurdemann..... 155
Cathemerinon. D. Fitts..... 70
Clean as these rocks. W. Snow..... 273
Coach Window. S. Rodman..... 728
Dark of the brain. N. MacLeod..... 99
Detail. G. Taggard..... 553
Do as I tell you. G. Taggard..... 679
Dunce-cap on the ghost, the. V. Lindsay 583
Free lecture. B. Deutsch..... 473
Haunted. L. W. Spencer..... 499
Hermit by the dead sea. S. R. Novak.. 44
In memoriam (A. J.), E. L. Walton.... 439
Last instructions. V. Moore..... 299
Memoir. I. Edman..... 527
No more this home. G. Taggard..... 205
Now must the mind write. E. L. Walton 225
Now summer. R. L. Holberg..... 67
Orchard. G. W. Dresbach..... 218
Parting, a. V. Moore..... 735
Pigeons wading. R. L. Holberg..... 177
Prelude. L. Speyer..... 616
Schoolmaster dies in Italy, a. H. Gregory 248
Shadow, the. B. Cooksley..... 181
Spring plowing. H. S. White..... 128
Suicide by drowning. L. T. Nicholl.... 652
Sunset. E. L. Walton..... 325
Uncle Mells and the witches' tree. E. M. Roberts..... 406
Wall, the. I. Schneider..... 350
White-face. J. Rorty..... 614
Wilderness. L. N. Jennings..... 709
Without shield. L. T. Nicholl..... 19
Poetry
Revolutionary verse in possession of R. Parsons ("M. Graham") brings him into conflict with law; EP..... 433
Poland
Elections; Pilsudski terrorism; EP.637; EP ..... 597; EP 592
Galicia, Polish terror in. M. A. Hallgren; IS..... 508
Police
Women, use by police; E..... 31
See also Third degree
Political campaign. See Election
Politics
Candidate Broun. H. Broun; S..... 171
Intellectuals in; E..... 236
Leadership in; E..... 194
Population, United States
Census report, preliminary; E..... 196
Porter, Stephen G.; death; EP..... 55
Ports
Ocean clearing house; IP..... 404
Postage
Increase opposed. S. T. Byington; C.. 612
Postmasters and politics; EP..... 390
Post-office department
Lease graft. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 66
Power and power industry
Dorau, Herbert B., appointed head of public-utilities department, New York university; EP..... 484
Federal act threatened by opinion in Appalachian power company case; EP... 432
Fight goes on. R. Finney; S..... 697
Georgia power company cuts rate in Crisp county to meet public competition; EP..... 390
Hoover, H., views on Muscle Shoals; EP 137
New York commission appointed; EP.. 212
Politics and power issue; E..... 666
"Power administration," P. Y. Anderson; S 176
Roosevelt, Governor, views on; EP.... 284
Sackett, Ambassador, on cost of production of electricity and price to user; EP 3
Trust foes win in election; EP..... 539
Trust inroads on public. G. C. Marcley; C 472
Trust wins again. P. Y. Anderson; S.. 66
Wilbur, R. L., and water power. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 669
Power commission. See Federal power commission
Preparatory commission on disarmament. See Disarmament
Press. See Newspapers
Press censorship. See Censorship, press
Prices. See Gold
Primary elections. See Elections

Princess charming. N. Levy; D..... 479
Prisons and prisoners
Shall convicts write books? M. A. De Ford; S..... 495
Professors
And propaganda; E..... 114
Progressives in congress. See Congress
Prohibition
Enforcement becomes "conservative." P. Y. Anderson; S..... 66
Legality; decision of Judge W. Clark; E 722
Officials, interference with enforcement; EP..... 310
Propaganda
Professors and propaganda; E..... 114
Psychology
American, degradation of. B. Stolberg; S..... 395; letters of criticism..... 525
Public lands
Domain, public. H. S. Graves; S..... 147
Plan for transfer to states; EP..... 636
Public officials
Right to criticize; E..... 514
Public ownership
Bryan, W. J., views. W. J. Dwyer; C.....246; see also..... 74
Colby, Kansas, has no taxes; EP..... 193
Public utilities
Trust inroads on public. G. C. Marcley; C..... 472
Puppet show. J. M. Brown; D..... 533
Puritanism, sex, in Russia. C. von Wiegand; S..... 62

R

R., A. E. E.
British cheka, the; S..... 321
R-101 (airship). See Aeronautics
Race problem. See Negroes
Raffles. A. Bakshy; D..... 160
Railroad rates
Boost granted by Interstate commerce commission; EP..... 82
Railroad workers
Indorse six-hour day as unemployment relief measure; EP..... 596
Railroads
Consolidation; decision by interstate commerce commission; EP..... 664
Earnings fall off; EP..... 257
Recapture clause, repeal recommended by interstate commerce commission; EP.. 663
Raine, William MacLeod
Costigan of Colorado; S..... 465
Rand school of social science
Twenty-fifth anniversary; EP..... 337
Ratcliffe, S. K.
Replies to criticisms of his review of book on India; C..... 69
Rates, freight. See Railroad rates
Razlom. A. Bakshy; D..... 713
Razran, H. S.
Criticizes article on degradation of American psychology by B. Stolberg; C.....525; see also..... 395
Reds. See Communists
Reed, Ferdinanda W.
School in Russia, going to; S..... 731
Religion
Evangelism dying; EP..... 139
Remarque, Erich Maria
All quiet on the western front attacked by Hollywood technical directors' institute; E..... 7
Rembrandt van Rijn
Defense by H. W. van Loon; EP..... 721
Rent
Cooperative apartments. R. Ward; S.. 269
Republican party
Chairmanship. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 176
Elections. See Elections
Fess, Simeon D., suggested for chairman of national committee; EP..... 137
Handicap in elections; E..... 168
Investigation demanded. D. McDonald; C 96
Norris, Senator, attack by R. H. Lucas; EP..... 719
Republicans, an article for. V. C. Christianson; C..... 154
Resnick, Louis
Replies to criticism of articles on safety movement; C..... 402
Revolution, right to; E..... 56
Revolutionary Age
Barring from mails; EP..... 110
Reynolds, Ralph A.
Doctor in Soviet Russia; S..... 316
Reynolds, Franklin
Seeks material concerning J. R. Neal; C 298
Rezmie, T. H. K.
India, police control; C..... 127
Rhapsody. H. Broun; D..... 355
Rich, pitiful; E..... 142
Roar China. J. M. Brown; D..... 533
Robbins, A.
Drought; C..... 376
Roberts, Elizabeth Madox
Uncle Mells and the witches' tree; P... 406
Robson, William A.
British films, pure; S..... 547
Rodman, Selden
Coach window; P..... 728
Roller Arnold
Peru, revolt in; S..... 291
Rollins college
Rollins idea. H. Holt; S..... 372
Rolph, James
And Mooney-Billings; C..... 707
Roman catholic church
Catholicism and liberalism. Rev. J. A. Ryan; S.....150; letters..... 271
In Colombia; liberals win despite church opposition. J. M. E.; C..... 97
Members offended by President Hoover's greetings to Lutherans; EP.457; letter 452
Roosevelt, Franklin Delano
Power, views on; EP..... 284
Two years of. E. K. Lindley; S..289; EP..... 284
Roosevelt, Nicholas
Appointed minister to Hungary instead of vice-governor of Philippines; EP.. 361
Appointment as vice-governor of the Philippines; EP..... 109
Roosevelt, Theodore
And W. H. Taft; book reviews....501; letter..... 581
Root, Elihu
Views on legislation against reds; EP.. 81
Rorty, James
White-face; P..... 614
Rothman, R.
Detroit elects a radical; S..... 400
Ruedy, August
Americans victims of wealth; C..... 153
"Rulers" of the United States
Gerard, J. W., list of sixty-four; E.... 235
Intellectual. H. Hazlitt; S..... 273
Rumania
Agricultural exchange agreement with Jugoslavia; EP..... 192
Rural and urban population. See United States
Rus, Inne
Want, elimination of; C..... 582
Russell, G. E. (Æ)
Views on rural and urban population; E 366
Russia
Bathing, nude. S. Hibben; C..... 127
Doctor in soviet Russia. R. A. Reynolds; S..... 316
"Dumping." L. Fischer; IS..... 688
"Dumping" and forced labor, investigated; EP..... 720
Economic conditions; reasons for Stalin's victory. L. Fischer; S..... 174
Farms, collectivized. L. Fischer; S.... 369
Imports from, called convict-made and menace; E..... 639
Inability to understand United States; EP..... 55
Institute of politics discusses Russia; EP 166
Italy, commercial treaty with; EP..... 192
Lena Goldfields limited, concession; soviet reported as refusing to pay judgment; EP..... 311
Pleasure in. H. Broun; S..... 59
Rumors of counter-revolution; EP..... 595
Rykor, A., dismissed from office; EP.. 720
Sale of planes to Russia interdicted by state department; EP..... 3
School, going to. F. W. Reed; S..... 731
Servants of the soviets. L. Fischer; S.. 577
Sex puritanism. C. von Wiegand; S.. 62
Trade abroad; E..... 364
Trade relations with; E..... 141
Trade with Great Britain grows after signing of trade agreement; EP..... 4
United States attitude toward. O. G. Villard; S..... 172
United States policy as seen by J. B. Moore; EP..... 663
Wheat. See Wheat
Wheat; alleged "dumping"; E..... 364
See also Amtorg company
Ryan, Rev. John A.
Catholicism and liberalism; S.....150; letters..... 271
Rykov, Alexei
Dismissed from office; EP..... 720

S

Sacco-Vanzetti
Massachusetts—three hundred years. H. R. Mussey; S..... 199
Memorial in Boston. G. Jackson; C.... 204
Memorial in New York. M. S. Huntley; C..... 204
Sackett, Frederic M.
On cost of production of electricity and price to user; EP..... 3
Safety
National safety council replies to L. Resnick; C..... 402
Saint Paul's chapel, churchyard; Dt..... 203
Samoa
Terror in western Samoa; IP..... 189
Samoa, American
To have representative government, commission reports; EP..... 433
Santo Domingo
Anniversary of restoration, President Urena thanks *The Nation*; C..... 97
Sarah Lawrence college. C. Warren; S.... 549
Savings banks. See Banks, savings
Savord, Ruth
Foreign relations, information on organizations sought; C..... 472
Scheu, Friedrich
Economic blocs in Europe, new; S..... 241
Schneider, Isidor
After reading a history of biology; P.. 407
Wall, the; P..... 350
Schnitzler, Arthur. See Censorship, book
Schober, Johann. See Austria
Schoenaich, Paul von
Militarism in modern dress; IS..... 718
Scholtz, T. L.
Teacher training, civilizing; S..... 521
Schriftgiesser, Karl
Defends Boston *Evening Transcript*; C.....323; letter..... 376
Scott, William
Farmer and tariff; C..... 180
Sea serpent
None this year; EP..... 213
Seager, Henry Rogers
Death; EP..... 233
Segregation. See Negroes
Seidman, Joel I.
Injunction, yellow-dog; S..... 729
Seiler, Conrad
Cantaloupes and communists; S....243; letter..... 376
Seipel, Ignaz. See Austria
Selenine, George
Wage insurance; C, with editorial comment.....677; see also..... 573
Sempers, Charles T.
Philadelphia *Record's* service to liberal cause; C..... 204
Senate lobby committee
Cannon, Bishop, surrender to. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 14
Serio, Guido
Ordered deported to Italy, where death awaits him; EP..... 541
Sex puritanism in Russia. C. von Wiegand; S..... 62
Shale oil. See Petroleum
Shaw, George Bernard
Letters between him and Ellen Terry; EP..... 665
Sherwood, Ernest
Government and business; C.....297; see also..... 237
Shipping
Great Britain, pool; EP..... 540
Overcrowded ocean; E..571; see also C. 707
Steamships, fast; EP..... 167
See also Merchant marine
"Short" selling. See Stocks
Siegfried. M. Connelly; D..... 506
Simmons, Furnifold McLendel. See North Carolina
Simon, Sir John
Views on India; EP..... 258
Simon commission report. See India
Simpson report. See Palestine
Sinclair, Upton
Associated press; C..... 17
Sixtus, Prince. See Hungary
Skyscrapers; Dt..... 524
Land values and buildings; E..... 600
London cuts down building height; EP.. 311
Slavery
And forced labor. R. L. Buell; S..... 699
Five million slaves in the world; EP.... 337
Labor, forced, in Russia; EP..... 720
Slocombe, George
India; non-violence; IS..... 454
Slums of Tokio. A. Bakshy; D..... 104
Smith, F. Darwin
Industrial system; C..... 42
Smith, William Chandler
Commends *The Nation* for prodding; C 68
Snow, Wilbert
Clean as these rocks; P..... 273
Socialist party
New York City candidates; EP..... 167
Soil. A. Bakshy; D..... 480
Solid south, the. H. H.; D..... 479
South, the
Labor and the law. W. Jones; S..... 14
Property-minded. W. Jones; S..... 319
South Africa
Negroes; progress or slavery; IP..... 590
Race enmity and secession, political issues; EP..... 4
South America
Loans and revolutions. D. Pearson; S.. 644
Recognition of new governments by United States; EP..... 336
"Revolt"; E..... 435
Revolutions; right to revolt recognized in Washington; EP..... 283
South Carolina
Oconee county fined for lynching; EP.. 513
Southern states. See South, the
Souvenirs, travel; E..... 314
Soviets. See Russia

Spain
Revolution; E. . . . 723
Strikes and political situation; EP. . . . 337
Speech, better. H. Broun; S. . . . 33
Spencer, H., Jr.
The Nation and India; views on India; C 97
Spencer, Lillian White
Haunted; P. . . . 499
Sperry, Elmer A.
Death; EP. . . . 4
Speyer, Leonora
Prelude; P. . . . 616
Spirituals, Negro; Dt. . . . 245
Sport
Amateur; what is?; E. . . . 340
Spreckels, Rudolph
Urges governmental control of industry to combat hard times; EP. . . . 362
Stalin, Joseph V.
Victory in sixteenth party congress. L. Fischer; S. . . . 174
Standard of living. See Cost and standard of living
Standards, literary. H. Hazlitt; S. . . . 613
Stanley, Louis
American federation of labor, collapse of; S. . . . 367
State and church. See Church and state
State department
Supervision of foreign loans; EP. . . . 3
Steamships
Fast; EP. . . . 167
Steidl, F. J.
Farmer speaks; C. . . . 733
Stepdaughters of war. R. Benchley; D. . . . 451
Steward, Gustavus Adolphus
Segregation (Negro) de luxe; S. . . . 295; letter 402
Stewart, Maxwell S.
Communism in China; S. . . . 217
Stimson, Henry L.
On state department supervision of foreign loans; EP. . . . 3
Stocks (penal device). See Crime and criminals
Stocks (securities)
"Short" sellings, investigation; EP. . . . 432
Stolberg, Benjamin
Degradation of American psychology; S. . . . 395; letters of criticism. . . . 525
Stone, W. T.
Disarmament, what hope for?; S. . . . 725
Storm over Asia. A. Bakshy; D. . . . 356
Storey, Moorfield
Memorial fund. R. W. Hogue; C. . . . 324
Strikes
Strikers, help for. N. Thomas; C. . . . 734
Strikes—textile mills, France
Social-insurance law causes strikes; EP 193
Strikes—Textile mills, southern
Danville, Virginia, strike; EP. . . . 636
Gastonia bail skipping. L. S. Gannett; S. . . . 437; letter, with editorial comment 497
Gastonia conviction sustained by state supreme court; EP. . . . 232
Southern labor and the law. W. Jones; S 14
Students, wandering; E. . . . 57
Sugar
Conference on production; EP. . . . 692
Swanson, Claude A.
Demands revision of Hawley-Smoot tariff; EP. . . . 166
Sweet and low. H. Broun; D. . . . 632
Swing, you sinner. A. Bakshy; D. . . . 480
Swope, Rebecca Wendel
Death; E. . . . 142

T

Taft, Clinton J.
Communist baiting in California; C. . . . 18
Taft, William Howard
And Roosevelt; book reviews. . . . 501; letter 581
Taggard, Genevieve
Detail; P. . . . 553
Do as I tell you; P. . . . 679
No more this home; P. . . . 205
Tahiti (steamship)
Sinking; EP. . . . 285
Tammany hall. See New York city
Taos deer dance. M. H. Vorse; S. . . . 178
Tariff, British. See Great Britain
Tariff, Canadian
Protection wins in election; E. . . . 169
Tariff commission. See Tariff, United States
Tariff, European
Step toward freer trade; EP. . . . 192
Tariff, United States
And war debts; EP. . . . 283
Borah resolution for investigation adopted; EP. . . . 2
Canadian reprisals; EP. . . . 137
Commission; appointments; EP. . . . 335
Commission hearings worthless; EP. . . . 513
Coolidge, C., views; EP. . . . 309
Effect on trade; EP. . . . 258
Farmer approves of new tariff. C. Berg; C. . . . 98; letter. . . . 180
Fletcher, H. P., appointment as chairman; EP. . . . 232
Flexible provisions; EP. . . . 2; E. . . . 31
Hoover signs bill. P. Y. Anderson; S. 13
Reform, tariff, down with. H. W. Allen; C. . . . 298
Revision demanded by Senator Swanson; EP 166
Revision requests at home and retaliation threats abroad; EP. . . . 53
Taxation
Labor turnover, tax on, proposed. J. F. Wayne; C. . . . 677
See also Income tax
Teachers. See Colleges and universities
Telco, Paul
Mails, censorship of; S. . . . 144
Telephones
Broun, H., views on its use; S. . . . 8
Tennessee
Senatorship; C. Hull nominated; EP. . . . 192
Tennis
Amateur; what is?; E. . . . 340
Terry, Ellen
Letters between her and G. B. Shaw; EP 665
Tessitore, Joel
Catholicism and liberalism; C. . . . 271
Textile mills. See Strikes
Thanksgiving day
Presidential proclamation; divine providence in; EP. . . . 539
That's gratitude. H. Broun; D. . . . 355
Theater, the
Censorship. See Censorship
Realism, away with; E. . . . 516
Survival predicted; E. . . . 216
Third degree
Part of lawless law enforcement; E. . . . 339
This is New York. H. H.; D. . . . 714
This one man. M. Connelly; D. . . . 506
Thomas, J. S. Ladd
Discontinues subscription to *The Nation*; C 153
Thomas, Norman
Strikers, help for; C. . . . 734
Thomson, Lord
Death in R-101 disaster; EP. . . . 389; letter 552
Thornton, William
Southern comment on lynching; C. . . . 444
Three's a crowd. N. Levy; D. . . . 479
Torch song. H. Broun; D. . . . 303
Tourists. See Travel
Trade, foreign
Falls off; EP. . . . 211
Prohibition by state department, in matter of sale of planes to Russia; EP. . . . 3
Trade unions. See Labor unions
Transportation
Legislative program; EP. . . . 636
Travel
Money spent abroad by tourists; EP. . . . 258
Souvenirs, money spent for; E. . . . 314
Treasury, United States
Raiding; E. . . . 694
Triggs, Oscar L.
California branch of League for independent political action being organized; C. . . . 43
Trilling, Lionel
Is literature possible?; S. . . . 405
Trusts
Competition and trusts in moving-picture business; E. . . . 639
Turkey
Kurds, warfare with; Persia, Great Britain and Mosul oil involved; EP. . . . 312
Twelfth night. D. V. D.; D. . . . 562

U

Unemployment
Administration program lacking. P. Y. Anderson; S. . . . 727
Aliens and unemployment. C. W. King; C 472
Appropriations by congress; EP. . . . 719
Babson, R. W., views. J. Brooks; C. . . . 153
Barnes, J. H., sees return of prosperity; EP 191
Census findings criticized; EP. . . . 211
Estimates unreliable; EP. . . . 82
Fighting Unemployment. I. Organizing the labor market. H. R. Mussey; S. . . . 641
II. Unemployment insurance. H. R. Mussey; S. . . . 673
III. Stabilization. H. R. Mussey; S 704
Government and business. E. Sherwood; C. . . . 297; see also. . . . 237
Hoover committee appointed; EP. . . . 457
Insurance. See Insurance, unemployment, compulsory
Less work—more pay; E. . . . 393
No men wanted. K. Monroe; S. . . . 146
President's job; E. . . . 30
Program for relief; E. . . . 638
Railroad workers indorse six-hour day as relief measure; EP. . . . 596
Relief by publicity; E. . . . 515
Relief; farmers and workers pay. F. S. Kinder; C. . . . 734
Relief measures, suggested; amount of unemployment in the United States unknown; EP. . . . 512
Relief measures, United States and Canada; EP. . . . 232
Second winter; E. . . . 570
Unemployed man speaks. W. Walden; C. 733
Wage insurance. L. Corey; S. . . . 677
letter, with editorial comment. . . . 677
Want, elimination of. I. Rus; C. . . . 582
Woods, Arthur, open letter to, as head of committee; E. . . . 486
World-wide; EP. . . . 192
Unemployment insurance, compulsory. See Insurance, unemployment, compulsory
Union of South Africa. See South Africa
Unions, labor. See Labor unions
United States
American, what is? *New Republic* questionnaire; E. . . . 365
Americans victims of wealth. A. Ruedy; C 153
Backwoods behavior. C. M. Wilson; S. 523
Blunders, diplomatic, with respect to Latin America; EP. . . . 721
Committees, government by; E. . . . 6
Culture since the sixties; S. . . . 615
Economic depression. See Business
Elections. See Elections
Government and business. O. G. Villard; S. . . . 237; letter. . . . 297
Population, preliminary census report; E 196
Public lands. H. S. Graves; S. . . . 147
Rulers, intellectual. H. Hazlitt; S. . . . 273
"Rulers," sixty-four, listed by J. W. Gerard; E. . . . 235
Russia, attitude toward. O. G. Villard; S 172
Rural and urban population; views of G. W. Russell (Æ); E. . . . 366
Russian inability to understand conditions; EP. . . . 55
Treasury, raiding; E. . . . 694
United States of Europe. See Europe
Universities. See Colleges and universities
Unknown warrior. See European war
Urena, Estrella
Thanks *The Nation* for aid to Santo Domingo; C. . . . 87
Urrea, Blas
Mexico, balance sheet of the revolution; IS 744
Utilities, public. See Public utilities

V

V. D., D.
Grand hotel; D. . . . 634
Twelfth night; D. . . . 562
Valyi, Felix
Ferment in the Arabic world; IS. . . . 77
Van As, Jan
Persia, struggle for power; IS. . . . 160
Van Doren, Mark
Elizabeth the queen; D. . . . 562
Van Etten camp
A. Holmes and M. Husa fined and imprisoned for "insulting" flag; EP. . . . 211
Van Every, Edward
Sins of New York; Book; E. . . . 640
Van Loon, Hendrik Willem
Rembrandt van Rijn, defense; EP. . . . 721
"Vanities," Earl Carroll's. See Censorship, plays
Venereal diseases, campaign against. R. H. Everett; C. . . . 552
Verisimilitude in fiction; E. . . . 436
Vestal bill for design copyright; E. . . . 668
Veteran journalist
Newspaper criminals in Chicago; S. . . . 88; letter 246
Veterans
Pension bill veto sustained by house of representatives. P. Y. Anderson; S. . . . 66
Pension steal voted as compensation law; EP 1
Villard, Oswald Garrison
Germany nears the crisis; S. . . . 603
Government and business; S. . . . 237; letter 297
Press today. VIII. Montana and "the company"; S. . . . 39
IX. Opportunity in the small city; S. . . . 120
X. Hugenberg and the German dailies; S 197
Russia, American attitude toward; S. . . . 172
Soldiers old, soldiers new, in Germany; S 463
Thomson, Lord, justice to; C. . . . 552; see also. . . . 389
Vincent, Stenio. See Haiti
Vinegar tree, the. H. Broun; D. . . . 658
Voich (communist)
Release. C. W. King; C. . . . 97
Voliva, W. G.
Believes world is flat, goes on round-the-world cruise; EP. . . . 391
Vorse, Mary Heaton
Deer dance in Taos; S. . . . 178

W

W., L. F.
Schools for marriage; C..245; see also.. 34
W., S. B.
Church and state; C....552; see also.. 457
Wage insurance. See Insurance, wage, compulsory
Wages. See Insurance; wage; labor
Wainhouse, David W.
Anglo-Egyptian failure; IS..... 332
Walden, Wayne
Unemployed man speaks; C..... 733
Walker, Franklin D.
Seeks material for biography of F. Norris; C..... 445
Walton, Eda Lou
In memoriam (A. J.); P..... 439
Now must the mind write; P..... 225
Sunset; P..... 325
Walton, Francis D.
Aeronautics; safety; S..... 438
Want, elimination of. I. Rus; C..... 582
War
Fosdick, H. E., on church and war; EP. 193
Future, predicted; E..... 215
Profits. F. R. Black; S..... 222
Young men and war. J. B. Howie; C. 98
See also Kellogg pact
War claims. See Mixed claims commission
War debts and reparations
And United States tariff; EP..... 283
War memorial
Model for, F. L. Mora's. A. B. MacMurphy; C..... 247
War, world. See European war
Ward, Roswell
Cut your own rent; S..... 269
Warren, Constance
Sarah Lawrence college; S..... 549
Water power. See Power and power industry
Wayne, James F.
Tax on labor turnover; C..... 677
Weather; Dt..... 152
Defended; E..... 724
Wendel fortune, misuse; E..... 142
Wertgen, F.
Catholicism and liberalism; C..... 271
Westchester county; Dt..... 41
What a widow. A. Bakshy; D..... 480
What I believe. J. B. S. Haldane; S....90; letter..... 153
Wheat
Chicago pit operations; EP..... 567
Hyde, Secretary, advises growers; EP.. 54
Price, low, due to supply and demand, not Russian short selling; EP..... 335
Prices and pools. J. E. Boyle; S..... 491
Prices and production; EP..... 284
Problem disturbs Hoover. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 119
Russian "dumping," alleged; E..... 364
Stabilization corporation, Capper defense of; EP..... 596
See also Agricultural relief
White, Hal Saunders
Spring plowing; P..... 128
White hell of Pitz Palu, the. A. Bakshy; D. 424
White house conference on child health and protection
Conference. F. Kelly; S..... 643
Conclusions, controversial; EP..... 595
Proceedings. F. Kelly; S..... 643
White, Randolph William
Crime is crime; C....246; see also.... 88
Whitman, Walt
Elected to hall of fame; EP..... 485
Whoopee. A. Bakshy; D..... 480
Who's who in America; Dt..... 375
Wickersham commission. See National commission on law observance and enforcement
Widmayer, Elsa L.
Calls upon Colorado readers to communicate with one another; C..... 98
Wiegand, Charmion von
Sex puritanism in Russia; S..... 62
Wilbur, Ray Lyman
And water power. P. Y. Anderson; S.. 669
Criticized for retaining presidency of Stanford university while acting on federal power commission; EP..... 458
Replies to charge of receiving salary from Stanford university while head of federal power commission; EP..... 596
Still president of Stanford university while secretary of interior; EP..... 512
Wild men of Kalihari, the. A. Bakshy; D. 657
Williams college. See Institute of politics
Wilson, Charles Morrow
Backwoods behavior; S..... 523
Wilson, Romer; letters requested. E. J. O'Brien; C..... 247
Wisconsin
La Follette dynasty's fate at stake in election; EP..... 111
Primaries; P. F. La Follette wins; EP. 335
Wisconsin, university of
Experience. M. C. Otto; S..... 467
Experimental college to continue; EP.. 55
With Byrd at the south pole; D..... 49
Women
Asia, central; freedom. L. Fischer; S.. 11
Jobs. A. H. Downing; C..... 651
Labor, cheap southern; EP..... 29
Police use of; E..... 31
Workers, married, of Cedar Rapids may lose jobs; EP..... 513
Workers; mill slaves in Japan; AN.... 134
Workers in Massachusetts. G. Jackson; S..... 608
Woods, Arthur
Open letter to, as head of unemployment committee; E..... 486
Work and pray; E.....32; letter..... 246
Workmen's compensation insurance. See Insurance, workmen's compensation
World court. See League of nations
World, New York
Letters on *The Nation's* article "What's wrong with the *World?*"; C..... 126
World To-morrow
Questionnaire on war guilt; EP..... 363
Wright, Frank Lloyd
Not on list of architects of Chicago's world fair of 1933. D. Haskell; S.. 605
Wurdemann, Audrey
Belated sheep; P..... 155

Y

Yachting
America's cup races; E..... 313
Yale university
Harkness Hoot starts; EP..... 459
Yarros, Victor S.
Palestine, future; S..... 117
Yellow-dog injunctions. See Injunctions
Yiddish; Dt..... 580
Young, Governor, of California
Defeated for renomination; EP..... 257
Young Woodley. A. Bakshy; D..... 424

Z

Zameres, Jay
Rolph, James, and Mooney-Billings; C.. 707
Zionism
Essence of. I. Imber; C..298; see also 200
See also Palestine
Zukerman, William
Jews, the—a nation trapped; S....200; letter..... 298
Zwei herzen im ¾ takt. A. Bakshy; D.... 534

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are indexed under author and title, and in some cases under subject.

The following explanatory letters are used in the index:

B Book review
AN Brief annotation
R Reviewer

A

According to the flesh: A biography of Mary Baker Eddy. F. C. Springer; B.... 683
Adams family, the. J. T. Adams; B..... 70
Adams, Henry, Letters of, 1858-1898. Edited by W. C. Ford; B..... 408
Adams, James Truslow
Adams family, the; B..... 70
Adams, James Truslow; R.....20, 408, 629
Adventures in religion. B. King; B..... 72
Aesthetic judgment. D. W. Prall; B..... 277
After-walker. L. Cline; B..... 130
Ahearn, Danny
How to commit a murder; AN..... 252
Akeley, Carl; Carl Akeley's Africa. M. L. J. Akeley; AN..... 252
Akeley, Mary L. Jobe
Carl Akeley's Africa; AN..... 252
Alain
Mars, or the truth about war; B..... 500
Albert Einstein. A. Reiser; B..... 553
Aldrich, Nelson W. N. W. Stephenson; B. 447
Alexander. K. Mann. Translated by M. Saunders; AN..... 712
Aloe, the. K. Mansfield; B..... 249
Alverdes, Paul
Whistlers' room, the; B..... 102
Amazon, the. E. Paul; AN..... 656
America Challenged. L. C. Carr; AN..... 188
American girl. J. R. Tunis; AN..... 208
American heresy, the. C. Hollis; AN..... 159
American hotel, the. J. Williamson; E.... 462
American leviathan, the. C. A. and W. Beard; B..... 622
American road to culture, the. G. S. Counts; B..... 184
Americanization of Carl Schurz, the. C. V. Easum; B..... 206
Anatomy of music, the. W. Parkhurst; AN. 160
Angel pavement. J. B. Priestley; B..... 300
Anonymous
Youth dares all; B..... 205
Anthony, Edward, and F. Buck
Bring 'em back alive; AN..... 684
Armageddon: The world war in literature. Edited by E. Löhrke; B..... 530
Armament defended by biblical quotation. S. T. Byington; C..... 402
Armitage, Doris Mary
Challenge to neurasthenia, a; AN..... 354
Armstrong, Margaret
Five generations: Life and letters of an American family, 1750-1900; AN.... 504
Around theaters. M. Beerbohm; B..... 680
Art in America. S. La Follette; B..... 326
As I lay dying. W. Faulkner; B..... 500
As I saw it. A. Brooks; B..... 530
As we were. E. F. Benson; B..... 529
Ash-Wednesday. T. S. Eliot; B..... 155
Asquith, Herbert
Pillicock hill; AN..... 558
August Strindberg. V. J. McGill; B..... 183
Austin, Mary; R..... 23
Autocracy of Mr. Parham, the. H. G. Wells; AN..... 208

B

Bach, John Christian and John Sebastian; biographies. C. S. Terry; B..... 74
Bachelor abroad, a. E. Waugh; AN..... 630
Bachhofer, Ludwig
Early Indian sculpture; B..... 302
Back-to-backs, the. J. C. Grant; AN..... 656
Baker, Oliver E., and others
Population; B..... 250
Baker's dozen, a. M. G. Davis; AN..... 556
Banning, W., and G. H.
Six horses; B..... 182
Baring, Maurice
Robert Peckham; AN..... 353
Barkley, John Lewis
No hard feelings; B..... 530
Barnes, Harry Elmer
World politics in modern civilization; B. 130
Barnes, L. S., biographical work on. D. M. Armitage; AN..... 354
Barnes, Margaret Ayer
Years of grace; B..... 158
Baron Fritz. K. Federn. Translated by D. Douglas; B..... 530
Barrett, E. Boyd
Magnificent illusion, the; AN..... 712
Beach, Joseph Warren
Glass mountain; AN..... 532
Beach, Joseph Warren; R..... 622
Beard, Charles A., and William
American leviathan, the; B..... 622
Beasts called wild. A. Demaison. Translated by G. Endore; AN..... 630
Beerbohm, Max
Around theatres; B..... 680
Beethoven, biography in Three titans, by E. Ludwig; B..... 300
Beggars abroad. J. Tully; AN..... 631
Benét, Stephen Vincent
John Brown's body; AN..... 560
Bennett, Arnold
Imperial palace; B..... 736
Journal of things old and new; AN.... 504
Benson, E. F.
As we were; B..... 529
Best seller. N. O. Youmans; AN..... 656
Biography of President von Hindenburg, the. R. Weterstettin and A. M. K. Watson; B..... 251
Biological basis of human nature, the. H. S. Jennings; B..... 181
Birkenfeld, Gunther
Room in Berlin, a. E. Sutton, translator; B..... 620
Birkenhead, Earl of
World in 2030 A. D., the; B..... 381
Black Manhattan. J. W. Johnson; B..... 353
Blacksmith of Vilno, the. E. P. Kelly; AN. 558
Blaisdell, Donald C.
European financial control in the Ottoman empire; B..... 101
Blue forest. V. C. White; AN..... 104
Blumenfeld, Josephine
Shrimps for tea; AN..... 330
Blumenfeld, R. D.
In the days of bicycles and bustles. Diary, 1883-1914; B..... 529
Boss, Louise Schulz
Elizabeth Barrett Browning; B..... 45
Bold dragoon, the. W. Irving; AN..... 560
Bolitho, William
Camera obscura; AN..... 740
Bolivar, the passionate warrior. T. R. Ybarra; B..... 185
Book of the three dragons, the. K. Morris; AN..... 558
Books: Their place in a democracy. R. L. Duffus; B..... 248; letter..... 472
Bowers, Claude G.; R..... 447
Boyd, James
Long hunt; AN..... 187
Boyle, Kay
Wedding day and other stories; B..... 711
Brass hat in no man's land, a. F. P. Crozier; B..... 530
Bravery of earth, a. R. Eberhart; AN.... 75
Brawny Wycherley, first master in English modern comedy. W. Connely; B..... 275
Brenner, Anita; R..... 185

Briand, man of peace. V. Thomson; AN.. 252
Bridal pond; Z. Gale; AN..... 588
Bring 'em back alive. F. Buck and E. Anthony; AN..... 684
British documents of the origin of the war, 1898-1914. Vol. VI: Anglo-German tension; armaments and negotiations, 1907-1912; AN..... 330
Brody, Alter; R..... 102
Bromfield, Louis
24 hours; B..... 503
Brooks, Alden
As I saw it; B..... 530
Brown, John: The making of a martyr. R. P. Warren; B..... 22
Brown, Ray C. B.; R..... 418
Brown, W. Norman; R.....303, 682
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. L. S. Boas; B. 45
Buck, Frank, and E. Anthony
Bring 'em back alive; AN..... 684
Builders of the bay colony. S. E. Morison; B..... 20
Burnett, W. R.
Saint Johnson; AN..... 532
Burnt offering. J. Galzy. Translated by J. Le Clerq; AN..... 655
Buss, Kate
Chinese drama, the; AN..... 252
Butt, Archie
Taft and Roosevelt: The intimate letters of Archie Butt; B..... 501
By way of Cape Horn. A. J. Villiers; AN. 450

C

Cabell, James Branch
Some of us. An essay in epitaphs; B.. 622
Caesarius of Heisterbach
Dialogue on miracles, the. H. von E. Scott and C. C. Swinton Bland, translators; B..... 46
Cahill, Holger
Max Weber; B..... 251
Yankee adventurer, a; B..... 586
Cahill, Holger; R..... 380
Cakes and ale: or the skeleton in the cupboard. W. S. Maugham; B..... 475
Calkins, Clinch
Some folks won't work; B..... 712
Calverton, V. F.; R.....22, 157, 528
Camera obscura. W. Bolitho; AN..... 740
Campos, Ruben
Folklore literario de Mexico, el; B..... 23
Canary village. G. B. Cawthorpe; AN.... 556
Captured! F. H. Horvath; B..... 71
Carl Akeley's Africa; M. L. J. Akeley; AN. 252
Carnock, Lord; biography; B..... 737
Carossa, Hans
Roumanian diary, a. A. N. Scott, translator; AN..... 159
Carr, Lewis F.
America challenged; AN..... 188
Case for India, the. W. Durant; B..... 618
Castle, the. F. Kafka. Translated by E. and W. Muir; B..... 411
Cat who went to heaven, the. E. Coatsworth; AN..... 556
Catlin, George E. G.; R.....278, 736
Cavalry goes through, the! B. Newman; B.. 474
Cawthorpe, Grace B.
Canary village; AN..... 556
Certain people. E. Wharton; B..... 654
Cestre, Charles
Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson, an; B..... 382
Challenge to neurasthenia, a. D. M. Armitage; AN..... 354
Chapman, Frank M.
My tropical air castle; AN..... 253
Charles W. Eliot. H. James; B..... 617
Chatterton, E. Keble
Seed of liberty. The story of the American colonies; AN..... 48
Chelsea rooming house. H. Gregory; B.... 679
Cheney, Sheldon
New world architecture, the; B..... 652
Cherry-Garrard, Apsley
Worst journey in the world, the: Antarctic, 1910-1913; B..... 44
Chevalier, Jacques
Pascual. L. A. Claire, translator; AN.. 505
Children's books for fall..... 556
China
The collapse of a civilization. N. Peffer; B..... 554
Chinese art. W. Cohn; AN..... 505
Chinese revolution, the. A. N. Holcombe; B. 278
Christine, and other stories. J. Green; AN. 104
Civilization and its discontents. S. Freud. Translated by J. Riviere; B..... 299
Clark, Jane Perry; R..... 101
Claudia. A. Zweig. Translated by E. Sutton; B..... 620
Claudine at school. Colette and Willy; AN. 589
Cline, Leonard
After-walker; B..... 130
Coates, Robert M.
Outlaw years, the; B..... 380
Coatsworth, Elizabeth
Cat who went to heaven, the; AN.... 556
Cocteau, Jean
Enfants terribles. S. Putnam, translator; AN..... 48
Codman, Florence
Lamp and the lute, the; B..... 207
Codman, Florence; R.....411, 654
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram
Laud: Storm center of Stuart England; B..... 156
Cohn, William
Chinese art; AN..... 505
Coleman, Emily Holmes
Shutter of snow, the; AN..... 684
Coleman, McAlister
Eugene V. Debs; B..... 206
Colette
Mitsou: or How girls grow wise. J. Terry, translator; AN..... 159
Colette and Willy
Claudine at school; AN..... 589
Colossal blunders of the war. W. S. Woods; B..... 474
Colum, Padraic
Old pastures; B..... 738
Coming of the war, 1914, the. B. E. Schmitt; B..... 737
Coming of the white man, the, 1492-1848 (A history of American life, volume I). H. I. Priestley; B..... 47
Commager, Henry Steele, and Samuel Eliot Morison
Growth of the American republic, the; B. 629
Communist and cooperative colonies. C. Gide. Translated by E. F. Row; AN..... 684
Complete works of William Hazlitt, the. Edited by P. P. Howe; B..... 735
Condliffe, J. B.
New Zealand in the making; B..... 129
Confessions of Zeno, the. I. Svevo; B..... 183
Confucianism. F. Starr; AN..... 132
Connely, Willard
Brawny Wycherley, first master in English modern comedy; B..... 275
Conquest of happiness, the. B. Russell; B.. 379
Constitution of the United States, the: A brief and general commentary. W. B. Munro; AN..... 103
Contemporary American philosophy. G. P. Adams and W. P. Montague, editors; B..... 19
Contemporary immortals. A. Henderson; AN. 450
Cooley, Charles Horton
Sociological theory and social research; selected papers; B..... 527
Corbin, John
Unknown Washington, the; AN..... 187
Corley, Donald
Fifth son of the shoemaker, the; AN.. 588
Cosima Wagner. R. count du Moulin-Eckart. Translated by C. A. Phillips; B..... 418
Course of English classicism, the. S. Vines; B..... 225
Counts, George S.
American road to culture, the; B..... 184
Cowell, Henry
New musical resources; AN..... 188
Cradle of God, the. L. Powys; B..... 72
Critique of humanism, the. A symposium. Edited by C. H. Grattan; B..... 99
Crowther, Samuel, in collaboration with H. Ford
Moving forward; B..... 681
Crozier, F. P.
Brass hat in no man's land, a; B..... 530

D

D. H Lawrence. S. Potter; AN..... 531
D'Abernon, Viscount
Rapallo to Dawes, 1922-1924. The diary of an ambassador; AN..... 132
Damon, S. Foster
Day after Christmas, the; AN..... 558
Dance of youth, the. H. Sudermann. Translated by E. and C. Paul; B..... 620
Dangers of obedience and other essays, the. H. J. Laski; B..... 156
Daniel Webster. C. M. Fuess; B..... 554
Dartmouth verse. 1930; AN..... 421
Davis, Elmer
Morals for moderns; B..... 654
Davis, Jerome; R..... 184
Davis, Mary Gould
Baker's dozen, a; AN..... 556
Day after Christmas, the. S. F. Damon; AN..... 558
Dead towns and living men. C. L. Wooley; B..... 20
Debs, Eugene V.; two biographies; B..... 206
Decorative art, 1930. Edited by C. G. Holme and S. B. Wainwright; AN.. 208
Demaison, André
Beasts called wild. G. Endore, translator; AN..... 630
Deutsche arbeit in Amerika. K. Francke; B. 301
Deutschlands aussenpolitik in der nachkriegszeit. E. Koch-Weser; AN..... 279
Deval, Jacques
Wooden swords; AN..... 132
Development of Harvard university, the, 1869-1929. Edited by S. E. Morison; B..... 274
Dewey, John
Individualism old and new; B..... 446
Dialogue on miracles, the. Caesarius of Heisterbach. Translated by H. von E. Scott and C. C. Swinton Bland; B.. 46
Dilemma of the liberated, the. G. B. Munson; B..... 475
Dobie, J. Frank; R..... 182
Dobrée, Bonamy
Lamp and the lute, the; B..... 207
Doctor Donne and Gargantua. The first six cantos. S. Sitwell; B..... 585
Doubloons: The story of buried treasure; AN..... 560
Douglas, Norman
Good-bye to western culture; B..... 351
Driberg, J. H.
People of the small arrow; AN..... 132
Driscoll, Charles B.
Doubloons: The story of buried treasure; AN..... 560
Droll Peter. F. Timmermans. Translated by M. C. Darnton and W. J. Paul; AN. 159
Duffus, R. L.
Books: Their place in a democracy; B.....248; letter..... 472
Santa Fé trail, the; AN..... 631
Duffy, Herbert S.
William Howard Taft; B..... 501
Dumas, Alexandre
Nutcracker of Nuremberg, the. G. Gingras, translator; AN..... 556
Durant, Will
Case for India, the; B..... 618
Dwinger, Edwin Erich
Prisoner of war: A Siberian diary. I. F. D. Morrow, translator; B..... 683

E

Early Indian sculpture. L. Bachhofer; B.. 302
Earth told me, the. T. Williamson; AN.... 479
Easton, Emily
Roger Williams, prophet and pioneer; B. 276
Easum, Chester Verne
Americanization of Carl Schurz, the; B. 206
Eberhart, Richard
Bravery of earth, a; AN..... 75
Edwardians, the. V. Sackville-West; B.... 413
Edwards, Jonathan: The fiery puritan. H. B. Parkes; B..... 584
Eddy, Mary Baker; two biographies; B.... 683
Eggebrecht, Axel
Pilgrim to the abyss. M. M. Bozman, translator; B..... 46
Einstein, Albert. A. Reiser; B..... 553
Eldridge, Paul, and George Sylvester Viereck
Salome, the wandering Jewess; AN.... 588
Eliot, Charles W. H. James; B..... 617
Eliot, George, biography. J. L. May; B.... 100
Eliot, T. S.
Ash-Wednesday; B..... 155
Elizabeth Barrett Browning. L. S. Boas; B. 45
Elizabethan journal, a. Being a record of those things most talked of during the years 1519-1594. G. B. Harrison; AN 49
Emerson, Gertrude
Voiceless India; B..... 682
Emerson, Gertrude; R..... 618
Emil and the detectives. E. Kastner. Translated by M. Masse; AN..... 556
Emily. MacG. Jenkins; AN..... 450
Encyclopedia of the social sciences. Edited by E. R. A. Seligman and A. Johnson. Vol. II; AN..... 505
Endore, Guy
Man from limbo, the; B..... 628
Endres, Franz Carl
Schönheit am mittelmeer; AN..... 252
Enfants terribles. J. Cocteau. Translated by S. Putnam; AN..... 48
England under Queen Anne. Vol. I. Blenheim. G. M. Trevelyan; B..... 682
Erl king, the. E. Granberry; AN..... 532
Erlande, Albert
Life of John Keats; B..... 45
Essays on things. W. L. Phelps; B..... 473
Ethical basis of political authority, the. W. W. Willoughby; B..... 278
Eugène Sue. P. Ginisty; AN..... 279
Eugene V. Debs. McA. Coleman; B..... 206
European financial control in the Ottoman empire. D. C. Blaisdell; B..... 101
Evans, Ernestine; R..... 556
Every mother's son. N. Lindsay; AN..... 421
Everyman at war. Sixty personal narratives of the war; B..... 71
Evolution of modern marriage, the. F. Müller-Lyer; B..... 21
Ewen, David; R..... 74

F

Fadiman, Clifton P.; R.....249, 413, 500, 617
Fall list..... 425
Family, the. F. Mauriac. Translated by L. Galantière; B..... 416
Faulkner, William
As I lay dying; B..... 500
Federn, Karl
Baron Fritz. D. Douglas, translator; B. 530
Feise, Ernst; R..... 301

Ferber, Nat J.
Spawn: A novel of degeneration; AN.. 630
Ferris, Helen
When I was a girl; AN..... 560
Ferriss, Hugh
Metropolis of tomorrow, the; AN..... 208
Feuchtwanger, Lion
Success. W. and E. Muir, translators; B 620
Field, Rachel
Patchwork plays; AN..... 556
Fifteen rabbits. F. Salten; AN..... 330
Fifth son of the shoemaker, the. D. Corley; AN 588
Figgis, Darrell
Return of the hero, the; AN..... 103
Finger, Charles J.
Seven horizons; B..... 249
Five children, the. E. Nesbit; AN..... 556
Five generations: Life and letters of an American family; 1750-1900. M. Armstrong; AN..... 504
500 Criminal careers. S. and Eleanor T. Glueck; B..... 227
Five masters. J. W. Krutch; B..... 617
Fleg, Edmond
Life of Solomon, the; AN..... 104
Fischer, Louis
Soviets in world affairs, the; B..... 449
Flexner, Abraham
Universities—American, English, German; E..... 599
Floating island. A. Parrish; AN..... 556
Flores, Angel
Lope de Vega; AN..... 75
Flood. R. Neumann; B..... 45
Flowering Judas. K. A. Porter; B..... 352
Flynn, John T.
Investment trusts gone wrong!; B..... 325
Foerster, Norman
Toward standards; B..... 499
Folklore literario de Mexico, el. R. Campos; B..... 23
For the defense: The life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall. E. Marjoribanks; B.. 47
Ford, Henry, in collaboration with S. Crowther
Moving forward; B..... 681
Fouché, Joseph. S. Zweig; B..... 226
Fourteen years of European investments, 1914-1928. S. Stern; AN..... 208
Frances, countess of Warwick
Life's ebb and flow: B..... 186
Francke, Kuno
Deutsche arbeit in Amerika; B..... 301
Frank, Tenney; R..... 626
Fredenburgh, Theodore
Soldiers march!; B..... 530
Freeman, Joseph, J. Kunitz, and L. Lozowick
Voices of October: Art and literature in soviet Russia; B..... 276
Freud, Sigmund
Civilization and its discontents. J. Riviere, translator; B..... 299
From centaur to cross. Being the hitherto unpublished letters of M. de Guérin. Together with a new translation of De Guérin's Centaur; AN..... 49
From Toulouse-Lautrec to Rodin. A. Symons; B..... 588
Fry, Roger
Essay in biography of H. Matisse; B.. 328
Fuess, Claude Moore
Daniel Webster; B..... 554
Future of the German empire, the. Criticisms and postulates. General von Seeckt. Translated by O. Williams; B 328

G

Gadd, C. J.
History and monuments of Ur; AN.... 133
Gale, Zona
Bridal pond; AN..... 588
Gallipoli memories. C. Mackenzie; AN.... 24
Galsworthy, John
On Forsyte 'change; B..... 447
Galzy, Jeanne
Burnt offering. J. Le Clerq, translator; AN..... 655
Gamio, Manuel
Mexican immigration to the United States; B..... 417
Gandhi, Mahatma—His own story. Edited by C. F. Andrews; B..... 618
Gannett, Lewis S.; R..... 554
Garborg, Arne
Peace. P. D. Carleton, translator; AN. 229
Garland, Hamlin
Roadside meetings; B..... 351
Generals die in bed. C. Y. Harrison; B.. 71
Gentleman in the parlour, the. W. S. Maugham; B..... 129
George Eliot. J. L. May; B..... 100
George Harvey: A passionate patriot. W. F. Johnson; B.....74; see also letter 246
German diplomatic documents, 1871-1914. Volume III: The growing antagonism, 1898-1910. Edited by E. T. S. Dugdale; B..... 737
Germany's women go forward. H. W. Puckett; B..... 73
Gettysburg, Manila, Acoma. E. L. Masters; B..... 226
Giant of the western world, the. F. Miller and H. Hill; AN..... 741
Gide, Charles
Communist and cooperative colonies. E. F. Row, translator; AN..... 684
Gini, Corrado, and others
Population; B..... 250
Ginisty, Paul
Eugène Sue; AN..... 279
Ginzburg, Benjamin; R..... 383
Glass mountain. J. W. Beach; AN..... 532
Glenn, Isa
Short history of Julia, a; AN..... 655
Glory of the nightingales, the. E. A. Robinson; B..... 382
Glotz, Gustave
Greek city, the; AN..... 505
Glueck, S., and E. T.
500 criminal careers; B..... 227
God. J. M. Murry; B..... 72
God without thunder. J. C. Ransom; B.... 711
Goldsmith, Margaret, and F. Voigt
Hindenburg: The man and the legend; B 251
Good-bye to western culture. N. Douglas; B 351
Good estate of poetry, the. C. B. Tinker; AN 253
Governor of Massachusetts, the. E. Paul; B 326
Granberry, Edwin
Erl king, the; AN..... 532
Grant, J. C.
Back-to-backs, the; AN..... 656
Grattan, C. Hartley; R..74 (see also letter, 246), 302, 351 ,475, 655
Great revival, 1543-1687, the (A history of modern culture. Volume I). P. Smith; B..... 71
Greek city, the. G. Glotz; AN..... 505
Gregory, Alyse; R..... 300
Gregory, Horace
Chelsea rooming house; B..... 679
Gregory, Horace; R.....71, 226, 301, 588, 628
Green, Julian
Christine, and other stories; AN..... 104
Greene, Ward
Ride the nightmare; AN..... 329
Griswold, Francis
Tides of Malvern, the; AN..... 331
Growth and decadence of constitutional government, the. J. A. Smith; AN.... 132
Growth of the American republic, the. S. E. Morison and H. S. Commager; B.... 629
Guérin, Maurice de
From centaur to cross. Being the hitherto unpublished letters of M. de Guerin. Together with a new translation of his Centaur; AN..... 49
Gunnarsson, Gunnar
Seven days' darkness. R. Tapley, translator; AN..... 740
Gutman, Walter; R.....276; 328

H

Hacker, Louis M.; R.....501; 653
Hall, Sir Edward Marshall; biography. E. Marjoribanks; B..... 47
Hall, Thomas Cuming
Religious background of American culture, the; B..... 302
Hallgren, Mauritz A.; R..... 740
Hamsun, Knut
Vagabonds; B..... 528
Hardy, Thomas, novel on life of; R..... 475
Harlow, Ralph Volney; R..... 47
Harrison, Charles Yale
Generals die in bed; B..... 71
Harrison, G. B.
Elizabethan journal, an. Being a record of those things most talked of during the years 1519-1594; AN.... 49
Hart, B. H. Liddell
Real war, 1914 to 1918, the; B..... 474
Harvey, George: A passionate patriot. W. F. Johnson; B.....74; see also letter.. 246
Haskell, Douglas; R..... 207
Hazlitt, Henry; R....19, 181, 205, 225, 248, 299, 325, 379, 407, 446, 473, 499, 527, 553, 652, 679, 709, 736
Hazlitt, William, complete works. Edited by P. P. Howe; B..... 735
Henderson, Archibald
Contemporary immortals; AN..... 450
Henry Matisse. With an essay by R. Fry; B 328
Her privates we. Private 19022; B..... 71
Hermant, Abel
Last and first love. S. Brown, translator; AN..... 631
Herskovits, Melville J.; R..102; correction of review 247
Hicks, Granville; R.....382, 585, 620, 736
Hill, Helen, and F. Miller
Giant of the western world, the; AN.. 741
Hindenburg: The man and the legend. M. Goldsmith and F. Voigt; B..... 251
Hindenburg, two biographies; B..... 251
History and monuments of Ur. C. J. Gadd; AN 133
History of biological theories, the. E. Radl. Translated by E. T. Hatfield; AN... 386
History of cooperative news-gathering in the United States. V. Rosewater; B.... 420
History of Iberian civilization, the. J. P. O. Martins. Translated by A. F. G. Bell; AN..... 103
History of the Jews, a. A. L. Sachar; B. 228
Hitchcock, Henry-Russell, Jr.
Modern architecture; B..... 207
Hobson, J. A.
Rationalization and unemployment; B.. 414
Hoel, Sigurd
Sinners in summertime. E. Sprigge and C. Napier, translators; AN..... 187
Hoffenstein, Samuel
Year in, you're out; AN..... 23
Holcombe, Arthur N.
Chinese revolution, the; B..... 278
Hollis, Christopher
American heresy, the; AN..... 159
Honey Holler. K. MacKaye; AN..... 159
Hook, Sidney; R..... 476
Horvath, Ferdinand Huszti
Captured!; B..... 71
Hosie, Lady
Portrait of a Chinese lady; AN..... 133
Hot countries. A. Waugh; B..... 129
Hound of Florence, the. F. Salten. Translated by H. Paterson; AN..... 48
How they carried the mail. J. Walker; AN 558
How to commit a murder. D. Ahearn; AN. 252
Hubbard, Ralph
Queer person; AN..... 558
Hughes, Langston
Not without laughter; B..... 157
Hunt, Rockwell D., and N. de G. Sanchez
Short history of California, a; AN.... 133

I

Identity and reality. E. Meyerson. Translated by K. Lowenberg; B..... 383
Imperial palace. A. Bennett; B..... 736
In the days of bicycles and bustles. Diary of R. D. Blumenfeld, 1883-1914; B. 529
India, five books on; B..... 618
Individualism old and new; J. Dewey; B... 446
Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson, an. C. Cestre; B..... 382
Introduction to social anthropology, an. C. Wissler; AN..... 656
Introduction to the history of science. Volume I. From Homer to Omar Khayyam. G. Sarton; B..... 250
Investment trusts gone wrong! J. T. Flynn; B..... 325
Irving, Washington
Bold dragoon, the; AN..... 560
Istrati, Panait
Thistles of the Baragan, the. Translated by J. LeClercq; AN..... 48

J

Jade mountain, the. A Chinese anthology; AN 49
James, Henry
Charles W. Eliot; B..... 617
Jansson, A. H.
American merchant marine; C....708; see also E..... 571
Jeans, Sir James
Mysterious universe, the; B..... 653
Jenkins, MacGregor
Emily; AN..... 450
Jennings, H. S.
Biological basis of human nature, the; B 181
Jews in the Christian era. L. Magnus; B.. 228
Jews, two histories; B..... 228
John Brown: The making of a martyr. R. P. Warren; B..... 22
John Brown's body. S. V. Benét; AN..... 560
John Christian Bach. C. S. Terry; B..... 74
John Sebastian Bach. C. S. Terry; B..... 74
Johnson, Charles S.
Negro in American civilization, the; B. 44
Johnson, James Weldon
Black Manhattan; B..... 353
Johnson, Willis Fletcher
George Harvey: A passionate patriot; B 74
Jonathan Edwards: The fiery puritan. H. B. Parkes; B..... 584
Joseph Fouché. S. Zweig; B..... 226
Josephson, Matthew; R.....183, 615
Journal of my other self, the. R. M. Rilke. Translated by J. Linton; B..... 679
Journal of things old and new. A. Bennett; AN..... 504
Junior anthology of world poetry, a; AN.... 49

K

Kafka, Franz
Castle, the. E. and W. Muir, translators; B..... 411

Kaiser and chancellor. K. F. Nowak. Translated by E. W. Dickes; B..... 739
Kastner, Erich
Emil and the detectives. M. Masse, translator; AN..... 556
Kaye-Smith, Sheila
Shepherds in sackcloth; AN..... 228
Keats, John, life of. A. Erlande; B..... 45
Kelly, Eric P.
Blacksmith of Vilno, the; AN..... 558
Kenyon, Theda
Witches still live. A study of the black art of today; AN..... 354
Killegrew, Thomas. A. Harbake; B..... 275
King, Basil
Adventures in religion; B..... 72
Kirkpatrick, Clifford
Religion in human affairs; B..... 72
Koch-Weser, Erich
Deutschlands aussenpolitik in der nachkriegszeit; AN..... 279
Krupp. A great business man seen through his letters. Edited by W. Berdrow. Translated by E. W. Dickes; AN.... 384
Krutch, Joseph Wood
Five masters; B..... 617
Kuczynski, Robert R., and others
Population; B..... 250
Kunitz, Joseph, J. Freeman, and L. Lozowick
Voices of October: Art and literature in soviet Russia; B..... 276
Kunitz, Stanley J.; R..... 585

L

Labor speaks for itself. A symposium by labor leaders throughout the world. Edited by J. Davis; B..... 182
La Follette, Suzanne
Art in America; B..... 326
Laments for the living. D. Parker; AN.. 75
Lamp and the lute, the. B. Dobrée; B..... 207
Laski, Harold J.
Dangers of obedience and other essays, the; B..... 156
Lasswell, Harold D.
Psychopathology and politics; B..... 736
Last and first love. A. Hermant. Translated by S. Brown; AN..... 631
Last frontier, the. Z. T. Sutley; B..... 182
Last paradise, the. H. Powell; B..... 129
Last rustler, the. L. Sage; B..... 182
Laud: Storm center of Stuart England. R. P. T. Coffin; B..... 156
Lawrence, D. H.
Virgin and the gipsy, the; B..... 710
Lawrence, D. H. S. Potter; AN..... 531
Lemaitre, Jules
On the margins of old books; B..... 382
Letters of Henry Adams, 1858-1891. Edited by W. C. Ford; B..... 408
Letters of James Whitcomb Riley. Edited by W. L. Phelps; B..... 655
Levy, Newman; R..... 47
Lewis, Sinclair; R..... 474
Life and letters of Joseph Pennell, the. E. R. Pennell; AN..... 24
Life of John Keats. A. Erlande; B..... 45
Life of Solomon, the. E. Fleg; AN..... 104
Life's ebb and flow. Frances, countess of Warwick; B..... 186
Lindsay, Norman
Every mother's son; AN..... 421
Little dog laughed, the. L. Merrick; AN... 303
Lobagola, an African savage's own story. B. K. A. I. Lobagola; B.....102; correction of review..... 247
Löhrke, Eugene; R..158, 183, 226, 273, 300, 503
Long hunt. J. Boyd; AN..... 187
Lope de Vega. A. Flores; AN..... 75
Loving, Pierre; R..... 45
Lozowick, Louis; R..... 251
Lozowick, Louis, J. Freeman, and J. Kunitz
Voices of October: Art and literature in soviet Russia; B..... 276
Luckner, Count von, biographical work on; L. Thomas; AN..... 354
Ludwig, Emil
Three titans; B..... 300

M

Macaulay, Rose
Staying with relations; B..... 625
MacDonald, William; R..22, 128, 251, 276, 328, 381, 528, 554, 625
McFee, William
North of Suez; AN..... 103
McHugh, Vincent
Touch me not: Four writs of a curt picaresque; AN..... 279
MacKaye, Keith
Honey Holler; AN..... 159
Mackenzie, Compton
Gallipoli memories; AN..... 24
McKeon, Richard; R..... 250
MacLeish, Archibald
New Found Land; B..... 21
Macy, John; R..... 100
Madariaga, Salvador de; R..... 130
Made in Mexico. S. Smith; AN..... 560
Magnificent illusion, the. E. B. Barrett; AN..... 712
Magnus, Laurie
Jews in the Christian era, the; B..... 228
Mahatma Gandhi—His own story. Edited by C. F. Andrews; B..... 618
Main currents in American thought. III. Beginnings of critical realism in America. V. Parrington; B..... 615
Makers of the unwritten constitution, the. W. B. Munro; AN..... 208
Man and his dog, a. T. Mann. Translated by H. G. Scheffauer; AN..... 504
Man from limbo, the. G. Endore; B..... 628
Mandates under the league of nations. Q. Wright; B..... 528
Mann, Klaus
Alexander. M. Saunders, translator; AN..... 712
Mann, Thomas
Man and his dog, a. H. G. Sheffauer, translator; AN..... 504
Mansfield, Katherine
Aloe, the; B..... 249
Markun, Leo
Mrs. Grundy; B..... 530
Mars, or the truth about war. Alain; B.. 500
Marsh, Fred T.; R.....46, 101, 416, 683
Martins, J. P. Oliveira
History of Iberian civilization, the. A. F. G. Bell, translator; AN..... 103
Mary Baker Eddy: A life-size portrait. L. P. Powell; B..... 683
Masefield, John
Wanderer of Liverpool, the; B..... 585
Masters, Edgar Lee
Gettysburg, Manila, Acoma; B..... 226
Matisse, Henry. With an essay by R. Fry; B..... 328
Maugham, W. Somerset
Cakes and ale: or the skeleton in the cupboard; B..... 475
Gentleman in the parlour, the; B..... 129
Mauriac, François
Family, the. L. Galantière, translator; B..... 416
Maurice Guest. H. H. Richardson; B..... 380
Maurois, André
Silence of Colonel Bramble, the; B.... 301
May, J. Lewis
George Eliot; B..... 100
Memoirs of an infantry officer. S. Sassoon; B..... 412
Memories and vagaries. A. Munthe; AN.. 741
Max Weber. H. Cahill; B..... 251
Mencken, H. L.; R.....70, 617
Merrick, Leonard
Little dog laughed, the; AN..... 303
Metropolis of tomorrow, the. H. Ferriss; AN..... 208
Mexican immigration to the United States. M. Gamio; B..... 417
Meyerson, Emile
Identity and reality. K. Lowenberg, translator; B..... 383
Michelangelo, biography, in Three titans, by E. Ludwig; B..... 300
Millen, Gilmore
Sweet man; B..... 101
Miller, Francis, and H. Hill
Giant of the western world, the; AN.. 741
Mirthful haven. B. Tarkington; AN..... 589
Miss Mole. E. H. Young; AN..... 450
Mitsou: or How girls grow wise. Colette. Translated by J. Terry; AN..... 159
Modern architecture. H.-R. Hitchcock, Jr.; B..... 207
Modern writers at work. Edited by J. K. Piercy; B..... 709
Mook, Charles C., and Edith S. Walker
Tales of the first animals; AN..... 558
Morals for moderns. E. Davis; B..... 654
Morgan the magnificent. J. K. Winkler; B. 327
Morison, Samuel Eliot
Builders of the bay colony; B..... 20
Morison, Samuel Eliot; R..... 738
Morison, Samuel Eliot, and Henry Steele Commager
Growth of the American republic, the; B..... 629
Morris, Kenneth
Book of the three dragons, the; AN.... 558
Morrow, Felix; R.....500, 711
Moulin-Eckart, Richard, Count du
Cosima Wagner; B..... 418
Moving forward. H. Ford, in collaboration with S. Crowther; B..... 681
Moxley, F. Wright
Red snow; AN..... 303
Mrs. Grundy. L. Markun; B..... 530
Mukerji, Dhan Gopal
Rama: Hero of India; AN..... 558
Müller-Lyer, F.
Evolution of modern marriage, the; B.. 21
Munro, William Bennett
Constitution of the United States, the. A brief and general commentary; AN.. 103
Makers of the unwritten constitution, the; AN..... 208
Munson, Gorham B.
Dilemma of the liberated, the; B..... 475
Munthe, Axel
Memories and vagaries; AN..... 741
Story of San Michele, the; AN..... 741
Murray, J. Middleton
God; B..... 72
Mussey, Henry Raymond; R.....206, 414, 586
Must England lose India? The nemesis of empire. A. Osburn; B..... 128
My tropical air castle. F. M. Chapman; AN..... 253
Mysterious universe, the. Sir J. Jeans; B.. 653

N

Nasu, Shiroshi, and others
Population; B..... 250
Needham, Joseph
Sceptical biologist, the; B..... 274
Negro in American civilization. C. S. Johnson; B..... 44
Neilson, William A.; R..... 274
Nelson W. Aldrich. N. W. Stephenson; B. 447
Nesbit, E.
Five children, the; AN..... 556
Neumann, Robert
Flood; B..... 45
New criticism, the. Edited by E. B. Burgum; B..... 408
New encyclopedia of music and musicians, the. Edited by W. S. Pratt; AN.... 229
New Found Land. A. MacLeish; B..... 21
New generation, the. Edited by V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen; AN. 384
New musical resources. H. Cowell; AN.... 188
New world architecture, the. S. Cheney; B. 652
New Zealand in the making. J. B. Condliffe; B..... 129
Newer knowledge of bacteriology and immunology, the. By eighty-two contributors; AN..... 253
Newhall, Richard A.; R..... 46
Newman, Bernard
Cavalry goes through!, the; B..... 474
Newman, Ernest
Stories of the great operas; AN..... 160
Nerval, Gerard de
Women of Cairo, the; AN..... 24
Nexö, Martin Andersen
Pelle the conqueror; AN..... 76
Nicolson, Harold
Portrait of a diplomatist, a; B..... 737
No hard feelings! J. L. Barkley; B..... 530
Norris, Charles G.
Seed; AN..... 228
North of Suez. W. McFee; AN..... 103
Not without laughter. L. Hughes; B..... 157
Nowak, Karl Friedrich
Kaiser and chancellor. E. W. Dickes, translator; B..... 739
Nutcracker of Nuremberg, the. A. Dumas. Translated by G. Gingras; AN..... 556

O

O'Flaherty, Liam
Two years; B..... 448
Old book, the. A mediaeval anthology. Edited and illuminated by D. Hartley; AN..... 478
Old pastures. P. Colum; B..... 738
On Forsyte 'change. J. Galsworthy; B.... 447
On the margins of old books. J. Lemaitre; B..... 382
Only saps work. C. Terrett; AN..... 331
Open range, the, and bunk house philosophy. O. Rush; B..... 182
Osburn, Arthur
Must England lose India? The nemesis of empire; B..... 128
Our biggest customer. G. H. Phelps; AN. 280
Our times. Volume III; Pre-war America. M. Sullivan; B..... 740
Outlaw years, the. R. M. Coates; B..... 380

P

Painter, Floy Ruth
That man Debs and his life work; B.. 206
Papini, Giovanni
St. Augustine. D. Emmerich, translator; B..... 158
Parker, DeWitt; R..... 277
Parker, Dorothy
Laments for the living; AN..... 75
Parkes, Henry Bamford
Jonathan Edwards: The fiery puritan; B. 584
Parkhurst, Winthrop
Anatomy of music, the; AN..... 160
Parrington, Vernon
Main currents in American thought. III. Beginnings of critical realism in America; B..... 615
Parrish, Anne
Floating island; AN..... 556
Parrott, Ursula
Strangers may kiss; AN..... 228
Pascual. J. Chevalier. Translated by L. A. Claire; AN..... 505
Patchwork plays. R. Field; AN..... 556
Patriot's progress, the. H. Williamson; AN. 303
Patterson, Ernest Minor
World's economic dilemma, the; B..... 586

Paul, Eliot
Amazon, the; AN. 656
Governor of Massachusetts, the; B. 326
Peace. A. Garborg. Translated by P. D. Carleton; AN. 229
Peffer, Nathaniel
China: The collapse of a civilization; B. 554
Pelle the conqueror. M. A. Nexö; AN. . . . 76
Pennell, Elizabeth Robbins
Life and letters of Joseph Pennell, the; AN 24
Pennell, Joseph, life and letters of. E. R. Pennell; AN. 24
People of the small arrow. J. H. Driberg; AN 132
Petrova, Natalia
Twice born in Russia. Baroness M. Budberg, translator; B. 328
Phelps, George Harrison
Our biggest customer; AN. 280
Phelps, William Lyon
Essays on things; B. 473
Picture books, new. 555
Pilgrim to the abyss. A. Eggebrecht. Translated by M. M. Bozman; B. 46
Pillicock hill. H. Asquith; AN. 558
Pitter, Ruth
Poems; B. 383
Poems. R. Pitter; B. 383
Poetry at present. C. Williams; AN. 531
Population. C. Gini, S. Nasu, R. R. Kuczynski, O. E. Baker; B. 250
Porter, Katherine Anne
Flowering Judas; B. 352
Portrait of a Chinese lady. Lady Hosie; AN 133
Portrait of a diplomatist. H. Nicolson; B. 737
Post, Augustus
Skycraft; AN. 558
Potter, Stephen
D. H. Lawrence; AN. 531
Powell, Hickman
Last paradise, the; B. 129
Powell, Lyman P.
Mary Baker Eddy: A life-size portrait; B 683
Power of India, the. M. Pym; B. 618
Powys, Llewellyn
Cradle of God, the; B. 72
Prall, D. W.
Aesthetic judgment; B. 277
Priestley, Herbert Ingram
Coming of the white man, the, 1492-1848 (A history of American life, Volume I); B. 47
Priestley, J. B.
Angel pavement; B. 300
Prisoner of war: A Siberian diary. E. E. Dwinger. Translated by I. F. D. Morrow; B. 683
Private 19022
Her privates we; B. 71
Problems of the Pacific, 1929. Edited by J. B. Condliffe; AN. 657
Proof, the. Y. Winters; B. 679
Prophets of the new India. R. Rolland. Translated by E. F. Malcolm-Smith; B 618
Protestant ethic, the, and the spirit of capitalism. M. Weber. Translated by T. Parsons; B. 476
Psychological exercises. Edited by A. R. Orage; AN. 449
Psychopathology and politics. H. D. Lasswell; B. 736
Puckett, Hugh Wiley
Germany's women go forward; B. 73
Puritan mind, the. H. W. Schneider; B. . . 738
Pym, Michael
Power of India, the; B. 618

Q

Queer person. R. Hubbard; AN. 558

R

Radl, Emanuel
History of biological theories, the. E. T. Hatfield, translator; AN. 386
Rama: Hero of India. D. G. Mukerji; AN 558
Ransom, John Crowe
God without thunder; B. 711
Rapallo to Dawes, 1922-1924. The diary of an ambassador. Viscount d'Abernon; AN 132
Rationalization and unemployment. J. A. Hobson; B. 414
Real war, 1914 to 1918, the. B. H. L. Hart; B. 474
Realm of matter, the. G. Santayana; B. . . . 407
Red snow. F. W. Moxley; AN. 303
Redfield, Robert
Tepoztlán—a Mexican village; B. 417
Reed, Thomas B.: Parliamentarian. W. A. Robinson; B. 653
Refutation of the Versailles war guilt thesis, a. A. von Wegerer; B. 737
Reiser, Anton
Albert Einstein; B. 553
Religion in human affairs. C. Kirkpatrick; B 72
Religious background of American culture, the. T. C. Hall; B. 302
Rembrandt; biography, in Three titans, by E. Ludwig; B. 300
Restoration tragedy, 1660-1720. B. Dobrée; B 275
Return of the hero, the. D. Figgis; AN. . . . 103
Richardson, Henry Handel
Maurice Guest; B. 380
Ride the nightmare. W. Greene; AN. 329
Riley, James Whitcomb
Letters. Edited by W. L. Phelps; B. . 655
Rilke, Rainer Maria
Journal of my other self, the. J. Linton, translator; B. 679
River goes with heaven, a. H. Vines; AN. . 741
Roadside meetings. H. Garland; B. 351
Robert Pechman. M. Baring; AN. 353
Roberts, Donald A.; R. 156, 275
Robertson, William Spence; R. 185
Robinson, Edwin Arlington
Glory of the nightingales, the; B. 382
Robinson, Edwin Arlington; introduction to, and book by; B. 382
Robinson, L. E.; R. 740
Robinson, William A.
Thomas B. Reed: Parliamentarian; B. . 653
Roger Williams, prophet and pioneer. E. Easton; B. 276
Rolland, Romain
Prophets of the new India. E. F. Malcolm-Smith, translator; B. 618
Room in Berlin, a. G. Birkenfeld. Translated by E. Sutton; B. 620
Roosevelt and Taft; two books on; B. 501
Roosevelt: The story of a friendship. O. Wister; AN. 303
Rorty, James; R. 681, 712
Rosewater, Victor
History of cooperative news-gathering in the United States; B. 420
Roumanian diary, a. H. Carossa. Translated by A. N. Scott; AN. 159
Rush, Oscar
Open range, the, and bunk house philosophy; B. 182
Russell, Bertrand
Conquest of happiness, the; B. 379

S

Sachar, Abram Leon
History of the Jews, a; B. 228
Sackville-West, V.
Edwardians, the; B. 413
Sage, Lee
Last rustler, the; B. 182
Saint Augustine. G. Papini. Translated by D. Emmerich; B. 158
Saint Johnson. W. R. Burnett; AN. 532
Salome, the wandering Jewess. G. S. Viereck and P. Eldridge; AN. 588
Salten, Felix
Fifteen rabbits; AN. 330
Hound of Florence, the. H. Paterson, translator; AN. 48
Sanchez, Nellie Van de Grift, and R. D Hunt
Short history of California, a; AN. . . . 133
Sand, George
Tales of a grandmother; AN. 558
Santa Fé trail, the. R. L. Duffus; AN. . . . 631
Santayana, George
Realm of matter, the; B. 407
Sarton, George
Introduction to the history of science. Volume I. From Homer to Omar Khayyam; B. 250
Sassoon, Siegfried
Memoirs of an infantry officer; B. 411
Saunders, Catherine
Vergil's primitive Italy; B. 626
Sceptical biologist, the. J. Needham; B. . . . 274
Schmitt, Bernadotte E.
Coming of the war, 1914, the; B. 737
Schneider, Herbert Wallace
Puritan mind, the; B. 738
Schneider, Herbert W.; R. 72, 584
Schneider, Isidor; R. 20, 129, 278, 683
Schönheit am mittelmeer. F. C. Endres; AN. 252
Schuman, Frederick L.; R. 449, 737
Schurz, Carl, the Americanization of. C. V. Easum; B. 206
Scott, Evelyn
Winter alone, the; B. 100
Sea devil's fo'c'sle, the. L. Thomas; AN. . 354
Seagle, William; R. 156, 227, 531
Seeckt, General von
Future of the German empire, the. Criticisms and postulates. O. Williams, translator; B. 328
Seed. C. G. Norris; AN. 228
Seed of liberty. The story of the American colonies. E. K. Chatterton; AN. . . . 48
Seed on the wind. R. Stout; AN. 353
Seven days' darkness. G. Gunnarsson. Translated by R. Tapley; AN. 740
Seven horizons. C. J. Finger; B. 249
Seymour, Flora Warren
Story of the red man, the; B. 185
Shepherds in sackcloth. S. Kaye-Smith; AN 228
Shipley, Joseph T.; R. 382
Shipley, Maynard; R. 653
Short history of British expansion, a. J. A. Williamson; AN. 132
Short history of California, a. R. D. Hunt and N. Van de G. Sanchez; AN. 133
Short history of Julia, a. I. Glenn; AN. . . . 655
Shrimps for tea. J. Blumenfeld; AN. 330
Shutter of snow, the. E. H. Coleman; AN. 684
Silence of Colonel Bramble, the. A. Maurois; B 301
Sinclair, May
Tales told by Simpson; B. 654
Sinners in summertime. S. Hoel. Translated by E. Sprigge and C. Napier; AN 187
Sins of New York. E. Van Every; E. 640
Sitwell, Sacheverell
Doctor Donne and Gargantua. The first six cantos; B. 585
Six horses. W. Banning and G. H. Banning; B. 182
Skycraft. A. Post; AN. 558
Smith, Helen Zenna
Stepdaughters of war; AN. 328
Smith, J. Allen
Growth and decadence of constitutional government, the; AN. 132
Smith, Lucy Humphrey; R. 186
Smith, Preserved
Great revival, 1543-1687. (A history of modern culture. Volume I.); B. 71
Smith, Susan
Made in Mexico; AN. 560
Sociological theory and social research. Selected papers of C. H. Cooley; B. . . . 527
Soldiers march! T. Fredenburgh; B. 530
Some folks won't work. C. Calkins; B. . . . 712
Some of us. An essay in epitaphs. J. B. Cabell; B. 622
Son avenger, the. S. Undset; B. 273
Soviets in world affairs, the. L. Fischer; B 449
Spawn: a novel of degeneration. N. Ferber; AN 630
Spengler, J. J.; R. 250
Starr, Frederick
Confucianism; AN. 132
Staying with relations. R. Macaulay; B. . . . 625
Stepdaughters of war. H. Z. Smith; AN. . . 329
Stephenson, Nathaniel Wright
Nelson W. Aldrich; B. 447
Stern, Bernhard J.; R. 274
Stern, S.
Fourteen years of European investments, 1914-1928; AN. 208
Stolberg, Benjamin; R. 327, 351
Stories of the great operas. E. Newman; AN 160
Story of Roland, the. J. Baldwin; AN. . . . 558
Story of San Michele, the. A. Munthe; AN 741
Story of the red man, the. F. W. Seymour; B. 185
Stout, Rex
Seed on the wind; AN. 353
Strangers may kiss. U. Parrott; AN. 228
Street of the islands, the. S. Young; AN. . 532
Strike! M. H. Vorse; B. 474
Strindberg, August. V. J. McGill; B. 183
Success. L. Feuchtwanger. Translated by W. and E. Muir; B. 620
Sudermann, Hermann
Dance of youth, the. E. and C. Paul, translators; B. 620
Sue, Eugène. P. Ginisty; AN. 279
Sullivan, Mark
Our times. Volume III: Pre-war America; B. 740
Survey of international relations, 1929; AN 49
Sutley, Zack T.
Last frontier, the; B. 182
Svevo, Italo
Confessions of Zeno, the; B. 183
Swift, Jonathan, biography. C. Van Doren; B 473
Sweet man. G. Millen; B. 101
Sykes, Gerald; R. 411, 448, 711
Symons, Arthur
From Toulouse-Lautrec to Rodin; B. . . . 588

T

Taft and Roosevelt: The intimate letters of Archie Butt; B. 501
Taft, William Howard. H. S. Duffy; B. . . . 501
Tales from the Argentine. Edited by W. Frank. Translated by A. Brenner; AN 421
Tales of a grandmother. G. Sand; AN. . . . 558
Tales of the first animals. E. S. Walker and C. C. Mook; AN. 558
Tales told by Simpson. M. Sinclair; B. . . . 654
Tarkington, Booth
Mirthful haven; AN. 589
Tate, Allen; R. 352
Tepoztlán—a Mexican village. R. Redfield; B 417
Terrett, Courtenay
Only saps work; AN. 331
Terry, Charles Sanford
John Christian Bach and John Sebastian Bach; two biographies; B. 74

That man Debs and his life work. F. R. Painter; B..... 206
Thistles of the Baragan, the. P. Istrati. Translated by J. LeClercq; AN..... 48
Thomas B. Reed: Parliamentarian. W. A. Robinson; B..... 653
Thomas Killegrew. A. Harbage; B..... 275
Thomas, Lowell
Sea devil's fo'c'sle, the; AN..... 354
Thomas, Norman; R..... 182
Thomson, Valentine
Briand, man of peace; AN..... 252
Those earnest Victorians. E. Wingfield-Stratford; B..... 529
Three titans. E. Ludwig; B..... 300
Tides of Malvern, the. F. Griswold; AN.. 331
Timmermans, Felix
Droll Peter. M. C. Darnton and W. J. Paul, translators; AN..... 159
Tinker, Chauncey Brewster
Good estate of poetry, the; AN..... 253
Touch me not: Four writs of a curt picaresque. V. McHugh; AN..... 279
Toward standards. N. Foerster; B..... 499
Tree of Life, the. An anthology. Made by V. De S. Pinto and G. N. Wright; AN..... 253
Trevelyan, George Macaulay
England under Queen Anne. Vol. I. Blenheim; B..... 682
Trilling, Lionel; R..... 710
Tully, Jim
Beggars abroad; AN..... 631
Tunis, John R.
American girl; AN..... 208
Twentieth-century poetry; AN..... 49
24 hours. L. Bromfield; B..... 503
Twice born in Russia. N. Petrova. Translated by Baroness M. Budberg; B.... 328
Two years. L. O'Flaherty; B..... 448

U

Undset, Sigrid
Son avenger, the; B..... 273
Universities—American, English, German. A. Flexner; E..... 599
Unknown Washington, the. J. Corbin; AN 187
Ur of the Chaldees. C. L. Wooley; B..... 20

V

Vagabonds. K. Hamsun; B..... 528
Valentine, Chapin; R..... 586
Van Doren, Carl
Swift; B..... 473
Van Doren, Dorothy; R.....158, 447
Van Doren, Mark; R.....44, 99, 475, 680
Van Every, Edward
Sins of New York; E..... 640
Vergil's primitive Italy. C. Saunders; B.... 626
Viereck, George Sylvester, and Paul Eldridge
Salome, the wandering Jewess; AN.... 588
Villard, Oswald Garrison; R.....206, 328, 420
Vines, Howell
River goes with heaven, a; AN..... 741
Vines, Sherard
Course of English classicism, the; B.... 225
Virgin and the gipsy, the. D. H. Lawrence; B..... 710
Voiceless India. G. Emerson; B..... 682
Voices of October: Art and literature in soviet Russia. J. Freeman, J. Kunitz, and L. Lozowick; B..... 276
Voigt, Frederick, and M. Goldsmith
Hindenburg: The man and the legend; B..... 251
Vorse, Mary Heaton
Strike!; B..... 474

W

Wagner, Cosima. R., Count du Moulin-Eckart. Translated by C. A. Phillips; B. 418
Walker, Edith S., and Charles C. Mook
Tales of the first animals; AN..... 558
Walker, Joseph
How they carried the mail; AN..... 558
Walton, Eda Lou; R..21, 45, 100, 130, 155, 383, 408, 679, 738
Wanderer of Liverpool, the. J. Masefield; B..... 585
War, six books on; B..... 530
Ward, biography: A Yankee adventurer. H. Cahill; B..... 586
Warner, Arthur; R.....129, 353
Warren, Robert Penn
John Brown: The making of a martyr; B..... 22
Warwick, Frances, countess of
Life's ebb and flow; B..... 186
Washington, George: The unknown Washington. J. Corbin; AN..... 187
Watson, A. M. K., and R. Weterstettin
Biography of President von Hindenburg, the; B..... 251
Waugh, Alec
Hot countries; B..... 129
Waugh, Evelyn
Bachelor abroad, a; AN..... 630
Weber, Max
Protestant ethic, the, and the spirit of capitalism. T. Parsons, translator; B. 476
Weber, Max. H. Cahill; B..... 251
Webster, Daniel. C. M. Fuess; B..... 554
Wedding day, and other stories. K. Boyle; B..... 711
Wells, Herbert George
Autocracy of Mr. Parham, the; AN.... 208
Wegerer, Alfred von
Refutation of the Versailles war guilt thesis, a; B..... 737
Weterstettin, Rudolph, and A. M. K. Watson
Biography of President von Hindenburg, the; B..... 251
Wharton, Edith
Certain people; B..... 654
Wharton, James B.; R.....474, 530, 683
When I was a girl. H. Ferris; AN..... 560
Whistler's room, the. P. Alverdes; B..... 102
White, Viola C.
Blue forest; AN..... 104
White, Walter; R..... 44
Whitton, F. E.
Wolfe and North America; AN..... 159
William Howard Taft
H. S. Duffy; B..... 501
Williams, Charles
Poetry at present; AN..... 531
Williams, Roger, prophet and pioneer. E. Easton; B..... 276
Williamson, Henry
Patriot's progress, the; AN..... 303
Williamson, James A.
Short history of British expansion, a; AN..... 132
Williamson, Jefferson
American hotel, the; E..... 462
Willoughby, W. W.
Ethical basis of political authority, the; B..... 278
Willy and Colette
Claudine at school; AN..... 589
Wingfield-Stratford, Esmé
Those earnest Victorians; B..... 529
Winkler, John K.
Morgan the magnificent; B..... 327
Winter alone, the. E. Scott; B..... 100
Winters, Yvor
Proof, the; B..... 679
Wissler, Clark
Introduction to social anthropology, an; AN..... 656
Wister, Owen
Roosevelt: The story of a friendship; AN 303
Witches still live. A study of the black art of today. T. Kenyon; AN..... 354
Wolfe and North America. F. E. Whitton; AN..... 159
Wolfson, Theresa; R..... 73
Women of Cairo, the. G. de Nerval; AN.. 24
Wooden swords. J. Deval; AN..... 132
Woods, William Seaver
Colossal blunders of the war; B..... 474
Wooley, C. Leonard
Dead towns and living men; B..... 20
Ur of the Chaldees; B..... 20
World in 2030 A. D., the. Earl of Birkenhead; B..... 381
World politics in modern civilization. H. E. Barnes; B..... 130
World's economic dilemma, the. E. M. Patterson; B..... 586
Worst journey in the world, the: Antarctic, 1910-1913. A. Cherry-Garrard; B.... 44
Wright, Quincy
Mandates under the league of nations; B..... 528
Wycherley, William
Biography. W. Connely; B..... 275

Y

Yankee adventurer, a. H. Cahill; B..... 586
Ybarra, T. R.
Bolivar, the passionate warrior; B..... 185
Year in, you're out. S. Hoffenstein; AN.. 23
Years of grace. M. A. Barnes; B..... 158
Youmans, N. O.
Best seller; AN..... 656
Young, E. H.
Miss Mole; AN..... 450
Young, Stark
Street of the islands, the; AN..... 532
Youth dares all. Anonymous; B..... 205

Z

Zabel, Morton Dauwen; R.....380, 473, 529
Zweig, Arnold
Claudia. E. Sutton, translator; B..... 620
Zweig, Stefan
Joseph Fouché; B..... 226

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 1
EDITORIALS:
Where Do We Go from Here? 5
Committee Government 6
Fair Harvard 6
Zero for "All Quiet" 7
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 8
WHO KILLED "JAKE" LINGLE? By Paul Blanshard 9
WOMEN GO FREE IN CENTRAL ASIA. By Louis Fischer 11
BABES IN THE HOOVER WOOD. By Paul Y. Anderson 13
SOUTHERN LABOR AND THE LAW. By Weimar Jones 14
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 16
CORRESPONDENCE 17
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 18
BOOKS:
Without Shield. By Louise Townsend Nicholl 19
The Metaphysicians Confess. By Henry Hazlitt 19
A Defense of the Puritans. By James Truslow Adams 20
Dead Cities. By Isidor Schneider 20
America—the New Found Land. By Eda Lou Walton 21
Love and the Modern Age. By V. F. Calverton 21
John Brown. By William MacDonald 22
Mexican Folklore. By Mary Austin 23
Books in Brief 23
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Seipel Intrigues in Austria. By G. E. R. Gedye 25

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UTTERLY INADEQUATE is the second instalment of the Simon Commission's report on India, if we may judge by the cabled reports. According to these, "the scheme is to give Britain a stronger hold on India than ever before"; "what the report proposes is a long way from dominion status to say nothing of independence"; "the report suggests that Indian defense should be made an imperial rather than an Indian problem and visualizes the presence of the British army in India for many years to come." That is really all one needs to know. After that it is idle even to put any valuation upon the new administrative and judicial devices suggested. For the refusal to fix a definite period for dominion status vitiates all the rest. It will not soothe the troubled waters of India but will gravely inflame the populace. It will make impossible the proposed October Round Table Conference—we doubt if even the Indian moderates will now be lured to that proposed parley. Indeed, we believe that it puts the final seal upon the long struggle which began with Gandhi's march to make salt, and, for better or worse, will not end until the Indian peoples are in complete control of their own destiny.

MEANWHILE, POLICE BRUTALITY, more and more rigid ordinances, the growing use of British troops, and even the monsoon have not checked the ardor of the Indian Nationalists. Between storms the natives come up smiling for the terrible punishment of the police staves. Even unresisting women are now standing beside their men as they are being beaten for their refusal to obey the police. After six days of deadlock in Bombay the police assailed a group of fifty Sikhs of the Akali sect, great bearded men who stood blow after blow until knocked down. There was, reports Negley Farson of the Chicago *Daily News*, "again the spectacle of a green field dotted with fallen bodies and again the same islands of orange-clad women holding up the flags of Swaraj." One Sikh beaten till bloody "stood up for more. . . . And then the police threw up their hands. 'You can't go on hitting a blighter when he stands up to you like that.'" Precisely. That is where non-resistance wins. No wonder that a pro-British Bombay correspondent of the New York *Times* reports that "one fact, however, is manifestly certain—events cannot be allowed much longer to proceed as they are doing at present." Indeed, no. Here are the wives and daughters of Indians holding British titles cabling their protest to Queen Mary. Here is an American missionary in Madras expelled for communion with Gandhi sympathizers; and then the news on June 22 of the "fiercest battle in which the Bombay police have been engaged" since Gandhi began the struggle, with 550 casualties, *"including a number of women volunteers"*—and no police hurt!

THE SENATE has disgraced itself by voting for the pension bill to "liberalize the law" for compensation for disabled World War veterans. President Hoover's objection to it and announcement that he will veto it merely served to inflame the Senate, which has thus, for the sixth or seventh time, deliberately slapped the Executive's face. But Mr. Hoover in this case is right. This is a pension steal pure and simple; it is a direct return to the pension orgies of the Civil and Spanish Wars, although we were assured at the outbreak of the World War that the insurance system would prevent anything of the kind. We are still paying pensions to widows of veterans of the War of 1812; on the same basis we shall be paying pensions to widows of World War veterans in 2048. The estimates of the cost of this measure run from Senator Shortridge's $74,000,000 a year to the $102,000,000 of the Director of the Budget. According to dispatches it includes those who have served only sixty days. It is much pleasanter to read that by a vote of 16 to 4 the Senate Naval Affairs Committee has favorably reported the Naval Disarmament Treaty. As our readers are aware, we think very little of that document as a disarmament measure, but the character of the naval opposition to it makes its ratification entirely defensible.

THE WARMTH OF THE RECEPTION accorded to Rear Admiral Byrd on his arrival in New York was the more striking because in the columns of one journal at least his achievements have been over-touted. Not that we would belittle them; far from it. We are simply unaccustomed to months and months of daily reporting of the routine acts of the explorer, his men, his dogs, his ships.

For the old-fashioned drama of the sudden, unexpected reappearance, from the icy unknown, of a Peary, or a Nansen, or an all-but-dying Greely, we have substituted daily press syndicating of the trivial along with the admirable and the heroic. It is, therefore, a tribute to the patience and discernment of the public that it is ready to hail the really remarkable accomplishments of Byrd and his men. How much of scientific value the expedition has actually brought back a few months will show. Our best scientists evidently are in no doubt. For the rest, we gladly add our tribute to the amazing foresight, preparation, and calculation which made the whole a great success and made the final spectacular flight possible under most difficult and dangerous conditions. To have come back with a schedule exactly carried out, without the loss of a life, with apparently complete harmony, and with all aims attained is an achievement which makes Byrd's two years of exploration rank high in the annals of Arctic and Antarctic adventure.

THE ADOPTION BY THE SENATE, without debate, of the Borah resolution the day after the President had made the Hawley-Smoot tariff a law is a remarkable revelation not only of the distrust of that tariff by its foes, but also of the political discomfort of those who voted for it. The Borah resolution directs the Tariff Commission to investigate the rates on shoes, cement, furniture, and farm implements. Thus the American manufacturers of all these articles are still to be left in doubt regarding the rates under which they are to operate. Apologists for the new tariff, like Senator Reed, voted for it on the ground that even though the rates adopted were extremely bad, they should be settled at once. If the commission functions, Congress will have enacted a permanent state of unsettlement. On the other hand, if the flexible provisions are allowed to become a dead letter, the claim that they will correct the extortions under the new law becomes a pure fraud. Consumers have no reason to hope, in any case, that any revisions will in general be downward. Not only were practically all the revisions under the former act upward, but the principle on which revisions are made—differences in cost of production—is a vicious one. Such differences are, to begin with, extremely difficult to ascertain, and must be determined by arbitrary standards. Apart from this, the use of this standard means simply that the more essentially uneconomic and parasitic an industry is in this country, and the more inefficiently it is run, the higher will be the tariff rate that consumers will have to pay to support it. No wonder Messrs. Mellon, Lamont, and Klein, the Hoover Happiness Boys, have recently felt the need of jumping into the breach with more prosperity talk.

NEWARK HAS BEEN SUFFERING for five months from an epidemic of alien and Communist persecution, and during June three of ten Communists indicted have been convicted of advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence. The testimony against them was entirely that of officers who could recall practically nothing of their speeches except such advocacy, while the witnesses for the defense in the two cases tried last were not allowed to testify because they were atheists. The New Jersey law provides that persons having conscientious scruples against swearing may be affirmed; but the presiding judge, after allowing the atheist Communists to be affirmed in the first case tried, later held that the law extends the right of affirmation to those persons only who have *religious* scruples against swearing—the theory being, of course, that atheists, having no fear of punishment hereafter, cannot be trusted to tell the truth in any case. Having thus ruled that the defendants and their witnesses could not even be affirmed, he none the less allowed the defendants to tell their story to the jury, on the ground that a defendant has the right to be heard in his own behalf. When it came to sentencing Dominick Flaiani and Samuel Levine, who denied that they had advocated the overthrow of government by force and violence, Judge Walter Van Riper, instead of giving them the seventeen and ten years respectively to which their conviction rendered them liable, put them on probation for two years on condition that they pay a dollar weekly and refrain from the dreaded advocacy. The third person convicted, an elderly colored man, was given a suspended sentence. There seems to be some hope that minor alien persecutions will now be lessened.

THE ATLANTA COMMUNISTS whose case was reported in our last issue have unexpectedly been admitted to bail of $10,000 in two cases, $4,000 in three others, and $1,000 in the remaining one. The trials have been postponed to an undetermined future date. Meanwhile southern California, true to its tradition, has convicted nine Communist organizers of the workers in the Imperial Valley canteloupe fields. Under the criminal-syndicalism laws six of them were sentenced to three to fourteen years, two applied for probation, and the ninth was given a suspended sentence on condition that he return to Mexico, his native land. In Mt. Vernon, New York, City Judge Bernstein, not to be wholly outdone, imposed sentence of a $25 fine or ten days in jail on each of eleven Communists for trying to hold a street meeting without a permit, the mayor of Mt. Vernon having made his entry in the contest for official illegality by declaring that he would never under any circumstances grant a permit to the Communists. Apparently in most parts of this country Communists have few Constitutional rights that public officials are bound to respect. What is the next unpopular minority group that such lawless officials will choose to trample under foot?

REVOLT IN CONNECTICUT? It seems incredible, but a David has arisen in the ranks of the Republican Party. A year ago Professor Albert Levitt, who besides being a teacher of law is a veteran who was both gassed and wounded in France, decided that conditions in his State had got to the point where they could be endured no longer. So to the public amusement he announced his intention of driving J. Henry Roraback, the Republican boss of the State, who combines bossing with the management of public-utility enterprises, out of his job. Last fall when the small towns voted it appeared that he had won two votes for himself in his town as a candidate for selectman. Everybody laughed again, but a few months later David landed a shot from his sling where it hurt. The Public Utilities Commission of the State has long permitted the railroads to disregard a law which requires that every railroad shall remove, or begin the removal of, at least one grade crossing each year for

every fifty miles of road operated by it. The commission was required to compel the railroad to obey if the road did not act. Professor Levitt petitioned the Attorney General to begin ouster proceedings against the commission for neglect of duty. He refused. Then Mr. Levitt went to the Hartford County Superior Court and won his case, which was at once appealed by the Attorney General to the State Supreme Court of Errors for decision.

PROFESSOR LEVITT was not content to sit down and await the decision on the appeal. He continued to speak constantly and hit straight out at the small knot of insiders who run the utilities and the State of Connecticut. He denounced certain rates as extortionate and asserted that there had been much padding of capital stock in order to force higher rates. Not content with that, he announced last month that he was a candidate for Governor of Connecticut, while Mrs. Hannah Townshend joined him as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. His appeal was direct and straightforward:

> I ask for your support in order that I may end the illegal and selfish exploitation of our State and its natural resources by J. Henry Roraback and his agents.

His platform is admirable, including good roads for rural communities, the abolition of child labor, old-age pensions, the enforcement of law, and the regulation of public utilities. Now it is announced that William J. Pape of Waterbury, the owner of two of the ablest papers in the State, the Waterbury *Republican* and *American,* which have steadily fought the boss, has declared that he is ready to serve as candidate for comptroller on the Levitt ticket. People are no longer laughing in Connecticut; they are beginning to wonder whether in this year of Hooverism control of the State will not be wrested from Roraback and perhaps go to the Democrats. At any rate our hat is off to Professor Levitt. He has done a fine job and every reader of *The Nation* in Connecticut should applaud his effort.

SAMUEL INSULL the great educator leads a hard life. Here was Ambassador Sackett, himself an old utility man, proposing to tell the world (and in a World Power Conference in Berlin at that): "I know no other manufacturing industry where the sale price of the product to the great mass of consumers is fifteen times the actual cost of production." Mr. Sackett, of course, meant to point out the notorious fact that in producing power most of the cost arises in transmission, not in generation, and that transmission accordingly offers the field for technical improvement. When Mr. Insull saw an advance copy of the address, however, he realized, like a true educator, that the public might misinterpret it, might even understand it to mean that the educator and his associates were profiteers instead of public servants. Wouldn't Mr. Sackett change the address? Unfortunately he wouldn't, and the wretched newspapers had advance copies, anyway. And so in the outcome some millions of Americans who otherwise would never have noticed Mr. Sackett's remarks at all had their attention called to the price of electricity. Then the irresponsible Senator Norris utilized the incident as a text for various caustic remarks about the activities of Mr. Insull and his fellow-educators. Verily, the life of a great, unofficial public servant like this is nothing less than a tragedy.

EVASIONS AND HALF-TRUTHS duly mixed with confession and avoidance characterize Secretary Stimson's reply to Senator Glass's resolution inquiring by what authority of law the Department of State assumes to approve or disapprove foreign loans offered in the American market, or to direct the action of the Federal Reserve Board or banks in regard to foreign banking or investment in foreign securities. Mr. Stimson, who knows as well as anybody that there is not a shadow of legal warrant for what the department has been regularly doing for years, is reduced to the extreme of citing Article II of the Constitution, which vests the executive power in the President, and the statutory requirement that the Secretary of State shall do what the President directs. Equipped with this visionary mandate, the department, he says, has been maintaining "a position of watchfulness in the country's interest in its foreign relations," but it has not objected to foreign loans "save in a very small number of cases" and has never tried to control the Federal Reserve Board or banks. The whole business, indeed, is quite informal: the department neither approves nor disapproves; it merely remarks that it has no objection or is not interested. What every banker understands, of course, is that no foreign loan can be floated in this country, nor any American loan made abroad, without the consent of the Department of State. Mr. Hoover, we seem to remember, has enunciated the principle that legislation is the province of Congress, but in this particular matter he appears to agree with Mr. Harding, who began the practice, and with Mr. Coolidge, who continued it, that a little executive law-making on the side is quite all right if you can get away with it.

PROHIBITION OF TRADE as well as of loans, this time without even a pretense of legal justification, is included in the autocratic powers which the Department of State presumes to exercise. The Glenn A. Martin Company of Baltimore, it is reported, has just been forced to drop a contract or agreement of some kind to furnish twenty bombing planes to the Russian government, at a cost of some $2,000,000, because of Washington's disapprobation. Mr. Stimson, who appears to be the great Pooh-Bah of the Administration when it comes to stepping outside the law and juggling with explanations afterwards, is quoted by the Baltimore *Sun* as saying, in substance, that while he had no objection to the sale of commercial planes to Russia, he did object to the manufacture and sale of military planes. At this point, it seems, the Navy Department comes into the picture with some uncertain right of approval of the Martin contract. We can well understand that the great Secretary, flanked by the Kellogg pact on one side and the London naval treaty on the other, rejoiced at the opportunity to give Russia a hint about the wisdom of peace, but it will be surprising if the Russians do not see in his performance further proof of the intention of the United States to treat Russia as an outcast. It will be in order now for the Administration to take note of the great Communist drive which Moscow is to launch in this country in September at a cost of $500,000. The fact that this Associated Press announcement comes from Russian monarchist circles in Berlin will make sensible people believe that the whole thing is a hoax, but there is nothing like a Russian scare to make Washington see double.

ALMOST COINCIDENTALLY with the signing of the temporary trade agreement between Russia and Great Britain comes the announcement that orders placed in Great Britain by the Soviet trading organizations during the last six months are more than double those for the same period of the previous year. The total sum involved is about $44,000,000, and this gain is really the first fruit of the renewal of diplomatic relations between the two countries. When one considers the condition of English industry this must surely bring hope to many a hard-pressed industrial plant. As for the trade agreement, it is interesting to note that the head of the trade delegation and his two deputies are given diplomatic privileges and immunities, so that hereafter when the Conservatives come back into office they will not again be able to raid the offices of the trade delegation. This treaty is, of course, a temporary agreement, but it is to remain in force until the negotiation of a permanent commercial one, subject to six months' notice of termination by either side. The protocol states that the contracting parties are actuated by the desire to eliminate from their economic relations all forms of discrimination, and they pledge that they will be guided only by commercial and financial considerations. We commend this to our ferocious Sons of the Revolution who, in convention assembled, have recently declared their intention of asking this government to forbid all business relations with the Soviets and to bar out all Russian individuals if the present investigation of Communist activities by Congressman Fish's committee should prove the existence of any propaganda by the Russian government or individuals in this country. Can Englishmen be less forearmed than ourselves?

RACE ENMITY AND SECESSION are an ugly pair of political issues, but the Union of South Africa is wrestling with both of them at the present moment. In pursuance of the policy of keeping down the natives, who constitute a huge majority of the population, and denying them political rights, the assembly has just passed a riotous-assemblies act which gives to the Minister of Justice absolute and arbitrary power to deal with so-called agitators, with no right in the persons arrested or punished to appeal to the courts. The bill is aimed particularly at the movement directed by the African National Congress and at the outbreaks, some of them serious, that have multiplied during the past few months. It is the old story of British imperialism lording it over native races, and strengthening repression by resort to a measure which the *Cape Times* denounces as "iniquitous" and which a speaker in the assembly declared was not only contrary to both Dutch and English legal tradition, but made the Minister "a tyrant who is prosecutor, judge, and legislator at the same time." What the government thinks about it was shown when Premier Hertzog, in replying to General Smuts's criticism of the bill, heatedly declared that the House "was not the place to theorize about ethical principles" and that the bill was "really in the interests of the natives themselves." It was the same General Hertzog who insisted, in a debate on the recommendations of the Conference on Dominion Legislation, that the right of South Africa to say whether it would remain in the Empire was "a vital test of whether we are or are not a free people." The recommendations were accepted with an amendment to that effect.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL has been rejected again—this time, amazing as it seems, by a Labor Government. The dream of enlightened men and women for generations, it is now turned down by Mr. MacDonald chiefly on the old, familiar militaristic grounds—the Government has not the wish, it declares, to enter upon new military enterprises, and if the tunnel were to be authorized it would have to "be adequately protected, and this would cost a great deal of money." Contradictorily enough it is added: "The committee on imperial defense were unable to discover a single advantage from the military point of view which would follow construction of a Channel tunnel." The whole official statement of the case strikes us as being as puerile as it is confused. The Government dissents from the report of the tunnel committee that such a tunnel would improve trade and dwells, like those who in behalf of the stage-coaches once opposed the coming of railroads, upon the fact that the capital now invested in cross-Channel boats would become unproductive should the tunnel be built. Unable to find, it declares, any substantial public demand for the tunnel and believing that it would help the existing unemployment but little, it then asserts that more foreigners would come but doubts if this "would prove to the economic advantage of this country." Worse than that, should the tunnel take more Englishmen to the Continent for pleasure that would mean "an economic loss to England." Shades of Adam Smith and all the long line of British economists! What could they say to that?

ELMER SPERRY, who died in Brooklyn on June 16, was one of our most remarkable inventors. It is no exaggeration to say that no single man in the entire history of merchant shipping ever did as much for the development of navigation as did Mr. Sperry. When for generations nobody had made a single invention to modernize the steering of ships, he stepped forward with the gyrocompass which eliminated automatically the variations due to the earth's magnetism. Then he invented "Metal Mike," the automatic steerer, which abolishes the helmsman and keeps a ship on an absolutely straight course—something way beyond the skill of the best quartermaster who ever grasped the spokes of a wheel. Before this he utilized the principle of the gyroscope to stabilize ships and airplanes and to keep them on an even keel in all weather. Only two months ago a giant army plane flew from Sacramento to San Francisco without a human being on board—guided by two Sperry gyroscopes as automatic pilots. For fliers he also developed devices to provide artificial horizons in order to enable them to pierce the darkest fogs. The press reports that he had patented nearly 400 devices, about double the number patented by Edison. Among these were arc lights, high-power searchlights, electro-chemical processes, new mining machinery, devices for motion-picture projection, for trolley-cars, and a new system of street lighting—to list only a few. A member of many learned societies and founder of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and of the American Electro-Chemical Society, he was decorated by Russia and Japan and won seven of the most prized American medals for scientific achievement. Modest and extraordinarily industrious, he died at the forefront of the American scientists who are making over the world under the layman's uncomprehending eyes.

Where Do We Go from Here?

THE astounding victory of Dwight Morrow in the New Jersey Republican primary, for which the most experienced political observers were entirely unprepared, makes him more than ever a national figure. After such a triumph it is impossible to believe that he will not defeat next fall his Democratic rival, Alexander Simpson, a successful, almost spectacular, criminal prosecutor. We rejoice that his State has seen fit to recognize this man's worth, his ability, his modest efficiency, and his fine personal character. It goes far to confirm us in our belief that if the right kind of man should present himself in most communities there would be instant public recognition of his worth and his promise. Will Rogers is right in saying that had Mr. Morrow run as a Bolshevik he would nevertheless have been nominated. The voters apparently sensed that here was a man who had not only made his mark, but was not chasing an office in the usual political manner. They knew that he had wealth, position, and endless opportunities. They knew also that in consenting to enter the contest he perhaps went counter to his own studious tastes and to his wish for continued service in Mexico. As it is, quite aside from the prohibition question—wherein the wets are entitled to considerable satisfaction—Mr. Morrow's victory is like a fresh breeze in the rather sordid political atmosphere of his State.

Of the numerous recent primaries the Morrow victory is, of course, the most outstanding. Next to it the most sensational was the retirement by his party of the veteran Senator Simmons of North Carolina for the crime of bolting the Smith ticket and supporting Hoover in 1928, and this resounding victory for party regularity and white supremacy seems likely to have its repercussions in other Southern States in which Claudius H. Huston et al. labored to implant the Republican gospel. A glance at the other States which have held their primaries reveals a mixed situation. Our readers will recall that Senator Deneen, Republican, has been defeated in Illinois by Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, now a Republican Representative, but that J. Hamilton Lewis is back in the lists on the Democratic side and has shown in the past a winsome way with the voters. Secretary of Labor Davis, who beat Senator Grundy in the primary fight for the Republican nomination in Pennsylvania, has yet to show whether he can get the support of the Grundy following in November. Maine, to our great disappointment, has nominated Representative Wallace H. White, a good old Republican wheel horse and high-tariff supporter, to replace the impossible Senator Gould, defeating a far better candidate in the person of ex-Governor Brewster. It was the candidate for Governor, John A. Wilson, who though defeated won the honors of the campaign.

A disposition on the part of the Iowa farmers to swallow the Smoot-Hawley tariff is the disturbing news from Iowa. The striking success of Lester J. Dickinson in the Republican Senatorial primary, after a campaign in which the tariff was the main issue, does not indicate a farmer revolt. Iowa has long been regarded as a mirror of agrarian sentiment in the Middle West, and Mr. Dickinson, who has served twelve years in the House, has faithfully reflected Iowa opinion and staunchly adhered to the farm bloc. On the other hand, in Minnesota, where Senator Thomas B. Schall, insurgent Republican, has won the primary nomination for a second term against Governor Theodore Christianson, the tariff did not figure prominently in the contest save that both candidates denounced it. Republican Minnesota, in other words, is anti-tariff, but in the Senatorial contest the chief issue was which of the two candidates was the more radical. The platform of the Indiana Republican Convention outdid even Senator Fess by eulogizing Mr. Hoover for his "splendid poise, Lincoln-like moderation, and energized efficiency" and declaring that his Administration "is destined as a period of extraordinary acceleration and stabilization of industry," but it confined itself to generalities on farm relief and unkindly failed to mention the naval treaty. The most self-confident gladiator thus far is former Governor Osborn of Michigan, who has thrown himself into the fray against Senator Couzens because, "as I see it, the nation cannot endure unless women and men who have fitness and taste for filling public positions offer themselves." The ex-Governor, it may be noted, is a stalwart dry.

The present membership of the House of Representatives comprises 263 Republicans, 164 Democrats, and 1 Farmer-Labor. There are 7 vacant seats, of which all but one were formerly held by Republicans. The Senate has 56 Republicans, 39 Democrats, and 1 Farmer-Labor. Three of the Senatorial elections will be held to fill unexpired terms: in Kansas for the seat now held by Henry J. Allen, in New Jersey for that held by David Baird, Jr., and in Ohio for that held by Roscoe C. McCulloch. All three of these Senators are Republicans. Of the remaining 32 Senators whose terms regularly expire March 4, 19 are Republicans and 13 Democrats. Four of the 35 Senators, it has been announced—Phipps of Colorado, Gillett of Massachusetts, Goff of West Virginia, and Sullivan of Wyoming—are not candidates for reelection, and two—Gould of Maine and Baird of New Jersey—who were not candidates have, as stated, had their seats claimed by Messrs. White and Morrow. In Kansas both seats are to be filled, the regular term of Senator Arthur Capper also expiring.

With primaries or nominating conventions still to be held in about two-thirds of the States, prediction is risky indeed. The extraordinarily outspoken criticisms of Republican newspapers and individuals in industrial centers, where high protection has long been well intrenched, are naturally cheering the Democrats. They will do well not to be too confident. Demoralized as a national party, poverty-stricken in ideas, and split on prohibition and the tariff, it will not be so easy for them to overcome the heavy Republican House majority. As for the insurgent Republicans, the most that is to be hoped for, apparently, is that with good luck they may be able to hold their own. Never was there more need of a new party, grounded in enlightened principles, national in scope, and equipped with able and independent candidates, for which a healthy-minded American might vote with a clear conscience.

Committee Government

NOTHING could illustrate more clearly the Hoover method of government than the President's recent appointment of a committee to investigate the actions of the Shipping Board in regard to bids for the purchase of certain government lines in connection with mail subsidies. Early in June he appointed four outstanding citizens, one of them Edward N. Hurley, formerly chairman of the Shipping Board, to investigate and report to him upon the situation, saying:

> I have received many representations pro and con upon the merits of rival bids and protests at the character of ships it is proposed to construct under government loans. The disposal of these questions will have a profound effect upon our merchant marine and upon the policy involved therein. Obviously I cannot personally pass judgment upon highly controversial questions. . . . I propose therefore to appoint a committee of outstanding men who would review these questions and advise upon them and upon the broader policy in merchant-marine organization.

The committee thus chosen is, according to the best count we can obtain, the fourteenth or fifteenth commission appointed by Mr. Hoover since he became President and now becomes the fourth board to deal with the special subject thus assigned to it.

The Shipping Board, in which alone is vested the power to administer the shipping laws of 1916 and 1920, called considerably more than a year ago for competitive sealed bids for the purchase of the America-France and American Diamond Lines. Several bids were received, the highest being that of the United States Lines, which offered $25.38 per dead weight ton. The companies which are operating the two lines bid only $14 a ton each. After publication of the sealed bids one of the operators, the Black Diamond Company, raised its bid to a few cents more than that of the United States Lines. The board having the right to give preferences in the sale of lines under certain circumstances to the operators thereof, the matter hung fire. There immediately developed much political and business pressure, and the board referred the matter to the Merchant Fleet Corporation, which manages and operates the shipping lines of the government, for study and report—a usual procedure. The Shipping Board itself stood five to two in favor of accepting the bid of the United States Lines.

There being a dispute also in regard to the sale of a certain line from the Gulf of Mexico to South America, President Hoover then appointed an Interdepartmental Committee, composed of the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster General, and the chairman of the Shipping Board, to study the proper administration of the shipping laws and postal subsidy. This commission promptly appointed a subcommittee to make detailed studies. Meanwhile the Shipping Board was requested to defer action in the matter of the sale of the France and Diamond lines until further advised by the Interdepartmental Committee. About two months ago, after some eleven months of its detailed study, the Interdepartmental Committee notified the Shipping Board that it had no recommendation whatsoever to make and that the Board could go ahead and make its own decision. The board not having acted since then, the President has now appointed the fourth board to pass upon this problem. Mr. Hoover added in his letter: "I do not believe that more than sixty days will be involved in such an inquiry, and I hope the board will feel it will be valuable to all parties and to the board itself to have such an independent report."

Now, with all due respect to the President's statement that "obviously I cannot personally pass judgment upon highly controversial questions," we must point out that that is the duty and the function of the President in the last resort. While it is true that he has no direct power over the Shipping Board, he has by his own words admitted his involvement and responsibility. It is recognized in Washington that the President has general supervision of all branches of the government, and it is impossible to conceive of the Shipping Board refusing to come to a decision if asked to do so by the President. We are, of course, well aware of the fundamental philosophy of Herbert Hoover in such matters. He has deliberately cultivated the commission habit because of his belief that the more American citizens are thus drawn into the functions of government the better it is for the country and all concerned. It does not appear to him that there is any sign of weakness or of "passing the buck" in this procedure. He came back from his work in the Mississippi flood happy because he had appointed a committee in every town, told them what he wanted done, and then had gone his way rejoicing. We find in the New York *Times* a statement that "in his first year the President has appointed half as many commissions as Wilson named in two terms, and two-thirds as many as were established in the Coolidge Administration." The President has his Cabinet and his great array of legal advisers in the office of the Attorney General. Not even they can free him from the final responsibility for the actions of the government.

Fair Harvard

ONLY fair, according to Edward M. Warburg, senior orator at the Class Day exercises. Harvard, it appears, isn't quite what it once was—but then, of course, it never has been. In the long view, however, the case is much worse than it appears, as we have discovered from extended observation of colleges and their graduates. Mr. Warburg has just become an alumnus. When he returns for his quarter-centennial in 1955, with his pockets full of money and his mind full of memories, he will experience a melancholy satisfaction in noting the degeneration that has taken place since the golden age of 1926-30, when as a matter of fact Harvard reached the highest point in its history as an undergraduate institution. And Harvard is exactly like all the rest of them. Putting aside, as we older alumni do, the half-baked notions of this year's graduates, we realize that there was a time when these colleges really bred men. That was in our day, as we well recall, but things are not what they were. And this progressive degeneration, we are sorry to say, has been going on ever since the American college was founded, now nearly three hundred years ago.

But to return to Harvard, the case is not so simple.

Who Killed "Jake" Lingle?

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Chicago, June 23

CHICAGO gangsters have developed an expressive phrase to describe the fever of excitement which follows a conspicuously unpopular murder. A city, they say, is "in heat." Chicago is now in the hottest heat that has come to this city since the primary election of 1928 when the notorious Crowe was swept out of office as State's attorney and the Thompson machine was partially cracked. More than 1,200 suspected gangsters have been arrested in two days. Every edition of every newspaper flings some angry protest against gangsterism or some stinging editorial across its front page. The reason for the turmoil, as all the world knows, is that on June 9 Chicago gangsters murdered Alfred ("Jake") Lingle of the Chicago *Tribune*.

The murder was cold-blooded and carefully planned. A blond man wearing a gray suit and a sailor straw hat walked up behind Lingle while he was hurrying through the Illinois Central traffic tunnel under Michigan Boulevard, pulled out a short-barreled thirty-eight-caliber revolver, gripped it carefully in a gloved hand, and shot him through the head. The killer then threw away his weapon (its numbers had been partially filed off) and dashed away with his five accomplices, while hundreds of pedestrians were all around him.

The chorus of protest has been prodigious and not a little hysterical. Rewards of almost $56,000 for the apprehension of the murderer have been posted by newspapers and civic organizations, and for at least forty-eight hours no gunman or associate of gunmen or unemployed worker who looked like a gunman had constitutional safety in the city. Chief of Detectives John Stege sent out an "execution squad" of city detectives who boast that they have each killed at least one gangster. Their chief gloats over their record—Lieutenant Frank Reynolds has killed eleven men, Lieutenant Patrick O'Connell five, Lieutenant Walter Storms five, Lieutenant William Cusack four, Al Booth six, Andrew Barry six, and so on. The killing squad rounded up 640 men in one night, but not a "big rod" was among them. Al Capone is summering in Miami, where he is vainly trying to break into Florida society; "Bugs" Moran, apparently having advance information of the gang feud which has taken twelve lives in ten days, disappeared three weeks ago. Most of the insignificant hoodlums and ex-burglars rounded up by the police have been released. One judge, Joseph L. McCarthy, rebuked the police for "futile, useless, and illegal arrests." Corporation Counsel Ettelson, the present political ruler of the city, finally decided that some officials must be thrown to the wolves; so the decrepit Mayor Thompson elevated John H. Alcock to the leadership of the police department.

Often in the past the newspaper editors have allowed themselves to be impressed by the feverish energy of the police in rounding up miscellaneous unfortunates. Now they sneer openly. The Chicago *Daily News*, for instance, made the following comment:

> Gangsters grow rich on mere vocal reproof. They care nothing for sensational hunts for murderers. Indeed, these serve the gangsters' purposes. Such hunts help to distract attention from the damning fact that the murder gangs are permitted freely year in and year out to distribute their truckloads of beer and their cases of booze, to run their gambling houses and their houses of prostitution unmolested.
>
> Citizens must cease to participate in the childish game of the police who make a futile hue and cry over past killings while continually inviting fresh killings because of illicit privileges accorded by them to murderous gangsters.

Will the citizens of Chicago follow this advice? The present writer sees little in the economic trends or the current public opinion of Chicago to excite hope for thoroughgoing reform. The public demonstration at Lingle's funeral was profoundly disappointing. Every opportunity was given to make the funeral one of the greatest demonstrations in the city's history. Advance notices were carried on the front pages of the papers. A parade with bands, police companies, uniformed sailors, and official salutes featured the occasion. But not more than four or five thousand people watched the spectacle, and I, for one, heard no expressions of outraged civic pride. Four judges, a police commissioner, a State's attorney, and a county clerk attended the ceremonies. Contrast this demonstration with the funeral of "Big Jim" Colosimo, lord of Chicago's vice districts, which was graced by the attendance of eight aldermen, three judges, a Congressman, a State representative, and an assistant State's attorney. Anthony D'Andrea, Chicago gangster shot in 1921, had a funeral cortege two and one-half miles long with eight thousand people in attendance.

It may be said with some justice that the great gangster funerals of Chicago's past have been demonstrations by immigrant groups who value mortuary display more than the average citizen. It may also be said that Lingle was not the perfect martyr to arouse Chicago's emotion; he was a friend of Al Capone, a go-between rather than a writer, and he was not engaged in any dramatic crusade for civic reform when he was killed. He was a habitual gambler who made six or eight cash (no check) deposits a month of $500 to $800 in the Lake Shore Trust and Savings Bank. The shot that killed him was fired from a gun belonging to an ex-member of the Moran gang, a traitor to that gang who had deserted to Capone, and the presumption is that the killer was a North Side gangster who attacked Lingle because of his friendship for Capone. But these doubts concerning Lingle were not known widely at the time of his funeral; ostensibly he was an independent citizen killed in the line of duty.

Moreover, the killing of Lingle was the climax to a long series of murders. During 1929 the gang murders in Chicago numbered about one a week; this year the average has been closer to two a week. No one has the slightest hope of convicting a Chicago gangster of murder by ordinary processes of law. It has been accomplished only once—and then the murderer escaped the electric chair. It is an accepted fact that the only way to punish a Chicago gangster is to "shoot it out" with him. The police have shot nineteen criminals this

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year to date, although not all of them were gangsters. The gangsters have executed forty-two of their own number. Also, they have executed a few of the police, but these police killings are usually considered incidental and not deliberate, occurring only in those rare instances when the police interfere with the gangsters' major economic activities. For the most part the gangsters are loath to shoot a policeman, because the policeman is ordinarily a part of the system which feeds and clothes the gangster.

The process by which the Chicago gangster evades conviction is simple and effective. He hires expensive lawyers with political pull; and he bribes or shoots the witnesses. Sometimes the witness is poisoned or strangled or given a palatial home in Italy, but the results are uniform. President Frank J. Loesch of the Chicago Crime Commission declares that practically every important prosecution of gangsters fails because witnesses hide, leave the State, commit perjury, refuse to testify at the grand jury hearings, or, having testified honestly, change their evidence in open court. There is no reason to believe that the Lingle case will be different from the rest; so far this year not a single gangster-murderer has been even indicted. Last year there were six indictments but no convictions.

In these facts lies the explanation of the power of the underworld not only in Chicago but in every large city in America. As a class, the rulers and protectors of American cities are hardly, if any, more law-abiding than the criminals they are supposed to control. Money, or the power it brings, are first considerations. It is common knowledge that bribes, perjury, the crudest kind of graft, and even an occasional murder are employed by the "hard-boiled" citizens who control municipal government. Years ago it was customary and considered necessary for the head of the police force in any large city to maintain certain useful contacts with the underworld. Today, and for a different reason, officialdom, from the chief of police to the neighborhood cop, has such contacts, close or distant as they may be.

These are the underlying causes of the phenomenon of Chicago crime. It has passed through many phases. For a time the labor racketeers held the center of the stage. Its present, most bloody, phase began when prohibition, offering the possibility of enormous illegal profits, was enacted. At present, almost all the strife and certainly three-fourths of the killings are directly traceable to the liquor racket. The hijackers, beer-runners, and alcohol-cookers have stolen the show. Booze is king of the underworld.

Picture a city of more than three million which had 7,500 saloons before prohibition and which voted six to one against the dry law. Remember, too, that this city has been the traffic crossroads for a large part of the Middle West. Through it have poured the hogs, wheat, lumber—and booze—of a great stretch of the hinterland. Then remember that the sentiment of Chicago has swung farther and farther away from the spirit of war-time abstinence which brought the Eighteenth Amendment, until in the recent *Literary Digest* poll less than 14 per cent of the Chicago vote of 115,493 was cast for strict enforcement. Obviously, under such circumstances bootlegging becomes an accepted and honorable profession. City Treasurer Charles S. Peterson estimates that Chicago spends thirty millions a year for liquor, of which fifteen millions go for gangsters and bribery. Capone himself has estimated that thirty millions are spent for protection alone. The Chicago *Daily News* puts the total weekly liquor and racket bill at $5,785,000 distributed as follows:

Beer, booze, alcohol	$3,510,000
Gambling houses and handbooks	1,250,000
Disorderly houses, call flats, shady hotels	1,000,000
Labor rackets, bombings, arson, kidnappings	25,000
Total	$5,785,000

There is sufficient surplus profit in the liquor racket alone to buy up a half-dozen municipal governments. Of the alleged annual liquor bill of $182,520,000 at least three-fourths is profit—in fact the estimate of profit is much more certain than the estimate of total receipts because the costs and sale prices of Chicago liquor are public property. The *Daily News* estimates 600 per cent profit on beer and 350 per cent profit on whiskey for the average Chicago bootlegger before protection money is paid. The speakeasy proprietor's profit must come after that. An experienced Chicago attorney estimates that he can make $50,000 profit on alcohol in thirty days from one thousand-gallon still by paying $25,000 for construction, $25,000 for materials, and $50,000 for protection. Thus, if we ignore all the profits of gambling and prostitution and allow the liquor gangs a modest 300 per cent on their estimated total sales, we find that they have about $137,000,000 a year to spend upon themselves, the police, and the politicians.

The city is alleged to have 2,000 gangsters. When $137,000,000 is divided up astutely it will pay 2,000 gangsters an average salary of $20,000 a year each, it will give 10,000 policemen pocket money of $20 a week each, and it will leave $86,000,000 for the "big shots" of protection—the lawyers, politicians, judges, and prohibition officers. Private profit maintains and fortifies Chicago's gang wars.

Why Chicago's gang wars are worse than those of other cities has never been satisfactorily explained. There have been many theories, and some very good ones. Chicago's whole history has been turbulent, and when once a city has become a magnet for adventurous spirits its reputation continues to draw like to like. The Illinois Crime Survey, William Bolitho, and others have discussed the racial forces that underlie Chicago's feuds. I shall only mention them here. There are in Chicago great undigested chunks of Sicilians and Irish and others who have forsaken their old *mores* and not yet adjusted themselves to the politer ways of getting something for nothing which characterize American business enterprise. The era of gangsterism is for many of these foreign groups an interim between two cultures.

Chicago's cultural indigestion is more acute than New York's because in the latter city Tammany acts as a gang stabilizer. There is one district captain to see about the local policeman and one intimate of the city magistrate to use his "influence." Gang life in New York tends to dovetail into the one political machine and thus avoids the waste and duplication of the struggles for territorial control. In Chicago every election is a battle in which the power of gangland is increased by the dependence of both sides upon gang support. Despite its present excitement Chicago will probably accomplish as little in apprehending and punishing the murderer of Lingle as it has done in previous murders, for the simple reason that the upper world is too much involved with the underworld. and the upper world will not convict itself.

Women Go Free in Central Asia

By LOUIS FISCHER

Bokhara, May 8

UNLIKE the women of the rest of Central Asia, the women of Kazakstan go unveiled. The ugly black *parandjah* never hides their pan-shaped, Mongoloid faces. They work. The husbands smoke, sleep, sing ballads, and drink green tea while the wives tend the flocks, keep the household, and rear tremendous families. The men, almost living on horses—one sees them sitting, standing, crouching, dozing on their bony, shaggy mountain ponies—are unaccustomed to physical labor. Their delicate, almost lady-like hands bear witness to the fact. Proletarianization, now rapidly proceeding in Kazakstan—the Turkestan-Siberian railway will stimulate it—must remold the muscles and minds of a whole race.

Like their half-brothers in other parts of Central Asia (Uzbeks, Tadjiks, Kirghizi, and Turkomans), the Kazaks are Moslem. But the predominating outside social and ethnological influences in Kazakstan are Chinese rather than Arab, Turanian, or Indian as in Tashkent, Samarkand, Bokhara, and Khiva. The harem, therefore, never existed. Until the Soviet regime proscribed polygamy by law and extirpated it in practice, rich Kazaks owned three, sometimes four wives, to each of whom a typical circular, felt-covered, mushroom-like yurt was assigned. Yet women were not segregated as in all other parts of Turkestan. In fact, before 1917—and now too, though the evidence is hearsay—guests might avail themselves of a Kazak's spouse with his consent.

Nomad life, which the Five-Year Plan promises largely to abolish, and hard labor earn the Kazak woman greater rights and freedom than in the more western sections of former Turkestan. Given the cultural backwardness of these regions, however, the whole thing is extremely relative. In Kazakstan and throughout Central Asia *kalim,* or the selling of brides, for instance, still persists. At one station along the Turksib I stood in the midst of a large group of Kazak men and women—the men dressed in black, fleece-padded caftans and tremendous fur caps despite the semi-tropical sun, for the nights are bitterly cold; the women wearing colorful gowns and coats, with huge white hoods with turban-like extensions wrapped around their shining flat brown faces, punctured by smiling slit eyes. I asked one Kazak whether women could be bought. He answered in the affirmative, but drew his hand back into his sleeve—a quaint way of saying that since the revolution the purchases must be made secretly. He nevertheless made no secret of his own transaction. For in reply to my direct question he stated that his wife had cost him five hundred rubles which he was paying off in instalments. "Is she worth it?" I asked. He shook a vigorous "Yes" and called on the assembled multitude to bear him out. They did. "I doubt," he then added with Oriental slyness, "whether my daughter will ever afford me the opportunity of balancing the account. The ways of our youth are different."

A gigantic battle has been proceeding throughout Soviet Central Asia to eliminate *kalim,* child marriage, and the veiled woman. The scenes of bitterest struggle are Uzbekistan, Tadjikistan, and Turkmenistan—the former Turkestan, Bokhara, and Khiva. Legislation and economic conditions spelled the death of the popular institutions of harem and polygamy. But woman remained a subjected, inferior species until propaganda, education, and force opened the door to a new freedom.

The fight for the liberation of Eastern women has fed the sources of counter-revolution in Central Asia. Wives and daughters have been killed for discarding the veil. Villages have risen up in angry protest. The Bolsheviks were tampering with customs centuries old, rooted in a fanatical religion, and regarded as the pillars of family existence. Yet no respite was allowed, and although the war is by no means ended the issue is clear and the results are apparent. In Tashkent, Samarkand, and Bokhara, the three leading cities of this territory, I saw more women without than with veils. It is no pleasure to wear a thick, dirty rag between yourself and the sun, air, and outside world. If the women had their way all would bare their faces. But the men interfere.

In Bokhara I talked for two hours with an Uzbek actress, Halima Nazrekaz. Eighteen, pretty, full of character, she combined unbounded primitive frankness with the bashfulness of girlhood and civilization. From her I understood best the bitter antagonisms and the romance of this drive to raise women to the status of human beings. Her family unites the new and the old. Halima married one year ago a man of her own choice—an Uzbek *Komosomol* (young Communist) actor and playwright. Her sister, aged twenty-four, was sold to a patriarch of seventy-two by her father. Formerly, when Halima wished to visit her sister's rural home she donned a veil. In distant *kishlaks,* or Uzbek villages, an uncovered woman courts danger from the men, who fear the contagious effect of her example on their wives and sisters. Now Halima has abandoned the trips: on the one hand, she cannot bear the hypocrisy of veiling herself for special occasions; on the other hand, two actresses have been killed, and she must be more cautious.

The actress is kissed and embraced on the stage. She dances in public. Although a large mixed audience in colorful native costume seemed to enjoy the Persian musical comedy I watched in the Bokhara theater, many non-progressive elements of the population rebel against such "immoral conduct." A fellow-actress of Halima's went home to her peasant parents last year. The girl's father conspired with several neighbors. Together they hacked her into bits and hid the pieces. The odor divulged their secret several months later and the group were condemned to death—for counter-revolution. Another actress met a similarly gruesome end.

Halima calls herself a "new one"—a new woman. The local populations call the "new ones" "Russians." The influence from the West is resented, but by a diminishing number. The youth of the country staunchly support the Soviets in their attempt to free the female sex; the women themselves actively and passively cooperate; while the men either see the light or become reconciled to an inevitable change. To Halima, the Easterner, light comes from the

West. Educated in the cursive Arabic script, she has already learned the Latin alphabet newly introduced for all Turanian nationalities in the Soviet Union. She has read Goethe and Schiller in translation, and the classic Russians in the original. Personally, too, she said, she liked Russian men better than Uzbeks.

She was stolen from her family at the age of twelve by a man now working in Meyerhold's theater. He carried her off to Baku to study at a dramatic technicum. "He was to me as a father," she assured us, knowing that we had heard of girl marriages at unripe ages, "and consecrated me to the art he himself loved." To dispel remnants of suspicion she may have seen in our faces she protested that she "did not go in to her husband for the first three months"—all this in the most natural tones. Then she took us to her dormitory and showed the Uzbek costumes which she wears at home in preference to her European street clothes. I asked about her family. Her father has never swallowed the bitter pill of a daughter on the public stage, and when she goes down to Ferghana to visit him he refuses to see her. The mother's heart is softer and more understanding.

Halima is not a member of the Communist Party. Yet her views, philosophy, and manners are Soviet. She knows no other life. "But for the revolution," she said, "I might have been one of many in an old uncle's harem."

On the day I met Halima I also visited the palaces of the former emir of Bokhara. The winter palace within the city was badly damaged in the fighting in 1920 which drove poor Said Mir Alim Khan to Kabul, where he now sells *karakul*. But its distinguishing feature is still pointed out—a spacious *haus* or pool where the harem women bathed while the emir reclined on a throne and made his daily choice. Custom permitted the emir to keep ninety-nine wives. Actually, however, he rarely had more than seventy-two, for his time and energies were also required by affairs of state.

Under such a government the Halimas and their sisters would have remained the toys of men. The backwardness of this feudal province made the Bolshevik revolution all the more necessary, and makes the resultant reforms all the more deep-reaching and irrevocable. When the fundamental conditions of personal and family life have been changed as in Soviet Central Asia with the approval of one sex and the sympathetic understanding of a large part of the other there is no return to the old. The doctrinaire may argue that primitive regions like Bokhara are not ripe for socialism. Actually, however, the social revolution has struck firmer root and provoked greater enthusiasm here than in some other sections of the Soviet Union.

The revolution has introduced Central Asia's women into the economic world. Formerly, woman's place was in the harem, or in the home, but certainly not in the factory or store and least of all in politics. Today, women have invaded all these fields. Indeed, we were officially welcomed to Samarkand by Shora Abidova. At the age of twelve her father had given her in marriage. Now she is vice-president of the Uzbek Republic.

A new silk factory in Bokhara is almost entirely "manned" by women—a normal situation in most places but unusual in Central Asia. Here as everywhere in former Turkestan one finds a leaven of Russian women who act as examples of higher culture and greater freedom. And since complete equality of nationalities permits of intimate interracial contact (in contradistinction to prerevolutionary days when the officially superior Russian was the hated colonizer), a natural exchange of ideas and social influences takes place which makes for progress and for more tolerance on both sides. The Uzbek ex-harem slave is grateful to the Russian who leads the way to personal liberty. This is an important political factor.

The factories and shops are used as nuclei of propaganda. There are stores for women only, served by women only; veiled women will not, without embarrassment, buy from men. But these stores do not merely serve the convenience of "old ones" who still wear the *parandjah*. I entered one in this city, once the "ruby of the East" but now faded, jaded, and down at the heel on account of the Bolshevik policy toward trade. There were three saleswomen: a Russian, a native Uzbek, and a beautiful Bokharan Jewess. When a veiled woman comes in she lifts her veil—no men are about. She is complimented on her looks. She is told the advantages of an uncovered face and head. "But my husband? How will my father react?" More propaganda. They urge her to come to the club that evening. "We will talk it over."

She listens to a lecture in the club. A woman agitator draws her into private conversation. The matter is a delicate one. A family may be destroyed. A woman may be beaten or killed. If she is convinced only half the battle is won. She may uncover and veil again under her husband's compulsion. Can they exert pressure on him? He may be threatened, or warned, or persuaded. If he is not a peasant or merchant public opinion can be mobilized against him.

The task is not easy. Every weapon is employed. Woman has been led into the school, the dispensary, and the hospital. Under the emir, no male physicians could examine a woman patient, and there were no female doctors. In extreme cases the husband described the symptoms to the physician, who then made his diagnosis on that basis. Today, however, that prejudice is completely swept away, and in Tashkent, Samarkand, and Bokhara I saw queues of women awaiting treatment at government medical centers. This may seem very little to the Western reader. In Central Asia it represents a cultural revolution.

The authorities try to reach the woman's heart and mind through her child. Despite the abundance of health-giving sunlight infant mortality is very great owing to primitive customs, ignorance, and lack of facilities. Scores of child-welfare bureaus have been established. Every baby saved by their advice means a mother won for more modern Soviet notions. I am told that in Kazakstan there have been opened ambulatory day nurseries which move with the nomads. Expeditions of physicians hunt out most remote human settlements, discover their diseases, and go away leaving behind them hitherto unknown miracle-working substances: iodine, borax, castor oil, soap.

Every doctor, every creche, every unveiled woman, every woman member of a Soviet, every economically independent woman is a propaganda unit for the liberation of the whole sex from a humiliating slavery consciously fostered by the old regime. The entire situation strikes at religion, with the aid of which the old bondage was maintained. And it creates an infection which is carried to other Moslem lands, for it is no accident that parallel movements for woman's elementary freedom have sprung up in the same decade in Turkey and Afghanistan, to some extent in Persia, and in Soviet Central Asia.

Babes in the Hoover Wood

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 21

THOSE babes in the wood who professed to believe up to the last fateful hour that Herbert Hoover would "prove his courage" and "vindicate his statesmanship" by vetoing the Grundy tariff are entitled to the sympathy and understanding of all who cherish Samaritan instincts. The fault in their reasoning was that it missed the point. That the bill violated the President's campaign pledges, that it flouted his recommendation to Congress, that it would reduce exports and increase unemployment, that it provided for indefensible rate increases—as statements of fact all these were incontrovertible, but as arguments that the President would not sign they were quite irrelevant. He did not sign the bill because it was a good bill, or the sort of bill he had requested, or wanted, for obviously it was neither. He signed it because the interests that wanted it, and would profit by it, and by whose lobbyists many of its principal schedules were written will exercise a powerful, if not the controlling, influence in the next Republican national convention and will supply the bulk of Republican campaign funds in the next Presidential campaign. Writing in *The Nation* of March 26, your humble correspondent stated:

> I venture to forecast that no matter what form the bill finally takes, it will prove to be the very bill that he [President Hoover] wanted all along, and that its enactment in the form in which it finally is enacted will be hailed as vindicating his leadership.

It was so hailed less than twenty-four hours after its passage by Mr. Hoover himself in terms of fulsome eulogy beside which the rustic tub-thumping of Jim Watson sounded like simple candor. As an experiment in political thinking, let me suggest to all earnest seekers after truth who have been perplexed by the Great Engineer's official acts that they try interpreting all the more important examples in terms of his anxiety to be renominated and reelected. That part of their bewilderment which remains thereafter can be explained on the ground of his political misjudgment.

* * * * *

THE White House case of prickly heat has not been improved by Dwight Morrow's spectacular victory in New Jersey. Despite the State's admitted wetness the stunning size of Morrow's plurality has vastly aggravated official doubts concerning the popularity of the Noble Experiment, and, infinitely more alarming, it has established Morrow beyond all cavil as the most formidable potential rival of Hoover for the Republican nomination in 1932. Whether Representative Franklin Fort was projected into the race in a deliberate effort to forestall just such a development may be more accurately determined when we see what happens to Mr. Fort. If presently he receives a dignified appointment in the Administration, jaundiced persons will be tempted to regard it as his solace and reward for making the great sacrifice. It is illuminating to observe the precipitate haste with which the President announced his purpose to support Morrow in the general election. Was this the result of two great minds being reconciled on the issues? Morrow was nominated, and will campaign for election, on a platform advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Hoover was nominated and elected on a platform promising maintenance and enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. In other words, Hoover is supporting Morrow on a platform almost identical with that of Al Smith. Did Mr. Hoover secretly agree with Governor Smith, whom he opposed and defeated, or does he secretly disagree with Morrow, whom he is supporting? Two other explanations suggest themselves: that Mr. Hoover is more interested in party success than in the preservation of the Eighteenth Amendment, or that he is eager to secure Morrow in the bonds of obligation before the little man from New Jersey becomes too big. It will be recalled that the President did not hasten to announce his support of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick when she was nominated, although she is just as good a Republican as Mr. Morrow and believes the Experiment to be just as Noble as Mr. Hoover believed it was when he was a candidate.

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IN connection with Muscle Shoals legislation, the last pretense of sincerity has been stripped from the Old Guard leaders in the House by their refusal to accept the compromise offer of the Senate conferees. Their professed concern to utilize the property in the production of cheap fertilizer "for the benefit of the farmer" has been exposed as a smoke screen behind which they attempted to conceal their actual purposes—that of preventing government operation of the power plant under conditions that would disclose the extent of the profits now made by private power companies. The conference committee faced the fact that the bill passed by the Senate provided for government operation of the power plant and the nitrate plant, whereas the House bill provided for the leasing of both to private interests. The Senate conferees thereupon proposed a compromise whereby the nitrate plant would be leased to a fertilizer company and the government would operate the power plant, contracting to supply the private company with all the power required to operate the nitrate plant and reserving only the right to sell surplus power to municipalities, counties, and States. Obviously, this offer made every reasonable concession, and afforded every possible guaranty for the production of fertilizer up to the full capacity of the plant. Nevertheless, the House conferees rejected it. Why? Because the House bosses were determined (1) that the consumers now purchasing current from the Alabama Power Company must not be permitted to buy it from the government, (2) that a settlement of the problem must be staved off until circumstances were more propitious for an attempt to turn the whole property over to the power trust, and (3) that under no circumstances must the government set up a yardstick by which the cost of generating and distributing power could be accurately determined and made known to the public. Ex-

posed and discredited, the power trust still has its way in the House, and the world may know that good old Claudius Huston did not labor and collect in vain.

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NO one can accuse the writer of failing to appreciate the admirable accomplishments of the Senate Lobby Committee. Few committees of Congress have shed light in more places requiring illumination and sanitation. Consequently it is painful to acknowledge that the committee's abject surrender in the face of Bishop Cannon's contemptuous challenge constitutes one of the most ignominious spectacles witnessed by Washington in many a day. The two principally responsible for it were Senators Caraway and Borah. With little Arthur Robinson of Indiana they comprised the majority by whose vote the white flag finally was run up. After ascertaining from E. C. Jameson, New York capitalist, that he had given Cannon $65,300 to be used in carrying the South for Hoover in 1928, and that Cannon had accounted for only $17,000 of it; and after seeking and obtaining evidence that the reverend Bishop had lost large sums through a bucket-shop, the committee simply folded up in the face of his refusal to tell what he did with the remaining $48,300. The excuse that it lacked authority to complete the inquiry it had begun lost whatever force it might have had when Caraway, Borah, and Robinson voted down Walsh's motion to ask the Senate for additional authority. Not only had Borah indicated an intention to support that motion, but he actually had conveyed the impression that he would present the request to the Senate. When the vote was taken behind closed doors he was recorded in the negative! Caraway's maneuvers were even more difficult to follow. First he laid the groundwork for cross-examining Cannon by subjecting Jameson to a thorough grilling. Then he went to Arkansas to keep an engagement, where he issued a statement apparently upholding Cannon's refusal to testify. Next he returned to Washington and declared in an interview that his Arkansas statement had been "unhappily phrased" and "generally misinterpreted," and that he had assured Senators Walsh and Blaine of his loyal support. Finally, he voted against requiring Cannon to answer, voted against certifying him for contempt, and voted against asking for an extension of authority—in other words, his votes coincided precisely with the "misinterpretation" which had been placed on his Arkansas statement. Subsequently in the Senate he added the crowning touch by denouncing as "common liars" all who intimated that he had ever changed his position on the subject! Doubtless I shall incur the same epithet from other sources when I say that ordinarily Caraway is one of the most courageous and consistent men in the Senate, but it is true, and what happened in this instance conveys some idea of the pressure and intimidation that were exercised to halt the investigation. The one member who never wavered or winced was John J. Blaine of Wisconsin.

Southern Labor and the Law

By WEIMAR JONES

STRIKES. Violence. Court trials. That is the ordinary sequence of events in labor wars. And the Southern textile-mill strikes of 1929 ran true to form. The strikes—a sort of psychological spontaneous combustion that closed 350 mills in three States within a month—are history. The eight shot to death, victims of the conflict, have long since been buried. The third chapter was written when a jury returned a verdict in the last of the criminal cases growing out of the strikes, the State of North Carolina failing in its effort to secure convictions for the murder of Mrs. Ella Mae Wiggins. Mrs. Wiggins, the mother of five small children, paid with her life for daring to espouse radical political and economic doctrines; in all the bitterness of the trial she was charged with no other crime.

The purpose of this article is to present what was not possible until completion of this last case, namely, the record of the Southern courts in dispensing justice in the strike cases against unionists, anti-unionists, and officers.

Violence incident to the strikes began at Elizabethton, Tennessee, in April, 1929, three weeks after the first walkout; it culminated six months later at Marion, North Carolina, in six deaths. Any informed person in the South knows that there was lawlessness on the part of the strikers during this six months' period. But it is to the credit of the uneducated and underpaid Southern textile worker that he was not the first to flout the law. The first violence, at Elizabethton, was by an anti-unionist mob. Next it broke out at Gastonia, North Carolina—this time on the part of a mob that disapproved of both labor unions and radical ideas. And at Marion, North Carolina, the mills had been violating the State labor laws long before their operatives, working twelve hours and twenty minutes a day, at last rebelled. (This oft-repeated charge has never been denied, but the law-enforcement agencies have blandly ignored it.)

There were eight major cases of violence incident to the strikes. There was the "chamber-of-commerce" kidnapping at Elizabethton on April 4, when Alfred Hoffman and E. F. McGrady, of the American Federation of Labor, were taken from their hotel, carried into another State, and ordered never to return. But the organizers did return, and quoted members of the mob as saying they represented the Elizabethton Chamber of Commerce. Five prominent business men of the town were arrested, but the efforts of the courts ended with the arrests. The case remained untried for nearly a year, and on February 10, 1930, Judge D. A. Vines arbitrarily ordered it stricken from the docket.

At Gastonia, three weeks after the left-wing National Textile Workers' Union had called a strike at the Loray mills, union headquarters and a grocery store run for the relief of needy strikers were demolished with axes and sledge hammers in the hands of a masked mob. The noise proved insufficient to rouse from sleep the two companies of national guardsmen, quartered two blocks away, who had been ordered to Gastonia to protect property. Fourteen arrests were made, but the Gaston County grand jury, after examining more than one hundred witnesses, reported itself

unable to find sufficient evidence to warrant indictments. The report added naively that after all the damage was "not exceeding $500."

The radical leaders established new headquarters and a tent colony for evicted strikers. This time they took no chances. They posted armed pickets about the camp. And it was here, on the night of June 7, that O. F. Aderholt, Gastonia's chief of police, was fatally shot. Three patrolmen who were with him and a union organizer were wounded at the same time. Out of seventy-one persons arrested, the authorities finally picked sixteen to charge with the murder of Aderholt and with assaults on his three patrolmen. (Apparently it did not occur to the solicitor's office that the wounding of the union organizer might be construed as assault.) This time the grand jury, after examining four witnesses, had no difficulty in finding evidence sufficient to warrant indictments against all sixteen.

There were three efforts to try the case. At the first, defense attorneys signed affidavits telling of threats made against them, and a change of venue was ordered. At the second, a mistrial was declared when a juror became insane. When the case came up the third time the charges were dropped against all but seven of the defendants, and the degree of the charge was lowered from first- to second-degree murder. On this charge each of the seven was convicted; they were also found guilty of assault on each of the three wounded patrolmen. They were sentenced to prison for terms ranging from five to twenty years, the most severe punishment falling to Fred Erwin Beal and other "outside" organizers. The case was appealed, but the decision has not been made at this writing (June 18).

There were two legal issues submitted to the jury: Was there a conspiracy? Were the defendants, if guilty of firing the shots that killed Aderholt and wounded his patrolmen, justified? The State's evidence tending to establish proof of conspiracy was mainly confined to reports of alleged threats. The defense, asserting that the strikers were justified in firing (if they did), pointed out that their first headquarters had been destroyed and no one punished; that the national guardsmen had been withdrawn almost immediately thereafter; and that Aderholt and his patrolmen forced their way into the camp without search warrants. On the question of justification Judge M. V. Barnhill charged the jury that "the occupant of private property has a right to guard same and to have guns on the property"; he pointed out, however, that only such force as is necessary may lawfully be used to eject trespassers, and he left it to the jury to determine if the officers were trespassers.

Careful reading of the evidence and the argument of counsel, however, leads to the conclusion that it was on neither of these legal issues, but on a third, that of communism, that the jury based its verdict. Once Judge Barnhill admitted communism in evidence, prosecution counsel never permitted the jurors to forget it; in their most vehement denunciations of the defendants, in fact, they forgot the murder charge and asserted that the safety of the government, American institutions, and the home virtually depended upon conviction of the men on trial. The truth is that the conviction of murder was merely technical; actually, the seven men face prison sentences because of their beliefs.

Anti-Communist sentiment ran high in Gastonia, and when the second effort to try the Aderholt case ended in a mistrial the anger of the townspeople knew no bounds. A mob formed. It raided "red" headquarters. It motored to Charlotte, where the case was tried, and repeated the performance there. It surrounded the residence of Tom P. Jimison, a defense attorney, and demanded his person—only to find that he was not at home. And then it took three union organizers from their boarding-house, carried them into the neighboring county of Cabarrus, and severely flogged one of them. The rite was interrupted by the arrival of two curious 'possum hunters—the mob took to its heels. All efforts to convict and punish the guilty persons ended in failure, and the attempts to secure convictions were marked by a series of the most shameful episodes in the history of the North Carolina courts. State's witnesses were arbitrarily jailed "for investigation"; the testimony of Ben Wells, the man flogged, who had identified members of the mob, was ordered stricken from the record when he denied belief in a Supreme Being (later, in Cabarrus County, a different judge admitted the testimony, but that trial ended in acquittal); Solicitor John G. Carpenter "neglected" to summon perhaps the one witness who could testify impartially, a Charlotte newspaperman who told the solicitor he could identify a Gastonia policeman as a member of the mob; and finally, after seven men had been held for the Gaston County grand jury, that body absolutely refused to return indictments—an action characterized by Judge H. Hoyle Sink as "a plain miscarriage of justice."

A week after the Charlotte kidnapping Cleo Tessnair, union organizer, was speaking at Kings Mountain, North Carolina. His open-air speaking stand was dynamited from under him, and that night he was taken from his home, carried into South Carolina, beaten, and ordered to run as bullets flicked the dirt at his heels. Authorities promptly announced initiation of three separate investigations—and the case ended there.

Mrs. Wiggins was slain near Gastonia on Saturday afternoon, September 13. She was one of twenty-one passengers on a truck that had started to an open-air strikers' meeting in South Gastonia. Announcement by strike leaders that the meeting would be held had been met with threats that it would not be permitted, but the threats apparently were not taken seriously. The truck carrying the woman came from Bessemer City, nearby. A mob which had formed halted it, ordered it to turn back to Bessemer City, and then followed it. A little later a car came from behind the vehicle, passed it, and cut sharply in front, causing a collision. During the confusion Mrs. Wiggins was shot and instantly killed.

At the investigation nine were held for the Gaston County grand jury. Again it refused to indict. Governor O. Max Gardner sent Judge P. A. McElroy to Gastonia to conduct a new investigation, and he held fourteen for action by the new grand jury that took office January 1, 1930. That body, after long deliberation, and under considerable pressure from the presiding judge, at length returned indictments against five of the fourteen. At the trial witness after witness positively identified Horace Wheelus as the man who fired the fatal shot, and the State connected each of the other four defendants with the crime. The defense's reply was what it termed "an air-tight, watertight alibi." Once again mill-paid attorneys rang the changes on communism, marriage, race prejudice, and atheism; and once again they won. The verdict was "not guilty."

Two incidents of the trial threw considerable light on the situation. The first was the attitude of Solicitor Carpenter in opposing a change of venue. The motion for the change was offered by Attorney General Dennis G. Brummitt, ordered by Governor Gardner to assist the solicitor in the prosecution, but Carpenter declared that the motion was a reflection on the citizenship of Gaston County. The other was a juror's explanation of how the verdict was reached. "The State just didn't have the witnesses we could depend on," he said, explaining that he had reference to "the *type* of witnesses offered." Most of the State's witnesses were on the truck with Mrs. Wiggins, and therefore marked with the brand of communism.

Two of the trials incident to the strike grew out of occurrences at Marion, North Carolina—the "furniture rebellion" and the "Marion massacre." In the first, fifty-three strikers were charged with "rebellion against the State of North Carolina," the State's first rebellion case since Reconstruction. The Clinchfield mills found inconvenient a promise not to import outside labor, and broke it. The answer of the strikers was to throw the furniture of a "scab" out of the mill-owned house in which it had just been placed. Sheriff Oscar F. Adkins attempted to replace it but failed, and he and his deputies retired amid jeers, sticks, and stones.

Of the fifty-three, the State put on trial only four—Alfred Hoffman, leader of the strike, and three of his lieutenants. The charges were non-suited by Judge G. V. Cowper at the end of the State's evidence. The warrants had been amended, however, to charge also "rioting and resisting officers." The four were put on trial on these two charges and convicted of the former. On account of ill health Hoffman was let off with a fine of $1,000 and a month in jail. The other three were sentenced to six months each on the roads. In these cases also, appeals are still pending.

At one o'clock on the morning of October 2 a new strike was called in the mill of the Marion Manufacturing Company. Dawn found the strikers picketing the mill; in the mill gate were Sheriff Adkins, most of his deputies, and a number of deputized "loyal" mill workers, prepared for trouble. In an attempt to disperse the crowd Adkins released tear gas. Just then shots were fired—a volley, another volley. It lasted about three minutes. When it ended, twenty-one victims lay in the village street, all of them workers. Three of them were dead. The other eighteen were taken to the hospital where three more died; not one of these was armed.

Adkins and fifteen deputies were charged with murder. At the preliminary hearing the sheriff and seven deputies denied firing and were freed; the other eight, admitting they shot at the strikers, were held. On trial these eight took the stand and testified that the strikers fired first; that the defendants shot in defense of their own lives; that they did not, as the State charged, fire at fleeing strikers, and that they shot only at those strikers firing at them. But they could not satisfactorily explain how it was, if they fired only at those shooting at them, that none of the wounded were armed, how it happened that many of the strikers were shot in the back, why they were struck by none of the alleged shots from the strikers, and why, if it was necessary for them to defend their lives, the other eight officers present felt no such necessity.

Strikers' testimony that they were unarmed and did not fire was corroborated in part by two disinterested witnesses, newspapermen, who gave it as their opinion that the first shots were fired by officers. The chief issue before the jury was: Did the officers use more force than necessary? That question the jurors answered in the negative, and the deputies were acquitted.

To summarize: Of eight slain in the three States, seven were strikers; the only murder conviction was of strikers for the death of an officer. In two of the major cases, strikers were accused and convicted. In five, anti-unionist mobs were accused and no one was convicted; and in one, officers (some of them mill-paid) were accused and acquitted. That is the record for the major cases. The percentages are the same in the dozens of minor ones. In every case where strikers were put on trial strikers were convicted; in not one case where anti-unionists or officers were accused has there been a conviction.

That is the record. Surely it speaks for itself.

In the Driftway

THERE is a widespread tradition that no small boy can face a sewing machine or an alarm clock without an immediate longing to take it apart. The Drifter must confess that he never felt this urge. Perhaps the sad tale of Humpty Dumpty made too deep an impression on his young mind, or perhaps screws and cogs simply produced in him a profound inertia. Certain it is that he never interfered with a sewing machine, no hapless clock ever strewed his nursery floor, and the ways of a machine—any machine—are still shrouded in mystery.

* * * * *

THUS the Drifter was agreeably surprised not long ago to learn that Big Ben, most reassuring of England's familiar spirits, is not above a simple remedy when it varies some fraction of a second from the Greenwich standard. There is a tray fixed about halfway down the pendulum, and whenever Big Ben runs a trifle slow the Astronomer Royal decrees the placing of a penny or a halfpenny on this tray. Big Ben responds, and even sometimes hurries a little more than necessary, in which case the penny is removed and put away in the Exchequer for another time. Somehow, the Drifter had imagined a complicated mechanism and much shaking of the head if Big Ben should stray, and it gratifies him to think that even he, the Drifter, could regulate England's minutes if he cared to.

* * * * *

NOT that the Drifter does care to. It matters to him very little just when Big Ben tosses down the hours so long as he is still allowed to go and sit on the terrace of the House of Commons, and drink his tea, and watch the people coming and going in "the best club in London." It is years since the Drifter first found his way to this haven. A kindly M.P. invited him to tea one day, and he took his courage in both hands and went. It needed courage, for the Drifter is alarmed by going out to tea. He has never mastered the technique, but stands about, teacup in hand, with a glassy smile. And once there he is unable to leave. But on the terrace of the House of Commons his fears vanished. He

sat with his friend, absorbed in watching the members as they grouped and dispersed and regrouped themselves. He watched those who strutted with constituents in tow and those who walked alone. And about them all he felt that strange composite atmosphere which irresistibly draws back to Westminster those Englishmen who have once come under its spell; from the north and from the south; from the green counties and from the dark towns. It is an atmosphere made up of many things. There is in it responsibility and eagerness; self-seeking no doubt, and boredom too; but above all a sense of slow shaping, slow and steady as the current of the Thames itself which slips quietly past the terrace and past Big Ben.

* * * * *

BIG BEN is the guardian of another England too. The Drifter remembers one night when he loitered on Westminister Bridge in the small hours. The river boats loomed suddenly out of a light mist, making slow way against an ebbing tide. Parliament sat late that night, and the lights in the House were burning; but the bridge was nearly deserted. A forlorn old woman, with two brave feathers in her hat, shuffled by, pausing to look at a barge. The Drifter fell into conversation with a strolling bobby, and not far away from them the old woman looked up with a smile as Big Ben boomed into the night. "We do see some queer people waiting here for the hour," said the bobby musingly. And he added, with the unfailing politeness of his kind: "Not that I mean anything personal, sir."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Associated Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in *Time* the statement that the annual address of Mr. Kent Cooper to the convention of the Associated Press was accepted as a reply of the Associated Press to the article by Oswald Garrison Villard recently published in *The Nation*. The Associated Press is reported to be displeased with Mr. Villard's article. It may amuse you that I also was displeased with the article, for an exactly opposite reason. I beg to call the attention of your readers to the fact that very precise legal evidence of the mishandling of labor news by the Associated Press is available for those who want it. I refer to "The Brass Check," Chapter LVIII, which is entitled Poisoned at the Source. Let me point out that I was never able to get the Associated Press, or any Associated Press champion, to do so much as mention this chapter. The Associated Press publicly announced at one of its annual gatherings that it was preparing an answer to "The Brass Check," but it never published this answer, although I demanded it for several years thereafter.

The most ardent champion of the Associated Press was the late Professor James Melvin Lee, of the School of Journalism, New York University. I carried on a controversy with Professor Lee by letters, articles, and debates, but never once was I able to get him to open his lips on the subject of that particular chapter of "The Brass Check." The chapter happens to be invulnerable, because it is based upon the sworn records of the Associated Press, submitted under oath in a legal proceeding. In the fall of 1928 I ran into Professor Lee at a dinner at the Authors' Club, but even then, when face to face with him, I could not get him to discuss this chapter!

The Associated Press may claim that the question of its conduct in the West Virginia coal strike is out of date. But the fact is that it is reporting strikes today by exactly the same methods, and with exactly the same results. Anyhow, it is with history that Mr. Villard was dealing in his article, and 1913 is not such ancient history.

Pasadena, Cal., June 7 UPTON SINCLAIR

Comics and the N. A. N. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article Standardizing the Daily, in your issue of June 4, Mr. Villard says of the North American Newspaper Alliance, "It gives plenty of attention to sports, but offers no 'comics.'" I should like to point out, perhaps at the penalty of one job, that recently the N. A. N. A. paid $600,000 for the Bell Syndicate, the principal business of which is to syndicate "comics." And you probably have noticed that the N. A. N. A. has revised Mr. Freud's latest so that it will not be offensive to ever so many polite editors.

New York, June 5 LOUIS BATISTE

Which Shall We Believe?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an interested reader of your magazine, which appears to be the leading weekly in the campaign against hypocrisy and crookedness, I have at times been puzzled by your attitude toward the Communists, whose side you seem to take in almost every disagreement between them and the forces of law and order.

The chief argument I have against these trouble-makers is that the greater percentage of them are foreigners who being badly treated in their own countries come to the New World for refuge, and finding that they have to work hard for a living here as everywhere else, become discontented and attempt to make as much trouble among the satisfied majority as they can.

It will be noticed that the United States, especially in the larger cities, having a larger percentage of these aliens has more trouble with them than Canada, except perhaps in Winnipeg, which is the gathering place for such malcontents in this country.

If these people are not satisfied with conditions here, which are much better than where they came from, why don't they go back where they belong?

The United States is a free country except in the case of prohibition, but should be kept for her own people or for the better class of European who is willing to work hard and is not afraid to face the reverses which even the best of men suffer, not for the riffraff of Europe to make trouble where there was at least contentment before.

Montreal, May 15 GEORGE A. FLINT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the excellence of your paper, for as a leader of liberal opinion you have no peer. Nevertheless, I am forced to protest against your attitude toward the fighting arm of social reform, the Communists. Viewed realistically, a liberal paper has no value as a force for the promulgation of a revolutionary political program, for the field of liberal thought must necessarily be restricted to ideas and ideals, not action.

Yet it has been the habit of liberals everywhere to castigate Communists as "misleaders or worse" when in truth the

Communist is striving for identically the same principles as the liberal. The lofty disdain with which the liberal regards the Communist is damaging to the very principles of liberalism. For the criterion of a liberal attitude is liberality, and if the liberal must "sit on the fence" instead of jumping into the field of battle, he should at least regard communism for what it really is.

Your often-repeated excuse for excoriating the Communist, that he is a blind follower of a rigid, uncompromising creed, is lamentably weak, for concerted action necessitates discipline —not argument.

Omaha, May 15 GRAYDON F. ILLSLEY

Joseph Wood Krutch

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* has paid its tribute to Joseph Wood Krutch but I should like to express the feelings of some of your readers, since I know that I do not speak for myself alone.

It is no exaggeration to say that the most keenly anticipated piece each week has been the criticism by Mr. Krutch. His soundness, sincerity, and penetrating critical judgment are a great joy. He illuminates everything he discusses, and even though one may not always agree with his remarks, they are always thought-provoking.

I am sure I join with many of his admirers in wishing for him high productivity on the Guggenheim Fellowship. It is our only consolation in losing him for this period.

New York, June 12 NICHOLAS KOPELOFF

IS RELIGION A ROMANTIC DELUSION?

Whether it is or not, it is still one of the major topics of thought. Were it not so, the clergy would be jobless and the seminaries empty. One book stands alone as a full, free and outspoken discussion of the whole religious question. It is:

TREATISE ON THE GODS

By H. L. MENCKEN

Certainly, it is no wonder that the whole country is buzzing with comment on this daring book. And at the rate that it is selling, it will not be long before people are going to be ashamed to admit that they have not read it.

A best-seller in every city in America

$3.00 at all bookshops

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER, N. Y.

Red-Baiting in California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After a trial lasting three weeks in the Superior Court of Imperial County, California, nine men have been convicted on three counts of violation of the criminal-syndicalism law, and face terms in San Quentin of from three to forty-two years each. This is the first time in six years that the law against criminal syndicalism has been invoked in this State to curb the activities of the so-called "reds." The real "crime" of these men was their attempt to organize the cantaloupe workers of Imperial Valley.

In January last, attempts were made to form a union among the lettuce workers of the Valley, but they failed owing to the vigilance of Sheriff Charles L. Gillette and his deputies, who jailed the leaders on charges of vagrancy and disturbing the peace. This is the sheriff who assaulted me when I intimated that the men he was holding in jail had done nothing worthy of arrest. I brought charges of assault against him, and he was found guilty and fined $150. He appealed the case to the Superior Court.

Sheriff Gillette and the police of Brawley and El Centro have declared a moratorium on free speech and free assembly in the Valley. They stationed their men around an entrance of a hall where the International Labor Defense had arranged to hold a meeting recently, and allowed no one to enter.

Altogether, a serious situation confronts us in southern California. This trial may mean the signal for the revival of the criminal-syndicalism law in many places. These cases must be carried to the higher courts and publicity given to what has occurred. Money is needed. Will you who care for the preservation of our freedom send us contributions to carry on the fight we are waging? Make the checks generous, please, and send them to the American Civil Liberties Union, Southern California Branch, 1022 California Building, Los Angeles, California.

Los Angeles, June 17 CLINTON J. TAFT

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL BLANSHARD is preparing a study entitled "Racketeering High and Low—The Folly of Work" for the League for Industrial Democracy.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, will soon publish "The Soviets in World Affairs."

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

WEIMAR JONES is a North Carolina newspaperman who has made an exhaustive study of last year's labor trials.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL contributes verse to various periodicals.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of "Founding of New England" and "The Adams Family."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

V. F. CALVERTON is the author of "The Bankruptcy of Marriage."

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

MARY AUSTIN, poet, novelist, and critic, lives at Santa Fé, New Mexico.

G. E. R. GEDYE, is Central European correspondent of *The Nation*.

Books

Without Shield

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Art puts no slowing touch on silent Time:
I make a moment sure, in tiny box
Jeweled with vowels, riveted with rhyme,
Studded with iron consonants and locks—
But day flows on, bright river into death.
I must love living, not its monument,
Value not utterance but very breath,
For there will come an ultimate event
Which has no mate nor any medium
In earth which mines dark metal, precious stone:
Its meaning has no mortal idiom.
I will forge courage now to face alone,
Without my craft to serve as shield to me,
The unresolvable reality.

The Metaphysicians Confess

Contemporary American Philosophy. Edited by George P. Adams and William Pepperell Montague. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $12.

IT will probably be the fate of these two volumes to repose quietly on the shelves of reference libraries, there to be dusted and consulted occasionally by a few earnest students and specialists. This will be regrettable, for they are astonishingly rich in entertainment and stimulation. Designed as a companion work to "Contemporary British Philosophy," published in 1924, the present volumes contain the intellectual autobiographies of thirty-four present or quondam professors of philosophy. Each contributor was asked to state his principal philosophic beliefs, the reasons supporting them, and the manner in which he had reached them.

> An explicit confession [say the editors with engaging candor] of the temperamental sympathies and prejudices of a philosopher, and of such of his life's circumstances as seem to him to have been relevant in shaping his conclusions, may possess as much philosophic value both to the writer and to his readers as the conclusions to which they contribute. And the honest attempt to psychoanalyze one's mind may and should result in a wholesomely humiliating realization of the extent to which one's own beliefs (and not merely those of one's neighbors) are determined by subjective causes rather than by objective reasons.

And the contributors have to a surprisingly large extent met this candor with a candor of their own. The book, true enough, does not look inviting at first glance. The very names of some of these thirty-four professors of philosophy are unfamiliar except to other professors of philosophy, and such titles as The Philosophic "Credo" of an Absolutistic Personalist, The Philosophy of a Meliorist, A Temporalistic Realism, Confessions of an Animistic Materialist do not sound inviting. But when one actually begins to read one finds this volume full of fascinating human documents and admirably compact arguments; it is probable that even the minor figures have here written more interestingly than they have anywhere else. Even when one is not interested in a man's opinions, one may still be interested in how he came to hold them.

A typical instance is George Herbert Palmer, to whom these two volumes are affectionately dedicated. Palmer's chief historical importance lies in the fact that he was the senior member of that brilliant galaxy at Harvard of which the other members were James, Royce, Münsterberg, and Santayana—the most remarkable and influential single department of any kind that has ever appeared in an American university. Harvard itself seems to have rated these men in an exact reversal of their true importance. I am creditably told that before James's reputation came bounding back from abroad, and before Santayana had acquired *his* outside (although "The Life of Reason" had already been published), Palmer was considered the great man there, with the possible exception of Royce.

Palmer's philosophy is feeble and pietistic. He confesses frankly that "the philosophic influence which was supreme over my youth, and has left its honored mark on my age, was Puritanism." "Without the presupposition of God," he still finds, "science is fragmentary and baseless." His question, before accepting a religious belief, is: "Would it strengthen me if I, too, thought in that way?"—and not, for example, What reasons are there for supposing it true?

None the less, his contribution to the present volume is mainly autobiographical, and that autobiography is charming for its ingenuousness and humility, and for the depiction of a struggle that was, in its quiet way, heroic—an endless war against weak eyes, a bad memory, ill health. He was born a weakling, not expected to live from year to year. "Up to my fortieth year," he writes, "headaches were almost continuous, and I have never slept a night through in my life." It seems hard to realize that Professor Palmer, still with us at eighty-seven, was born in the same year as James and thirteen years before Royce. He speaks casually at one point of teaching some pupils who "afterwards served in the war." He is referring to the Civil War.

In most American colleges at the time of his student days, Professor Palmer recalls, "the little philosophy attempted was usually taught by the president, a minister." In the late seventies, when John Dewey was an undergraduate, this condition still prevailed. "Teachers of philosophy," writes Dewey, "were at that time, almost to a man, clergymen." Under such conditions one wonders how a Dewey could have arisen at all. He still expresses some preferences that will come to many of his readers as a surprise:

> Were it possible for me to be a devotee of any system, I still should believe that there is greater richness and greater variety of insight in Hegel than in any other single systematic philosopher—though when I say this I exclude Plato, who still provides my favorite philosophic reading. . . .
>
> Although I have not the aversion to system as such that is sometimes attributed to me, I am dubious of my own ability to reach systematic unity, and in consequence, perhaps, of that fact also dubious about my contemporaries. . . .
>
> Forty years spent in wandering in a wilderness like that of the present is not a sad fate—unless one attempts to make himself believe that the wilderness is after all itself the promised land.

Of all these confessions, Santayana's, as one might expect, has the highest literary charm. It helps to explain how one who lived in Boston and Cambridge from the age of nine till the age of forty could remain so detached, in temperament, ideals, and style, from Protestant American life. It was not merely that his mother brought over her Catholic and Spanish traditions, but that "thirty-eight fussy voyages" across the Atlantic kept him in ever fresh touch with European culture. "English," he remarks, "and the whole Anglo-Saxon tradition in literature and philosophy have always been a medium to me

rather than a source." But his thirty years in this country, if they did not make him an American, at least made him a foreigner in Spain. "The life of a wandering student, like those of the Middle Ages, had an immense natural attraction for me—so great that I have never willingly led any other." He gratefully acknowledges his debt to the early James and his lesser debt to Royce, and in the course of his discourse there appears this confession, which seems to point both to the weakness and to the strength in his work.

> I have been willing to let cosmological problems and technical questions solve themselves as they would or as the authorities agreed for the moment that they should be solved. My pleasure was rather in expression, in reflection, in irony. . . .

A word, finally, must be said about the article contributed by Morris R. Cohen, who unites a remarkable literary gift with a fine philosophic penetration. The general temper and outlook of this article, and the compression of its argument, remind one strongly of Bertrand Russell, with whom Professor Cohen has many points of affinity. "To philosophize," he writes, "has always seemed to me as natural and desirable in itself as to sing, to dance, to paint or mold, or to commune with those we love."

I regret that I have not the space to discuss the other contributions. If few of them are deeply original, most of them are written with clarity and acuteness, and indicate minds that are genuinely alive. This admirable symposium, in brief, is rather impressive evidence that American philosophy at the moment, while it may lack the richness of contemporary British philosophy, is at least far from a state of academic stupor.

HENRY HAZLITT

A Defense of the Puritans

Builders of the Bay Colony. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

NEW ENGLAND history has been so constantly and intensively tilled for nearly three centuries that it is almost as difficult to get a new crop from it as from the worn-out soil of a New England farm. We are more apt to find pebbles of antiquarian lore than corn for the historical mill. There is always a little something new turning up, however, and there is always opportunity for presentation and interpretation. We need not here deal with Dr. Morison's pebbles. The interest and value of his book lie deeper.

The form of presentation is wholly delightful. What the author has wished to give us is a convincing sketch of the life and spirit of the Bay Colony during its first score or so of years. Instead of narrative history he has used biography as his method, and in eleven chapters he draws the portraits of more than a dozen of the men and women of the place and period. The book is a sort of "corporation picture," such as used to be popular among the Dutch artists and may be seen at Amsterdam and Haarlem. He has not chosen his sitters for their historical eminence but for their personal appeal to himself and as representative of various aspects of life. They include such diverse personalities as John Smith, Hakluyt, Morton of Merrymount, the Winthrops, father and son, the clergyman Shepard, the college president Dunster, the apostle to the Indians Eliot, the poetess Anne Bradstreet, and others.

Dr. Morison has an easy style and a pretty wit, an irony which even when directed against myself I find infinitely relishable in a day when writing, like cooking, seems to have lost its seasoning. It is good for the blood to watch a gentleman flashing a rapier instead of dropping nickels in a subway slot. There is a good bit of the eighteenth century in Morison, and it gets into his style. As those who read his delightful "Maritime History of Massachusetts" know, his writing has none of the faults developed by American university education. It lacks Ph.D. orderliness. He wanders where he jolly well pleases, as in the first nine pages on Dunster, in which Dunster is only mentioned twice. It is this eighteenth-century trait that lends his work a charm in an age when even churches are organized by efficiency experts. His presentation is wholly admirable.

When we come to his interpretation, however, I not only believe him in part wrong but question his clarity of thinking. Having passed through various phases of thought in the past with respect to Puritanism, he has now become so convinced of its essential rightness that he has become somewhat of a special pleader for the various vagaries of its American representatives in colonial Massachusetts. Starting with the statement that "if ever a case could be made out for religious persecution, it was in early Massachusetts," he promptly abandons the "if" and plumps for the persecutors. A case can always be made out, only we are a bit surprised to find Dr. Morison engaged in it. From other parts of the book we discover that "early" Massachusetts was a very limited period, for by the end of the first fifteen years we find the author in a more congenial role approving the remonstrants against the rule of the Puritan leaders. The early period narrows down to about ten years, yet although the author claims to abhor that decade of intolerance from 1630, he makes the assumption, among others, that the reward for that intolerance was the emergence of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau in 1830 or so. I am quite as ready as Dr. Morison to appraise highly the value of Puritanism in its best sense, a mode of thought and conduct limited to no nation and to no religion, but I feel that the wish to think as highly as possible of the founders of his own State has led him into somewhat of an intellectual muddle. I wish a debate could be arranged at the Town Hall between Dr. Morison and Archbishop Laud. But it would not really be a debate. The arguments would be identical, merely in favor of different groups and causes. Puritanism is, and always has been, a living issue. Perhaps because of that, even historians cannot be wholly unbiased in discussing it and its adherents. (I presume I am myself as guilty in that respect as anyone.) If it were not for that, Dr. Morison would not have dropped that fatal "if" into his book like a fly into his soup. I recommend it, however, if the reader will carefully remove the fly, and a bit around it.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Dead Cities

Ur of the Chaldees. By C. Leonard Wooley. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Dead Towns and Living Men. By C. Leonard Wooley. Oxford University Press. $2.

DR. WOOLEY has become famous as the director of the joint expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania excavating the site of Ur. Among its outstanding achievements has been evidence to support the view that Sumerian civilization is older than the Egyptian, and that this civilization, already in a developed state, was brought by the Sumerians to Mesopotamia from some other center, perhaps the Indus valley. Of less intrinsic historical importance, but of great dramatic interest, was the discovery of a deep layer of silt between strata of different cultures, which obviously had been deposited by the "flood" of Biblical and other Near Eastern tradition.

Dr. Wooley has already incorporated these discoveries in his book "The Sumerians," which gives a history of Ur and the other imperial cities of the South Mesopotamian plain.

In "Ur of the Chaldees" he describes clearly and entertainingly the course of his excavations and how the more important discoveries were made, and presents pertinent insights into the excavator's procedure, which involves a planning of operations, extensive in space and delicate in detail, and the management of hosts of workmen commensurate with the founding of a new city.

In "Dead Towns and Living Men," a reprint of a book written before the war, we have a still more intimate work in which we learn that Egyptian laborers have become as self-contained and, to their archaeologist bosses, as uninteresting as his factory hands are to a manufacturer. In Mesopotamia, apparently, there is an archaeological frontier which makes the work more exciting; and the management of men becomes a patriarchal function highly pleasing to the heads of the expedition.

The material is always interesting and frequently amusing; particularly the anecdotes of the blundering and ineptitude of the pre-war Turkish officials.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

America—the New Found Land

New Found Land. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $5.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is a master of verse form, and his new book "New Found Land," a volume of verse exquisitely printed by the Black Sun Press, Paris, for the American publishers, reinforces his position as one of the first of the classical school of contemporary American poets. The fine impersonality of his attitude and his perfect adaptation of form to subject, along with his simplicity and clarity of treatment, declare him at once a member of this group. In his earlier books there was over him the shadow of T. S. Eliot and "The Waste Land," and in this last there is the same sadness over the loss of a rich past that Eliot has expressed; but in "New Found Land" MacLeish has evidently accepted as necessary and worthy that background for his art, somewhat underestimated before, America. To be sure, he again reaffirms the loneliness in which the American artist must dwell, that nostalgia for something felt and never realized, for roots untraceable, but he no longer completely deplores this. Instead there is the affirmation that an artist must find this country his own country, and the poems Land's End, Reproach to Dead Poets, and American Letter are devoted to the statement of this feeling. Thus, from the latter, for example:

> This, this is our land, this is our people,
> This that is neither a land nor a race. We must reap
> The wind here in the grass for our soul's harvest:
> Here we must eat our salt or our bones starve.
> Here we must live or live only as shadows.
> This is our race, we that have none, that have had
> Neither the old walls nor the voices around us,
> This is our land, this is our ancient ground,—
> The raw earth, the mixed bloods and the strangers,
> The different eyes, the wind, and the heart's change.
> These we will not leave though the old call us.
> This is our country-earth, our blood, our kind.
> Here we will live our years till the earth blind us—
>
> The wind blows from the east. The leaves fall.
> Far off in the pines a jay rises.
> The wind smells of haze and the wild ripe apples.
> I think of the masts of Cette and the sweet rain.

And MacLeish's only reproach to greater dead poets is that they have given us here in this land nothing to live by. He asks:

> Were there no words to tell with
> to tell
> What lands these are
> What are these
> Lights through the night leaves and these voices
> Crying among us as winds rise . . . ?

His only comment on his own pioneer poetic attempt is in the poem Anonymous Signature:

> Think
> if you read these words in a better time
> Of the shape of my mouth forming the difficult letters.

Anyone reading even these quotations is able to observe that Archibald MacLeish is not of the rightly or wrongly named "verbal mystics," but given over, as is Eliot, to classic purity of form and idea. Throughout these fourteen perfect poems his basic rhythm, with but few exceptions, is quantitative, and although it may be scanned as iambic pentameter it depends for all its effects upon the perfect equivalence—in so far as this is possible in English—of the vowel lengths and the marked use of spondee. Back of this form lies, of course, a knowledge of Greek rhythms. Even the lyrics, with their intense though universalized passion, make use of this rhythm and this balance for structure rather more than they do of accent and rhyme. Take this stanza from Memory Green:

> You will not remember this at all you will stand there
> Feeling the wind on your throat the wind in your sleeves
> You will smell the dead leaves in the grass of a garden
> You will close your eyes with whom you will say
> Ah where

Or this from that beautiful poem Immortal Autumn, wherein rhyme is used but the quantitative effect prevails:

> But not in autumn with the black and outcast crows
> Share we the spacious world the whispering year is gone
> There is more room to live now the once secret dawn
> Comes late by daylight and the dark unguarded goes
>
> Between the mutinous brave burning of the leaves
> And winter's covering of our hearts with his deep snow
> We are alone there are no evening birds we know
> The naked moon the tame stars circle at our eaves

There are only fourteen poems in "New Found Land," but very seldom is there a book of verse written in which not only every poem but every line is perfect.

EDA LOU WALTON

Love and the Modern Age

The Evolution of Modern Marriage. By F. Müller-Lyer. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

IN Ninon de Lenclos's prayer "Dear God, make me a good man but never a good woman," we have an epitomized statement of what is rapidly becoming the modern woman's attitude toward morals and marriage. Women today are in revolt against what was long known as woman's creed. As a result of this revolt we have a new woman who demands the same rights and freedoms as man in marriage as well as out of it. It is this new woman who is the cause of the present chaos in moral life. The new morality, as it is now called, is scarcely new for men. It is new mainly for women. This new woman and this new morality have been possible only because of the disintegration of the family and the disappearance of its patriarchal ethic. The new moral order, which is *personal* instead of familial in character, marks a new epoch in the history of love—an epoch of new aspirations and fulfilments.

Such, in brief, is the thesis of this book. F. Müller-Lyer, whose studies in the history of social evolution have exercised

a considerable influence on sociological thought, has pursued in this volume the same Marxian approach in his analysis of sexual relations that he employed in his earlier investigations of economic phenomena. The whole problem of sex and society is considered from an evolutionary point of view. Beginning with the absence of love in primitive society, he traces the development of the love emotion through later ages to what he believes is its great fulfilment in our era, where love has been personalized and freed of its economic fetters. In reference to this last observation, it is important to remember that this book originally appeared in Germany in 1913, which was a year before the World War began and five years before the aftermaths of that holocaust were felt in every part of the Western world. Today, in the personal epoch, such optimism has vanished. Love is viewed with less enthusiasm, and in much of the post-war literature of the last decade a kind of hard-boiled cynicism has taken its place. Nevertheless, the historical aspects of Müller-Lyer's thesis are not destroyed by the failure of his prophecy. There is no question about the correctness of his general analysis of the role that the love emotion has played in various phases of the past, or of his considerations of the social position of women and the evolution of marriage as an economic institution.

It is the differentiation of woman, which has come with her economic emancipation, that the author sees as signifying the beginning of the personal epoch. In the clan epoch, with its early, high, and late clan phases, and in the family epoch, with its three similar phases, woman was nothing more than a piece of property and love had no existence for her whatsoever. Hosea, who paid fifty shekels for his wife, is typical of the family phase in its practical form; Aristotle, who described woman as an aberration of nature and put her at the head of the monsters, is typical of the same phase in its more theoretical and philosophic form. Love begins with the decay of the family and the end of the family epoch. Marriage is changed from a family affair into a personal one. The individual, freed at last from the bonds of clan and family, can choose his loved object in terms of his own personality. But that is not enough. He must not only choose in terms of his own personality, but he must also protect his personality from intrusive invasion and destruction. Marriage in the personal epoch must above all *respect* personality. "Too great intimacy," the author argues, "blunts the edge of erotic emotion . . . the couples grow together like Siamese twins; every vibration of one is felt by the other. Daily irritations easily develop which (even among people who are sincerely attached to each other) slowly lead to mutual aversion."

And what is the solution that Müller-Lyer provides? In keeping with the wisdom of Jean Paul, he advises that lovers should "share everything with each other except their room." Love must be stimulated by brief separations. The free marriage which Godwin contracted with Mary Wollstonecraft is suggested as approaching something of the personal ideal that the author has in mind. Separate dwellings should be adopted wherever economically possible so that neither personality is able to infringe upon the rights of the other. In every case, of course, neither person is to be economically dependent upon the other, for it is of the very essence of economic dependence to create psychological subordination and enslavement.

Now there is scarcely any doubt but that a number of Müller-Lyer's suggestions will eventually be adopted. In fact a number of people have already adopted them. But what the author does not seem to see, despite his sociological approach, is that the success of such suggestions depends more upon that which is environmental than upon that which is personal. It is just at this point that his theory begins to weaken. It is true that he argues for new social controls, but the main emphasis in the concluding aspects of his logic is upon "the driving force [of] . . . the human will" instead of upon the driving force of the environment which shapes whatever we mean by the "human will." His faith in love, for example, is far more utopian than scientific. It is very possible that with the increasing changes in the modern world and the new emphases upon collective rather than individualistic factors love will be looked upon as a less significant emotion than it has been in the last few generations. Müller-Lyer's entire neglect of the birth-control factor in the love situation, for example, is most unfortunate, for it is such a factor that has more to do with the nature and expression of the love emotion than the "driving force of the human will."

V. F. Calverton

John Brown

John Brown: The Making of a Martyr. By Robert Penn Warren. Brewer and Warren. $5.

IF Mr. Warren thinks that his book is a credit to historical scholarship it would seem to be because he dissents from some of the principles and methods to which most American historians feel themselves bound to adhere in dealing with controverted matters. It was, no doubt, to be expected that Mr. Warren, born in Kentucky and educated in Tennessee, and too young to have known John Brown or any of Brown's associates, should have written of Brown with less sympathy than some Northern writers have shown, and had he done so he would have been wholly within his right. What he has done, on the contrary, is to produce a book which, aside from its failure to add much of importance to what was already known of Brown's career, is deeply tinged with bias and sneering hostility toward Brown and his supporters. To topple an idol from its pedestal was not enough; the idol must be hacked in pieces and the pieces trampled in the mud of innuendo and scorn.

Mr. Warren pays respectful homage to the excellencies of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's monumental biography, but one gathers that of the enemies to be routed Mr. Villard is the chief. Every student of the American slavery controversy knows that Mr. Villard, notwithstanding his sympathetic recognition of the moral and political significance of Brown's career, withholds no evidence that painstaking inquiry could discover and offers no extenuation of Brown's brutality and foolishness. Mr. Warren, on the contrary, sees in John Brown little more than a harebrained fanatic, an adventurer with eyes open for the main chance, a self-conscious poseur, a publicity seeker, a horse thief and miscellaneous plunderer, and a murderer. That the antislavery and abolition agitators could have been moved by any high moral purpose, however disastrous their resistance to government and laws might turn out to be, is something for which, apparently, he has only contempt, and his pages are studded with sneers and flings at Brown's supporters and the antislavery contingent generally. Frank Sanborn, for example, is pilloried as "an excessively earnest young man, confident of himself, and confident that he knew God's will; beyond this he possessed to a considerable degree that tight especial brand of New England romanticism which manifested itself in stealing Guinea niggers, making money, wrestling with conscience, hunting witches, building tea-clippers, talking about Transcendentalism, or being an Abolitionist." Regarding the letters that were written to secure funds for Brown's first journey to Kansas we are told that "when a letter would bring tears it would bring money. Harriet Beecher Stowe knew the trick, for her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had provided a tidy fortune." Emerson "was a man who lived in words, big words, and not in facts. . . . It is only natural that once or twice when he tried to deal with matters of fact words made him a common demagogue."

The crucial point of John Brown's career before Harper's Ferry, as far as moral quality is concerned, was the so-called

Pottawatomie massacre. Mr. Villard accepts the "positive witness" of two of Brown's company, Henry Thompson and Salmon Brown, as well as of Brown himself, that Brown killed no one with his own hand, although it was "definitely established that Brown was, if not a principal in the crime, an accessory and an instigator." Mr. Warren thinks that it is "safer" to accept other testimony that "Brown began the bloody business by shooting old Doyle" than it is to take the testimony of Brown or Salmon. He is not impressed by Mr. Villard's conclusion that the motives behind the Pottawatomie affair were "wholly unselfish" and that Brown's aims "were none other than the freeing of a race"; the conclusion does not fit with Mr. Warren's judgment of Brown as a murderer or his caustic account of Brown's business record of "embezzlement, fraud, speculation, and self-righteousness." Nor can he agree with Mr. Villard's view of the Harper's Ferry attack as (to quote Mr. Warren) "only a badly planned and badly executed 'raid,'" with the projected Provisional Government back of it as "a harmless debating society." Mr. Warren has a right to his opinion if he has carefully and impartially studied the evidence at these various points, but the contrast between the scholarly temper of Mr. Villard's biography, sympathetic though his book is, and the patent iconoclasm of Mr. Warren is too sharp to permit us to put the two writers in the same class.

Mr. Warren's book will doubtless be acclaimed by those who insist that sentiment and moral conviction have as little place in history as John J. Ingalls once declared the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule had in practical politics. Here or there some unreconstructed Southerner, ignorant of what has been written hitherto, may rejoice that the horrid truth about John Brown has at last been told. There is weighty authority for maintaining, however, that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and the heart of John Brown and his antislavery supporters is a subject about which Mr. Warren's prejudices hardly entitle him to speak.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Mexican Folklore

El Folklore Literario de Mexico. Por Ruben Campos. Mexico City. Department of Education.

IN "El Folklore Literario" the Department of Education of Mexico has done something for the people it is supposed to educate that few modern nations have the wit to do, or the fundamental insight into the problem of education to do well. Facing the necessity of educating a population largely illiterate and, if schooled at all, for the most part simply battered into a superficial resemblance to modern intellectualism, the Mexican government begins directly with the content of the public mind. It collects widely and selects wisely the wisdom, the hopes, the traditions, the moralities of the people, the imaginations of their hearts, the voice of their unimagined desires, as these circulate orally or in such limited forms of print as are accessible to them. "El Folklore Literario" is an anthology of the riddles, anecdotes, songs, ballads, epigrams, fables, legends, pasquinades, dramas, hymns, prayers, and political bywords which are current and therefore influential in forming the opinions, prejudices, emotions, and activities of the Mexican people at large. Here you find an Aztec animal fable, a hymn in praise of the Beloved Jesus, a prayer for rain, a ballad of the death of Pancho Villa, a satire on official corruption, a song of personal passion, a sly anecdote, a child's lullaby, and a word-for-word treasured proclamation of a revolutionary leader, all of them arising securely from the fountain of tradition, from the secret wells of racial instinct. Except that they employ the Spanish language, very few of them are even remotely touched with the written tradition which has been pressed down upon the Mexican people for three centuries. They have, therefore, the primary quality of all literature—what we call literature because we find it worthy of preservation from generation to generation—sincerity of emotional content, directness of expression, and beauty of form. Although I should like immensely to see such an anthology of folk literature for the United States, I very much doubt that it could reach anything like the high level of this one compiled by Ruben Campos. The book is further expanded by the reprinting of many photographs and old engravings covering the period from 1525 to 1925, during which time the existing body of folklore arose. The music of many of the songs is included.

The temptation to quote is nearly irresistible, and indeed is restrained only by a realization of the burden of responsibility entailed upon the reviewer who would quote for a non-Spanish-speaking audience. If I thought it possible for an American reader to realize workingmen sitting down with the guitar during their nooning to sing carols in praise of the constitution—but no, it is not possible to imagine such a thing. The American public will have to read the "Folklore Literario" in the original. And that is no such task as the American public makes it. Anybody with a good grounding of Latin and a high-school Spanish lexicon could make out from this collection more about the spirit, the intellectual outlook, and the intimate ideals of the Mexican people than many histories would teach him.

One of the problems of folk literature here displayed overlaps our own—that is, the Negro contribution to Mexico. I read in an old Spanish chronicle of the sixteen hundreds that there were once two hundred thousand people of Negro extraction in Mexico—though that is probably an exaggeration—and here find songs credited to them as something out of the past, yet with curious distinctions from anything produced by Negroes among us. Again one notes that love songs, which are so many *descancias* on the way to the disappearance of the Spanish invaders in the Indian race, are much more strongly marked with Spanish than with Indian passion; and again that the compiler is for once, and once only, conscious of rejections of alien elements when he refuses the scores of Catholic Christian dramas of suffering and sacrifice which have been more or less forcibly popularized, and finds worthy of record only the lighter, joyous phases of folk Christianity. All these are indices far more worth attending to than political turnovers to one sincerely interested in knowing what Mexico is and what should be expected of her. By all means, buy a Spanish dictionary and read "El Folklore Literario."

MARY AUSTIN

Books in Brief

Year In, You're Out. By Samuel Hoffenstein. Horace Liveright. $2.

Samuel Hoffenstein has a reputation as a light-verse writer in America which we should be a little at a loss to explain were it not for the fact that American light-verse writers are, as a group, lacking in finesse and in facility of technique. Mr. Hoffenstein is, to be sure, often amusing—much more so when he develops his own topics than when he laboriously parodies a number of true poets. He is sometimes, in a literary fashion, even a very good singer of lyrics not intended to be humorous; but he very often errs in good taste, and he is often heavy-footed in his manner. We like his half-bitter, half-amused outlook; we like his recognition of this somewhat devitalized universe in which we live; we realize that his wit at its best is an intellectual wit. But we wish he would exclude about half the poems in this last

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volume and give us only those which are neat and witty and amusing and not so many that fall short of their mark. If he had done this the reader might remember him for his best quips and pranks, his best ironic couplets, his compact and fine beginnings, which, alas, sometimes end too pompously. "Year In, You're Out" will be a popular book, for there are many modern readers with much the same slant on life as Mr. Hoffenstein's, but it might have been even more memorable.

Gallipoli Memories. By Compton Mackenzie. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

To convey in a note the charm, the extraordinary fascination, of this volume of memories is impossible. It is, as Mr. Walpole has said, "a work of art." And those reviewers who have failed to see the underlying seriousness hidden beneath its so typically British humor have missed something. Mackenzie served as an intelligence officer in the Levant, and after these many years, despairing of doing the seven-volume novel which he had planned, decided to do four volumes of memoirs instead. He himself says: "The first volume adds nothing of the least historical value . . . though in succeeding volumes I hope to shed some light on the situation in Greece. . . ." The future historians of the tragic conclusion to Winston Churchill's far-flung strategy, however, will do ill to overlook a book which conveys so subtly one observer's reactions to the spirit and atmosphere of the Gallipoli campaign. For the general reader, no matter how general, this book with its wealth of allusion, description, and character studies offers a literary feast.

The Women of Cairo. By Gerard de Nerval. With an Introduction by Conrad Elphinstone. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $7.50.

Since "Eothen" is so much admired and so securely enshrined as a classic, it is well that this book, so much more sensitive and charming, should be translated at last into English. Where Kinglake remained the Englishman commenting from the outside, de Nerval did what Kinglake could not have done; he lived as far as he could like an Oriental and even bought a female slave to be the respectable head of a family. The first of the two volumes describes his eight months in Cairo and his journey to the mouth of the Nile; the second volume, his travels in Syria, Palestine, and Constantinople. Without much in the way of adventure the book is frequently exciting and always interesting, for de Nerval had a flair for making life at all times an adventure, and is so good a writer that he can communicate his own ardors and all the discoveries of his lively and intelligent curiosity. The Turkish empire of the middle nineteenth century is brought before us in all its splendid decay, and just before it became influenced by the West. The publishers are to be praised for bringing to us this masterpiece of travel.

The Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Little, Brown and Company. Two volumes. $10.

It is perhaps regrettable that Mrs. Pennell undertook this work. In "The Adventures of an Illustrator" Pennell described the most interesting of his experiences, and for the "Life and Letters" little was left but the general routine of his days. This routine was not uninteresting, but it was certainly not important enough to justify the minute chronicle Mrs. Pennell has given us. His letters also are usually lively and entertaining, but if Mrs. Pennell had omitted nine out of every ten printed in these two volumes, the reader would have an adequate understanding of Pennell's character and opinions. Throughout the two volumes Pennell reveals himself as a victim of "the pitiless pressure to do," very much an American despite his bitter attacks on the America of the post-war period.

Seipel Intrigues in Austria*

By G. E. R. GEDYE

DR. JOHANN SCHOBER, the Austrian Chancellor, who visited London and Paris late in April, was at first reported to be traveling as the "business representative" of his country to negotiate a loan. It was also reported that he wished to persuade the British and French governments to confer on the Austrian Republic the unique and undesirable distinction of being the sole exception in a Europe which is seeking disarmament, by authorizing his country to break the Treaty of St. Germain and embody her Fascist and Socialist irregulars in a state militia. Both of these reports were incorrect. It was known here in Vienna that the Austrian loan—at least as far as Britain was concerned—was assured. Downing Street, the Bank of England, and the Treasury were known to be in favor of the flotation of the Austrian loan at the earliest possible moment, which would not be until after the flotation of the German loan in June. As to the militia, it is certain that Dr. Schober, as the highest police authority in Vienna, could not favor so dangerous an application of the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief.

The project of turning the Heimwehr into a militia originated with the Landbund, or Agrarian Party, which fears above all things that the Heimwehr as it stands could one day be employed as a *schwarz-gelbe* (pro-Hapsburg) army in the interests of extreme clericalism to facilitate the re-creation of a great papal state in Southeastern Europe. It has long been, of course, the unvoiced dream of Monsignor Dr. Ignaz Seipel, the former Chancellor, to replace the vanished Roman Catholic polity of Austria-Hungary by such a block. This block would eventually recover Catholic Croatia from its present subservience to orthodox Serbia in Jugoslavia, rescue Catholic Slovakia from subservience to the Hussite and freethinking Czechs in Czecho-Slovakia, and submerge more thoroughly the Hungarian Calvinists—to whom the present Regent, Admiral Horthy, and the present Premier, Count Bethlen, belong—beneath the waves of Hungarian Catholicism, strengthened again by the recovery of Croatia. At the head would stand Catholic Austria—and, perhaps, Catholic Bavaria by her side—with Vienna restored to her pristine glory as the capital of this Catholic-state group.

As to the western mission of the Austrian Chancellor, it may be said that he traveled neither as a financial negotiator nor as an apostle of militarism but as the bearer of the Austrian olive branch. The visit to Paris was a result of the eternal Franco-Italian jealousy in Central Europe. Dr. Schober's earlier visit to Rome was necessitated by that strangle-hold of Signor Mussolini's on Austria's credit which has enabled him to block the path to a loan ever since the feeble protest two years ago in the Austrian Parliament against the brutal regime in South Tyrol brought his Caesarean wrath down upon the head of little Austria. Dr. Schober's Austrian enemies declared that on his visit to Rome he also visited Canossa and Caudium in order to pass through the Caudine Forks. Be that as it may, it is difficult to see what other course was open to a practical statesman but to placate those whose good-will was essential to the procuring of credits, more especially as Austria had proved quite unable to afford the least aid to her oppressed ex-subjects in South Tyrol. But because of the Rome visit, France, of course, became concerned for her influence in Middle Europe—hence the Paris visit. Dr. Schober's visit to London was intended to give formal expression to what has long been an informal fact—the restoration of that traditional friendship between Great Britain and Austria which was interrupted by the war. The little democratic mountain republic has not inherited much from the mighty empire of Central and Southeastern Europe, but the Chancellor went to London to claim at least the inheritance of that traditional friendship. The British government recognized this inheritance by its support of Austria's claim at The Hague to be freed from the paper burden of reparations which the world knew she could never pay. It is quite certain that the British Foreign Minister took the opportunity to put some searching questions to Herr Schober concerning that same urgent matter of the disarmament of the Heimwehr about which the League of Nations had just been manifesting curiosity. Austria's government promised the League to introduce a bill enforcing disarmament, but it kept this project secret from the Austrians until someone "spilled the beans" in London. Secret diplomacy, if it ever dies, should certainly be interred in Vienna, destined to be its last refuge.

Dr. Schober, since he took over the chancellorship at the stormiest period of the Heimwehr agitation on September 27 last, has proved himself no friend to Social Democracy, yet has been the savior and bulwark of conservative democracy in Austria. The threat of civil war had at that time become so acute that distrust of the currency had been awakened in Austria and a "flight from the Schilling" was beginning. The anti-parliamentary campaign of the Heimwehr—behind which stood the former Chancellor, Dr. Ignaz Seipel—had reached its zenith on September 29 with the threat to concentrate large Fascist forces threatening Vienna from four points. The Heimwehr leaders openly proclaimed that there would be a march on Vienna and an overthrow of Parliament unless the Socialists concurred in the passing of a bill to alter the constitution in a way that would have destroyed democracy and set up a form of absolutism in Austria. Dr. Ernst Streeruwitz, who was then Chancellor, did his best to hold the balance between the contending parties by producing the draft of a constitutional reform bill which his Socialist opponents would have accepted, but the Heimwehr would have none of it. Dr. Seipel, who

* On June 15 Major Waldemar Pabst, chief of staff of the Austrian Heimwehr, was expelled from Austria as an undesirable alien who was indulging in illegal political activities. Major Pabst is a German white terrorist who organized the Kapp Putsch and after its failure fled to Austria, where he later became military organizer of the Heimwehr. The pro-Heimwehr governments of Tyrol and Styria are reported as in revolt against the decree of expulsion of Major Pabst, and as threatening to invite his return in defiance of the central government at Vienna. These circumstances lend special interest to Mr. Gedye's article, written before the beginning of the present disutrbances.—EDITOR THE NATION.

dreamed of making Austria the cornerstone of a southern Catholic-state block—a sort of revival of the Hapsburg monarchy over which a Hapsburg or a Wittelsbach might one day rule—wished to see things go to extremes so that he might come back to power on the crest of a Fascist wave. At this moment the Landbund (Agrarian Party) took fright at the prospect of a Fascist-Clerical dictatorship. The banks and industrial concerns which had subsidized Dr. Seipel's Heimwehr army with the object of curbing the power of the Socialists in the republic became alarmed at the growing signs of financial distrust at home and abroad, and the Conservative-Nationalist and pan-German elements which feared the extreme clericalism of Dr. Seipel and his Heimwehr called upon the police president of Vienna, Johann Schober, to take office as the "strong man of Austria."

He was immediately confronted with difficulties. Within a week of his becoming Chancellor, the financial crisis reached its height in the collapse of the Bodenkreditanstalt, the biggest bank in Austria. It was largely due to Schober's energetic conduct of the day-and-night negotiations that he was able to avert an appalling disaster and secure the payment in full of all depositors through the taking over of the Bodenkreditanstalt by Baron Rothschild's Kreditanstalt and an international group. The extreme Clericals set their hopes of a dictatorship on the Chancellor coming to blows with the Socialists, and saddled him at the outset of his term of office with a constitutional reform bill which the latter were bound to exercise their constitutional right of rejecting. From outside Parliament, the Heimwehr proclaimed that not one letter of the bill must be altered or they would yet sweep Parliament away. The Chancellor's position was rendered peculiarly delicate by the fact that while the Socialists secretly welcomed his accession to office—seeing in him their bulwark against civil war and fascism—they were unable to give him the least support, but on the contrary were compelled to express vociferous distrust because they had held him responsible ever since July, 1927, for the heavy loss of life which accompanied the suppression of the rioting of July 15. At the same time Dr. Schober was obliged to pay great attention to the demand of the Heimwehr, who had acclaimed him as "their man" though their leaders in reality were eagerly watching to see him fail in his task. This characteristically Austrian situation, in which the Chancellor's most vocal supporters are his real enemies and his hostile critics and would-be enemies the actual foundation of his power (the eternal Austrian necessity of "saving face" prevents either side from revealing its true colors), holds good in essentials at the moment. Undeterred by the clamor from Left and Right, the Chancellor, by his favorite method of informal negotiations with responsible leaders, arrived at the compromise constitutional reform bill which became law in December.

His firmness on two critical days in November, when the plans for violent action of the German "white terrorist," Major Pabst, the Heimwehr chief of staff, looked like maturing, saved the situation. For two nights police patrolled Vienna, public buildings were guarded, and police and military held in readiness to strike. The extreme Heimwehr, realizing that the ex-police president was neither to be bluffed nor terrorized, saw that the game was up.

Since then the political temperature in Austria has gradually cooled off. Dr. Schober's secret enemies have made several attempts to upset him, notably over the recent so-called "Anti-Terror" bill, designed to curb the power of the trade unions. The Heimwehr, and even Herr Vaugoin, the present Vice-Chancellor and Minister of War, the right-hand man of Dr. Seipel, repeated their performance over the constitutional reform bill, declaring that with the trade unions also there must be no compromise. Dr. Schober said nothing, but again came to terms with the Social Democrats, forcing them to surrender much of their power but obliging the extreme Right at the same time to accept the compromise which it had declared inadmissible. The retirement of Dr. Seipel in April from active politics is an admission that Herr Schober's policy has triumphed over the former's Clerical-Fascist aspirations. Dr. Seipel did great service to his country at one period, but it has been nearly counterbalanced by the harm which his Heimwehr campaign has done, and the last service which he can now render his country is to stick strictly to his retirement and make it an abstention not merely from open, but also from secret, political activity. Unfortunately the signs are multiplying that he intends to do nothing of the sort.

Dr. Schober bids fair to become the Hindenburg of Austria, the type of loyal, dependable servant of the state who, having served his emperor faithfully so long as he stood for that state, can with equal devotion serve the republic when called upon to recognize that times have changed. It is believed that on the ratification of the Hague protocols Morgan will float the new Austrian loan. If so, it will confirm Schober in power for many years to come and give pause to the Seipel intrigues.



Visits to Soviet Russia

Twenty days in the Soviet Union

Leningrad, Moscow, Nizhni-Novgorod, The Volga. Leader—ALFRED G. SMALTZ. Sailing from *New York*—S.S. EUROPA—July 5th. Price from *New York*—$635; from *Lubeck, Germany*—July 12th—$434; from *Helsingfors, Finland*—July 14th—$401. *Registrations Open.*

Special Educational Tour

Leningrad, Moscow, Kharkov and Berlin. Twenty days in the U.S.S.R. after autumn opening of schools and theatres. Leader—DR. DANIEL B. LEARY, Head of Department of Education, University of Buffalo. Sailing from *New York*—S.S. BREMEN—Aug. 21st. Price from *New York*—$710; from *Kiel, Germany*—Aug. 29th—$487; from *Helsingfors, Finland*—Aug. 31st—$455. *Registrations Open.*

Student Group

28 days in the Soviet Union traveling third class with Russian students and workers—*Leningrad, Moscow, Volga, Caucasus, Crimea, Odessa and Kiev.* Sailing from *New York* July 30th on S.S. AQUITANIA. Price from *New York*—$616; from *London*—Aug. 5th—$422; from *Helsingfors*—Aug. 10th—$360. *Registrations Open.*

SHORT TOURS

Itineraries from 5 to 14 days in Soviet Russia
Sailings July 5th, 17th, 24th, Aug. 14th

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The Nation

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 27
EDITORIALS:
Unemployment: The President's Job 30
Rates While You Wait 31
Lowest of All 31
Work and Pray 32
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 33
MARTYRS TO MARRIAGE. A Personal Narrative 34
THE EMPIRE DIES HARD. By Richard B. Gregg 36
THE PRESS TODAY: VIII. MONTANA AND "THE COMPANY." By Oswald Garrison Villard 39
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 41
CORRESPONDENCE 42
BOOKS AND FILMS:
Hermit by the Dead Sea. By Sonia Ruthèle Novák 44
The Negro in America. By Walter White 44
With Scott at the South Pole. By Mark Van Doren 44
Lives of Two Poets. By Eda Lou Walton 45
Death of Humanity. By Pierre Loving 45
When Nothing Seemed Impossible. By Richard A. Newhall 46
A Colorful First Novel. By Fred T. Marsh 46
More "New" History. By Ralph Volney Harlow 47
An English Lawyer. By Newman Levy 47
Books in Brief 48
Films: At the South Pole. By Alexander Bakshy 49
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Mexico and the Harris Bill. By Carleton Beals 51
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 52

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AT LAST HERBERT HOOVER has begun to fight back. Thus when the Senate cut the $250,000 additional appropriation for the Wickersham Commission on Law Enforcement to $50,000, the President announced that he would get $100,000 immediately from private sources. He has fought hard in regard to the Veterans' Compensation bill, his veto being sustained in the House by 188 to 182 votes. His memorandum accompanying the veto was one of the most effective documents he has put out. Whether the substitute bill which he will get will be satisfactory remains to be seen, but it is to his credit that he has let the country know that he is not at all afraid of the soldier vote. Finally, he continues unyielding in his demand that the Senate confirm the naval treaty in extra session early this month, and he is apparently not deterred by threats of the opposition that they will hamstring the Senate by sufficient abstention from attendance to make a quorum impossible. Whether one likes his particular brand of leadership or not, it is at least gratifying that the President has finally begun to try to lead.

WELL MAY THE GERMANS REJOICE over the final liberation of their land from foreign occupation. The whole needless enslavement of the Palatinate and the Rhine regions to the conquering armies was dictated by nothing else than a vindictive and unworthy revenge. It remains discreditable to Woodrow Wilson that he was willing to sign the name of the United States to any such policy, precisely as it is to the credit of our nation that our troops were withdrawn from Coblenz after so short a period. As for the French, their conduct in some of these years in Germany stamps their flag with an indelible record of dishonor. Not only did they violate the Treaty of Versailles as and when it pleased them to do so, but in the invasion of the Ruhr they treated the population with positive ferocity, at all times filling the jails with Germans tried by French military courts in which the presumption was always against the accused. More than that, in their effort to break down the government of the Palatinate they threw into prison hundreds of mayors and assistant mayors and minor town and city officials in order, as they hoped, to make way for the spurious Rhine Republic which they instigated, for which they supplied the funds. Finally, it will never be forgotten that during these entire eleven and a half years of the French occupation the German municipal authorities were compelled to supply in every town German girls for prostitution by the French troops, black, white, and yellow. We can only be grateful that at last this sorry chapter is ended.

HERE AND THERE tucked away in the dispatches from India are the nuggets of news which are the most significant after the non-resistance itself. It is reported by Negley Farson that the British department stores are empty; their customers were formerly 90 per cent Indian. British-owned newspapers are losing circulation very heavily and British banks business; the Bombay Indian factory-owners have voted to have no further dealings with British banks. Nearly all the British bankers and mill operators are now petitioning the Viceroy for a statement promising dominion self-government. The price of cotton has fallen one-third; heavy failures are expected on the next settlement day and one-half the Bombay mills will soon be on half time. The British-owned Bombay *News* declares: "If the trade decline continues owing to the political situation India is heading for a big economic crash." No fewer than 170,000 bales of cloth, half of them sold, are lying in storehouses, none being called for. Of imported cloth hardly any is released to individual customers. The imports of piece goods dropped from 215,000,000 in April, 1929, to 165,000,000 in April, 1930. "Boycott week" began on June 29. A Madras magistrate has actually made it a crime to wear Gandhi caps and spinning by hand in Madras is also reported to be forbidden. The British are organizing battalions of armed police and training them in military tactics; this move the Indian forces have met with the announcement that they are equipping three new hospitals to take care of the additional casualties they expect; in these hospitals all caste has broken down. Finally, not a single ruler of an Indian state or a single Indian minister has uttered one word favoring the Simon report, and it is declared that if the feeling against it continues to rise it will be impossible for delegates to leave India alive for the October conference.

AT LAST STANLEY BALDWIN has turned against the two British press barons who undertake to dictate the policies not only of the Conservative Party but of the British Empire itself. It was a letter from Lord Rothermere, of which Mr. Baldwin truly said that "a more preposterous and insolent demand was never made on the leader of any political party," which was the final straw. In this epistle Lord Rothermere declared that he would never again support Mr. Baldwin in his newspapers unless he was told in advance what the Baldwin policy was to be and was given the names of at least eight or ten of the most prominent ministers in the next Tory Cabinet! Doubtless, the noble press lord wished to see whether his name was on the list. To a conference of his party delegates Mr. Baldwin told this fact and also commented on Lord Beaverbrook's demand that the referendum on food taxes, to which Mr. Baldwin has assented for a later period, should be held at once. The building of a tariff wall around the Empire must begin forthwith, this peer demands. "If," said Mr. Baldwin defiantly, "the gloves are off we shall see who has got the dirty hands." The studied insolence of these press barons and their assumption of complete power is the price which England is now paying for the ennobling and dignifying of these men and the government's kotowing to them during the World War. Meanwhile, for all of Mr. Baldwin's outspokenness, his leadership trembles in the balance. He was saved in the party conference only by the intercession of Sir Robert Horne. If the issue of food taxes is forced the party will surely split, which will be a great piece of good luck for the Labor Party, almost the first, indeed, since it has taken office.

THE STUDY OF REAL WAGES undertaken by the International Labor Office at the instance of Henry Ford is likely to yield some unexpected results. Mr. Ford now has plants in Manchester, Berlin, Helsingfors, Warsaw, Istanbul, and a dozen other European cities, and he wants to know how much he must pay his employees there so that they may enjoy the same living standards as workers under his seven-dollar-a-day minimum in Detroit. The federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, which is cooperating, has just made public a study which shows that the average annual wage in Ford families of four or five in which the husband is the sole wage-earner is $1,711.87. Even seven dollars a day scarcely means affluence. Having found out what the typical Ford family gets with its $1,711.87, the International Labor Office has now shipped two trunks full of Detroit clothing and household equipment to Geneva, whence they will make the rounds of Mr. Ford's seventeen European cities to find out just what goods of the same quality would cost there. The study is a difficult one, and its results will have the highest value both scientific and practical. European manufacturers, it is reported, have flooded the International Labor Office with protests, first against making the study, and second against publishing the results. They are said to fear the introduction of a high-wage policy in the European Ford plants. Fortunately their protests have proved unavailing; nothing but good can come out of a study that will help dispel some of the illusions on both sides of the Atlantic concerning the living conditions of American labor and "the pauper labor of Europe."

FROM THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS in Geneva come the 1929 figures for the armaments of the world. Approximately $3,750,000,000 was what the fifty-three nations, Christian and otherwise, spent in preparation for the next war, our country bearing the dishonor of spending $668,297,000 for this purpose—much more than any other country. Together Russia, the United States, Great Britain, and France were responsible for no less than one-half of this dreadful waste. Italy and Japan each accounted for another $250,000,000. The League of Nations officials are reported to be optimistic because the disarmament bill for 1929 is only $100,000,000 more than that of 1928. They must indeed be professional optimists to remain cheerful in face of these huge arms outlays, and also in view of the result of the London conference, which bids fair to add another billion to our own naval bill. It surely ought to dampen their feelings of cheer somewhat to read that the world launched 50 per cent more cruisers in 1929 than in the year before the war, 1913, and had three times as many building. What a pity Mr. Wilson is not alive that he might see the results of the war to end war and to smash militarism and might note how the United States and its Allies, breaking faith with the disarmament pledge in the Treaty of Versailles, are increasing instead of decreasing their fleets. He would doubtless be especially interested to know that in the world's trade in tools of war England led in 1928 with 54 per cent of the total and the United States came next with 18.2 per cent.

AN OPINION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE in regard to military training in colleges has just been handed down by the Attorney General of the United States in connection with the land-grant institutions which have benefited by the Morrill Act of July 2, 1862. Our militarists have for years maintained that this act made military training compulsory upon all students. In 1923, however, the University of Wisconsin placed military drill on an optional basis—to the anger of the War Department. The Department of the Interior held, however, that the university was legally entitled to take this step, and its position has now been upheld by the Attorney General. The effects of this decision may be far-reaching. Most of the students who now take the military courses do so under duress. In the more enlightened land-grant colleges there has been a desire to follow the example of Wisconsin, but fear that Wisconsin might have erred in its position has prevented similar steps. Indeed, the council of the militarized University of Illinois published in the *Illinois Law-Review* for November, 1929, an extended argument to prove that the land-grant colleges were morally and legally compelled to continue compulsory military training forever. With the seal of the Attorney General of the United States put squarely upon the opposite policy we should hear no more of the argument that all land-grant colleges must regiment their men whether the students wish to learn mass murder or not.

A LYNCHING WAS PREVENTED in Beaumont, Texas, on June 28 and June 29, although the Negro in question had confessed to eight assaults on white women; and it was prevented solely because Sheriff W. W. Covington and those under him were determined that the law should be upheld and that the lynching mob should not have

its way. The Negro was taken from Port Arthur, Texas, to Beaumont in the rumble seat—with the top down—of an automobile which covered the twenty-two miles in fifteen minutes. Although a crowd attempted to drag him out of the car, he was whisked away in time. In Beaumont, where he was lodged in jail, the sheriff successfully protected him. Armed aides were stationed about the jail; tear gas was used once or twice. And as a last gesture, to show that a mob is a coward and fears a brave man, the sheriff routed its leader with no other weapon than his bare fist. It is a pity that such forthright tactics were not used several days before in South Carolina. In the town of Union, in that State, a Negro was shot to death by a mob after he had been identified by two white women as their attacker. The sheriff was not in evidence; he "did not recognize any of the mob." The National Guard arrived half an hour too late. In other words, the sheriff was not willing to do his duty; in Texas the sheriff was willing and therefore able. We shall have fewer lynchings when we have no more sheriffs who ally themselves with the mobs.

CHEAP WOMAN LABOR? Certainly, help yourself. The Birmingham Industrial Board, "for the industrial development of the Birmingham district," has issued a seductive pamphlet entitled "A New Reservoir of Woman Labor," designed to attract manufacturers to the thriving Southern metropolis. We discover that out of 147,249 females ten years of age and over "in the metropolitan area" no less than 106,608 are "unemployed." They probably have no occupation aside from keeping house, cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning, and sewing, bringing the babies into the world, and taking care of them after they get here. We sincerely hope that these idle women can be put at some really useful work. Of the 106,000 "unemployed," 73,124, it appears, are white—which, we gather, is all to the good. "A large percentage of these unemployed women are interested in securing work. Pay of from $10 to $15 per week will prove attractive to nearly all of them. Some could be employed at even lower rates." We commend the last sentence to manufacturers interested in the industrial progress of Birmingham and the advancement of American womanhood.

LATEST IMMIGRATION FIGURES suggest that foreigners no longer look across the ocean to the United States as a land flowing with milk and honey. David L. Selke, president of the Congressional Information Bureau at Washington, announces that 16,946 quota visas remain unapplied for out of the 153,714 allotted to the seventy-one nationalities for the fiscal year 1929-30. Figures for some of the individual countries have interesting implications. Under the Japanese exclusion act of 1924 Japan is allowed 100 visas a year (the minimum quota for any country), whereas if the national-origins quota plan were applied the Japanese quota would be about 200. For six years the United States has bitterly offended the Japanese by this discrimination, and yet in 1929-30 only 16 of the possible 100 Japanese visas were applied for. Another striking figure is that of Great Britain and northern Ireland, where 10,068 have been left unused out of a quota of 65,721. The American who hears distressing tales of nearly 2,000,000 unemployed in England will wonder at these figures, forgetting perhaps, our own unemployed millions.

THE CRAZE FOR "SHORTS" has by now reached several men's colleges. May it grow—as an entirely defensible mode of attire for young men in warm weather, outside of the cities. We ourselves would, at the risk of again being accused of bolshevism, like to put in a word for the Russian blouse for men. Women have long worn it—in adaptations. For men there is no garment comparable to it in comfort, for it does away with coat, vest, collar, and necktie, conceals the belt, and removes the reproach of appearing in shirt-sleeves. Only one thing stands in the way of its immediate acceptance—that it goes over the trousers instead of inside, which to the American smacks of the exposed shirt-tails of the Oriental; but this method of wearing the blouse is one reason why it is so cool. It looks extremely well on all but stout men. If only a few hundred college Americans would don it, as they have the shorts, we believe that victory would be won.

THE BANNING in England of Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures," that extremely moving and genuinely reverent play dealing with religion, God, and heaven as interpreted through Negro eyes, seems to us to illustrate more than is usually the case the inherent weakness of any censorship. We cannot for a moment believe that if this censor had seen "The Green Pastures" as it has been played on Broadway he could have the slightest question as to the desirability of its production. He would find that the audiences come away from this Pulitzer-prize play deeply moved and impressed by its profoundly religious spirit. Instead, he has perhaps let himself be misled by the text and yielded to the old theory that God must never be represented on the stage—a prejudice fortunately overruled in New York. But when you put in the hands of one fallible person so grave a decision you must expect that he will err once in so often. Thus the British public is deprived of the right to see a great and lovely work of art, an earnest, sincere, and touching production, profoundly satisfying and deeply suggestive to all who know the Negro race.

PROFESSOR KUNO FRANCKE, of Harvard University, who died on June 25, was for thirty-three years one of the foremost teachers of German literature in the United States, and after becoming emeritus still kept up his unceasing activities on behalf of Harvard's Germanic Museum, of which he was curator and honorary curator for twenty-eight years. Indeed, he was really its founder and through him came many of the great gifts which have enriched that institution. Hard hit as it was by the war with Germany, it has none the less continued on an even keel. Professor Francke's own loyalty to this country was never questioned. Deeply as he suffered to see one of his own sons going forth to fight against the Fatherland, his courage never faltered; nor could anyone question where so good a liberal stood on the basic issues. He represented in short that liberal German tradition which flowered in Germany a brief moment in 1848 and again in the eighties and nineties until it was crushed to earth by the Bismarckian policies. Professor Francke was a prolific writer, a profound student, a man of great modesty and understanding, with a rarely sweet spirit. For more than forty years, to the day of his death, he was a valued contributor, reviewer, adviser, and friend to the editors of this journal.

Unemployment: The President's Job

THE gloom of the business outlook continues unbroken. Among responsible industrial leaders there is no longer any attempt to minimize the gravity of the situation, and it is at last generally recognized that we are in the midst of a world-wide depression. Wholesale prices continue to decline, and retail prices, which since the war have remained obstinately out of relation to wholesale ones, share in the loss. The volume of industrial production, according to the Federal Reserve Board, again declined in May by about as much as it increased in April, and factory employment fell in May more than is usual. Despite the overtime operation of the President's conference and publicity machinery, building-contract awards during that month were substantially smaller than in any other year since 1924. Stock prices continue to crash with monotonous regularity, and it is coming to be recognized that there will be no genuine market recovery until liquidation has been completed. The ordinary man's golden dream of something for nothing is past; he is back in the old hard world of work and saving, or worse yet, of no work and starving. Money is at 2½ per cent with no takers; the heroic efforts of the Federal Reserve Board to set things going by expanding credit have failed completely. In the face of such failure we find the Royal Bank of Canada in connection with its July *Monthly Letter* declaring:

> The continual downward movement of commodity prices is steadily accentuating the severity of the world-wide depression. . . . We believe that if the Federal Reserve Banks do not force an immediate increase in circulation the present depression will assume proportions similar to that of 1920.

We do not indorse either this alarmist view of the future or this plea for a violent inflation; but we do call attention to the state of opinion induced among certain financial leaders by the stubborn facts of the past eight months.

In face of these facts, how pitiable is the position of the Hoover Administration, which not only persists in trying to make people believe that the facts do not exist, but actually blocks intelligent public effort to do something at least toward meeting the disaster. On June 5 Secretary Hyde said:

> No greater triumph has ever been scored in peace time than the victory Herbert Hoover has won against panic. . . . The President . . . resolutely began to rebuild public confidence. The result was that the unemployment which threatened to freeze the activities of the nation has proved to be little more than seasonal unemployment. There was relatively little distress.

This is plain and unqualified untruth; we had almost said falsehood, for if Mr. Hyde does not know any better than this he is ignorant almost beyond belief. Two weeks after Mr. Hyde spoke, Secretary Mellon, Secretary Lamont, and Assistant Secretary Klein, three more of Mr. Hoover's chief Happiness Boys, on successive days gave out tariff prosperity statements that moved even the long-suffering New York *Times* to impatient protest. Is there no limit to the effrontery of the President and his official associates in their effort to deceive the public by denying the most patent and notorious facts?

But that is not the worst. The business collapse has plunged us into a period of widespread and disastrous unemployment, as everyone knows. For two years now Senator Wagner of New York has been manfully striving for the passage of three well-considered and carefully drawn bills whose enactment would mark the beginning, at least, of a national unemployment program. The best scientific opinion of the country is behind the measures. Senator Wagner's efforts have steadily met with indifference or active opposition at the White House. Despite such opposition, the bills were finally driven through the Senate. In the machine-controlled House what happened? Let Senator Wagner, who is not given to loose statements, answer the question:

> The President still refuses to let Congress provide the necessary machinery for the prevention of such disasters in the future. . . . The bill providing for the cooperative establishment of employment agencies has been sent to die in a subcommittee. [It was reported out on June 25.]
>
> The amendments proposed in the long-range planning bill strike at its very heart. First, the President would eliminate the preparation of the index of unemployment. . . . He would strike out the provision for the acceleration of public works. . . . He would strike out the provision for advance planning. . . .
>
> The bill as amended is largely an empty shell, dependent for its content on the whim of the Executive. The President could not have more completely destroyed the bill if he had vetoed it.

In the face of Senator Wagner's statement and the protests of economists, business men, and social workers the country over, President Hoover sits silent. We desire to be wholly fair in the matter, but it is hard to resist the conclusion that he has actually desired the defeat of the Wagner bills. Certainly he has lifted no finger to help them. Apparently he will aid no program but his own.

So long as the President holds this position, so long, apparently, is the war on unemployment relegated to the States and to private industry. With the best will in the world they alone cannot carry that war to a successful conclusion. "It is ridiculous," said Owen D. Young recently, "to speak of unemployment as a necessary condition of human society. It is nothing more than a maladjustment of its machinery. It is a blot on our intelligence." True enough; and private industry, happily, is coming to recognize its responsibility to regularize employment as well as dividends. The General Electric Company, for example, has just announced a noteworthy plan for stabilizing employment and providing unemployment payments of 50 per cent of regular wages to employees entering the plan. Some States and cities are making intelligent beginnings in a public employment policy. But all this is not enough; federal action, too, is required. Will the President in these trying days stubbornly refuse to lead a willing people forward toward the abolition of the chief curse of modern industry?

Rates While You Wait

BACK in the campaign days of 1928, if we remember rightly, Mr. Hoover announced, with the accent of finality that seems to go with the contemplation of high office, that the business of legislation belonged to Congress and that the executive should not intrude its views upon the lawmaking branch of the government. Some doubters made bold to point out that unless the President took a hand now and then, at least to the extent of saying what he did or did not want, a leaderless Congress might go woolgathering and fritter away its time, but the pronouncement had been made, Mr. Hoover was known to be a bit stubborn, and there was an uncomfortable suspicion that he might stick to his ground and let Congress take the consequences.

We know now, of course, that the self-denying ordinance was not without elasticity. When the Senate in June, 1929, stood out for the debenture scheme in the agricultural-marketing bill, Mr. Hoover put his foot down, announced that he would not have it, and the scheme was dropped. On June 16 last, in a statement giving notice of his intention to sign the tariff bill, he declared that while Congress must be responsible for the bill because no President could possibly examine personally all of the 3,300 items in the schedules, he had nevertheless "insisted" upon having the kind of flexible-tariff provision he wanted. On June 24 he let himself go in a really vigorous fashion about the veterans' pension bill, denouncing the bill as "just bad legislation," charging that it made provision for certain veterans "in the most wasteful and discriminatory way conceivable," and declaring that it contained things which "violate not only the fact but the very integrity of government." Passing over with mere mention such obvious comments as that the debenture scheme was really mischievous, that the objections to the veterans' bill were several weeks overdue, and that the enormities of the tariff bill might have been tempered if Mr. Hoover had "insisted" upon getting rid of them as he "insisted" upon having the flexible provisions shaped to his mind, it would appear that Mr. Hoover's policy in regard to pending legislation is not to keep his hands off, but to put them on when there is something that he specially wants.

The flexible-tariff provision, as it happens, sheds a good deal of light upon Mr. Hoover's mental processes and his views of how best to treat business. He "insisted" upon the flexible arrangement in the Smoot-Hawley bill, he declared, because the old provision was clumsy and largely inoperative, whereas the new provision intrusts the task of tariff revision to a "definite rate-making body acting through semi-judicial methods of hearing and investigation, by which items can be taken up one by one upon direction or application of aggrieved parties." In this dignified way, without haste, without rest, revision "can be accomplished without disturbance to business" and even the complaints of foreigners can be remedied.

The argument does not leave Mr. Hoover in a very good position as an efficiency expert. The Senate promptly gave him a hint of how the "one by one" method would work by passing a resolution calling upon the Tariff Commission to reconsider a whole handful of duties, and the House shortly indicated that it, too, saw the possibilities of the game. What with the embattled Senate and House, the protests of forty-odd foreign businesses or governments, and any number of American businesses which either resent the new tariff or go the whole hog with Father Grundy in demanding still higher rates, the labors of the commission bid fair to progress about as rapidly as does a horse-drawn truck in a traffic jam.

This is not the worst aspect of the matter, however. Thanks to Mr. Hoover's "insistence" the whole business of rate-making is now up in the air. Under the old system the tariff schedules, good or bad as one might think them, were at least fixed save as a slow and rather clumsy action of the commission and the President might occasionally alter a rate. Under the new system which Mr. Hoover praises so highly the whole list is open to attack at any time by anybody who chooses to file with the commission a request for a revision. Instead of leaving business to get on as well as it can under rates upon whose stability it may reasonably count, the business of the country is to be continually disturbed, our commercial relations with other nations are to be kept in constant agitation, and the politicians and lobbyists are offered a heyday. This is flexibility with a vengeance, with the Hoover sign manual to attest its excellence. If the Democrats have so much as a grain of political sense they will eviscerate the tariff bill and Mr. Hoover's defense of it in every Congressional district and in every State in which a Senator is to be elected, and let the country know what it is in for now that the tariff has been "taken out of politics" and Mr. Hoover and the Tariff Commission are to run the show.

Lowest of All

OF all police tricks the lowest without question is to us the use of detectives to obtain evidence against women by cohabiting with them. The employment of stool pigeons is degrading enough; the buying up of accomplices sufficiently disreputable. But this inducing women to commit the so-called "crime" for which they are subsequently punished is, to our mind, to put the police just above the footing of that most degraded of mortals, the pimp. Indeed, we sometimes wonder if the moral degradation of the police is not just about the same; for these are officials sworn not to violate the law but to obey and to enforce it. They are no more licensed to violate it than are any private citizens—and they ought to go to the reformatory with their victims after they have admitted their guilt. More than that, the policeman is guilty of another offense in that his solicitation of the woman constitutes that incitement to wrongdoing which the law describes as in itself a crime.

We are moved to these remarks by some recent cases in New York. In one of them an unfortunate woman bearing a name once very well known in theatrical circles was haled into court by a policeman who had invaded her room in her hotel and charged her with solicitation and accepting his money. Another case was that of a registered nurse who accepted a marked bill, according to her own statement, as a nursing retainer, and was then immediately

arrested. The first case aroused the sympathy and interest of a number of women who inveighed against the methods of the police. Several police magistrates then came to the rescue of the vice squad and declared it to be both honest and efficient. To this Mrs. Mary Hamilton, lately director of the women's bureau of the police, replies that there are many cases of innocent women being "framed" and says: "We have got to abolish this system of official procurers, of using stool pigeons and 'squeals' to secure evidence. It is not done in any other country and clears the way for all kinds of blackmail and persecution." Exactly. Yet the practice goes on with magisterial approval.

Take another case upon which the sensational press has dwelt with great gusto. In this instance two detectives lived at intervals with a young woman and after winning her confidence succeeded in unraveling a murder case. This is called smart detective work, but no one stops to question the effect upon the police or the morality of the payments for the entertainment and support of the woman in the case. It is simply assumed that this is the only way to capture crooks and that therefore it is excusable—just as other kinds of police lawlessness, such as the third degree, are defended on the ground that you have to do such things to get ahead of the underworld. As a matter of fact this is one of the steady causes of the demoralization of our police forces and one of the reasons why they are so cursed with graft and corruption. Whenever, the world over, men are hired to spy upon the morals of women and to hale them into court for what is called a moral delinquency the morale of the force invariably suffers. Even the magnificent London police have suffered in this regard. In Europe whenever you find a morals squad you are pretty certain to find a squad of corrupt rascals showering their favors on some women and persecuting others. Invariably, in America, the policeman's word is accepted against the woman's.

It is not a new practice in New York. Our memory goes back to the days when the police of New York were governed by four "bipartisan" commissioners, of whom the two Republicans were Frederick D. Grant and Theodore Roosevelt. When bills running into thousands of dollars were once presented to the board for its approval, for the expenses of the police in cohabiting with the women they arrested, it was not Theodore Roosevelt but Frederick Grant, son of the victor at Appomattox, who first protested and then resigned. Although Grant had a considerable family and no income whatever save his official pay, he felt that his personal honor forbade his paying the bills of these *agents provocateurs* who were thus officially encouraged to indulge in that relationship which the State declares to be an offense against society. We have always felt that General F. D. Grant deserved a monument for his stand on this occasion and have always marveled that Theodore Roosevelt could not have seen eye to eye with him.

In no other field of private morals is the use of the police power more dangerous, more certain to result in abuses, more demoralizing to those who exercise the police power, and more repugnant to decency and to official honor. Are the moral standards of our cities to be upheld by commissioning and paying men to do the very thing for which their partners are sent to jail? By no means. That way lies only official degradation. It is time for American cities to put an end to such practices.

Work and Pray

JOHN E. EDGERTON, Tennessee textile king, is already famous as president of the National Manufacturers' Association, that group of employers whose zeal for the open shop is exceeded only by their devotion to the closed mind. But Mr. Edgerton will probably go down even farther in history as the Man Who Made Prayer Pay. According to a Federated Press dispatch Mr. Edgerton was invited recently to appear before the summer conference of the Methodist Federation of Social Service and criticize the federation's social program. Mr. Edgerton accepted; and Mr. Edgerton went straight to the point. The churches, he said, were straying away from their most important task and making themselves social instead of spiritual institutions.

> There is too much talk [said Mr. Edgerton] about labor's rights, a living wage, social justice, and the like. It's a bad thing to set aside Labor Day because it creates class feeling and impedes the true spirit of brotherhood and so is contrary to the teachings of Jesus.

When someone was untactful enough to mention poverty, Mr. Edgerton admitted its existence, but said that it should be abolished by cultivating a sense of individual responsibility in the workers so that they would save enough while employed to carry them through "those inevitable periods in our economic life when there is unemployment."

But Mr. Edgerton's real contribution to the meeting was the account of his discovery and perfection of prayer as an aid to production. Some years ago he inaugurated the "prayer system" in his factory. Each morning now, before the workers start the day, they pray. And the effect on production! But let Mr. Edgerton tell it:

> I am proud to say that the morning-prayer exercises in my factory have had the finest economic effect. Workers are producing far more goods than before the prayer system was started some years ago. We have made it almost impossible for anyone but a Christian to get a job. We examine applicants for work to see if they have any dangerous ideas. We have been able by that process to keep our plant free of trouble.

There is even a rumor, unfortunately not confirmed, that Mr. Edgerton's system of prayer, combined with his wage arrangements, has been so successful in creating a spiritual outlook among his employees that they hardly notice the money they get on Saturday night in what they piously call their pray envelopes. The happy time will come, perhaps, when they will not want any money at all, but will go cheerfully home without any, singing hosannas.

Mr. Edgerton's prayer system will undoubtedly spread, as it certainly deserves to, in the present "inevitable period" of unemployment. In these recent materialistic years the workers have suffered from the scourge of work without faith. If prayer has aided production as much as Mr. Edgerton indicates, we see no reason whatever why with proper faith it should not prove equally effective as an entire substitute for production in difficult times like the present. It is high time in any case that the workers learned to live by faith, not work. As for those weaklings who may fall by the wayside and starve to death, let the county bury them under the epitaph: Better Dead than Red.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

EVERY now and then somebody asks me to contribute to a fund for Better-Speech Week or National Enunciation Day. And I never do. I'm not really for it. People who talk too precisely and seem to be aware of it give me a sinking sensation in the pit of the stomach. Possibly perfected speech would be well enough if any one of us had grown up with it from the very beginning. But it is invariably an acquired art. As a matter of fact, I am much more interested in hearing what people have to say than in listening intently for such particular tones and cadences as they use to ornament their speech. And, in all frankness, I may as well confess that my attitude of tolerance is necessary for self-preservation. My own utterance and diction lie but little this side of the shameful.

One of the reasons why my own pronunciation is so slipshod is that I had a better-speech teacher when I was a small boy in school. When she said something, we all had to repeat it right after her. Every word had to come right off the tip of the tongue and linger for a split second on the end of the two front teeth before it was allowed to escape into an expectant world. And just the week before the better-speech class started I lost one of my important front teeth. That meant that no matter how hard I worked, 50 per cent would be the highest mark I could possibly get. I was disgusted and decided that I'd just as soon flunk in better speech. I did. I used to say "noosepaper" and "Toosday" just to annoy her. And the fact that I have a tendency to carry the final "r" over after a "w" didn't help much either. I mean that unless I watch out very carefully I always say "I sawrit." It ought to be "I saw it."

But even if I had owned that missing and very necessary front tooth I think I might have gone on strike against better speech just on principle. I hated that teacher. She used to begin, "Good morning, little gentlemen and ladies. Allow me to welcome you to better-speech hour." That was enough to start the day all wrong for me. I didn't think of myself as a little gentleman and I certainly didn't think of the girls I knew in that class as little ladies.

Whenever our teacher spoke I was reminded of a fairy story I had read about an old witch and a good little girl and a bad little girl. The witch put a curse on one and a blessing on the other. Whenever one little girl spoke a gold piece came out of her mouth. And when the other little girl spoke toads dropped out. I used to look at the teacher—we'll call her Miss Spencer because that wasn't her name at all—I used to look at Miss Spencer forming a syllable way back in her larynx and leading it gently along to the tip of her tongue and the end of her front teeth. It was fascinating. She took so much pains with it. I wasn't looking for either toads or gold pieces but it wouldn't have surprised me if after all that effort she had disgorged a cream puff. And if she had, and if I hadn't been a little gentleman, I'd have flung it right back at her.

I don't know why so many better-speech and elocutionary people feel that everything they say should have quite so much sugar and honey in it. I was at a party once where two actresses were guests. They'd both been chorus girls together but one had risen to be a star and she'd married a millionaire and she had a white fur coat. She was just elocuting and enunciating all over the place: "It was so delightful of you to ask me and I was so happy to attend the festivities." The chorus girl who didn't have a millionaire or a white fur coat looked at her old friend in amazement for fifteen minutes. That was as long as she could stand it. Then she marched across the room and gave the elocutionary guest a resounding slap on the back. "Come on, dearie," she said; "ain't you ever common?"

I think it's a fair criticism. I think that a little bit of slang and a little bit of dialect and maybe even a pinch of mispronunciation is needed to keep a language alive. It must grow. It has to have roots, and roots have to get down into the earth. I think Al Smith would have been an excellent President even if he did say "raddio."

And greatly do I fear that better speech and even standardized speech will soon enough be America's portion. Imitation is the tribute which we pay to our famous citizens. In the days of the silent drama Mary Pickford alone was enough to make two curls grow upon young foreheads where there had never been curls before. And now that vocal models have been set before us I think that the majority of youthful Americans will be equally eager to fall into line. I refer less at the moment to the tones which thunder out from the talking screen than to the crooning whispers of the radio. The day of the jazz band has begun to decline. Today each tooth paste has its own articulate announcer. And the better-known performers are heard from Maine to California at one and the same moment.

Accordingly, America is likely to select one of these far-flung voices and seek to emulate it. In another twenty years we may all be talking in precisely the manner of Will Rogers, or of Amos 'n' Andy, or of Floyd Gibbons. This last fantasy has distinctly friendly facets. If this slow-paced land of ours could be speeded up into a Gibbonic whirlwind, business conferences might easily be cut from two hours to three minutes. An after-dinner speech should hardly require more than thirty seconds.

But though I think the radio will inevitably wipe out local dialectic differences the result seems to me less than utopian. I do not long for the day when there are no young ladies left to talk Southern in the moonlight. Nor can I say that the radio voice as it has been standardized by most announcers is altogether to my liking. The combination of strained honey and whipped cream comes at last to fall annoyingly upon the ear.

And if we all are fated to talk in the manner of some man saying, "Desbrosses dentifrice preserves your gums," blame should not fall wholly upon those who control the destines of radio. They have been aided and abetted by the American Academy, which gives each year a gold medal to the announcer doing most for the purity of English diction. Once the medal has been pinned upon the breast of an unfortunate he becomes a doomed man and never again will draw a natural breath. And so I say that we also shall be enslaved to purity of speech—bound forevermore to the tip of the tongue and the two front teeth.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Martyrs to Marriage

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

I AM the daughter of parents who were, after the first few months of marriage, never companionable or happy together, of parents whose code decreed that they must remain together for their children's sake. For more than twenty years I suffered the consequences of their decision against divorce, and my life has been most unhappily influenced by a martyrdom that was undertaken expressly for the benefit of myself and my brother and sister. My sister, three years my junior, escaped the worst effects of this martyrdom, largely, I suppose, because she has always been at ease in a robust out-of-door life. My brother, ten years younger than myself, as a result of his observations has developed an abnormal dislike for his father.

Both of my parents were intelligent people of some education. My mother was a violinist, my father a professional man who came finally into rather important political office. But they had no interests in common and were totally unlike in temperament. My mother was religious and completely dominated by her feelings; she had been reared by a narrow-minded mother and had never rebelled against her upbringing. My father had been subjected to the same Puritan training, but from boyhood he had fought against his mother's discipline, and had finally come West to escape it. He had known responsibility much too early. When he was only fifteen the death of his father had made it necessary for him to go to work to assist in the support of his mother and sister. He became a skeptical realist, an unbeliever. He had no appreciation of my mother's artistic desires nor of her childish dependence on sentiment; my mother did not share his ambitions, and her training had not prepared her either to understand or to forgive his weaknesses.

They married much too young—my mother was only eighteen, my father not yet twenty—and I was born a year later. Thus, before he was twenty-one, my father had two families dependent upon his support. My mother did all she could to help him: she gave violin lessons during all the years we children were growing up. But at heart he always resented the fact that he needed her assistance. My father was nervous and rather sickly. He cared for none of the things that interested my mother. His aversion to any kind of social intercourse cut her off from all the other women in our little town, for no married woman was ever expected to attend a social gathering alone. My mother's life, therefore, was limited to her home, with the result that she concentrated all her affection and interest upon her children to the exclusion not only of the world at large but of her husband as well. My father was never at ease in his own home. In his club and in his office he found his only satisfaction, and politics soon became his sole interest.

These differences in temperament were quite enough in themselves to drive my parents apart. But another, more serious, problem presented itself within two years after their marriage. In the West of that day, most business was conducted in saloons. My father, nervous by temperament and unhappy at home, turned more and more to whiskey for release and relaxation, and in time became a periodic drunkard. My mother, of course, had a deep horror of drinking. It never occurred to her, nor would it have occurred to most of the women in that town, to advise her husband to do his drinking at home. Had she taken this more lenient attitude, had she even taken a drink with him occasionally, she might have been able to control his habits.

I was not more than four years old when I first became acutely aware of the tragedy in my home. My sister was a tiny baby and both of us slept in my mother's room, my father occupying the only other bedroom in our small house. I began at this time to wake up at night terribly frightened, yet unable to explain my fright. Something restrained me from calling to my mother, although I knew she was awake and frightened, too. Gradually I realized what it was we both feared. When my father was drinking my mother lay awake night after night listening for his step or for some telephone call which might bring word of an accident. In those days drunkards did not always reach home safely; they were killed and robbed if they carried even small sums of money. The horror which hung over my mother communicated itself to me. Neither of us was free of it for long at a time, for even when my father was not drinking, we never knew at what moment he might begin again.

Meanwhile he was succeeding politically, which meant that he was spending more and more time in his office and with men—more time and more money. My mother now grew painfully economical. My father spent a great deal on liquor and complained that home was unpleasant and a place to stay away from. My mother, who had been a rather beautiful woman, had become a disappointed drudge. Religion was her only solace.

I had come to feel every detail of the domestic situation, without being in the least capable of analyzing or understanding it. My mother tried to hide her feelings from me but without success. I was supersensitive and delicate. I stayed much in the house because I was afraid of other children. Thus, I spent many hours of each day with my mother. When I was six years old I became very ill and was unable to walk for more than a year. No doctor could explain my illness. I simply could not walk. I believe now that this illness was only my rebellion against a situation too difficult for a child to bear. Perhaps, also, I was trying unconsciously to draw the attention of my parents toward myself in order that it might be a little less upon themselves. But my attempt failed; I grew stronger in spite of myself; at last I got about again, to learn that matters were worse than ever. My father's drinking had seriously depleted our finances and doctors' bills had not improved matters.

After my illness I began to understand the arguments late at night between my parents. My father, coming home drunk, would try to persuade my mother to go to his room. My mother, with her intense dislike of drink and her prudish training, of course refused. My father, infuriated, would break into drunken tears, while my mother wept for a different reason. No wonder that I, lying awake and

listening, came to feel that the relationship between men and women was horrible.

Gradually my mother lost all ability to control my father's actions. Before I was ten years old I had come to be the only person who could manage him at all. We were very much alike in disposition and probably for that reason he yielded to my authority. He allowed me to put him to bed and to take care of him when he was ill. He would not have my mother near him. Seeing that she could no longer hide anything from me, my mother now made me her confidante. My father, especially when he was drinking, was even more frank than she. While my mother assured me over and over again that although my father was a weakling, she could forgive him much, since she knew he would never be untrue to her, I knew definitely from my father that he had many times been unfaithful and was in love with another woman. I alone knew the details of his life, and I have never been sorry that he talked to me honestly, although I suppose no young girl has ever heard more amazing tales of tangled lives than I heard from him. Since he was by nature sympathetic and understanding, and since he had no fixed standards of right and wrong, most of the comedies and tragedies of the town were poured into his ears. These stories he repeated, in his half-sober moments, to me.

Meanwhile, the young doctor who had attended me had fallen in love with my mother. She was badly frightened when she learned of his feeling for her. In her naive way, she went to my father for advice; and my father, absurd as it may seem, became jealous. Later, he confessed to me that he had been a fool, that this was the one opportunity my mother had ever had for happiness. I do not know that she would have taken it, even had my father advised it, but his bad temper and sulkiness put an end to her new friendship. I pleaded with her to get a divorce; I stamped my foot and jeered at my father for his jealousy; but neither of them would take any legal action. They told me that they must stay together until we children were safely reared. I remember laughing very bitterly at their decision and reminding them that since my brother was still an infant, they would have to remain together a good many miserable years. I conceived a vivid hatred for all human relationships excused under the name of love or marriage.

Once she had renounced any chance for happiness, my mother centered every emotion upon her son. He became, in fact, although she would not recognize the psychology, her lover, and remained so always, to his own detriment. My father, who had long desired a son, was pushed out of the picture. And this fact embittered him perhaps more than anything that had gone before. And because he blamed himself as well as my mother he found in drinking his only relief. Meantime, I was approaching adolescence. My mother's prudish warnings frightened me and gave me no knowledge of my own state of health and emotions. Her statement that she would some day have something more to tell me I construed as a forecast of some catastrophe such as death or disease which had fallen upon one of my parents. I lived a year in this terror. I grew very thin and very ill. Mentally, I was decidedly unbalanced. Finally, a wise doctor sent me away from home for a year. At once, in a different atmosphere, I began to recuperate.

I was called home to what was believed to be my mother's deathbed. I arrived to find that my father had disappeared and could not be found; and that he knew nothing of my mother's condition. He had run off on one of his drinking bouts. I knew, fortunately, where I might locate him and succeeded in doing so. But he did not come back until after the crisis, and I had to watch it out alone with the doctors and nurses. And now, despite his bad health and bad habits, my father won his first really important political race and became a man of some prominence. He was supported in the race by my mother, largely for fear of what people would think if she did not. My mother looked upon his success as merely another opportunity for him to escape from home. She had little appreciation of the fact that for years her influence on his life had been totally bad, not because of what it was, but because of the type of man toward whom it was directed. She had become a religious fanatic and was training my brother toward the same religious intensity. Although she would not confess it, she feared my father's absences. I knew that away from home or not my father had come to care much more for his mistress than for his wife, and I could not entirely blame him.

Then came a period of years during which my father's career went forward steadily and during which the gap between my parents widened steadily. When I reached college age I persuaded my mother to come with me to a larger educational center and to bring along my sister and brother. Here for a time she was happier. She began studying the violin again and became less interested in her religion. I was saner and happier than I had ever been.

But I knew that trouble might break at any moment. I knew how my father was living, and I was afraid my mother would decide to return to him. One day she did go—to surprise him. She returned almost as soon as a train could bring her back and I knew, when I saw her face, that she had had a shock from which she would never recover. She knew at last of my father's mistress. Every support was now gone, and she was in a state of nervous collapse. I spent the year nursing her. My brother, now adolescent, came, in that year, to hate my father bitterly. I began again to argue for divorce, but my mother would not listen. A father should do his duty and educate his son and she had no intention of allowing him his freedom now after all these years of her sacrifice. Meantime, my father was begging me to persuade her to get a divorce; his health was bad and he needed to get out of hotels and back into some kind of a home, and he needed the care of the woman whom he loved. I reminded him of his mistake years back when he had been jealous of the young doctor who had loved my mother. I think I was very bitter and hard myself. I was through college now, and at work. My brother was in college, and both he and my mother were with me. I saw my father occasionally. He was a sick man and had few years to live. He clung to me and pleaded with me never to allow my mother to come back to him.

Not until my brother had finished college did my long argument have any results. When it was too late, my parents were divorced. By that time neither had the strength or the spirit to rebuild his life. My father died a year later. My mother found solace for a time in her son and her religion.

And what have all these years meant to the children

of parents who would not consider divorce? I have always been a sickly and nervous woman. I married a sick man, thinking I could at least pity and take care of him even though I seemed incapable of love. I left him a few weeks later, and promptly got a divorce. Other lovers have come into my life, but I have never remarried. My sister, after ten years of marriage, is now divorced. My brother married in a moment of rebellion against my mother and was divorced within a year. Evidently, if life has taught us anything it has taught us that divorce is preferable to an unhappy marriage. Very probably, our childhood has made it impossible for us to find happiness in marriage.

Divorce would have been better. My father and I could have lived happily together. My sister, my mother, and my brother would have made a congenial family. And had my mother remarried as a young and attractive woman, she might not have centered her life in her children, and they might have grown up into happier human beings.

The Empire Dies Hard

The Simon Commission's Report on India

By RICHARD B. GREGG

VOLUME I of the Report of the Simon Commission is a careful, detailed, and persuasive presentation of facts in the Indian situation. There are in it some distortions of emphasis amounting almost to omissions of pertinent facts, but these were probably intentional. The impression it made upon England and upon the United States was that India presents a problem of tremendous extent and complexity. The London *Spectator* aptly describes it as a "Book of Difficulties." The picture of India split into a medley of divided castes, religions, sects, parties, and classes was eagerly received by British opinion. It coincided with prior reports and unconscious British hopes.

Volume II, as a piece of constitutional planning, is remarkably skilful and thorough—indeed masterly. In its attitude and implications it is a monument of British firmness. But we are not now interested in description or constitutional theory. The question is: Does the report fit the political facts in the situation? What effect will it have? The newspapers have given us summaries of both documents. What are the important items, and what are the probable or possible reactions to them?

In Great Britain the effect of the first volume will probably be to make everyone feel cautious in making any advance in a field so complex and difficult. This will tend to provide wide support for the commission's policy of "gradualness" in surrendering power to India. The report as a whole is so comprehensive, detailed, and convincing as to create a strong feeling in England that nobody there is competent to propose any radical changes in it. Almost certainly the Labor M. P.'s will be timid in that respect.

Except for Indian opposition, Parliament would be inclined, I think, to accept the governmental scheme proposed in the report almost without change, though the Tories would fight hard to have the Indian police kept under British control instead of being placed in charge of ministers who may be Indian, as the report proposes. But without Gandhi present, no Indian pleas in conference would be strong enough to alter British plans essentially.

To understand the Indian attitude we need to note some characteristics and specific items of the report. An examination of the index gives an idea of the commission's sense of proportion. Apparently Finance is the most important subject, for under that title in the index there are 41 items or subheads, occupying two full double-column pages. Defense of India apparently loomed next largest in their minds, as its subheads fill one full page. Taxation occupies an additional column. Communal Representation has 34 subheads, Mohammedans 25, Europeans 23, Depressed Classes 16, Anglo-Indians 15, Christians 12, Hindus 12, Swarajist Party 10, Non-Cooperation 3, Gandhi 3. If we are struck by these last two items, we find on further examination that out of a total of 725 pages of text in both volumes of the report, Gandhi and his 1920-21 movement are given 4 pages, and the history of Indian politics since 1920 occupies 12 pages.

The report does not offer any real advance in self-government by Indians, but probably in effect would reduce what little they now have. Not only are the existing limits as to "votable" and non-votable" items of expenditure maintained in both central and provincial governments, but also the governors of provinces, at their discretion and with the Viceroy's assent, may assume absolute control over matters of finance, police, and executive and legislative action. These are called the governors' "overriding powers." The Viceroy is to have complete control over the army, subject only to some direction from Great Britain and advice from the Commander-in-Chief. The British Central Executive in India is to continue to have the power of initiating measures of taxation for the Indian central government. The Council of State and the Federal Assembly may reject or amend a bill, but when the Viceroy considers that its passing is essential for the safety, tranquillity, or interests of British India or any part thereof, he may certify the measure, which thereupon has all the force of law. "Non-votable" items of expenditure are the cost of defense, the debt charges, and the salaries of All-India services. Over them the legislature has no control. Provincial governors would be given "overriding powers" for five purposes: (1) in order to preserve the safety and tranquillity of the province; (2) in order to prevent serious prejudice to one or more sections of the community as compared with other sections; (3) to secure the due fulfilment of any liability of government in respect of items of expenditure not subject to the vote of the legislature; (4) to secure the carrying out of any order received by the provincial government from the Government of India or the Secretary of State; (5) to carry out any duties which may be statutorily imposed on the government, such as duties in connection with some

service questions and with responsibility for backward tracts. The police are, it is true, to be placed under provincial ministers, who may be Indians (if Parliament consents), but the governor's overriding powers permit him to assume complete charge of the police whenever he thinks he needs to.

All this would seem to spell steam roller. The Indians are to have a modicum of provincial self-government so long as they are good children, but the instant they become naughty the British control is clamped on tight. In other words, the Indians may do the work of government and furnish the money and keep the brakes and guns all ready for their masters to use if anybody gets obstreperous. A suspicious Indian might consider that purpose number 2 of the overriding powers would provide an opportunity to create troubled waters in which the government could fish.

The proposed Council of Greater India, in which the Indian states would have delegates sitting with those from British India, together with the invitation to the states to join Federal India some day when they feel like it, is coupled with this statement: "The necessary conditions for bringing a fully federated constitution into being are not yet present. The provinces must first become political entities." To an Indian this device might look like an excuse for delaying self-government for another century.

At first glance it might seem that Mohammedans would be pleased because the new proposals would, for purposes of representation in the central legislature, create eleven provinces instead of the existing nine, and in five of these eleven—Punjab, Bengal, Sind, Northwest Frontier Province, and Baluchistan—there would be a strong Mohammedan majority. But on closer examination we find that owing to the method of choice of representatives, the proportion of Mohammedan representatives in the central legislature to those of other communities would not be increased over what it now is—about 30 per cent. That is the way the commission estimates it, anyhow. Also, the proposed reforms in the provincial legislatures would not increase Mohammedan power there except in the proposed new province of Sind. In the provinces also they hold about 30 per cent of the seats. In the population of British India the Mohammedans number 59,500,000 and the Hindus 163,000,000. This means that Mohammedans are a little over one-quarter of the population. But the scheme would probably supply more administrative posts for Mohammedans and might yield them more legislative power also. So as a piece of gerrymandering this may please them.

Landowners are deprived of their special seats in provincial legislatures, but it is provided that if in the elections they do not secure as large a proportional representation as they have at present, the governor may allow them enough more seats to preserve their quota intact. This may anger some of the landowners, but it will surely make them very cautious never to displease the governors. Thus does Britain propose to cement her power.

Quite naturally, all sections of Indian opinion, with one exception so far as the first cables show, are strongly opposed to the report. Such influential Mohammedans as Mr. Jinnah and Zufar Ullah Khan; influential liberals, moderates, and business men such as Sir Phiroze Sethna, president of the Western Liberal Federation, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, president of the National Liberal Federation, Sir Ramaswami Iyer, Pandit Malaviya, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, who has been one of Gandhi's strongest opponents, Mr. C. Y. Chintami, Mr. Mody, and Mr. Lalje—all condemn it. Even Mohammed Ali cannot praise it, but now merely says he pins all faith on the Round Table Conference. Several moderates have similar hope. Nationalist leaders like Motilal Nehru and V. J. Patel disregard it as only what they expected. They say it merely vindicates the prior boycott of the Simon Commission. The only voice of approval is Shaukat Ali, a Mohammedan.

Before considering the question of what may happen next, let us discuss another feature of the report. On page 408 of Volume I the commissioners write:

> We should say without hesitation that with all its variations of expression and intensity the political sentiment which is most widespread among all educated Indians is the expression of a demand for equality with Europeans and a resentment against any suspicion of differential treatment. . . . It is a great deal more than a personal feeling; it is a claim of all the East for due recognition of status.

They add that Indians in government posts, members of minority communities, and moderates "all alike are in sympathy with the demand for equal status with the European and proclaim their belief in self-determination for India." They say in the conclusion of the report: "We hope . . . that our Indian fellow-subjects . . . will find that what we have put forward has been written in a spirit of genuine sympathy." Yet the commissioners refuse to give the Indians self-government, never mention dominion status, and say, "We cannot do more." Again on page 12 of Volume II the commission speaks thus of nationalism:

> Whatever may be its shortcomings and however distasteful some of its manifestations, it appears to be the one force in Indian society today that may perhaps contain within itself the power to overcome the deep and dangerous cleavages that threaten its peace. . . . Indian nationalism is a phenomenon which cannot be disregarded by the rulers either of British India or of the Indian states.

Yet they allot to Gandhi and non-cooperation only four pages out of a total of 725, and in their twelve-page discussion of Indian political history since 1920 they give small notice to the Swarajists. And in the conclusion they say:

> In writing this report we have made no allusion to the events of the last few months in India. In fact, the whole of our principal recommendations were arrived at and unanimously agreed upon before these events occurred. We have not altered a line of our report on that account, for it is necessary to look beyond particular incidents and take a longer view.

Further they add this flourish of pride:

> No one of either race ought to be so foolish as to deny the greatness of the contribution which Britain has made to Indian progress. It is not racial prejudice, nor imperialistic ambition, nor commercial interest that makes us say so plainly. It is a tremendous achievement to have brought to the Indian subcontinent and to have applied in practice the conceptions of impartial justice, of the rule of law, of respect for equal civic rights without reference to class or creed, and of a disinterested and incorruptible civil service. . . . In his heart, even the bitterest critic of British administration in India knows that India has owed these things mainly to Britain.

Leaving aside for the moment the contrast between

these British phrases and the recent events in India, and the undoubted effect of both on Indians, what is the meaning of all these contradictions between words and deeds in the document itself and why this apparent tactlessness? The members of the commission are not fools nor are they inexperienced in politics.

It seems probable to me that the commission, after due consultation with those now or previously in control in India, is convinced that there is not yet enough unity and power among the groups and parties of India to enable them stubbornly and successfully to oppose British power. This idea peeps out on page 12 of Volume II, which reads as follows: "Sectional interests—racial, religious, caste, or provincial—still tend to absorb the energies and devotions of the majority of Indians, and there are too few signs yet of a willingness to surrender such claims to the common good." This idea is confirmed by the interview which Mr. Benn, Secretary of State for India, gave to the United Press correspondent on June 20. Among other things he is reported to have said: "So far from being homogeneous, the population is sharply divided into religions and castes." This idea is further confirmed by reading the articles on the Indian situation in the March and June numbers of the British quarterly the *Round Table,* and the article entitled The Present Situation in India, by J. Coatman, recently Director of the Department of Public Information in the Government of India, published in the June number of *The Nineteenth Century and After.*

Upon this assumption the commission seems, in effect, to be saying on the one hand to England: We do not intend to surrender our control over India, but rather to readjust matters so as to handle future disturbances more effectively. We must try not to outrage world opinion by our manner. The present outburst may give us some rough sailing for a year or so but it will wear itself out as it did in 1920-21. Don't be too much worried. Remember our past achievements. The Empire will weather the storm.

To the Indians, the report may be said to imply: We don't disregard your nationalism but we believe we can defeat it, and we are determined to do so. The British are your masters and superiors. Here is what you can have and in fact what you will get. If dominion status is your goal, it is only a goal. You are in a rage now but after you feel the mailed fist a little longer you will subside and accept this. Perhaps you may get more some day, but not until you are so drilled in Western ways that we can trust you to do our will always.

Such an attitude is not surprising. The effective life of the British Empire is at stake. We need not brandish adjectives over this attitude, but we should understand its consequences. It must be admitted that up to last March there were some reasons for Englishmen to think that they could carry out their plan. But since then the ground has been steadily slipping from under them. Indian liberals and moderates have weakened their support to the British very markedly, and the Mohammedan rank and file, especially in Bombay, Sind, the Punjab, and Northwest Frontier Province, are now largely pro-Gandhi. Several sections of the non-Brahman party have switched to Gandhi. The group in British India upon whom the government seems now to be counting for support is the large landowners. I judge that their attitude is that, regardless of forms of government, if the existing "law and order" can be preserved, their incomes will be safe. Therefore they and certain politicians who represent them are still willing to go and talk at a Round Table Conference in London. It is quite possible, however, that some of the landowners may melt and join Gandhi. There have been several indications that the government will soon impose martial law over several of the provinces, probably in order to try to collect its land revenue. But that may prove dangerous to the morale of the troops and police.

In regard to the proposed Round Table Conference, it looks as if the government believes that its show of firmness will compel Indian liberals and moderates to come to London. But Gandhi's strength has now grown so great that by October 20 I think many of the liberals and moderates who might still like a conference will be afraid to go to London lest they seem traitors to India. They are not wholly hard-boiled. Refusal to pay taxes will increase British harshness, resulting in more accessions to Gandhi from all quarters. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether the present pro-British Mohammedan leaders will be able to carry a majority of their rank and file with them. Practically nobody would be left for a conference but princes who cannot speak for British India, puppets, and some landlords able to speak for no one but themselves. They might agree to anything in London, but perhaps they could not put it into effect when they returned to India.

When, on March 26, 1930, the Prime Minister wrote to the Viceroy proposing the Round Table Conference in London on October 20, he said:

> Those who will speak for British India should fairly represent the different parties and interests concerned. His Majesty's Government will welcome your advice as to the best method of achieving this end after such consultation as you may think necessary.

The Viceroy replied on April 17 as follows:

> It is important that the representation of India in the conference should be fairly distributed among the sections of those who desire and have a title to be heard, and after examining several alternative methods and discussing the matter freely with men of widely differing opinions, I have found the predominant view to be that a fair distribution of representation cannot be assured by any process except that of invitation, in consultation, where possible, with the interests concerned. After careful reflection, I am disposed to reach the same conclusion.

It is true that Mr. Benn, in his interview of June 20 above referred to, is reported to have said, "The next stage in the pursuit of British policy will be the holding of a conference to which all sections of opinion in British India and the Indian states are to be invited." Mr. Benn may wish to have all sections of Indian opinion invited, but the Viceroy prefers to pick and choose. Probably "the man on the spot," i. e., the Viceroy, will have his way.

During the next few months comes the real test: Gandhi and the Indian Congress versus the British Empire. We of the West have yet to learn the tremendous power of Mahatma Gandhi's method. We must remember that Gandhi's idea is working on minds steeped in ideas of nonviolence for the past 2,500 years. And Gandhi's own concepts have permeated all classes.

The Press Today

VIII. Montana and "the Company"*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE great Commonwealth of Montana is a dual entity. There is the State, supposedly a free and independent part of the Union, and there is "the Company," otherwise the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. It is not always easy to differentiate between the two, for sometimes what appears to be the State is the Company and sometimes the Company seems to be the State. Certainly the influence of the Company runs all through the State of Montana, penetrating every aspect of its business, social, and political life. It has long since outgrown the State of Montana; that was too small a field for its activity. It has now stretched its tentacles across the continent as far as Connecticut, where it has recently acquired some of the largest brass companies in that brass-bound State. Nor has it confined itself purely to manufacturing or mining or controlling directly or indirectly the water powers and other resources. It has annexed a very considerable portion of the daily and weekly press of Montana. Why not? When you are really something bigger than the State itself why shouldn't you control the organs of public opinion? The people ought to get the truth; who could give it to them better than those whom chance and nature and good business enterprise have made controllers of the destiny of the Commonwealth?

Conditions in the State of course made this control of its public opinion very easy. It has only about 600,000 inhabitants, unless the new census should give it more. There was in 1920, when there were only 548,000 inhabitants, just one citizen to every 170.4 acres. Aside from the mining industry, the private possession of the Company, the State is chiefly interested in farming and ranching. The largest city is Butte, with between 40,000 and 50,000 people; in 1920 there were only twelve towns with more than 5,000 inhabitants. The capital, Helena, has not in many years increased its population of 12,000. All of which made it easy for the Company to bag the bulk of the daily papers and at least 30 out of 140 weeklies. Of these 140 weeklies 43, of which one is distributed without charge, list themselves as Republican, 11 as Democratic, 58 as independent, 11 as independent-Republican, and 5 as independent-Democratic. Five wise and happy editors declare that they are beyond and without politics; 3 papers are labor journals, 1 is interested only in petroleum, and 3 bleed solely for the farmer. If party and press designations really meant something in Montana, one might think that this was a wonderful showing for the freedom and independence of the American newspaper.

There are 16 dailies in the State, one of which also prints an evening edition. Here, too, we have Republican, Democratic, and independent journals. But what do we find? A marvelous example of the kindness, toleration, and true Americanism of the Company. Realizing as it does that this is a two-party government and that American citizens are entitled to hear both sides of every question, it generously runs both Republican and Democratic dailies. More than that, in the interest of efficiency and economy it arranged some years ago in the town of Missoula that the same man who wrote the Republican editorials in the morning should also write the Democratic editorials in the evening—its critics say with the shadow of the Company upon them both. Ostensibly, of the 16 dailies, 6 are Democratic, 4 are Republican, 5 independent-Republican, and 1 is independent. Those owned outright by the Company are the *Montana Standard* and the *Daily Post* of Butte; the Anaconda *Standard* of Anaconda; the Helena *Independent* and the historic *Record-Herald* published at Helena; the *Missoulian* and the *Sentinel* published at Missoula; the Billings *Gazette,* morning and evening editions; and the Livingston *Enterprise.* True, the Company has never officially admitted that it owned these journals, but the *Montana Free Press,* a deceased daily of which more anon, for weeks kept standing on its first page the names of these dailies with a statement that they were owned and published by the Company and asking the reason why. They naturally carry the names of separate companies and of their staffs upon their mastheads, but not one of them ever denied the allegation of the *Montana Free Press,* nor did the Company itself. Certainly some large resources stand behind this section of the press of Montana, for some of these dailies are run at a heavy loss. No one ventures to enter into competition with them, for people realize that if competition were started the rich owners of the rival company newspaper would stop at nothing to kill the competition.

Examine this list of company dailies and you will find that it covers the largest cities and towns with the exception of Great Falls, where the most influential daily in the State, the *Tribune,* is published and owned by two great friends of the Company. Here again we have the bi-partisan racket, for the *Tribune* owns the evening *Leader* and the *Tribune* is Democratic while the *Leader* is Republican. It is not fair to say that these papers are wholly subservient to the Company. There are times when they go counter to its wishes, but there is general agreement that in the main they are extremely well disposed to the supergovernment of the State, and to the Montana Power Company, which they oblige by doing much of its job-printing work, amounting to many thousands of dollars a year. At Bozeman, too, there is a Democratic daily which belongs to the owners of the *Tribune* and *Leader.* It, too, has the reputation of being very kind to the Company and understanding clearly the essential rightness of its intentions, the breadth of its vision, and the range of its patriotic service. This leaves of the entire daily group only four papers. Of these the Havre *News* now, as formerly, goes along with the Company; at Kalispell the *Inter Lake* leans to the Company on those rare occasions when it takes any particular political stand; at Lewistown the *Democrat-News,* a pretty good paper, is always ready to pinch-hit for the Company if a need arises. There remains but one really independent paper, the Miles

* This is the eighth of a series of articles on the American press. The ninth will appear in our issue of July 23.—Editor The Nation.

City *Star*, the property of Joseph Scanlan, but even here there are those who declare that during the past three or four years it has made no attacks upon the Company but has kept very quiet lest the Company come into this lively town of 7,000 people and start a rival daily. Long live the press of Montana! Who shall say that it does not do the will of its patrons? Who refuses to believe that it is free and untrammeled?

However that may be, the truth is that the daily press of Montana is in politics with a vengeance. It is doubtful if in any other State the press is itself so deeply involved in the great economic struggle which is at the bottom of our political life. The one test of a daily or a weekly, and for that matter of every politician in the State, is whether it or he belongs to the Company. There may be vital national issues; we may have exciting struggles in Washington over tariffs and foreign policies, whether the flag shall follow the dollar, and whether or not we shall get mixed up in an unsuccessful effort to purge Europe of militarism. In Montana such things soon fade out; they are ephemeral, of minor significance. You come back inevitably, whether you are a man or woman, white or Indian, to the battle against the Company and the Montana Power Company. It is like a bit of the Middle Ages over again, with the patient serfs trying every now and then to drive out the feudal barons that bestride the State and order the life of the State to their sweet will. Every man in political life is watched as if by hawks. I do not suppose there is one, certainly not Senator Wheeler or Senator Walsh or ex-Senator Joseph M. Dixon, now Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who has not at one time or another been charged with having surrendered to the Company. If anything you do not like takes place in Montana life, the Senators and Congressmen have sold out. If they vote in any way contrary to your thought and belief, the Company has "got them." I have had repeated assurances of late that both Senators have sold out to the Power Company in the matter of the Flathead power lease. I don't believe a word of it, but it is very hard indeed to get a reformer in the State of Montana not to suspect the worst in every act of every man in public life.

This is not surprising. From its very beginning the State has been the prey of the great mine-owners and the press has been their tool. Thus, the Butte *Miner*, now the *Montana Standard*, was formerly owned by the late Senator William A. Clark, the possessor of the greatest of the Montana fortunes. The Anaconda *Standard* was established by Marcus Daly, Clark's political and business rival in the Democratic Party. The Butte *Post* was established by former United States Senator Lee Mantle. The late Senator Thomas H. Carter, long the Republican boss of the State, was also deep in politics and hand in glove with the great corporations and their newspaper tools. It has been a long trail of this same sort of thing from the very beginning of statehood. Today our great and beneficent Company, the heir to these earlier pioneers, has developed a technique far beyond anything they thought of. Today the influence and power of the Company are not confined to its newspapers. Besides its mines and smelters it has lumber interests, owns great tracts of land and forests, wire mills, mercantile establishments, banks and their allied interests in all the leading cities, is identified utterly with its sister-company, the Montana Power Company, whose lines serve more than one hundred towns in the State, and is in friendly contact with the leading people in every place of importance. Served by a legion of political aides in every community, it is well-nigh invincible when it sets its heart on anything. It permeates the social life of the entire State and can accomplish great things merely by starting a whispering campaign against those whom it opposes.

None the less the Company has been successfully challenged a number of times. Senator Wheeler fought it to a finish in his first election, despite the fact that the whispering campaign made use of his well-known opposition to the war, cast upon him every possible slur, and tried to impugn the honesty and patriotism of his administration of his office of district attorney. Then there was Mr. Dixon, successively Congressman, Senator, and Governor. It is his term as Governor that the people of the State like best to recall, for in that office he rendered valuable service in initiating and putting through an increase of revenue for the State through the passage of the Metal Mines Act and the creation of taxes on oil, coal, cement, express and freight companies, gasoline, inheritance, and the like. When Mr. Dixon took office there had been a deficit of $1,200,000 a year. Under the old mining laws, if a mine showed a $100,000 profit for the year it paid a tax on $100,000. If it showed no profit it paid a tax of $1, which was actually the amount that the great Anaconda and Clark mines paid in the years 1921 and 1922, although their properties were valued at tens of millions of dollars. The unlucky farmers, the railroads, the banks, and the cattlemen paid on valuation, whether there were net proceeds or not. Mr. Dixon demanded the abolition of this fraud and the substitution of a 1 per cent gross mining tax on the amount of metal produced. The majority of the House was with him; the Company owned the Senate, and the proposals were defeated. Again and again the Governor campaigned over the State telling the story, finally initiating the Metal Mines Tax bill under the initiative law of the State. At the same time he was renominated for Governor. At the polls a tragic thing happened: the people voted the Metal Mines Tax by a heavy majority and in the same booths turned round and defeated its originator, for Governor, by a 12,000 hostile majority. During this struggle all the great companies save one fought the Governor tooth and nail and there were only two of the daily newspapers of the State that gave him aid—the Helena *Record-Herald*, then owned by two independent citizens, and the Miles City *Star*. It was against these great odds that he fought and won and lost.

Curiously enough, the gage was once thrown down to the Company in the journalistic field. What is more remarkable is that the effort to establish in the State one fearless and independent newspaper was made on September 17, 1928, by W. A. Clark, Jr., the son of the great copper Senator. Just what his motive was has never become wholly clear. There was a magnificent opportunity at that time, when the Helena *Record-Herald* had just been sold to the Company, for a brave and honest and outspoken paper, and it looked at first as if the *Montana Free Press* of Butte were going to be just what its name implied, for it was at once aggressively opposed to the Company's political program. It played quite a role in the Presidential election despite the fact that it was in its infancy. When the legislature met in January and February, 1929, the *Free Press* sent an able and courageous

editor, James W. Scott, to Helena to put a searchlight upon what was going on and to demand more taxes upon the great companies. Steadily its circulation grew as the winter progressed, but so did its deficits. The Company used the familiar technique against it. It was whispered about that the *Free Press* was the whim of a multimillionaire who spent a lot of his time in Paris and would soon drop it; that advertisers would be foolish to patronize it. The Company had bossed Butte for decades; it was a $600,000,000 corporation and the Power Company a $100,000,000 one. Was it possible that they would let "Willie" Clark get away with this adventure? The paper was losing $30,000 a month; $400,000 had been poured in during the first five months. By the spring of 1929 the loss had been cut down to $22,000 a month. But by May Clark was through; the whispering campaign had been right; there were other things in life for him than running a losing newspaper—residence in Paris, for instance, and in Los Angeles, where he had founded in 1919 the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Had he held on, had he known how to run a daily, had he had the right business management, had he stuck to the job, and had he really understood what it was all about, the paper would undoubtedly have succeeded. But he had a bear by the tail and did not at first know it. Yet he did know how to let go successfully; the story is that he sold his plant to the Company in a way to break nearly even. Curiously enough, he brought his orchestra from Los Angeles to Butte and had it play there to a crowded house—this before the paper had ceased. He received an ovation and did not realize that it was in large part because of the *Free Press*. Had he told that audience then and there that he was in the fight to stay and to win if it cost him millions, the *Free Press,* many people think, would have succeeded, for the golden opportunity was at hand. Only the fighting leader was lacking; Clark went back to Los Angeles and to Paris.

And so the Company continues to be the supergovernment of Montana, continues to rule the State. There are some excellent fighters in the weekly field—usually denounced as cranks and malcontents. There is Dan Whetstone, of the Cut Bank *Pioneer Press;* there is Sam W. Teagarden, of the Denton *Recorder,* who makes a great many people uncomfortable and mad because he takes no stock in either the Republican or Democratic Parties and refuses to bow down before the Company. There is a tremendously radical paper, the *Producers' News* of Plentywood, also very courageous and consistent in its attacks on the Company; and finally there is the *Chinook Opinion* of Harry Brooks. Brooks and Whetstone fought admirably for the tax reforms of Governor Dixon, and so did a few other weeklies. But in this field, too, the Company knows what it is about. There is a company at Great Falls which prints "patent insides" for about eighty of the Montana weeklies. It is very good of its kind, carrying among other things first-class historical matter. But with it goes Company propaganda of a most insidious kind, able and effective in controlling public opinion. Even the independents like this service because it is so well done.

Meanwhile the Company goes ahead. Its newspapers continue to boost all their friends and ignore their enemies, and they are silent about all the really vital issues. The good plain common people are plucked, and plucked, and plucked. What chance is there for the proposed workmen's-compensation act? What chance that the gasoline overcharge of at least $5,000,000 a year will be ended in the interest of the motorist? What chance is there that the Company will be —but who can name the day of the revolution to give back to the American people the things that are theirs and to destroy the supergovernment not only in Montana, but in all of the Commonwealths?

[I have learned from two sources that a reference of mine in my article on the United Press to the unskilled men sometimes used by it in its foreign offices has been coupled with the succeeding quotation of an unworthy dispatch sent from the Berlin office. There was not the slightest intention on my part to reflect on the able men in the United Press Berlin office, save to point out that even from this source we get dispatches that should never burden the wires.—O. G. V.]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter stopped relating his dreams when Mr. Freud became so insulting a few years ago. But now that the claims of the Freudians, like the styles in women's clothes, have become more modest, the Drifter has emerged once more from his shell, trailing his dreams behind him. And apparently telling one's dreams improves their quality, just as mowing one's lawn encourages a finer growth of grass. At any rate, the Drifter has lately been vouchsafed a dream that has proved a great social success.

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THE scene of this dream was Westchester County, but it was not the Westchester of today. There were no houses; there were no roads. It was densely wooded and wild except that it was nicely trimmed underfoot. The Drifter remembers thinking at the time that it was rather strange to find this parklike floor in what was evidently a primeval forest. Threading the woods were many neat paths, some of them very narrow, others wide enough to accommodate four men abreast. It was on one of these wide paths that the Drifter discovered himself at dusk, walking briskly in a distinctly military way, bound on some very important mission military in character and requiring great speed.

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THE Drifter had pursued his brisk way along the wide path for some time, when suddenly the path turned sharply to the right, proceeded in the new direction for perhaps ten feet, and then turned as sharply to the left again, continuing in the original direction. It must be remembered that the Drifter was in a great hurry. It was quite natural, therefore, that he should have cut the corner and struck off across the grass to regain his way. But just as he reached the path again he was brought up short by a crisp voice from the rear commanding him to halt. He halted, about-faced, and returned the salute of an archaic soldier standing before him. "The General would like to see you," said the aide de camp. Until that moment the Drifter had not even noticed the General, but now he observed that there was someone in an armchair not far from the jog in the path. As the Drifter approached the

presence of the General, following the aide de camp, he perceived that the armchair was very ornate, but such is the nature of dreams that it struck him as only mildly strange to come upon a general sitting in a high-backed, carved armchair in the middle of Westchester County at dusk with not a regiment in sight. He was hardly more surprised to find that the gentleman in the chair was General George Washington, looking like a composite of all the portraits the Drifter had ever seen of the Father of his Country.

* * * * *

THE Drifter came to a quick and stiff salute. The General seemed tired and looked at him with sad resigned eyes. That winter at Valley Forge, the recalcitrance of the Continental Congress, and the difficulties of inducing some of the home-loving ancestors of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution to walk more than a mile to meet the enemy—all these had left their mark. In quiet, kindly tones he asked the Drifter what he was doing and where he was going. When the questioning was over, he fell silent for a moment. The forest was very still and the dusk had turned to darkness. The Drifter waited nervously. Finally, with a sigh, the General spoke. "Son," he said, shaking his head in gentle reproof, "I have been fighting over this ground for forty years now, and I have never yet had occasion to walk on the grass."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Why Senator Simmons Lost

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When you ascribe the defeat of Senator Simmons in North Carolina solely to party regularity you are as myopic as when, in the same issue, you predict Ambassador Morrow's defeat. Simmons could not have been beaten but for the waning importance of the issues on which he was able to carry his State against Smith in 1928: namely, race, rum, and religion. The successor of Simmons in the Senate will be Josiah William Bailey, a broad-minded man and a brilliant orator, who was a Smith leader in 1928. The Presidential campaign of two years ago was fought all over again this May and June—the big issue being whether it was patriotic or treasonable to have resisted "control of the Democratic Party by Tammany, Smith, and Raskob in the interests of the Pope and the rum power."

Bailey, as well as Simmons, was charged with irregularity. He was attacked for having once supported a Republican, for having defended independent voting, for having been appointed to office by a Republican legislature, for having predicted the failure of national prohibition and urged home rule or local option in its stead, and for having opposed Negro disfranchisement and "Jim Crow" legislation. The tom-toms were beaten vigorously, and the prohibition question secured many women's votes for Simmons, but the younger generation refused to see any perils in Bailey liberalism. New Jersey and North Carolina have both recorded victories for tolerance.

I would not presume to question your conclusion but for my intimate personal contact with conditions in Carolina, my native State, both in the 1928 campaign and in the recent one there. Your discernment is usually admirable.

BENJAMIN BOISSEAU BOBBITT

Long Branch, N. J., June 19

An Important Neglected Event

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On February 9 of this year presidential elections took place in Colombia. There never was such a tremendous landslide in the political life of this country. A party which came to power as the result of war and treason had controlled the government for all of forty-five years. Rapacity, meanness, incompetence were the most visible qualities of their representative men. Submission to Rome was consecrated by a treaty. The Catholic clergy dominated the country all through those forty-five years by means of the school, the lyceum, and the pulpit, where they ruled supreme.

Mournful prophets of the party in power and the clear minds of the Liberal Party began to foresee an imminent change. The Conservatives smiled and went on exploiting the credulity and ignorance of the people—ignorance, of course, which they carefully maintained: the percentage of illiteracy amounts to something like 35 or 40 per cent.

The Conservatives put up two candidates. Half a century of immoderate rule had made a split in the ruling party. The Liberals concentrated on a single personality. The Liberal candidate won the election. This may or may not mean a substantial change in the methods of administration and in the progress of the ruling machine, but at any rate it is a sudden and unexpected change.

The Nation, a paper that seems to have always had a sympathetic eye on South American politics, has not dedicated a line of comment to these happenings. I wonder what the reason for this silence might be. The landslide is comparable to the one that took place in England in 1906 or in the United States when Cleveland was elected. It means for Colombia more than a political change. It goes to show that there are several South American republics where democracy has a meaning and can influence political life.

Besides, Colombia means something geographically. We Colombians are 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 people scattered over a territory of more than 400,000 square miles. Our struggles, both cruentous and bloodless, for liberty have been numerous and persistent. We are in the center of world traffic with coasts on both oceans. Why, therefore, has *The Nation,* so interested in things South American, ignored our existence in a most significant moment of our life?

Bogota, May 13 B. SANÍN CANO

"Improvement or Explosion"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish I knew who the J. G. Curtis is who wrote the article on Big-Business Brains in *The Nation* for June 11. It seems to me that he has gone right to the core of the matter. His idea may be parallel, though not identical, with that of the Socialists generally, namely, that the trusts and monopolies will gradually get all business in their hands and have it in first-class shape against the time when conditions become so very bad that the government will have to take over all industry and manage it in the interests of the people.

Certainly, the gross and constantly increasing injustice of our industrial system cannot continue forever. I hope it may be righted by evolution rather than revolution. There is always such a tremendous loss in reforms brought about by revolution. But when the enormous rewards that come to those engaged in industry are divided so inequitably that the great mass of the producers get little better than starvation wages and go a

good share of the time without those wages through unemployment, while a few at the top, who in many cases contribute nothing whatever to production, receive the bulk of what is produced, there must be either an improvement or an explosion.

Long Beach, Cal., June 16 F. Darwin Smith

The Morrow Victory

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 11, under the caption Prohibition Flares Up, you say in part:

> The wet split in New Jersey probably means the defeat of Dwight Morrow in the primary, and the country will lose the services in the Senate of one who really shows some desire to lead and the courage to take a position, *even if that position is no more practical than most of those taken by the other side* [my italics].

Well, the New Jersey primary is over, and in view of the returns your conjecture seems a trifle ridiculous.

I wonder why a periodical like *The Nation,* which I have read with pleasure, profit, and enthusiasm for five years or so, has not uttered one word of protest against sending to the United States Senate a man who comes from one of the most reactionary groups in America.

Why strive for converts to government ownership (or to increase the circulation of *The Nation* for that matter) when an associate of the House of Morgan has the mantle of Abraham Lincoln placed on his shoulders by the wet and Wall Street-controlled press of New York City?

While the good citizens of New Jersey (those that voted for Morrow) are standing with eyes transfixed and arms extended for the countless glasses of imaginary lager promised them, the monopolies, particularly the power trust, will be licking the platter clean.

Oradell, N. J., June 18 Henry T. Bellew

Health Insurance in Austria

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter from Vienna written by Dr. Ernst Kulka about health insurance in Austria in your issue of May 14 was very interesting and instructive. The question of health and old-age insurance must sooner or later come to the front in the United States, and it is most appropriate to inform your readers concerning such insurances in other countries; how they are managed and how they work in a practical way. I hope you will continue with similar articles from Germany and the Scandinavian countries.

Pasadena, Cal., May 18 A. H. Bornfell

To California Liberals

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Members of the League for Independent Political Action residing in Southern California and others in this district interested in the project to create a new political alignment in harmony with the realities of American life are invited to communicate with me at 538 Bradbury Building, 304 Broadway, Los Angeles, California. A branch of the league is being organized with headquarters here.

Los Angeles, June 7 Oscar L. Triggs

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Books and Films

Hermit by the Dead Sea

By SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK

Safe in the grotto of my reasoning,
I hear the rain. But I am dull and cold
As all become on Dead Sea fruit. The mold
Of peace has formed upon my hem. No sting
From salt unrest can reach me here. No fling
Of spume can splash me with its yeast. No bold
Or wind-spawned danger dares approach. No fold
Of canvas need fill out its width to sing.

For wild and weird as this fierce will of rain
Comes down, its slanting spears of appetite
Beat futile rhythms to assail my brain!
My cumbrous feet shall never more take flight
From them; nor shall my mummied heart sustain
New piercing from their scar-remembered might.

The Negro in America

The Negro in American Civilization. By Charles S. Johnson. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

OF all the problems which face America none has been discussed at more length, with greater heat, and with less exact information than the race problem. Every intelligent American knows that Negroes suffer from lynching, disfranchisement, Jim Crow cars, unequal apportionment of school funds, grossly unfair economic opportunity, segregation, and contumely. Few Americans, however, know exactly why these things occur or what can be done about removing them from American life.

Realization of this situation led to the formation in 1926, by sixteen national organizations interested wholly or partially in the race problem, of a central executive committee to gather together all available information and to ascertain just what additional data needed to be gathered. A research committee was appointed having as members some of the outstanding authorities of the country. Of that committee Charles S. Johnson, of Fisk University, formerly editor of *Opportunity: A Journal of Negro Life,* served as secretary. To him and to Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation, who served as chairman, is due much of the credit for the success of the National Interracial Conference, held at Washington in December, 1928.

"The Negro in American Civilization" is the result of that conference. It covers in its 522 pages practically every aspect of the problem of relations between white and colored people in the United States. The Negro's problem as a workingman, the attitudes of employers toward Negro labor, the Negro in agriculture, the Negro's health, with especial emphasis on causes of Negro mortality and morbidity, education, home ownership, the protection or lack of protection of the Negro by the law, and allied aspects of life for eleven million American Negroes are treated in great detail. For some reason, however, two important aspects of race relations are omitted—the influence of the press, both white and Negro, on race relations, and the responsibility of the church in respect to race prejudice.

The second half of the book contains papers written for the Washington conference by such authorities as W. E. B. Du Bois; Herbert Adolphus Miller, of Ohio State University; Thorsten Sellin, of the University of Pennsylvania; Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; and Niles Carpenter, of the University of Buffalo.

The volume is almost wholly a factual presentation, and the critical attitude is largely missing. This is to be regretted, as Professor Johnson's calm and scientific approach to the race problem would give especial value to more pointed indications of what is needed to help solve the problems presented. For example, the facts regarding lynching are set forth at considerable length, but one does not learn what lies back of the lynching evil, nor does one have much guidance toward possible elimination of this terrible pastime. In brief, there is no linking up of the economic problems of the Negro, of exploitation North and South, of labor-union discrimination against the Negro, and of the other economic factors largely responsible for lynchings in the United States.

The book is carefully done and contains an immense amount of statistical material. Factual errors creep in so rarely that they stand out all the more, as in the statement "The Mayor and Mr. Clarence Darrow were retained by the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People" to defend Negroes charged, in Detroit in 1925, with having killed a member of a mob which attacked the home of a Negro physician. It is obvious that a mayor could not have been employed as defense counsel in a case of this sort, and a little more careful inquiry would have revealed that the Civil Liberties Union did not participate in the defense. Such errors, however, are, fortunately, few. The work is a carefully documented, moderate statement of facts. Sober consideration of the material presented can do much toward bringing thought on the race question out of the realm of hysteria and into "the light of social research." No person who is interested in this grave question or who has a regard for the good name and well-being of America can afford to neglect reading this book.

WALTER WHITE

With Scott at the South Pole

The Worst Journey in the World: Antarctic, 1910-1913. By Apsley Cherry-Garrard. The Dial Press. $5.

IT would be impertinent for anyone I know to praise the bravery of this book, as it would be ridiculous for him to attempt even to suggest the richness of its content. I shall do neither, though the temptation is great. I shall simply say that it is the first American edition of a work which eight years ago gave the English public a more or less complete account of Scott's last expedition to the South Pole; and that it is one of the most interesting books I ever have read or expect to read.

Mr. Cherry-Garrard, who was a member of the expedition and an eyewitness of much that he tells, believes he is not an effective writer. He had to call in Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw for advice and assistance. That would help, but it is plain to me that as good a book as this could never have been written with the aid of other persons. An author who needs help badly is seldom worthy of the help; the result will be patchwork. Whereas Mr. Cherry-Garrard, maintaining always a certain detachment from the terrible events he describes after a silence of nine years, a certain dry, cold humor, a certain sincere yet bitter eloquence, has got through a very long book with no failure, so far as I can see, to do

its subject justice. Mr. Shaw himself has paid his friend the proper tribute, saying:

> The most fascinating books in the world are those which record, at first hand, the extremities that humanity can endure in extraordinary and appalling experiences under the strangest circumstances. Such books are very rare, not only because such experiences are rare, but because the accident of their occurring to anyone with the still rarer literary talent needed for a vivid description of them is almost a mathematical impossibility. It was perhaps the only real stroke of luck in Scott's ill-fated expedition that Cherry-Garrard, the one survivor of the winter journey, happened to be able to describe it so effectively.

The winter journey of which Mr. Shaw speaks was only one of many journeys undertaken by members of the expedition, and the story of it occupies only one of nineteen chapters here; but I can believe that it was "the worst journey in the world in the interest of science," or at any rate the worst journey ever survived. Ten chapters, naturally, are devoted to the polar journey from which all of the depot parties returned but from which, as the world knows, Scott and his four companions—Wilson, Bowers, Oates, and Evans—did not return. That was bad enough, and the story of how three of their bodies were found in a tent is of course harrowing enough. Yet there lingers a unique horror about the other journey, undertaken the first winter by Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry-Garrard in order to secure some embryos of the emperor penguin—valuable, it appears, to science. The only rookery of this bird then known was

> on the sea inside a little bay of the barrier edge at Cape Crozier. Chicks had been found in September, and Wilson reckoned that the eggs must be laid in the beginning of July. And so we started just after midwinter on the weirdest bird's-nesting expedition that has ever been or ever will be.

That is to say, the emperor penguin breeds in the depth of the polar night, warming its eggs as best it may by keeping its feet between them and the ice and by pressing a certain unfeathered portion of its body upon them from above. And that is to say, three men walked five weeks in darkness for a few of these eggs, in temperatures ranging regularly between 50 and 75 degrees below zero, across snow and ice and down crevasses; slept at "night," or pretended to one another that they slept, in a little tent, in frozen sleeping-bags that sometimes took hours to get into; pulled two sledges weighing together 757 pounds; lost their tent in a blizzard and found it again; existed for five weeks in misery that Mr. Cherry-Garrard admits without reserve; and got three eggs.

That was five weeks. The expedition lasted three years, and consequently Mr. Cherry-Garrard has told a thousand times more things than one could mention. I can only record my feeling of confidence that he has got practically everything in—the winters in the safety hut, the astonishing beauties of the sky, the amusing ways of seals and penguins, the unspeakable visitations of dysentery, scurvy, and chilblain, the persistent troubles with the ponies, the dogs, the mules, and the sledges, the thrill of discovery, the sense of disaster, the compensations of friendship.

Mostly, I gather, it was misery. It was heroism also, of a high degree. But I am interested in the title of the last chapter, which is Never Again. Mr. Cherry-Garrard is not one of those heroes who pretend altogether to relish the memory of what they did; and he is not the kind of man to say that other men should have his hardships. His last chapter—published eight years ago—expresses the hope that the next expedition will go to the pole with airplanes and in comparative comfort. I think he cannot be one of those today who complain that Byrd went south with too much equipment.

MARK VAN DOREN

Lives of Two Poets

Life of John Keats. By Albert Erlande. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By Louise Schulz Boas. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

HERE are two more literary biographies, dealing with the lives of two of the most interesting poets of the nineteenth century. Mr. Erlande's "Life of John Keats" (written in French and translated by Marion Robinson) is the better of the two both in style and in subject matter. With all the facts at his command, Mr. Erlande has given us a delightful narrative which should explain and endear Keats to many readers unacquainted with the usual more scholarly biographies. He acknowledges frankly that he has no new data, that he is using only the well-known sources plus the later work of Amy Lowell and the interpretation of Middleton Murry. His purpose is good fictional biography, and this he writes very well. If Mr. Erlande errs at all it is in taking rather too seriously Middleton Murry's psychoanalysis of Keats and therefore explaining many of the poet's actions as the result of his smallness of stature. No such simple inferiority complex can explain Keats. This "Life" is, however, a commendable piece of work.

Mrs. Boas's biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning suffers somewhat from too much sentimentalizing over the invalid poetess and her rescue by the robust Browning. The romance is, of course, the main theme of the volume. Here, again, facts are cast into an interesting narrative, and the story, which is a very general favorite, is as good reading as most novels. If the style is less careful and illuminating than Mr. Erlande's, Mrs. Boas has nevertheless held the reader's interest.

Neither of these two biographies can be said to have the authority and scholarship, or the vivid method of presentation, of Ethel Colburn Mayne's brilliant studies of Lord Byron and of Lady Byron. Both tend a little too much toward simple story-telling rather than toward the imaginative and critical analysis of a poet's character and work.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Death of Humanity

Flood. By Robert Neumann. Covici-Friede. $3.

BOTH the theme and the background of "Flood" predetermine its staccato tone, its ugly photography, and its passionate fury. It is one of the most searing novels that have of late come out of post-war Germany; but it is well to remember with respect to books of this class, as "All Quiet on the Western Front" bears accusing witness, that the horror exists in the mind of the author as well as in the scene he is portraying. Remarque, like Dostoevski, gives us human pity and relief; Neumann yields us none; in him there lives nothing but the most hopeless bitterness and despair.

While the novel opens in the period that just preceded the war it deals chiefly with the reconstruction epoch, which was marked by the crash of the mark and the rise of the *Schieber*. The reiterated themes are impoverishment of the middle classes, general moral dissolution, unemployment, sex aberration, and starvation. Little more than an empty shell of the comfortable German bourgeois structure built up in the course of forty years was left. Within this shell the human maggots crawled, and Whirl was king.

"Flood" is a natural enough outgrowth of German expressionism, which, it had seemed but yesterday, was dead or dying. It shares with the expressionist poets and playwrights

at least one admirable quality: it is honestly and passionately written. It is also class-conscious. While it does not explicitly state that the world will be saved by the peasant on the land, it nevertheless draws its types of wrecks, blackguards, and wastrels from urban society. The protagonists are not so much individuals as members of a certain class, helpless and doomed. The tenement they dwell in is a kind of vertical inferno, a silo of degraded ferment, a Gothic tower of greed, hysteria, and lust.

Samuel Klein, the Jewish *Schieber* whose financial genius and daring lifted him from the trade of shoepaste-peddler to a position of immense wealth and power within a few years; his curiously degenerate family; the lascivious and brutal Birekmeier; prostitutes and brothel-keepers, male and female; a group of spiritualists; a men's rooming-house—all combine to give an overwhelming picture of social and human disintegration which leaves the reader fatigued and discouraged. The book shows, as I have said, little restraint; and in this it resembles "Death of a Hero"; but unlike Mr. Aldington's war novel it lacks any kind of relief and the sharpening of story interest. It is quite futile to compare such books as "Flood" with Dostoevski, for the Russian novelist, as everybody knows, permitted a ray of human nobility and pity to illumine his darkest scenes: the spaces of the human soul are, for him, muddied but ultimately pure. "Flood" is a rather mechanical and soulless book. If it fails to shock us into a catharsis it is largely because the chiaroscuro of art is unfortunately absent.

PIERRE LOVING

When Nothing Seemed Impossible

The Dialogue on Miracles. By Caesarius of Heisterbach. Translated by H. von E. Scott and C. C. Swinton Bland. With an Introduction by G. G. Coulton. The Broadway Medieval Library. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE publication of the "Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelonde" in 1840 inspired Carlyle to write "The Ancient Monk," and no doubt many people still get their ideas of medieval monasticism through this Victorian medium. Jocelin's chronicle was translated some years ago but its picture of monastery life and thought is by no means complete. Persons interested in medieval asceticism should be grateful that Caesarius of Heisterbach is now available in English, so that close acquaintance with the past need not remain the monopoly of specialists. The spirit and temper of ordinary monastic life are more vividly set forth here than in Jocelin's narrative; and when we remember the significance of the ascetic ideal to the medieval mind, this opportunity to investigate easily the life and thought of the professional ascetics will be doubly welcomed by all students of the past.

Caesarius does not present his readers with stock traditions culled from the lives of the saints. He specializes in the current tales of his own time told to him by trustworthy persons. He shows us the kind of edifying events which apparently were going on all the time, report of which was eagerly handed about by the religious from one monastery to another. Many of these anecdotes still carry the echoes of contemporary events —of the Guelf-Hohenstaufen struggle, of the Crusades, of the Albigensian war, even of the Becket controversy—but it is indicative of the point of view that these great worldly happenings serve only as an accidental background for the manifestation of God's power over some obscure individual.

The modern psychologist or the person looking for varieties of religious experience will find in these volumes a very considerable mass of data; indeed, we may perhaps see here an opportunity to interpret in psychological detail some of the phenomena of medieval religion. There is an enormous number of visions; one of the twelve books even attempts to put them in their proper categories. The desire for revelations was evidently very strong, and it was one which might be gratified after fervent prayer. It is notable that visions with great similarity of motif seemed to come frequently to the same persons, often giving them the reputation for sanctity. The reader also finds himself suspecting that many of the visions of the dead were pious frauds intended to persuade a living person to do something which some churchman thought should be done. In one case recorded the sons preferred to leave their father in torment rather than to restore the property which he had gained unjustly.

Here, too, we glimpse something of the quality of the monkish mind. There is a kind of naive priggishness alleviated by signs of real spiritual aspiration. The fear of sin and the desire to be sinless are ever present. Yet even excess of zeal is a sin, while success in virtue begets vainglory. "It is a terrible thing," says the novice, "that God so severely punishes faults that in our judgment are so very slight." Devils abound in great numbers, often disguised as angels; their activities are a matter of great interest, and ability to see them is recognized as a gift from God. Some of them are rascals, but others are quite reliable. Can they beget children? Miracles are accepted as daily occurrences, only requiring proper interpretation to be edifying. There are interesting indications of the kind of questions which troubled the religious mind; for example, what does a soul look like? Finally, a continuous reading of these two volumes will leave an impression of the tedious monotony which must have been a phase of monastery life.

RICHARD A. NEWHALL

A Colorful First Novel

Pilgrim to the Abyss. By Axel Eggebrecht. Translated from the German by M. M. Bozman. Alfred H. King. $2.50.

IN this first novel a young German writer invades the no man's land that separates popular biography from the historical novel. The prototype of his Princess Olga is a Russian noblewoman who was at one time a well-known figure in the international social life of Europe and who is now living in obscurity in Soviet Russia. Herr Eggebrecht, however, has risen superior both to the Ludwig kind of biography and to the usual run of historical fiction. He has written a true novel, a powerful and dramatic story of human lives acted out before colorful, shifting backgrounds—the old Russia and the new Russia, the Revolution, and centers of cosmopolitan society scattered over the face of Europe.

In the Princess Olga Herr Eggebrecht has done the portrait of a woman who, for all her sufferings, her wide travels and many contacts, her wealth, experience, and station, never knew life, never quite understood. Her coolness of mind, her imperviousness, her acts of cruelty—all arise from ignorance, a profound ignorance of true emotional values. Her heart remains a blank. The early chapters which describe the repressed, prison-like childhood of this proud woman and those describing her marriage, which instead of effecting her release only added torture to imprisonment, lay a firm foundation for the character and career of the woman who finally escapes to become an international celebrity. Like Feuchtwanger's Jew Süss she understands only power. She is all woman; but a woman who has learned through bitterness to stifle her emotional nature until it remains locked deep within her, inaccessible. The Revo-

lution catches her and strips her. She never gives up. An old women, she gets on her feet once more—unbeaten.

The novel is, however, much more than a character study. There are unforgettable scenes, scenes in which unbridled passions run their course. And there are many characters. Not all of these are successful: Nolken, the weakling; Dolichen, the schoolteacher-anarchist; Henrietta with her dreams of play-acting; some of the others—they seem dim, sketchy. But there are a few characters who live with extraordinary vividness: the cruel, imperious mother who hates her child; the bluff General Kubileff, a drunken, lecherous old man who dandles the child Olga to feel her little body, but who is kind to her and becomes therefore the first, almost the only love of her childhood; the half-mad husband who is wholly in the power of his stronger brother; that brother himself, the sadistic, the unspeakable Vladimir. And there are revolutionists, diplomats, royalties, internationalists; for Herr Eggebrecht is always mindful of his historic backgrounds.

In spite of its many superior qualities, "Pilgrim to the Abyss" has some grave faults. It could well have been made longer. Some of the incidents are so lightly sketched in that they seem pointless, and the end of the story is weakly executed. The author descends, after the manner of certain biographers, to catch up loose ends, disposing of them as speedily as possible. Perhaps he was not at all times sure whether he was writing biography or fiction. But a strong novel has resulted from his method, and Herr Eggebrecht will bear watching.

The diction in this English version and the splendid rhythms that carry along the more dramatic moments reveal a translator of exceptional qualifications.

FRED T. MARSH

More "New" History

The Coming of the White Man, 1492-1848 (A History of American Life, Volume I). By Herbert Ingram Priestley. The Macmillan Company. $4.

ALTHOUGH probably not designed as such, this book is in a way an answer to a certain challenge issued to the "new" history by its opponents. One of these last suggested not long ago that if the members of the new school would only write some of their product instead of spending so much effort in writing about it, all parties would be better pleased. In the "History of American Life," of which this volume is chronologically the first, the authors and editors are attempting to make available those parts of the "new" history which concern the United States. Professor Priestley's theme is the three distinctive, non-English civilizations, Spanish, French, and Dutch, which were established in North America during the early periods of colonization.

Admirers of Prescott and Parkman who may chance to read the book will probably be a good deal surprised at what the "new" historians are doing. The old heroes and their deeds are gone; history is brought down to earth; the commonplace is exalted; in fact, the very world itself seems turned upside down. For example, Cortez is barely mentioned, while the rousing tale of Spanish conquest finds no place whatever. Instead of wars, Indian uprisings, and the doings of the soldiers the author presents the story of the transit of Spanish civilization; the characters of the story are miners, farmers, missionaries, and here and there a public official. It is significant that the frontispiece of the volume is a portrait of neither conqueror nor explorer, but of one Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, a scholar—feminine at that!—of New Spain in the seventeenth century. Count Frontenac appears once, and then merely as an official who became restive under a too complete control by the clergy. In the space made available by the omission of the explorers and the warriors of New France appears the *habitant,* living in his unventilated house in the midst of dirt and bugs. Curiously enough Peter Stuyvesant is mentioned more frequently than are some of the former celebrities of New Spain and New France, but only because he had social as well as military and executive interests, not because the author permits himself to relapse into politics. In spite of the relatively numerous references to Stuyvesant, the reader will find more information as to how the Dutchmen in America built their houses, how they skated, played golf, and got drunk, than how they lost their highly valuable little colony. It may be, perhaps, just as important for this generation to know that the colonial Dutchman slept between two feather beds as it was for an earlier one to know the details of political history. "De gustibus non disputandum" is an old adage, and the woman had a perfect right to kiss her cow if she pleased.

Mr. Priestley's volume is an excellent illustration of the "new" history at its best; and also, because it is so well done, it serves to emphasize all the more clearly the weaknesses of this type of approach. The book contains an admirable account of Spanish, French, and Dutch life in North America; the material is clearly organized, well proportioned, and presented in the best of taste. The work is dignified and scholarly throughout. The analysis of Spanish culture in particular will be welcomed by every teacher of American history. Nowhere else in a single volume can one find such an array of information on the subject which the author has chosen. And yet, in spite of its excellence, the work seems incomplete, entirely apart from an unexplained omission of all reference to the German immigrants. The deeds and accomplishments of the warriors who are so unceremoniously cast into the discard were an essential part of this early American civilization in the sense that they made it possible. One may wish as hard as one pleases that European culture could have been planted here by more peaceable means than it was, but the wish is not fulfilled merely by ignoring the soldiers and their generals. Some facts are undeniable, and all kinds of facts went into the making of colonial society. To ignore one group of these is to distort the picture and commit the sin, grave among historians, of conveying an inaccurate impression.

RALPH VOLNEY HARLOW

An English Lawyer

For the Defense: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall. By Edward Marjoribanks. The Macmillan Company. $5.

"FOR the Defense" is the life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, one of the foremost English criminal lawyers during the past half-century. For the layman the book has all the fascination of a series of interesting detective stories told around a central figure of great charm and magnetism. For the lawyer it is, in addition, an interesting exposition of how law is practiced and how criminal trials are conducted in England, in striking contrast with our own system of criminal procedure.

Marshall Hall was not a great lawyer, but he was, evidently, a great personality. Throughout the book we have a picture of an ardent, dynamic man, impatient of the hampering rules and technicalities of trial procedure, swaying juries by his dramatic fervor, and winning cases in spite of apparent limitations as a lawyer.

In America we are accustomed to regard the English courts, and particularly the criminal courts, as examples of a dignity and decorum that are often lacking here. We look upon

the English bar as exemplifying standards of conduct somewhat higher than our own. It comes as somewhat of a shock, therefore, to find Marshall Hall behaving repeatedly, and with apparent impunity, in a manner that would have brought down upon him in this country the severest judicial censure.

Lord Birkenhead, in an introduction, points out that Hall's behavior is not typical. It is strange, however, that it was tolerated at all. It is particularly astonishing to find that Hall could build a career resulting at last in knighthood upon practices that would mean inevitable ruin to an American attorney. In one of his earliest cases he managed to get a friend with whom he had played cricket on the jury. "There was a friend," he said in telling about this incident. "I knew he was a friend; and oblivious to all the other eleven occupants of that box (if indeed there were any others) I talked to that man for all I was worth for three-quarters of an hour. . . . But the result justified the means. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty." Mr. Marjoribanks's naive comment on this is: "But how few of us ever have the luck to see an old friend in the jury box."

Marshall Hall indulged in practices that would result in immediate disciplinary proceedings if attempted here. There was, for example, his habit of stating as facts his personal beliefs and opinions. In an insurance case in which the issue was whether the deceased, who had been shot, had died by suicide or accident, Hall, to save the expense of a pistol expert, offered to show how the revolver worked. He then "proceeded to explain to the jury that he was the greatest expert on revolvers in the country . . . and how, to his personal knowledge, a young officer had died as the result of an accident with this type of revolver in just such circumstances as in the case in question."

"If it hadn't been dear old Marshall," said Sir Douglas Hoag, his opponent, "I should never have forgiven such a thing." If dear old Marshall had tried that in New York Sir Douglas would have been on his way to the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association before the jury had brought in its verdict.

Perhaps it is unfair to Hall's memory to emphasize these professional aberrations. He was more than a mere court charlatan; he was an advocate of great zeal and force. But these instances that have been pointed out are told by his biographer rather casually and with a certain degree of admiration. They are of striking interest to American lawyers as illustrative of the standards of professional behavior, not necessarily lower than ours but certainly different, that seem to exist at the English bar.

Of even greater interest and significance is the respect that is paid to the successful criminal lawyers in England. In America the practice of criminal law has become *déclassé*. Self-righteous lawyers regard the criminal courts as a sort of moral pest-house, and look with contempt upon the practitioner who defends persons charged with crime. The criminal lawyer is regarded by many of his professional brethren as a sort of cross between a pickpocket and a bootlegger. Many of the evils in the administration of criminal law that are now engaging such zealous amateur attention may be attributed to this supercilious attitude toward the practice of criminal law. It is splendid to find in Great Britain this fine respect for an able advocate who did not regard the defense of unfortunates as something degrading.

There are a number of excellent stories in "For the Defense" that are worth while for their own sake. The Camden Town case, the Fahmy case, the Seddon case, and the celebrated George Joseph Smith bathtub case have given the book a deserved popularity in this age of interest in stories of crime. But it is as a portrait of a vivid, fearless legal knight-errant that the life of Marshall Hall deserves to be regarded as one of the most fascinating biographies of the past year.

NEWMAN LEVY

Books in Brief

Enfants Terribles. By Jean Cocteau. Translated by Samuel Putnam. Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

Paul and Elizabeth are brother and sister, orphans. Their life together is lived in a mad, fantastic play-world of their own. Utterly irresponsible and undisciplined, completely isolated except for the two friends whom they come to admit into their unearthly atmosphere and whom they dominate, they live quite outside reality. And because such an unregulated existence is intolerable on an earthly plane they are a doomed pair. Life and they can no longer either ignore each other or tolerate each other. Jean Cocteau, like Guy de Maupassant in his day, twangs a single string in each of his stories, seeking to achieve perfection within a limited space and with great economy of means. The wide difference between the two lies in the difference between their respective generations. Those who will most like this book are those who have traced the way, in their reading of a certain genre of French novels, from Flaubert to the present, and have delighted in observing the continued process of sloughing off flesh until the nerves alone, strung on the delicate skeleton, remain exposed. "Enfants Terribles" is peculiarly an exposure of nerves.

The Hound of Florence. By Felix Salten. Translated by Huntley Paterson. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

To attempt to review in a paragraph Felix Salten's delicate, mournful, and symbolic fantasy laid in the Florence of the waning Renaissance, to attempt to outline its slight story, to describe its characters, or to wax profound over its implications would be a most ungrateful task. One prefers merely to recommend it in its fine translation to all those who are lovers of the exquisite in books. By way of introduction it may be said that "The Hound of Florence" is not, like "Bambi," about animals. And it is fitting to quote the theme, taken from the writings of an ancient hermit: "If so be thou art poor on this earth, thou must be a dog for one half of thy life; then mayest thou spend the other half as a man among men."

The Thistles of the Baragan. By Panaït Istrati. Translated from the French by Jacques LeClercq. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Panaït Istrati's fierce indictment of the Rumanian government for its mistreatment of the peasantry and its bloody repression of the revolution of 1907 is not a novel at all in the conventional sense. It is probably more nearly accurate than many so-called histories, and it is ostensibly innocent of any novelistic plot-weaving. But the reader will find it more difficult to abandon unfinished than any of the "sealed" mystery stories which a prominent American publisher is issuing. The enormous Baragan thistles, blown westward in millions by the pitiless winds from southern Russia, are followed by the starved, restless boys of the sterile East Danubian plains, who seek opportunity in the more favored country farther west. The boys of Panaït Istrati's story find only further suffering, tyranny, and ghastly bloodshed; but the author himself out-traveled the thistles and became the most cruelly absorbing writer now alive in France. Here, as always, Mr. LeClercq has made a fine, strong translation.

Seed of Liberty. The Story of the American Colonies. By E. Keble Chatterton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

The most charitable thing to say about this volume is that it must have slipped past the publisher's editorial department when someone was nodding. The book deals with selected

aspects of American colonial history, but it is far from being what the subtitle implies and as a survey of the causes of the Revolution it falls considerably short of the demands of modern historical scholarship. There is nothing new in the work, nothing which is not easily available and more accurately handled elsewhere. The author not only accepts but defends the John Smith-Pocahontas story. He shows also a predilection for time-honored stereotyped generalizations—Spain "never had the genius for governing"—or for equally bad ones of his own making. A smooth style is a priceless asset for a historian, but it is not a substitute for history, and the blurb on the jacket is no guaranty of quality in the text.

Survey of International Relations, 1928. Edited by Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

The sixth volume in this, the most important series of international yearbooks, maintains the high standard of its predecessors. It opens with a detached history of the Kellogg pact and concludes with a summary of the events of 1927-28 in China; but the most striking section is that dealing with the Islamic world. Here Mr. Toynbee is peculiarly at home, and while the stories of the British negotiations with the Egyptians and with the Arabs of the Nejd occupy more pages, the general reader will be most impressed by the chapters on the Westernization of Islam—the separation of church and state, the sudden emergence of women from the veil and the retirement of males into frock coats and striped trousers, the abandonment of the fez, and the immensely significant adoption of the Latin alphabet in place of the Arabic script.

Twentieth-Century Poetry. Edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby, and William Rose Benét. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

A Junior Anthology of World Poetry. Edited by Mark Van Doren and Garibaldi M. Lapolla. A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

Mr. Drinkwater's section of "Twentieth-Century Poetry" is depressingly conventional. Almost all the familiar anthology pieces are present, and the notes are pleasantly chatty. Messrs. Canby and Benét have done better with their half of the volume, having excluded a few of the old favorites in order to make room for less familiar and more meritorious poems, and having taken the trouble to make their notes instructive and reasonably discriminating. The superiority of the American section, however, is perhaps as much due to the actual superiority of American to British verse in the twentieth century as to the superiority of the American editors. Mr. Lapolla has performed strange feats of excision upon Mark Van Doren's "Anthology of World Poetry" in order to make it suitable for young boys and girls. Perhaps he knew what he was doing, but the only clear reason for preferring the abridgment, either for children or for adults, is that it costs half as much as the original.

The Jade Mountain. A Chinese Anthology. Translated by Witter Bynner from the Texts of Kiang Kang-Hu. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

This volume of translations from Li Po, Tu Fu, Po Chü-Yi, and many other poets of the T'ang dynasty has been long expected—so long, indeed, that it comes with diminished effect. For in the meantime Arthur Waley has sent a number of brilliant volumes into the field, and Amy Lowell, collaborating with Florence Ayscough, has swept it with equal energy. Mr. Bynner's verse, however, based upon the spade-work of Dr. Kiang, is sensitive and highly interesting, and the volume as a whole takes its place quite properly alongside those just mentioned. Mr. Bynner's introduction is valuable among other things for the account it gives of his discovery of Chinese poetry and for its analysis of the perennial vigor which that poetry possesses.

From Centaur to Cross. Being the Hitherto Unpublished Letters of Maurice de Guérin. Edited by H. Bedford-Jones. Together with a New Translation of de Guérin's "The Centaur," with an Introduction and Notes by Gilbert Chinard. Covici-Friede. $3.

Stamp-collecting, like other hobbies, may lead in strange ways. To the curiosity of a collector is due this gathering of letters of Maurice de Guérin, translated by the owner, H. Bedford-Jones, with an introduction by Gilbert Chinard, who, first recognized their value. While little new knowledge of this young romantic, friend of Barbey d'Aurevilly, is here afforded, his words are themselves vivid and his relations with his sister form interesting psychological material. Guérin died at twenty-nine with—save for a few poems—but one finished work, "The Centaur." Although lacking the ironic tone of Laforgue's moralities, this sketch equally well recreates the atmosphere of Greek dryad days, and the somewhat stilted translation accentuates its chiseled style. Like Baudelaire and other pagans of the "diabolical" school, Guérin died with a cross on his lips. But in his letters he is thoroughly alive.

An Elizabethan Journal. Being a Record of Those Things Most Talked of During the Years 1519-1594. By G. B. Harrison. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.

From many authentic sources Mr. Harrison has patched up an imaginary journal such as, say, Edward Knowell might have kept during the years when Marlowe flourished and Shakespeare took his first steps in literature. The emphasis is by no means literary; politics, murder, religion, the weather, and the plague are always in evidence as well; and in general Mr. Harrison seems to succeed in his aim, which was to show what moved in the minds of Englishmen when Shakespeare became conscious of his world. The book is rewarding to both the student and the reader seeking entertainment.

Films

At the South Pole

SO thanks to Admiral Byrd and his companions we can now actually look at the South Pole. And what a desolate place it is! No enchanted castle hiding a sleeping beauty, no dragons, no monsters of any kind—only a wilderness of snow, bleak and dreary. I doubt that the place is interesting enough to attract the tourist even were trips there as cheap as they are to Paris. But that is the trouble with so many of these mysteries of the world. Stripped of their secrets they are so utterly unexciting.

This is not to say that Byrd's adventure lacked in excitement. There were perils enough and to spare, and the Antarctic blizzards were as much on their guard to balk the intrepid explorers as any dragons could have been. It was only by a long and careful study of their habits that Byrd succeeded in slipping through and reaching his goal. Even then he had to dash back as fast as he could to escape their fury. A glorious adventure! As tensely dramatic as any exploit of ancient heroes. To have preserved its thrill by means of an authentic record on the film would have been a service to humanity. "With Byrd at the South Pole" (Rialto) does not quite convey this thrill, although it tries to make up for the missing drama in its record of the last flight by a machine-gun rattle of spoken comment. But if the climax of the film is somewhat flat, there is a great deal that is exciting as well as amusing in the rest of it. One recalls the magnificent views of the barrier, the amazing scene of whales popping out of the water within a few feet of the

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

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members of the expedition, the all-but-human penguins taking stock of the invaders, the amusing glimpses into the family life of seals, the wonderful dogs. The film records innumerable fine scenes of the little band of adventurers building their homes, fighting the blizzards, exploring, studying, constructing, indulging in the amenities of social life in the Antarctic, and all the time displaying the superb determination which eventually brought them to their goal. As a travel picture "With Byrd at the South Pole" is one of the best.

"The Big Pond," which preceded Byrd's picture at the same theater, is the third talkie featuring Maurice Chevalier and, it must be said, the least satisfying. Chevalier is not a character actor. His forte is his personal charm, and he is at his best in the breezy Parisian songs which he sings with a verve and a mischievous jollity that are irresistibly infectious. To make him sing in English is to take away at least half of his charm; to turn him into a drawing-room lover is to take away most of what is left. As Hollywood comedies go "The Big Pond" is entertaining enough, but it would have been a better comedy if it had something of the sprightly whimsicality that made "The Love Parade" so delightful a picture.

Even more heavy-footed in its fun is "Caught Short" (Capitol), in which the stalest jokes and situations are served up with much gusto by Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. In farcical comedy Miss Dressler is a very bright star indeed, even if her range of expression is limited to a few mannerisms which do service on all occasions. In straight comedy, particularly when shown in close-ups on the screen, this overacting strikes a harsh note that takes away from the humor of the situation by its forced emphasis of the obvious. There are a few occasions in "Caught Short" where Miss Dressler is not trying to be funny, and those are the true evidences of her talent. Polly Moran's acting is more in keeping with the spirit of the play.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

‡Fifty Million Frenchmen—Lyric—W. 42nd St.
‡Flying High—Apollo—W. 42nd St.
†Lost Sheep—Selwyn—42nd St., W. of B'dway.
†Lysistrata—44th St.—44th St., W. of Bway.
†Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47th St., W. of B'dway.
*The Last Mile—Sam H. Harris—42nd St., W. of B'dway.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52nd St., W. of B'dway.

FILMS

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47th St. and B'dway.
Evolution and Docks of Hamburg, Beg. Sat. July 5; Eighth St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th St.
Journey's End—Gaiety—46th St. and B'dway.
Ladies Love Brutes, Beg. July 5; The Texan, Beg. July 9, Little Carnegie, 57th St. E. of Seventh Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'dway and 46th St.
The Arizona Kid, Beg. July 5; Mammy, Beg. July 9, The Plaza, 58th St. E. of Madison Ave.
The Big House—Astor—B'way and 45th St.
The Girl Said No and Flight, Beg. Sat. July 5; Paramount on Parade, Tues. July 8, to Sat. July 12, 5th Ave. Playhouse, 66 5th Ave.
Yoshi Vara, Beg. Fri. July 4; 55th St. Playhouse, E. of Seventh Ave.

EVENTS ABROAD

Bayreuth Festival Plays—Muck, Toscanini, Elmendorff, Siegfried Wagner, Conductors—July 22 to Aug. 21.
Oberammergau Passion Play—Munich—May through Sept.
World's Fair—Antwerp—Dorland, 205 E. 42nd St. for information.

*Drama. †Comedy. ‡Musical.

Mexico and the Harris Bill

By CARLETON BEALS

MEXICO promises to become the "morsel left half-cold on Caesar's plate." The new American good-will technique toward Latin America has been decidedly blunted by the Harris bill. Mexico is convinced that the passage of this bill by the Senate is a direct thrust, as a leading newspaper remarks, "a proof and revelation . . . of the opinion which the North American people hold of our irremediable inferiority." Whatever the final fate of the proposition to restrict Mexican immigration, Mr. Harris has nipped this season's crop of Ambassador Morrow's tree of friendship which he so carefully watered. The whole petroleum controversy did not excite the bitter comment that has now broken out in an ugly rash over the pages of the Mexican press. The Mexicans could quite understand our greed for petroleum; pride is cut deeper when you are told that you are not wanted in your neighbor's house.

El Nacional Revolucionario, the official daily organ of the National Revolutionary Party and hence of the government, says editorially in praising a labor-union proposal to boycott American goods:

> This Senatorial action is an insult, it is debasing, it is hostile to Mexico, it is an affront to every man who struggles, it is symptomatic of the spirit of aggression and humiliating disdain which should not be tolerated. . . . The Harris bill once and for all has stripped off the mask of these good-will visits, these sensational air flights and the like, these insubstantial diplomatic gallantries. . . . It is necessary to see clearly, without prismatic lenses, the spirit of aversion, of disdain, with which we are viewed by the United States.

The quick-witted Mexicans have hastened to suggest overt retaliation. Promptly agents of the Department of Interior raided the American school and seized all the textbooks, publishing excerpts which put Mexico in an unfavorable light by telling a few unpleasant partial truths.

A few more incidents such as these, and Morrow's well-watered tree may wither beyond recovery. Yet if too much acrimony does not grow out of these incidents, a little honest stock-taking all around might divest both good-will and ill-will of a deal of political camouflage and career-making. Unfortunately under our party system, dubbed "democracy," our foreign policies are frequently referable to domestic politics rather than to a statesman-like long-range vision. Except for part of the regime of Porfirio Díaz, our relations with Mexico since that country achieved its independence in 1821 have been unsatisfactory. Most American Presidents, whether Democratic or Republican, have been faced at some time or other with a "Mexican problem." This was true of Lincoln, of Harrison, of Taft, of Wilson, of Harding, of Coolidge, to mention but a few outstanding instances. It is likely to be true of Hoover. In the face of a national election, the Mexican question has been hurriedly patched up toward the end of each administration through a sudden volte-face of Washington or the sending down of a new friendly ambassador (Morrow was not the first). This has prevented any calm evolution of our Mexican relations. Almost as soon as this temporary last-minute patching had been done and our national election finished, the Mexicans —or our own interested citizens—promptly kicked the covers off again. In Hoover's case, thanks to Morrow, the Mexican pot has been slow to boil over, but it would flavor his doddering Administration with irony if after his good-will trip to Latin America and his effusive embracing of President Ortiz Rubio the end of his term were upset by new difficulties with Mexico. Add to these a possible recrudescence of acute trouble in Nicaragua, perhaps serious problems elsewhere in the Caribbean and in Cuba, and a revolution in Venezuela, where Gómez is tottering to his grave in the black shroud of petroleum concessions, and the good-will technique may have its seams seriously sprung.

In view of past diplomatic history, the ultimate test for Mr. Morrow's work is obviously its endurance. In any case he deserves full praise for edging us back from the brink of a warlike chasm. His truce in the religious war promises to mature into fairly enduring peace. He slowed up the land program, but justly, for the program was poorly conceived, badly executed, and already corrupted by political chicanery, while it was dislocating large blocks of the population without providing for them the proper productive bases. Papini declared: "True revolutions begin in the head, not in the barricades." In Mexico the head has never quite caught up with the barricades. It attests to Mr. Morrow's astuteness that he is the first figure in two decades to get a jump ahead of the Mexican barricades.

Undoubtedly when Obregón clutched the apple of military supplies from the United States government during the de la Huerta revolt in 1923 he was preparing to depart from the stormy Eden of nationalistic and revolutionary isolation. His acceptance of a loan of ten million pesos in the form of advance taxes from the Huasteca Petroleum Company, presumably in return for a promise to straighten out the contested Juan Felipe titles, was an engraved announcement of future nuptials with the American government and American capital. For a brief interlude Calles backfired, but reversed for Morrow and Lindbergh and Will Rogers; and in the revolt of March, 1929, American munitions were again utilized. The Portes Gil administration saw the rapid crystallization of the pro-American tendency, the crushing of existing labor and peasant organizations, and a decided concentration of federal power. The climax of glad-handing came with Ortiz Rubio's trip to Washington and his distinct promise to modify the agrarian policy. For two years this new accord was quickstepping to an increasing fanfare of good-will.

This good-will never got deep below the Mexican skin. Most Mexicans feared a joker up the American sleeve. Now they are convinced. And in Mexico the psychology of the weak versus the strong, the poor versus the rich cannot help but operate. Also, there is the long historic tradition of anti-Americanism, the unforgotten war of '47, the agitation against the Monroe Doctrine, the anti-foreign senti-

ment involved in the overthrow of pro-foreign Díaz, the bitterly anti-foreign labor movement, the anti-capitalist and the new nationalistic urge; these are deep-rooted things.

Mexicans stood the good-will strain as long as they could. Then, when Morrow left, a subtle reaction to his influence set in. There was the incident of the Laredo consulate. The press revived its former heckling of American imperialism, materialism, and greed. The epithets "Yankee," "Gringo," "blond beasts," "Colossus of the North" began to crop up like sore thumbs in the best newspapers. Once more the five-year-old campaign in the press about the horrible treatment of Mexicans in the United States blazed day after day. The students of the National University broke up a reception to their own guests, students of journalism from Oklahoma, with insulting shouts of "Imperialism!" Foreigners were harassed by repeated registrations. The "thirty-three," or arbitrary deportation of undesirable aliens, works as unceremoniously and cruelly as ever before, and the American school is raided for hostile textbooks.

This is all quite explicable and normal. The differences of a century with their deep racial and cultural roots, the more acrimonious differences of the past two decades—these cannot be set aside in two years. The two countries perhaps rushed into each other's arms a bit too enthusiastically. Good-will cannot be a gourd vine that shoots up quickly and gaudily and then withers; its growth should be a sturdy and slow one, capable of standing a few whirlwinds of nationalistic chauvinism from both sides. I hope that this is the sort of tree Mr. Morrow planted.

For behind the present Mexican regime, so desirous of currying our favor, is the whole impetus of a long revolutionary period, which cannot be dammed too suddenly or too widely deflected. Mexico is swinging into that twentieth-century heaven—normality—but not even the catchwords can be changed overnight. Mexico's sudden attempt to be good has resulted in a certain amount of psychological confusion among its leaders. Most of the bigger guns have come to the conclusion that roads, airlines, tourists, American capital are the only hope for a prompt reconstruction of the country. But it is a bit upsetting to find that American dollars are still a little skeptical and that American politicians can so casually concoct and accept a Harris bill. The Mexican officials who so suddenly determined to place their wares on the bargain counter must feel at least chagrined to find that there was not more of a financial rush.

Doubtless there are Mexican officials with Mr. Harris's mentality who will retaliate in various ways on Americans. It would be only human nature for Mexico to reply by an exclusion act directed specifically against Americans. Probably economic dependence upon us will prevent this logical but foolish step. If the Harris bill is defeated and if it is not followed by further irritating incidents it may have the good effect of clearing the atmosphere and bringing both countries to a sober realization of the economic forces at work. For we shall always have a "Mexican problem" and Mexico will always have an "American problem," and something more scientific than good-will is necessary to solve them.

On their side the Mexicans, regaining their sense of humor, will realize that this is just a new addition to the American Roman Wall to keep out the "barbarians," that it is directed against Mexico not so much because Mexico contains Mexicans as because that country is hard by and supplies the great bulk of foreign immigration, that Mexico is at present the only important gap in the wall through which the hordes swarm, that the Ku Klux Klan fears more Catholics, that labor fears for its jobs in a period of grave unemployment, that new Congressional elections are approaching and Mr. Harris needs fame to be reelected, and, finally, that Mr. Harris is Mr. Harris and the American Senate is the American Senate.

The Mexican will realize that his government has also set up its own little wall. It is almost impossible for any foreigner to come into the country who is proposing to do a job which a Mexican can do. Even important and necessary technicians have difficulty in entering. For all practical purposes this is a regulation specifically directed against Americans, for they are the only numerically important emigrants from the Western Hemisphere into Mexico. And, finally, for years the Mexicans have been complaining bitterly of the drastic, intolerable, and discriminatory way that Mexicans are said to be treated in the United States. Thus they should welcome a measure which will prevent the present Mexican population of nearly three million north of the Rio Grande from increasing and exposing itself to this alleged cruel exploitation.

As for ourselves, we should be ashamed of our weak intelligence in supporting such a clodhopper bill, just as we should have been ashamed of ourselves for not having put the Japanese on the quota basis. Could the few hundred Japanese who would have entered annually menaced our sacred and apparently powerful institutions? In the case of Mexico there were many possibilities. Why not, for instance, a quota system for all the New World based not on past emigration, but on the existing population of the various countries. Mr. Harris's head, it seems, has not caught up with his barricades. Surely, if we needed to close the gap in our Roman Wall there was a way to do it without affronting a country which, though weak, we have consistently for the past two years called our friend, and with which, because of geographic proximity if for no other reason, we should increasingly seek to live in harmony.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 53
EDITORIALS:
The Right to Revolution 56
Aliens and Citizenship 57
Wandering Students 57
Coolidge Wisdom 58
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 59
OUR SUPER-BABBITT. A RECANTATION. By Robert Herrick 60
SEX PURITANISM IN RUSSIA. By Charmion von Wiegand 62
NEGRO BARBERS IN THE SOUTH. By Virginius Dabney 64
THE POWER TRUST WINS AGAIN. By Paul Y. Anderson 66
NOW SUMMER. By Ruth Langland Holberg 67
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 67
CORRESPONDENCE 68
BOOKS:
Cathemerinon. By Dudley Fitts 70
An American Dynasty. By H. L. Mencken 70
Men in Battle. By Horace Gregory 71
A Cultural Survey. By William MacDonald 71
Religion as a Literary Affair. By Herbert W. Schneider 72
Women in Germany. By Theresa Wolfson 73
Father and Son. By David Ewen 74
One Kind of Patriotism. By C. Hartley Grattan 74
Books in Brief 75
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Ferment in the Arabic World. By Felix Vályi 77
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 79

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ENCOURAGING AND SURPRISING is the Italian answer to M. Briand's proposal for a United States of Europe. Coming from the Government of Mussolini it is nothing less than startling to find this document pointing out to the French that the true basis for such a new organization of Europe should not be security but disarmament. While willing to join in the discussion of the proposal, the Italians wish it understood that they favor no organization which will overlap, or interfere with, the League of Nations, in its important task of wiping out the last remaining demarcation between the victors and vanquished. More than that, Italy demands that the Soviet government and Turkey be likewise included from the very beginning, lest their exclusion at the first make it difficult or impossible to get them into the union at another time. The note also takes the part of the smaller nations and insists on equal representation of every state on a single council, so that there shall be "conditions of absolute equality between all the states." Of course, there is a safeguarding clause that "federal ties must not in the slightest harm the sovereign right of member states," and there is the heartiest approval of the French proposal that the new league should be based "on the idea of union and not on the idea of unity." This is genuine and enlightened statesmanship. But how can it be reconciled with the utterances of Mussolini himself?

MUSSOLINI, for example, has just spoken out regarding the peace treaties, and Europe wonders what he has in mind. "The nations which emerged victorious from the war," he writes in an article in a Paris newspaper, "are not satisfied with what victory has given them, and before tranquillity is restored the retouching of the pacts, which are at the base of European relations, must take place." This is rather cryptic. Does Mussolini mean that the victors got too little plunder and must have some more? Or does he mean that the Allies got a few things they would be better off without, and now want to be rid of them? Or is the declaration only Mussolini's way of saying that Italy is not satisfied and that its hunger must be appeased? The French press inclines to the latter interpretation, incidentally showing a good deal of chagrin over the way in which Mussolini has led off on a great issue, and much concern over the prospect that Italy may desert its former Allies and go in for a little international readjustment on its own account. The situation is interesting because of the systematic efforts which Italy is making to strengthen its influence in the Balkans and its refusal to yield on the question of naval parity with France. It is difficult to think of Italy as very altruistic about the peace settlement when one remembers the secret treaty that brought it into the World War, but revision would be welcome even from Italy if it meant the righting of grievous wrongs.

AIDED BY HIS SUCCESS in wresting from Congress the money he asked for the Wickersham commission and a revision—however small—of the pension bill, Mr. Hoover has addressed the extra session of the Senate with a statement of his views, badly written as usual, but with some force, stressing chiefly the threat of a race in armaments if the treaty should not be ratified. Why that should be inevitable we cannot see. By no section of the American public has Mr. Hoover been told that it desires a naval armament race if this treaty cannot be ratified. Nor has any other politician had such a message. The treaty itself is pitifully inadequate at best, and at worst an enormous and unnecessary expense. But the opposition in the Senate, for example, the big navy men, everywhere bases its fight on the "betrayal" of the nation by our yielding too much to the others. We do not believe that these jingoes will succeed and we are delighted that the President continues to show an aggressive spirit, in marked contrast, by the way, with his timidity as to the necessary dismissal of the besmirched Republican National Chairman, Claudius Huston. As for the session of Congress which has just expired, it did little honor to itself or the country and will for years to come be branded with the shame of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill.

THE TARIFF POT ought to boil vigorously now that requests for rate revision have multiplied at home and retaliation is taking shape abroad. Mr. Hoover had hardly had time to sign the tariff bill when the Senate

adopted Senator Borah's resolution asking the Tariff Commission to investigate the new rates on some seventeen classes of articles, from shoes, furniture, wire fencing, and cement to shovels, rakes, scythes, corn knives, and drainage tools. On July 1, at the solicitation of Senator Bingham of Connecticut, it added lace to the list, and on the same day accommodated Senator Goldsborough of Maryland by including umbrellas, parasols, and parts thereof. This should keep the commission busy for a time. Meanwhile Ogden L. Mills, Undersecretary of the Treasury, who slipped off to Paris just on a vacation, you know, to feel the pulse of France and other countries under the new tariff stimulus, had the pleasure of learning en route that Italy had jacked up its duties on imported motor cars, most of which come from America, from 100 to 167 per cent, and that fourteen British financiers of the first order had come out for reciprocal trade agreements between the members of the British Empire, with duties on "all imports from other countries." As the farmers seem unable to discover any benefit, actual or prospective, from a tariff of 42 cents a bushel on wheat, and American foreign trade keeps right on going down hill, the Republican campaign pledge which Congress has so nobly fulfilled should give Mr. Hoover something to think about this summer on his proposed trip to the West.

SECRETARY HYDE is a great man. After first telling the country in a radio speech what a "distinct gain" the new tariff offers to agriculture, he turns on the wheat-growers and announces bluntly that if they want better prices for their wheat they must reduce their acreage and cut production costs. What is more, they must do this not for the coming season but for "the next six to ten years." It is gospel truth, of course, but it is discouraging doctrine to preach to people who have been brought up to believe that agriculture is the foundation of national prosperity, and that nothing but the Republican Party can keep them from being ruined by low-wage labor abroad; and it certainly does not seem to fit in very well with the grandiose plan of buying up huge quantities of wheat and holding it to steady the market. Already the Governor of Kansas is out to fight the proposal; the soil of Kansas, he is reported as declaring, is adapted only to wheat (we had thought, until His Excellency spoke, that Kansas grew pretty good corn), and unless wheat can be grown the farmers will have to go back to cattle-raising. We look for lively times when Secretary Hyde and Mr. Legge, chairman of the Federal Farm Board, who takes the same view of the matter, undertake to convert the inhabitants of the wheat belt.

MR. MULROONEY HIMSELF went to the funeral of Gonzalo Gonzales, Mexican Communist shot to death by a policeman in New York City on June 28, and heard "New York's finest" called bad names by Communist orators. The new Police Commissioner of New York, when asked how long he would permit the funeral orators to go on, replied, "Until they get tired." This, we submit, is as good a principle for a police commissioner in dealing with the "red" menace as could be found in a day's walk. The funeral went off without any fireworks except those illegally purchased by small children to celebrate the Glorious Fourth. The police stood around; Mr. Mulrooney was invited to purchase some Communist leaflets; the Communist orators orated; their followers and the more curious of Harlem's population listened. After a while everybody went home. Both at the funeral of Gonzales and at that of Alfred Luro, a Negro declared by the Communists to have been beaten to death by the police a week earlier, there was no trouble between the police and the demonstrators. While not excusing in any respect the violence of the policemen at whose hands these two men met their death—if Luro did—we wish to commend Commissioner Mulrooney for refusing to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Whalen, who found that Communist demonstrations—accompanied by all the appurtenances of police war—seemed somehow to result in trouble. Mr. Mulrooney is willing to avoid trouble. Every New Yorker should thank him for it.

THE SUPREME COURT of California has rendered its decision on the pardon petition of Warren K. Billings, now in his fourteenth year at San Quentin prison for the killing of ten persons in a Preparedness Day parade in 1916. The court refuses the pardon, and Billings and his companion, Tom Mooney, also refused a pardon by the California State Pardon Board, will continue to sojourn at San Quentin. After declaring that Billings made no attempt to "make an affirmative showing that in relation to the Preparedness Day tragedy" he was an innocent—or in less legal language that he merely tried to prove his innocence in the bomb-throwing by showing that the testimony which convicted him was perjured—the decision points out that Billings kept bad company. He was "the friend and associate of an organized group of persons . . . engaged in plotting, attempting, and even executing crimes of violence against both property and persons . . ." And therefore, in a final burst of judicial reasoning,

> It is fairly inferable from his past and present affiliations that Warren K. Billings was familiar with the plots and plans of this group of his most intimate associates, and this being so it is an almost irresistible conclusion that if Warren K. Billings did not himself prepare and plant the deadly time bomb of the Preparedness Day disaster, he and his intimate associates and codefendant, Mooney, know, and have always known who did . . .

Unfortunately Billings and his codefendant Mooney are not serving life terms for being familiar with plots and plans, or even for knowing who threw the fatal bomb, but for murder in the first degree. With such a capacity for making irresistible inferences, the court ought not to have overlooked that important fact.

SIX DEATHS SO FAR make up the toll of race riot since July 4 in Emelle, Alabama, a small town near the Mississippi border. Trouble started in a quarrel over payment for the battery of a car, and a Negro shot down a white man. The Negro escaped, but his brother fell into the hands of the mob, which held him till night, then took him to the woods and hanged him to a tree. Not content with that, the sheriff and deputies, who arrived later, pushed on with the mob to the cabin of the lynched man's uncle, demanded to search it, and were met with gunfire which killed a member of the posse. Thereupon the crowd stormed the cabin, fired it, and shot the Negro. Since then roving bands have searched the countryside for four other Negroes, all members of the same family, and one of them the man

who did the killing for which his brother was lynched. Two innocent Negroes, one a woman, both entirely unconnected with the quarrel, have been killed in the course of the search. Ten lynchings was the previous record in the South this year: three in Texas, two in South Carolina, two in Georgia, one in Florida, one in Mississippi, and one in Oklahoma. Now Alabama has added its share to a story already grim enough. Meanwhile, in Texas there is a ray of encouragement. We commented last week on the courageous way in which the sheriff of Beaumont prevented the lynching of a Negro who had confessed to eight assaults on white women. Since then a Texas lawyer who refused to accept the assignment of the Criminal District Court to defend this Negro has been fined $250 and remanded to jail for contempt of court, after which he agreed to take the case.

PLAINLY THE RUSSIANS are affected by the same inability to understand conditions abroad which was so largely responsible for the downfall of Germany. Thus *Pravda,* one of the leading Moscow dailies, announces that this is the time for the new Communist leadership in the United States to battle actively for the world revolution. It is to take advantage of the stock-market crash, the unemployment, and the dire plight of the farmer to proselyte vigorously for the Communist millennium. Stalin, too, is quoted as saying that "the Communist Party in America is one of those few in the world on which history imposes problems of decisive importance." We beg leave to differ with the Russian dictator. The Bolsheviki should understand that we have had industrial crises in America before this without their leading to serious political or revolutionary developments and that in times like these the American who has a job is by no means anxious to jeopardize it by going in for political agitation. The only way the Soviets can hope to further communism is by making a success of their economic system at home; everything else they do, like this *Pravda* editorial, merely strengthens the hands of the reactionaries and red-baiters. Stalin ought to be the more willing to leave the rest of the world alone because he has again scored tremendous success in the Communist Party convention, has made his opponents publicly humiliate themselves and recant, and is now as firmly in the saddle as dictator of Russia as Mussolini is in Italy. In addition he was able to report that Russian industry had doubled in two years and that agriculture was 14 per cent above the pre-war level.

SOME OF US are old enough to recall the horror that swept this country a third of a century ago when news drifted up from Cuba of the cruel Spanish policy of collecting the Cubans into concentration camps. There will be no such wave of horror at the news from Nicaragua. In the first place, the American newspapers do not print news from Nicaragua, except Marine Corps propaganda; in the second place, we have grown callous as a nation. But the fact is that the marines, unable to conquer the proud patriots who are still in revolt in northern Nicaragua, and faced by the unanimous hostility of the countryside, have adopted the extreme measure of ordering all the country people to flock into the towns where the "National Guard," officered by Marine Corps men, can watch them. *El Sol* of Tegucigalpa, Honduras, for June 4 prints the proclamation issued on May 17 by Colonel Robert Denig of the National Guard, declaring in the name of President Moncada and by virtue of the state of martial law in the Segovias that the entire civil population within a designated area is ordered to move by June 1 into Jicaro, Jalapa, Quilali, San Juan de Telpaneco, Telpaneco, or Palacaguina; and anyone found within the prohibited zone after that date will be treated as a bandit, which is to say, shot. The civilian exiles are ordered to present themselves to the local chief of the National Guard, who will find them lodging and work. It sounds to us extremely like the introduction by the United States of the Spanish system which once stirred us to such indignation.

WE ARE GLAD to know that the Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin is to continue, and that its sponsors consider it a success. It was inevitable that such a radical departure from educational orthodoxy should have given rise to persistent rumors of failure, dissension, and impending dissolution. Effective answer to these rumors is to be found in the university Bulletin for 1930-31. In this Bulletin President Glenn Frank sets forth succinctly and interestingly the aims of the college, its educational technique, and the apparent results so far—though he is careful to point out that since the college has been in operation only three years it is too early to draw any final conclusions. The samples given under the title of What Parents Say are especially significant and encouraging. More than one parent is of the opinion that his son, during his two years at the Experimental College, has learned to think. Two such opinions would justify the hopeful tone in which President Frank announces the program for the fourth year. There will be places for eighty-four freshmen this fall. Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn will, of course, continue as chairman.

NOT OFTEN DOES THE DEATH of a Congressman call forth such expressions of regret and sorrow both in Europe and the United States as has that of Representative Stephen G. Porter, of Pennsylvania. This was, of course, not because he was a veteran of ten consecutive terms in Congress, but because he had made himself an authority on foreign affairs and because he became, after the World War, the leading authority in official life on the illegal use of narcotics. Secretary Stimson has testified that as soon as Porter joined the House Committee on Foreign Affairs he qualified himself by studying more remote parts of the Far East and South America, with the result that he acquired "a rare understanding of our foreign problems" and was regularly consulted by every Secretary of State from 1911 on for his unbiased judgment—especially in Philippine and Chinese matters. But the work for which he deserves a monument was his magnificent leadership in the fight against opium. There he was not only an ardent and uncompromising fighter; he had completely mastered the subject and was equaled in fervor and knowledge by only one or two persons. To those Americans like Ellen La Motte who are waging this noble fight Mr. Porter's death must be a stunning blow. Dr. Harvey Wiley, who died full of years, had also deserved well of his country for his thirty years of warfare in behalf of pure foods in his position as Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. It is impossible to overestimate what he did along these lines.

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The Right to Revolution

WILL the right to revolt survive? The Declaration of Independence, as most Americans have forgotten, expressly declared that ". . . whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends [the right to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and government by consent of the governed] it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new Government . . ." All over the world the right to rebellion has been and is recognized by everybody save those actually in control of governments. It has been accepted as a matter of course and all successful revolutionists have been acclaimed as heroes and servants of humanity, whereas the unsuccessful have been consigned to the firing squad and contumely. But recent events have caused many to wonder whether the new technique of despots, and the increasingly centralized power of all governments, is not in a fair way to rob the people of their historic right to throw off any government which seems to them intolerable.

That modern inventions have played into the hands of governments nobody will deny. The growing destructiveness of these inventions in the field of warfare tends to strengthen those in power. The bombing ability of airplanes, the use of gas and of tanks augment tremendously the odds in favor of the in's and against the out's. Even more so do the modern press and the modern methods of communication—motor cars, telephone, radio, wireless. When all portions of a country can be explored either by reporters or the spies of authority flying from boundary to boundary in a few hours the possibility of concealing revolutionary preparations becomes slight indeed. The patriots at Concord and Lexington could not have hidden many supplies had British airplanes constantly watched them from overhead. When Washington started his march to Yorktown he crossed the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry, not twenty-five miles from British headquarters. Yet his troops were well through New Jersey before definite knowledge of this movement roused the British in New York City to action. Concealment of troop movements when war has begun can still be achieved, but our Southern and Western States, if they should decide to revolt against the Union, could not do in the way of preparation what the incipient Confederacy did so easily in 1860-61.

If we look abroad the point we are seeking to make becomes even plainer. No serious person believes, today, that there is any likelihood of organized revolt against Mussolini. Some day his whole regime may collapse in a violent convulsion akin to chaos, but the future surely holds in store no new Garibaldi to campaign with a thousand or a hundred thousand. In Russia, too, it appears as if the present dictators could be overthrown only by some great disaster or by complete economic collapse. Vast spaces there are enough in Russia; as far as distance and lack of communications are concerned it might be possible to stage an old-fashioned revolt; but there is surely no opportunity to acquire in advance all the food supplies and the military equipment necessary.

But what of India? That country is today the most interesting on the globe, for the reason that a very old yet new technique of revolution is now being used there which may prove that the Indians, at least, still possess that right of rebellion which our forefathers prized above all else. If non-resistance to physical acts on the part of the overlords, coupled with absolute disobedience, can break down a government that rules without the consent of the governed, the greatest lesson in its history will have been taught the world. Despots will certainly tremble everywhere if they find that airplanes, tear gas, police staves, rifles, and machine-guns are of no avail against a people which welcomes prison and courts death and suffering in preference to the continuance of a regime it detests. You cannot massacre a whole people; not even soldiers can continue for very long to shoot down unresisting men who bare their bosoms to the fatal lead. Certainly England today holds her Indian Empire by the most tenuous of strings; the only question is whether there is sufficient determination and solidarity to go on with the protests and the sacrifice.

Moreover, it is not only the active non-resistance of the Indians—to write an apparent contradiction—which counts. Little by little the English are being forced into an ignoble and an impossible situation. They are insisting upon holding a country which they won by a victory over a third nation; they know that the country is overwhelmingly against them; they are bewildered because the people they dominate refuse to take them at their valuation. They cannot understand that one little man whom they have placed behind bars exercises an authority far beyond their own and has achieved the love of millions they cannot win; they cannot understand why force no longer avails, or the wholesale arrests with which they have filled their jails. They have proscribed the National Congress as an illegal organization; some of their myrmidons have banned the Gandhi cap which even the children are wearing. Nothing avails. There is here a clash not only of civilizations, of national points of view, but of a greater philosophy with a lesser—that of Christ who refused to lift one finger to save himself; who put all his faith in the things of the spirit and the refusal to do evil that good might come therefrom.

Perhaps what is demanded here can only be achieved by a nation like that of the Indians with their mysticism, their spirituality, their faith, their peculiar beliefs, their history. Perhaps; but our faith in the eventual all-conquering nature of Gandhi's weapons is complete. How pitiful it is that Ramsay MacDonald and his Government cannot see it! How disturbing it must be to all members of the Labor Party who are at the same time followers of conscience and lovers of humanity when they read of the police beating unresisting persons until foreign correspondents can look on no longer; when they read that their agents are using all the weapons of imperialistic authority! What a pity they cannot recall what their great statesman Richard Cobden once said: "Can we play the game of fraud, violence, and injustice in Asia without finding our national conscience seared at home?"

Aliens and Citizenship

THE long-debated question of whether or not an alien applying for citizenship has the same rights as a natural-born citizen of the United States has been temporarily settled by the decisions rendered in the cases of Dr. Douglas Clyde Macintosh and Marie Averill Bland, applicants for citizenship, by Judge Manton of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Manton's decision reverses that of the lower courts, which denied naturalization in both cases on the ground that neither Dr. Macintosh nor Miss Bland would swear to bear arms in defense of their country in time of war. If this bald statement of the fact sounds preposterous in the case of a forty-seven-year-old nurse and a fifty-three-year-old professor of theology, let it be remembered that the same point of view has been upheld by no less a tribunal than the Supreme Court of the United States in denying citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer.

It was plain that Judge Manton and his associates, Judge Learned Hand and Judge Swan, were considerably hampered by this same decision of the Supreme Court, from which Justice Holmes dissented in such admirable language. It was not possible to tell the Supreme Court to its face that its decision was faulty. Yet Judge Manton's distinction between the Schwimmer case, in which citizenship was not granted, and the Macintosh and Bland cases, in which he permits it to be granted, is one of those labored differences for which the law is famous. Dr. Macintosh declared that he would not swear to support the United States in any war, but only in a war which he considered morally justifiable; Miss Bland declared that she would not bear arms in defense of her country, because her beliefs as a Christian forbade her to do so, but that she was willing to assist in any non-combative capacity during a war in which her new country should be engaged, just as she had served as a war nurse overseas in the World War. Judge Manton declared:

> It will, of course, be recognized as a duty of the citizen to bear arms in defense of his country, but there is also the well-recognized qualification that a person does not lack nationalism or affection for his government if, by reason of a conscientious religious scruple, he requests being excused from bearing arms. . . . Nor is there any fixed principle of the Constitution of this country requiring a citizen with conscientious religious scruples against bearing arms to nevertheless bear arms in time of war. . . . No more is demanded of an alien who becomes a citizen than of a natural-born citizen and when an alien becomes a citizen he is accorded all the rights and privileges afforded to a natural-born citizen except eligibility to the Presidency.

These sentiments are, of course, unexceptionable. The last sentence especially is a forthright and admirable reversal of the statement made by Judge Bondy of the lower court, when reminded that he was requiring more of an applicant for citizenship than is required of a natural-born citizen, that "the rights of those who are already citizens and the rights of those who apply for citizenship are entirely different." This is preposterous doctrine, and it is good to see a higher judge recognizing it as such.

It was in considering the precedent established in the case of Rosika Schwimmer that Judge Manton found himself on exceedingly delicate ground. His way of getting around the difficulty does not seem altogether successful. The decision declares:

> The question presented here differs from that presented in the case of Schwimmer vs. United States, *supra*. She stated she was an absolute atheist and said: "I am not willing to bear arms." . . . Mrs. Schwimmer said she was an uncompromising pacifist and was found to have no sense of nationalism but only a cosmic sense of belonging to the human family and opposed the use of military force as admitted by the Constitution and by the laws. She had "no nationalistic feelings."

This is putting the qualification for citizenship at least partly on religious grounds, although Madame Schwimmer's want of proper nationalistic feeling and her out-and-out pacifism are also mentioned. In so far as it sets up a religious qualification for citizenship we believe it to be directly contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. In so far as it sanctions the refusal of citizenship on the ground of pacifism—whether "uncompromising" or not—we believe it deprives this country of citizens of the highest potential usefulness. The necessities imposed by the existing decision of a higher court handicapped Judge Manton to a very great degree. The present decision, grateful as we must be for it, is not without its weaknesses. The fact is that the parallels between the cases of Madame Schwimmer and Doctor Macintosh and Miss Bland are uncomfortably close; and the latest decision may tend further to complicate rather than to clarify the issue. The final test will be when and if the present cases are appealed to the Supreme Court. The court will then have an opportunity of frankly reversing itself, as many times it has done. And one can only hope, in the interests of justice and common sense, that it will do so.

Wandering Students

THE wandering students are with us again. From all parts of the country, during the past week or two, they have been moving by thousands and tens of thousands upon the summer schools of the universities. Columbia University, it is reported, expects upwards of 14,000, and a dozen other universities will need four figures to record their enrolment. It is a very quiet and unostentatious migration. American students do not troop afoot along the highways as did the students of Europe in the Middle Ages, singing, arguing, carousing, plundering or begging as mood or circumstances dictated, and adding a colorful lawlessness to the towns in which they stopped. Civilization has changed all that. The summer-school wanderer pays his way and keeps the peace, and if the way is sometimes narrow and the peace a little dull, he knows that dormitory heads, boarding-house keepers, and restaurant proprietors, the managers of shows and purveyors of soft drinks are ready with a welcome and that presidents, deans, and professors will offer the glad hand. No one can say that summer-school students are not wanted; they are wanted very much, and the more there are this year the more, it is hoped, there may be next.

Most of the migrants are teachers in schools or colleges. With many of them the bread-and-butter motive, academi-

cally speaking, is paramount; they are working for degrees or for "credits" which professionally will be worth while. At least as many more, however, dispense with the credit motive and crowd classrooms and lecture halls because of someone whom they want to hear or something they want to know. A surprisingly large number do not attend the same school a second time; instead, they "sample round." This year, perhaps, it is Columbia or Chicago; last year it was Wisconsin or Harvard; the year before, Kansas, or Illinois, or Cornell. Some follow a favorite professor, for professors, like students, have taken to roving and seem to welcome a chance to turn up at a different place each year. Climate and geography play their part in determining the course of migration. The east winds of Cambridge are a standing invitation to wanderers from the South, while the schools at Berkeley and Palo Alto draw heavily from New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada; Chicago is a Mecca to the pilgrim-minded of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and the modern Babylon beckons gaily to everybody.

Culturally, this migration of students and teachers has a good deal of significance. It tends to overcome sectionalism and helps to break down prejudice. Six weeks spent in an unfamiliar place with a crowd of people drawn from everywhere is pretty certain to make a difference. One recalls the story of a Northern traveler who set out on a day's horseback ride in the Georgia mountains with a "cracker" for companion and guide. The two rode on for some time in silence, for Georgia crackers are not given to conversation. Suddenly the guide turned in his saddle and remarked: "I s'pose you-uns up there knows a heap o' things we-uns down here don't know." The traveler cautiously admitted that that might be so. A half-hour later and the guide turned again: "An' I s'pose we-uns down here knows a heap o' things you-uns up there don't know." The traveler agreed. Another half-hour and the native philosopher had thought it through: "Mixin' larns us." The summer school is a good deal like that; its members mix, and in mixing they learn.

It is not a onesided process, either, doing something for the visitors but leaving the university untouched. Every university in America, from the mammoths down, has about it a great deal that is provincial and manneristic. It prides itself on its ways of doing things or emphasizes some special attitude toward life. It has set up standards and habits and more or less openly appraises other standards and habits as inferior. Save, perhaps, for a few general principles, there are not two universities in the country that agree about the kind or quantity of knowledge which a student should have when he enters, or how he should be treated while there, or what he should be like when he leaves. Distinctive character the universities assuredly have, but it is a character curiously streaked with prejudices and aversions, exclusive loyalties, and myopic squints at a rather small world. For such self-consciousness and complacence the summer school is a healthy counter-irritant. The student gets some of his sharp corners worn down and discovers that parochial interests are not the whole story. The university, faced with a small army of men and women eager but unabashed, has to get out of a rut or risk the loss of prestige. The summer school, in short, does its bit for a cosmopolitan culture, and anything that can be done in that direction in America is so much to the good.

Coolidge Wisdom

CALVIN COOLIDGE'S first column, what with a copyright notation, an editorial note, a five-em dash, numerous paragraphs, and generous areas of white space, filled a box four inches wide and four and a quarter inches long on the first page of the *Herald Tribune* for July 1. It contained 198 words counting the date line and the signature. But what the *Herald Tribune* lacks in Coolidge copy it makes up in editorial excitement. On July 2 three half-columns on page 2 were filled with comment on the column culled from the leading newspapers of the country. Each item, as we remember, was longer than Mr. Coolidge's original message.

As for the message itself, it sounded from the first vaguely familiar. And when our eyes fell upon another contribution which is also to be found daily in the *Herald Tribune,* we realized why. This latter appears on the last instead of the first page of the first section and is entitled From the Founder's Writings. It is to be found, for that matter, in the upper left-hand corner of every advertisement syndicated by Wanamaker's department store.

It is evident at a glance that these two great minds run in the same channels. Says Founder Wanamaker on July 1: "For men to be gruff and offish with each other without reason is not only bad manners, but deprives them of helping each other to climb the high hills that often confront us." Says Profounder Coolidge on the same day, after a panegyric on the fundamental soundness of the country that must have warmed Herbert Hoover's heart: "My countrymen, it is time to stop criticizing and quarreling and begin sympathizing and helping!" And on July 2: "We should not faint at the first obstacle." (Cf. Wanamaker's "high hills.") There is not room for more quotation and we have probably exceeded already the one-half of one per cent allowed by the copyright. It is safe to say, however, that Coolidge wins on all three counts of homely wisdom, i.e., platitudes, healthy sentiment, and patriotism, though in fairness to Wanamaker it should be pointed out that this is due solely to the fact that the Coolidge Cogitations (for all his reputation for economy) are twice as long as the Wanamaker Wanderings. The only important difference is that the *Herald Tribune* pays Coolidge (thus vindicating his economics) and gets paid by Wanamaker's.

We hasten to assert that it is not our purpose to level the charge of plagiarism at any head. We wish merely to point out that Coolidge shares with Wanamaker, with Bok, and with Harold Bell Wright that talent for the mediocre and the obvious in thought and expression that will carry him to final triumph whether he seeks it in the columns of a newspaper or the corridors of the White House. And the *Herald Tribune* need have no doubt that the Coolidge column will pay its way. If Rudy Vallee is the soft heart of America, Coolidge is its hard head. He and his public understand each other, and his words will fall upon its ears with that same comforting familiarity that has enshrined Eddie Guest and Elbert Hubbard in the pansied wall-mottoes of a nation. Adding our voice to the chorus, we predict that Coolidge wisdom will prove only less popular than Coolidge prosperity.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

ONE important phase of the Russian experiment is seldom discussed by anybody and never by the Communists. Bolshevist commentators limit themselves to investigation and glorification of the economic aims of the Soviet Republic. It is, of course, a familiar Marxian theory that all history must be translated in terms of economics. Nevertheless, it seems to me unlikely that life in its entirety can be simplified into a mere matter of economic adjustments.

I have never been reconciled to the theory that there is such a thing as proletarian art and capitalistic art, as Upton Sinclair has suggested. Nor can I believe that love, religion, and recreation are capable of being interpreted wholly through a new conception of production and distribution. Much that is written about Russia is contradictory and it is unfair to comment dogmatically without striking some sort of balance between the various points of view of all observers. But there seems to be no conflict in the statement that the Soviet leaders are bending every effort to make all life within the borders of the nation serve a communal purpose. Private life is to be abolished as well as private property. The pleasure principle is rigorously frowned upon. To a good Communist cards, dancing, drink, and light love are just as reprehensible as they appeared in the eyes of the Puritans. Indeed, one may go even farther back and find a possible analogy in Sparta. As yet very little of Athens has crept into the Russian experiment.

It may be said, perhaps, that the Soviet state is still in the formative stage, and that certain rigorous aspects of self-discipline and coercive discipline from the state itself may be moderated once the structure has been solidified. Against this argument may be cited the certain fact that puritanism is not to be lightly assumed and then removed. People who adopt the puritan point of view for a purpose are not able to shed their philosophy even when their objects have been attained.

It may also be said that in some of its aspects the life prescribed for the faithful Communist is the direct antithesis of that lived by our New Englanders. For instance, at Russian bathing beaches wearers of suits are numbered among the bourgeoisie. No good Communist would dare to exhibit such false modesty. Granting, as I do, that this is a more healthy attitude and that in any case swimming without a suit is far more fun I must still deny that there is any essential difference in the point of view. It is merely a reversal. One sect is shocked by clothes and one by nudity, but in both cases there is a strict rule of conduct—a proper and an improper way of bathing. One can easily imagine wild Russians of the younger set sneaking off to some lonely pool to enjoy the unholy thrill of wearing bathing suits.

Ben James writes in the *Herald Tribune:*

> In a vaudeville performance at a Moscow amusement park I saw an eccentric dancer who interpreted his antics in terms of world movements. First he whirled for several minutes, gaining in speed and action until he slumped to the stage. He rose again and continued at a faster tempo until he once more fell exhausted. A third time he revived, and spun with greatest fury until he dropped and was carried from the stage. The performer explained his act as a dance of capitalism, which he pictured to the audience as in the last frenzied stage before its final downfall.

Such devices for beating the devil around the stump were not unknown to our old Puritans either. At a time when plays were forbidden by law in the New England States quite a little theatrical entertainment was bootlegged to the colonists. Shakespeare was freely performed, "Othello" being one of the favorites. But, of course, the producers did not call it a play. They set the tragedy forward as "an animated sermon illustrating the evil effects of jealousy." In both schools of thought—Russian and Puritan—there is an underlying spiritual kinship. The Puritan and the Bolshevist hold in common that man's first duty lies to something outside himself.

And there is a similarity in missionary spirit. The young Communist embarks upon a venture to enlighten the capitalistic world in much the same manner that Baptists go to China. There is the same impatience with the folkways of the benighted and an equal disposition to effect conversion even if the luckless unbeliever must be bashed over the head.

In fact, the theological form is strikingly of a piece. In both bolshevism and fundamental Christianity membership is by conversion and in each case the danger of backsliding is ever present. Heresy hunting is the favorite diversion of both camps and Lenin has been elevated to the status of a Messiah since grace proceeds only through a complete and literal acceptance of his doctrines. As among the theologians of the Puritan sects, vast and intricate debates occur as to the meaning of phrases and their application to the life of today. And to cap the climax the Soviet state seems to uphold the doctrine of predestination and foreordination in its attitude toward recruits who are white or red.

It has been observed in the matter of Russian motion pictures, Russian novels, and Russian plays that each creative artist is bound to the task of glorifying the state. Interest in productions such as "Romeo and Juliet" is discouraged because they draw the mind off the main track. Romantic love is a delusion, possibly an opiate fostered by the capitalists to enslave the masses. Such art as contributes nothing to the Five-Year Plan is outlawed as counter-revolutionary. Here again we see a situation not unlike that which existed in the great days of the church when painters were under the necessity of turning their efforts wholly to the glorification of saints and other holy figures. The only change is that now, instead of Madonnas, the artist must turn out his fair proportion of canvases showing the hands of Labor cleaving the earth above his head and emerging to down the capitalistic ogre.

To be sure, night clubs still exist in Moscow but they are run solely for the unregenerate. Here foreigners may come and others not belonging to the elect. Jazz is not for men and women intent upon the creation of a new Utopia. But there still remains the pertinent question: what is the Russian going to do with it when he gets it?

HEYWOOD BROUN

Our Super-Babbitt

A Recantation

By ROBERT HERRICK

A DOZEN years ago I contributed to the columns of *The Nation* a panegyric upon one Herbert Hoover, who then bulked large in the admiration and hope of the world. With an immense prestige gained by having successfully conducted the Belgian relief and skilfully imposed a self-denying ordinance upon the appetites of his countrymen, he had undertaken after the armistice the feeding of the starving vanquished peoples of Eastern Europe (not quite impartially, it is said!) and had returned to his native land, from which he had been absent during many busy years. He had emerged from the devastating war with an untarnished reputation won by prosecuting efficiently the aims of peace. For those who like myself were looking for some man, neither militarist nor politician, to lead this country out of the economic and spiritual chaos left by the greatest insanity in human history and the equally tragic betrayal at Versailles, this American engineer of Quaker ancestry who had so thoroughly demonstrated his quiet efficiency, this great humanitarian (as he was then thought to be), seemed an instrument of fate providentially fitted for mighty tasks. What other American, removed from partisan influences by the pattern of his life—and with such personal qualifications and rich experience—was as well equipped as Hoover to understand the infinite perplexities of the present, and not only to restore our own equilibrium, but to show us how to take nobly that larger part which destiny was inexorably thrusting upon us? We had had enough of eloquence, the proclaiming of great principles with feeble performance; we wanted someone who would know his way about in the new world, a doer not a talker.

In those early months of 1919 it looked as if one of the two dominant political parties might be forced to accept Hoover as its candidate for the Presidency for fear that the other party would run him if it didn't. In response to inquiry as to whether he was Democrat or Republican Hoover had given to the press shortly after his return to the United States a brief statement of things he believed ought to be done, with the implication that he would support the party that indorsed such a program. The Republican leaders in the Senate—the same gang that had knifed Wilson at Paris—had already selected their candidate, one of themselves, the most ignorant and pliant of the gang. But the public interest in Hoover gave them pause. This new man without party affiliations had a unique position of advantage; if he had been astute enough, or had had good counselors, or if simply he had been the sincere man we believed him to be, Hoover might have become President in 1920 without abating a jot of his prestige, without serving an eight years' apprenticeship in party politics under the tuition of Hughes, Mellon, and the Ohio gang. Instead, having an address to deliver before the Society of Engineers in New York he took the advice of friends and discovered overnight that he had always been a Republican, like most respectable Americans who own property. Thereafter, naturally, neither party had any immediate use for this great humanitarian—the Democrats because he called himself a Republican and the Republicans because of his own volition he had made himself harmless. The Hoover sentiment in the country faded away; the Senate gang proceeded with their plans and according to schedule put over Harding.

To those who read his address to the Society of Engineers (which was later elaborated into a book, the sole contribution he has made so far to statesmanship and philosophy) there was another deep disappointment. The message, the one supreme truth, that this man of such extraordinary experience brought to his countrymen from a close observation of Europe in the throes of self-destruction, after witnessing for five terrible years the bankruptcy of old systems of government, the agonies of peoples, the crumbling of civilization, was praise for "individual initiative" and denunciation of every kind of political or social change, all forms of which he loosely denominated "socialism." To one who read that Rotarian confession of faith, with its implications, any further enthusiasm for Hoover seemed impossible. The mind that could react along that single, well-worn groove to all the human phenomena it had been Hoover's privilege to witness was patently a narrow mind, without either imagination or insight or any large purpose. Hoover was merely another capable American business man with a knack for large affairs and a gift for publicity. One could have written him off as a dud then and there for any leadership in the new world. The American people, gorged with war profits and flushed with the consciousness of power, needed no incentive to individual initiative just then, least of all then, confronted as they were by grave problems involving their relationship with the rest of the world. The ideal of everybody for himself and the devil help the hindmost had worked well enough among pioneers exploiting a new land of unbounded riches; for a nation of one hundred and twenty millions of people, with billions owing to it by other peoples and more billions being added annually to the debt, such a policy was hardly a sure foundation for peace in a narrowing world.

After the election of Harding there followed, as everybody knows, eight of the least memorable, the most sordid years of our national history. Hoover was content to serve in the Cabinet that contained such specimens as Fall, Daugherty, et al. From them, and from Mellon and Hughes, he learned the game of party politics, the hard-boiled game. Opinions still differ as to how well he can play that game, whether he is still the blundering amateur or the skilled professional. The Parker and the Claudius Huston incidents would seem to indicate that for all his long apprenticeship under such a variety of able instructors he is not yet an adept. He became for two administrations the handy man, the intellectual front so to speak, very busy,

very useful, while he developed his celebrated method of commission inquiries—a specious device for inaction, a convenient smoke screen. Those eight years, so momentous to the future of the world, meant here in the United States but one thing: prosperity and how to get it, how to keep it, how to increase it. With Coolidge and Mellon as leaders there was organized the famous prosperity chorus, which incited to frenzy the cupidity of Main Street until every elevator boy bought himself an "equity in the United States."

In the enormous task of the pacification of Europe, the liquidation of the errors of Versailles, what part did Hoover play? None, except to sit on the commission to settle the amounts, principal and interest, which our debtors must pay this country over three-quarters of a century. On the honor roll of those who labored in behalf of international understanding and peace there is the name of one German, one Frenchman, and one American—but not Hoover's.

Probably the stupidest and the wickedest aspect of our foreign policy since the war has been our official attitude toward Russia (that Russia which Wilson in one of his moments of divination predicted would become "the acid test" of American ideals!). The policy of non-intercourse first promulgated by the righteous Hughes has been rigidly adhered to since, and there is no sign that Hoover ever protested against this hypocritical silliness or has any intention of abandoning it. There is no evidence, either, that he has been superior to the sporadic crazes for witch-burning in connection with "reds" from which this country suffers periodically. I know of no utterance by Hoover against the sins of intolerance; I remember many insisting upon the materialistic basis of all human progress, where he and the great Communist seem to be in singular accord.

In due season, then, came Hoover's turn for promotion. Coolidge, with an uncanny animal instinct for stormy weather ahead, decided to retire into contemplation and journalism. His elevation had been the purest freak of chance; he seems never to have lost sense of this fact and did not presume upon fate. The handy man of the Administration was his natural successor, the Hoover myth having persisted to some degree and latterly been revived by the Commerce Secretary's competent handling of the Mississippi flood disaster. If Hoover could no longer unfurl the banner of the great humanitarian, he was still, in the minds of Main Street, the trained expert, the Great Engineer—and presumably by this time enough of a politician to know his way around Washington. If in 1919 one felt enthusiasm for the unknown Hoover, in 1927 one knew enough not to expect too much of the godson of Mellon, who had sat through the stench of the Harding years without any sign of nausea; who had accepted without protest the narrow Coolidge policies; who for eight years had run docilely in harness with the Republican gang. But at least the industrious Secretary of Commerce was a trained, competent executive, an "expert."

Alas, what a blow one year of Hoover efficiency has given to the ideal of training and education in the art of government! The preference of a democracy for the "plain" man to one who has received an education and has intellectual affiliations has been unfortunately encouraged. Events since November, 1927, are too recent, too poignant, to need much comment. It is pitiful, tragic, that a mature man of Hoover's full experience should have wanted anything as badly as he apparently wanted the Presidency and now wants another term. He wanted to be elected so badly that in a panic he promised everything before election: an extra session of Congress; a farm board with millions, billions if necessary, of public funds to hold the bucket for all agricultural surpluses (what had he learned as commission merchant for Belgium and Eastern Europe?); a new tariff to benefit the farmers without disturbing the manufacturers (and he was supposed to be an expert in economics if not in the political history of the United States!); and commissions galore.

We now know that his promises were not empty gestures. We wish they had been. For there is one worse habit than not doing the right thing—that is to persist self-righteously in doing the wrong thing. It is an interesting speculation which must be left to his intimates whether Hoover is as fundamentally ignorant as his actions and occasionally his words on economic matters would indicate, or is merely cynically sinning against his intelligence like any practical politician for the sake of that second term—the goal which has destroyed the integrity of many a chief executive. I prefer to believe that the President knows better—knows that prices of staple commodities cannot be maintained or boosted by the use of revolving funds, that no tariff can be devised to help the farmer without also seriously hurting him, that high tariffs do not in the long run make for prosperity at home or peace abroad. He might, at least, with his confirmed taste for expert opinion, have given some attention to the almost unanimous opinion of American economic experts on the inevitable results of the new tariff. Instead, without any "study" or consultation with experts, with a feeble effort to save face by the flexible provision, he hastened to sign this measure, which the "best minds" had been telling him for months would end for a long while our puffy prosperity and also, let us pray, the rule of the Republican Party.

The only one of the numerous commissions of eminent persons which Hoover has appointed that has produced any tangible results to date is the one on Haiti, and there the facts were already sufficiently known. What was wanting was the will to act upon them, which was accelerated less by the Forbes commission than by events precipitating some sort of decision. The commission method is a wise method, of course, the method of science, technology, big business. But anybody who has ever served upon a college faculty knows well enough that it is also the method of procrastination and evasion, a decorous manner of pigeonholing controversial subjects. In case of most governmental problems all necessary facts are well enough known or easily available; what is lacking is the will, the intention to find the right conclusion.

Thus far, Hoover has engineered two large publicity features—the good-will tour of South America preceding his inauguration and the Rapidan conversations with the English Premier, both of which were effectively advertised. To the hopes aroused by the first in all Latin America has come within one short year the disillusionment of the new tariff, in which their interests are more flagrantly ignored than ever before, especially those of our ward, Cuba. All our neighbors are now able to judge the value of Hoover's amiable words and gestures when translated into action.

The glow excited by the second, the hope of disarmament, has sunk into apathy over the petty accomplishment of the naval conference, which might have been predicted from the character of the American delegates selected by the President and the stubborn attitude these held in London throughout the conference. To arouse expectations among millions of men and women which are not met by performance, which possibly were never intended to be met, is dangerous politically. The memory of the public is short, but not short enough to acquit a Hoover.

It would be silly to attribute responsibility for all our ills to any President—or even to the Republican Party. Fumbling with farm relief, forcing a wretched tariff upon a world suffering already from too much tariff, and failure to accomplish any real disarmament do not altogether account for the present universal depression and uncertainty. Our vast Main Street is in the process of awakening from the prolonged dream encouraged by the last two administrations, and that is not pleasant. We must face the realities of overproduction and underconsumption, of a growing scarcity of gold, of a Europe still unappeased and ready to engage in reprisals, and of the potential rivalry of a different economic system developed in despised and hated Russia, whose gigantic effort the prosperity chorus may have too lightly derided. Individual initiative and natural resources alone may not be enough!

Hoover has not given the slightest evidence as President that he has either the understanding or the ability to cope with such a situation. The likelihood is that there will be the usual deadlock between an unpopular President and the Congress for the next two years, but the sooner we are rid of Hoover and his promises the better. When a French journalist said the other day that the American people must choose between a Babbitt and an Owen Young, he exactly appraised the values. But have they not already chosen in their hearts?

Sex Puritanism in Russia

By CHARMION VON WIEGAND

A YOUNG, strong, and enthusiastic Bolshevik, taking advantage of Russia's new freedom, acquired four sweethearts simultaneously—a number thoroughly legal under Mohammed's law and not prohibited under the new Soviet law. But the law is one thing and life is another. For a young man in any land it would be almost a whole-time job to make four girls happy. In Russia the difficulties are well-nigh insurmountable. Just to mention one small obstacle, there are no private motor cars in Russia. Imagine the energy required to call on four girls in four different sections of the city by means of the slow and overcrowded street cars. And in a country where even food and clothing are in the luxury class it is no small task to divide a party salary (not more than $110 a month) so that it will meet all the expenses of everyday existence and still provide enough for the expenses of courtship. In addition to these difficulties there was one vastly more important one. This young man was a member of the party and he held a responsible position. According to rule he was bound to work eight or ten hours a day at his job and give six hours to party work. It would have taken an Einstein to solve the higher mathematical problems of the division of his time and his purse. Is it any wonder then that he had to do without sleep to meet his heavy schedule, and that he became harassed, overstrained, and inefficient?

He soon did not want to answer the telephone or see the postman. Each week the difficulties piled up. Mila, who lived out of town, would write that she hadn't seen him for a whole week. He would be obliged to answer that he had to get out a report and could not come out that evening. He probably would not add that he also had promised to take Vera to the theater. But if the next evening was consumed in riding miles to placate Mila, then there were Masha and an important committee meeting to occupy him. And just that afternoon when he had gone home to prepare his speech for the coming congress, Natasha had dropped in and he could not hurt her feelings, after having broken the last engagement with her. Altogether the situation was getting intolerable.

The young man began to arrive at the office late. First it was only five minutes but it gradually became an hour or more. His work was careless and inaccurate. His comrades in the office raised their eyebrows, for he had always been a conscientious and faithful worker. Now, at a time when every nerve was being strained to put across the Five-Year Plan, when the comrades who had fought shoulder to shoulder in the Revolution were again sacrificing their health and shortening their lives in order to rear a modern Russia for the coming generation, here was their comrade arriving an hour late, falling asleep from fatigue at his desk, and neglecting to turn in his reports on time. In the eyes of the young man's friends these actions seemed nothing short of counter-revolution. The matter was reported to the party, which began to investigate in its most thorough manner. The culprit was finally called to account and I imagine that the ultimatum delivered ran something like this: We have nothing to do with your personal life and we are not interested in your private morals, but we beg to point out that your complex relationships with women take too much time and energy from your work. We have no suggestion to offer as regards a solution of your problem, but we wish to remind you that if you are again late at the office or your work lags behind, even by the smallest margin, we shall be glad to accept your resignation.

The end of the tale is extremely moral. The young man began at top speed to reform his life. He dismissed three of his sweethearts (it will be kind to draw a veil over the painful scenes that must have ensued) and he took the fourth to the registration bureau, where they were properly married. And when last heard of he was living a placid, monogamous, domestic existence, completely devoted to the party. I have told this story at some length because it epitomizes the new morality arising in Russia today.

During the years of actual revolutionary fighting Russia

went through a period of experiments, including sexual excesses and overindulgence. Now that the Revolution has entered a new stage of development—a constructive and economic one—the Soviet pioneers seem to be headed toward a new kind of puritanism. Today Russia is a pioneer land and its morality and culture are almost completely dictated by economics and expediency. In this it stands much closer to the America of our forefathers than to present-day Europe.

The impressive thing about Russia is that the pioneer spirit should flare into life in a land that has already seen two cultures flourish and decay. That these old cultures could be so easily extinguished may be due to the fact that they did not spring from Russian soil and consequently never really entered into the blood of its people. Asiatic and medieval Russia still lives in the outlying districts and in the villages, and the religious controversy that reigned this year was nothing more than the death struggle of orthodox Holy Russia against the onslaught of modern collectivism. And European Russia still exists—that Russia which Peter the Great made and of which Leningrad is the visible symbol—and all those tattered traditions from Germany, France, and Italy that comprised the patchwork culture of the upper and middle classes. But amid all these foreign and conflicting elements there runs through the brains and hearts of men, like a current of electricity, the will to revolution, the will to build the future. And that will allows no trifling with its plans. Life is completely stripped of its ornaments. Only the essentials for satisfying the primary instincts of hunger, shelter, warmth, and sex desire exist, without as yet any definite social form to clothe them. And of these sex comes last, for enormous energy goes into providing food and clothes. A man or woman who is a good Communist cannot indulge in sexual excesses any more than in luxurious living.

Those sensation-loving Americans who go to Russia are usually disillusioned. They have read of the nationalization of women, the decay of legal marriage, the legalization of abortion, the ease of divorce, and they assume life is one long orgy. Instead they find a nation of workers laboring from seven to seventeen hours a day, emotionally and physically absorbed in the superhuman task of turning the world's greatest agrarian land into a modern industrial center. In this atmosphere it is not strange that love, luxury, leisure, and even art must take second place. It is only an effete Europe that has the leisure to cultivate social graces, manners, and the arts of courtship.

When the Revolution came the Russian people revolted against the old morality. In essence this was the challenge they flung to Europe: We will have no more of your bourgeois morals, manners, luxuries, or spiritual posturings. We think you have made one contribution to world betterment—science. We shall therefore take over your knowledge and use its inventions and technique to forge weapons against the old dominant classes and to build a huge industrial nation on a communistic basis.

It is the latter part of this program that has brought about the new puritanism. It is not based on Christian laws or the idea of sin in sexual matters. The Five-Year Plan has been more efficacious in restraining the Bolsheviks than have the Ten Commandments in restraining the Christians. The party does not believe in morality—our brand—and a Communist morality is yet to be developed. If his work is well done and the worker has earned his rest he may shape his life to suit himself—for the weeks of his annual vacation only!

Even among Communist Party members there are many divergences of opinion concerning personal conduct and they are still groping for a new code of morals applicable to the proletariat. Pilynak, one of the most successful of the new writers, has written a story called "The Law of the Wolf," which dramatically exposes the new double standard of the Communists. Two friends, who work sixteen hours a day "in the mills of Revolution" and whose cars stand ever waiting to take them to committee meetings, public gatherings, and party councils, go on their vacations together. They break loose from the tension of their work in those mills that never stop their grinding and leave Moscow.

In their car that runs along strange roads at night, silent and swift as a sleek greyhound, they go on the hunt—after animals in the dense forests, to shoot and to slay, and after women, too, strange women, lusty and without reserve, to satisfy the hunger for sex; and to slake their intolerable thirst they drink unlimited quantities of fiery vodka till they become mad and their blood runs wild in their veins. They return to the city refreshed, their blood made young again by lust and cruelty, and the next day their cars stand waiting to carry them to the mills of Revolution—that day and every day thereafter to their eternal work—until again they shall have earned the right to break the tension and revert to pleasure.

I myself observed the same thing in less vivid surroundings. To one Bolshevik, who one night had got suddenly drunk while on his vacation, I exclaimed: "How can you do it?" I knew him to be an idealist with an almost fanatical faith in the Revolution, and a most conscientious worker.

He answered: "I wouldn't dare in Moscow. I never touch it there. It would interfere with my work. But here, after four years without any rest, I can let go."

"How do you reconcile your conduct with your point of view?"

"I feel ashamed. I don't want to get drunk again."

But either because of his remorse or in spite of it, that very evening he was drunk and ribald as before.

And he was not alone in this. His companions, too, were heavy drinkers and could put any American under the table in short order. But no one thought of objecting, least of all the party, for it was vacation time.

The Russian puritanism is not artificially applied from the outside. It is a kind of integrity and control necessary to perform a difficult task. It is applied to all forms of conduct—not only to sex. The Bolsheviks encourage plainness in dress. Part of this is putting a good face on the fact that so few things can be had. But it also shows an attitude of mind. Some of this severe feeling has relaxed of late. A man may wear a collar and tie and not feel ashamed of it. But I have had Communists—men, too—say to me: "Those awful American clothes!" meaning mine. My frocks were simple but bright and the other girls wore clothes that looked like sacks tied in the middle. The girls seemed to like to feel the silk and gaze at the color but the men did not care to have attention attracted to me. I was too bourgeois for them.

There are Bolsheviks even today who consider washing a sign of bourgeois decadence. I once heard a remark,

"Imagine, he takes a bath every day," and it was said in a tone of disapproval at such extraordinary self-indulgence. Of course this was not because of any fear that cleanliness meant too much sensual pleasure and consideration for the body, as the early Christians feared, but because it involved, in Russia, a loss of time and of energy.

The party has gone so far as to frown on complicated domestic arrangements. Polygamy is prohibited. One is allowed to marry as many times as one wants, but some of the most daring, whose marriages and divorces have run into the teens, have been known to receive sound lectures from the presiding magistrate. And the punishment in Russia for anyone attempting to evade the responsibility of his or her parenthood is summary and severe. It is the accepted rule that severer punishment must be meted out to party members for deviation from its standards, as it is also notorious that Communist offenders receive longer sentences in court than non-Communists.

If I have summarized the new Communist morality as a puritanical faith, it has not been to disparage it but to explain its dynamic energy and force—its driving power. It is not possible to conquer continents, to convert whole countries, to lift millions of people out of an Asiatic sleep, without rules, without tremendous self-sacrifice and denial of personal pleasure. It is with this attitude that the Bolsheviks shape their morality.

Negro Barbers in the South

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

THE Negroes of the South are in grave danger of being driven from one of the few remaining trades in which they are able to compete on anything like even terms with the whites. This is the trade of barbering. The organized white barbers of the country are gradually securing the adoption of bills in the various States setting up boards of barber examiners which pass on the qualifications of applicants and issue and revoke licenses. Already twenty-six commonwealths have passed such laws. Most of them are in the West, but the States of the East and South are slowly falling into line. Every State west of the Mississippi has adopted a barber bill of one sort or another with the exception of Wyoming, New Mexico, Arkansas, and Oklahoma, while east of the river Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Louisiana, Tennessee, North Carolina, Maryland, Connecticut, and Rhode Island have done so. The movement spread to the South only two or three years ago. Sponsors of these laws have not had an easy time getting them through the Southern legislatures owing to the large Negro population and the widespread belief that barber bills below the Potomac are designed to eliminate Negroes from the trade. But four of the former Confederate States already have adopted such measures, and Florida failed to do so by a margin of one vote.

It is true that the organized white barbers and spokesmen for the American Federation of Labor, with which they are affiliated, are loud in their denials that these bills are drawn in such a way as ultimately to get rid of colored competition. The object of this legislation is, they say, "to protect the public." It is worth noting, however, that the Negro barbers in the Southern States are thoroughly convinced that the bills are designed to put them out of business, at least in so far as their white clientele is concerned, and they fear that foreign-born barbers will sooner or later want their colored trade as well. They also contend with emphasis that discrimination is being shown by examining boards against colored practitioners.

I am unable to confirm definitely the truth of this latter contention. The laws have been effective for only a short time in the South, and it is therefore difficult to obtain reliable data as to their effect on the Negroes. But I am in a position to present certain facts which throw considerable light on the question.

The Negro barbers of Virginia are heaving sighs of relief as a result of the recent defeat by the State senate of one of these barber bills. The measure was backed by the Virginia Federation of Labor, the four railway brotherhoods, and the National Women's Trade Union League, and was vigorously opposed by the Virginia Commission on Interracial Relations. Few bills before the Virginia Legislature at the session of 1930 created more widespread interest. When the committee hearing was held, the senate chamber was packed, with many standing. Already the press of the State had with virtual unanimity denounced the bill on the theory that it was designed to eliminate colored competition and to create a monopoly for the white members of the trade, with consequent skyrocketing of prices.

This was vigorously denied by the sponsors of the bill. They favored it only "as a health measure" and "in order to elevate the profession," they declared. Their sole object in working night and day to get this legislation through the assembly was "to protect the public." And why did the public need protection? Because Maryland, Tennessee, and North Carolina had already enacted similar legislation, with the result that hordes of diseased barbers, unable to pass the physical examinations required in those States and suffering from all manner of ailments from psittacosis to delirium tremens, were flocking into the Old Dominion and contaminating the populace.

Opponents of the measure pointed out, on the other hand, that Dr. Ennion G. Williams, Health Commissioner of Virginia and a man who enjoys a national reputation in his field, had said there was absolutely no need for the bill. They further declared that under its terms the proposed board of three white barbers could sooner or later eliminate all the colored barbers on one pretext or another, and they asserted that certain persons who advocated the bill had been heard to boast of the manner in which prices had been raised in States where such legislation had been enacted. A white barber who had been in the business for fifty-four years in one of Richmond's leading hotels appeared in opposition, and laughed at the claims that Virginia was being flooded with diseased barbers from neighboring commonwealths. He said he had recently advertised for two weeks for a man for his shop and had not secured a single reply. The closing speaker

in opposition was Ben Taylor, a Negro barber, who delivered a tremendous oration in which he declared that his fellow hair-trimmers and razor-wielders would "whiten the mountains with their bones" and "dye old Virginia with their blood" rather than submit to be licensed by a State board of barber examiners.

After the hearing the bill was considered for several days by the committee and was substantially amended. Practically all its teeth were drawn. It was placed on the calendar, but was recommitted on the ground that it was satisfactory neither to its friends nor its enemies. However, the committee was unable or unwilling to suggest any further changes, and it was returned to the senate unaltered. Even in this emasculated condition it appealed to the white barbers. They were aware that if they could get some sort of board established it would be a comparatively easy matter to persuade the assembly to extend its powers in the future. For the same reason the colored barbers fought the plan.

At last the day arrived for the final vote. Each of the four patrons was asked whether he would make a fight for the bill on the floor, and each replied in the negative, saying that he had consented to be sponsor to the measure only because importuned to do so by the white barbers. On the other hand, Senator J. Belmont Woodson, of Nelson County, delivered a fierce assault upon it. The Senator, who is a practicing physician, characterized the argument that it was a health measure as "perfectly absurd" and "absolutely an insult to the intelligence of the Legislature of Virginia." He declared that if it was passed the Negroes would be frozen out and the tariff on hair cuts would go to "seventy-five cents or a dollar." He then asked: "Why should the barbers of Virginia all of a sudden become so much interested in the health of the people of the State? They wouldn't keep their shops in sanitary condition until Dr. Ennion G. Williams made them do it."

Nobody in the senate was sufficiently interested in the bill to answer Dr. Woodson. The four patrons sat silent under his verbal barrage. The vote was taken. Red and green lights flashed on the wall as the senators pressed buttons at their desks connecting with the new voting machine. White and colored barbers in the gallery craned their necks. The count was announced: ayes 16, noes 21. The bill was beaten. It will doubtless be revived in 1932. The white barbers got it through the senate in 1928 with the aid of Senator W. H. Jeffreys, Jr., only to see it beaten in the house by Delegate R. L. Jeffreys, his brother. Two years from now they will be back with another barber bill. What its provisions will be no one can say. Much will depend on what they think they can get. Last summer they announced that the bill to be introduced at the 1930 session would require all barbers to have at least an eighth-grade education, to pass a physical examination, to take a six months' course, and to complete an apprenticeship of eighteen months more, before they could be licensed. The requirements as to an eighth-grade education and a six months' course were subsequently abandoned. In addition, all towns and villages of less than 2,000 population were placed outside the purview of the bill on the theory, as its friends acknowledged, that otherwise it would never pass.

A prominent newspaperman who was present at a gathering of white barbers in Richmond last year, held for the purpose of discussing the measure, is authority for the statement that they freely admitted they desired its passage in order to "run the Negroes out of business" and raise the tariffs in their own shops. Noteworthy, too, is the fact that one of the patrons of the bill recently acknowledged to the present writer that under the terms which it contained when introduced the Negro barbers could be virtually eliminated "in ten or fifteen years."

An idea of the type of questions which examining boards ask of barbers who desire to be licensed is given by the *Square Deal,* an organ of the trade published at Des Moines, Iowa. In its February, 1930, number it prints a series of questions, of which it says:

> The series of State-board questions and answers published in the *Square Deal* last year proved such an outstanding hit that we are at it again—with better and harder questions. All the questions on this page are on the subject of human hair. Surely no subject is closer to the practice of barbering. Yet we venture to say that very few barbers could get a passing grade of 70 per cent on these questions . . .

Here are some of the questions: "How many hairs are there to the square inch on the average scalp?" "Where is the arrector pili muscle located and what is its function?" "How is a hair connected with the blood stream and nerve system?" "Describe the function and location of the sebaceous glands." "What is the scientific name for hair which shows a tendency to split?"

Aside from the asininity of requiring a hair-trimmer to be able to locate the arrector pili muscle and describe its functions, imagine the glorious opportunity which such questions afford a board of white barbers who wish to eliminate troublesome Negro competition! Is a certain Negro shop taking too much business from its white rivals? Then a question or two to the operator concerning sebaceous glands and the problem is quickly solved.

It should be stated in justice to the sponsors of barber bills that similar legislation is offered by other groups at almost every session of every State legislature in the Union. In Virginia, for example, the plumbers, the realtors, and the embalmers, to mention no others, have come forward with equally grandiose schemes setting up stiff requirements for would-be practitioners, with licensing boards and other abracadabra, all "solely for the protection of the public." There is reason to believe that Virginia is a typical State in this respect. In other parts of the Republic certain professions or trades also have been able to set up virtual monopolies against competition, and others are trying to follow suit. A bill making the Virginia Bar Association an agency of the State government was defeated at this year's session in the Old Dominion after members of the legal profession in the senate had attacked it violently on the theory that the lawyers who favored it were seeking to prevent many deserving persons from practicing in Virginia. Those who backed the bill said it was offered "solely for the protection of the public." Seven States already have passed legislation of this kind, and others unquestionably will take similar action. Thus, the barbers who ask enactment of barber bills are in the same category as the members of other trades and professions who desire legislation of a like nature. Whether the public is desirous of being "protected" by these altruistic barbers, realtors, and plumbers, these unselfish lawyers and embalmers, is another question.

The Power Trust Wins Again

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 5

DURING the last Presidential campaign there were a number of persons who believed the real issue to be whether the government would control the power trust, or vice versa. Subsequent events, including the devious maneuvers of Secretary Wilbur in relation to Boulder Dam, have tended to confirm that impression. However, the most important test has just been presented. The five men whom Herbert Hoover appoints to the new Federal Power Commission will be in a position to dispose of power sites representing the most valuable natural resource now remaining in the public's possession. They will determine the system of accounting to be employed in arriving at the valuations upon which future rates will be based. Eventually they will be authorized to regulate the rates on all electric current transmitted across State boundaries. Their decisions will be a vital factor in shaping the industrial development of the nation, and ultimately will exercise a profound influence upon the daily lives of the population. The importance of selecting the right sort of men for the job needs no emphasis. Therefore it is illuminating to note that, as his first and most important choice, Mr. Hoover has selected Major General Edgar Jadwin, retired Chief of Army Engineers, for the chairmanship of the commission. The General's record leaves no doubt about his attitude on the power question. As chairman of a board of experts assigned to study the Muscle Shoals problem four years ago, he approved the bid of the associated power companies for a lease of the property. He expressed grave doubts concerning the wisdom of building Boulder Dam. He opposed the creation of a national park at Great Falls, the most famous beauty spot near Washington, and submitted a minority report recommending that the site be turned over to private interests for power development. A subordinate officer, Major Harold C. Fiske, was found to have solicited funds from the Electric Bond and Share Company to complete a survey of the Cove Creek site, at a time when a subsidiary of that company was applying for a permit to develop the site. Subsequently Jadwin not only recommended granting the permit, but stated before the House Committee on Military Affairs that he saw nothing objectionable in Fiske's conduct, which prompted Chairman James to remark:

> I had intended to ask you to start court-martial proceedings or an investigation against Major Fiske; but I will have to broaden it, I believe, because from your attitude I do not believe you are a fit man to be Chief of Army Engineers.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover considers him a fit man to be chairman of the Federal Power Commission, and, according to reports, is accepting his advice in choosing the other four members!

* * * * *

IT was a noble victory when that joke body known as the House of Representatives sustained the President's veto of the veterans' pension bill. Although the House was originally and directly responsible for the worst features of the bill—and for many others which the Senate deleted before sending it to the President—the journalistic boy scouts at once filled the air with hosannas to the "statesmanlike qualities" of the House, and with hymns to the masterful leadership of Speaker Longworth. But now the "victory" has assumed a doubtful aspect. After a burlesque debate, limited to twenty minutes on each side, the "statesmanlike" body passed another bill embodying the same offensive principle of general pension legislation which Mr. Hoover so soundly denounced in the vetoed measure. It is true that the immediate cost of the second bill will be less than that of the first, but that is the chief difference between them. As passed by the Senate the rates are raised. Assuming that the President was interested in the soundness of the legislation rather than in the immediate cost, there remained the same excellent reasons for vetoing the second measure that existed for vetoing the first. The second pension bill was passed in the form described and Mr. Hoover's new-found courage did not extend to another veto.

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ALTHOUGH the Senate shines in contrast with the House, it certainly did nothing to enhance its reputation when it curtailed the appropriation for the Wickersham commission and adopted a provision confining the commission's activity to an investigation of prohibition enforcement. The fact that on second thought it decided to grant the requested appropriation without strings is no extenuation. Granted that the Administration is using the commission as a device for dodging the issues raised by enforcement and that the commission itself has shown no great courage or intelligence in tackling that subject, therein lies the very reason for allowing it to continue its work in those other fields of inquiry where it has a real chance to accomplish something of value. Nothing that the commission might say or do will have much effect on prohibition enforcement; but its studies and recommendations may have a vast effect in modernizing our antiquated court procedure, police methods, and penal system. A distinguished staff of experts already has been recruited and much valuable information assembled. Royal commissions performed this task in Canada and Great Britain forty years ago, and the fact that it has been so long neglected in the United States is, of course, a national disgrace. That it happened to be a by-product in the case of the Wickersham commission was no reason for ending it. In this instance the by-product was the only useful product. Hoover's announced determination to obtain the necessary funds from private sources was creditable, but it would have resulted in trouble and confusion, and it never should have been necessary. If he and his trained fleas would desist from their senseless habit of constantly giving gratuitous offense to the Senate, such things would not occur.

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IN the matter of prohibition enforcement the Administration every day manifests an increasing disposition to be more "conservative" in those centers of population where

prohibition is unpopular. I predict that future efforts to "tighten up" enforcement will be confined to areas where enforcement is clearly wanted, and that inhabitants of such present oases as New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore, and St. Louis need feel no alarm. (If I except Chicago it is because the bootleggers there seem bent on exterminating themselves.) In short, this Administration seems prepared to do furtively and hypocritically approximately what Governor Smith, in his campaign for the Presidency, proposed doing legally and openly. When one contemplates that fact, and contemplates also the fact that Mr. Hoover has virtually adopted his late opponent's proposal to place tariff revision in the hands of a tariff commission, one marvels that he refrained from voting for Governor Smith in 1928. His best ideas seem to have been borrowed from him.

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SILENCE in recent weeks on the part of the Senate committee authorized to investigate charges of corruption in connection with post-office leases throughout the country should not be construed as an indication that the committee is idle, or that it has accomplished nothing. Under the direction of Senator Blaine and John Holland—that youthful veteran of the Teapot Dome and lobby investigations—a staff of accountants and investigators has accumulated and is sifting a mountain of information, out of which will presently come proofs of graft, favoritism, and corruption that ought to shock a public long hardened to "business administrations." It will be shown that gentlemen once high in the government accepted fat fees for securing leases from their former official associates; that millions of dollars were obtained from the public for bonds based on exorbitant rentals paid by the government rather than on the actual value of the properties, and that the government's name was widely used in selling these bonds. Moreover, unless I am mistaken, it will be found that substantial contributions were made to certain political campaign funds by persons obtaining such leases or desiring to obtain them. This pretty kettle of fish probably will be uncovered in September, when the committee, after digesting the documentary evidence, proceeds to conduct open hearings in various cities. What a delightful new term for patriots to contemplate—"the United States Post Office racket"!

Now Summer

By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

Now summer brings again the days that sting,
Torrid days with cicadas insistently shrill;
The trees have leaves that glitter like grass and spill
Bright flecks of sun in the green shade-pool's dark ring
Where radiant flies dizzily skim and wing.
With high color the flower gardens fill,
Sounding like stone quarries with the busy drill
Of bees in the crimson bergamot hammering.
All else is listless, heavy, satiated;
Opening bland eyes, my languid kitten
Regards the bees where the stems and grass are plaited,
He tries to lift a clumsy furry mitten,
Lolls back too weak with sleep and heat—like me,
Sprawled in a hammock smothered in vacancy.

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter is very hot, as for a week in New York he has been, he thinks of penguins. These delightful birds, as his readers probably know, live in the coldest parts of the earth, where no vegetation and in some places no other animal life can live. It is a curious thing that under these very rigorous conditions, the penguin should resemble nothing so much as a well-fed bank president on his way to a meeting of his most important board of directors. The penguin is pompous and slow, he walks with dignity for he cannot fly, he has a white waistcoat and a gray cutaway, and his expression of solemnity is that of the bank president at his best. Apart from his looks, which are so charmingly self-important, the penguin's main characteristic seems to be insatiable curiosity.

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THE Drifter does not mind confessing here and now that his information about penguins comes in the main from books—from one book, indeed, the admirable "Worst Journey in the World" of Apsley Cherry-Garrard. This account of the Scott expedition to the South Pole tells much about penguins. And aside from it, the Drifter has hardly a bowing acquaintance with the bird, although he is certain that the penguin, if pressed, could make a highly effective bow. One of Mr. Cherry-Garrard's best stories about the penguins is their method of testing dangerous waters. They are desirous of swimming about in the freezing waters of the southernmost seas for food; but in those same waters swims the sea leopard and when he swims about it is to look for penguins. The penguins line up on the edge of the ice with a great flutter and crowding. They peer down into the icy depths; they nudge each other. One can almost hear them say: "Why don't *you* just jump in and see if there are any sea leopards?" But whether they say it or not, they flutter still more, pushing each other toward the edge, and at last the weakest and most luckless of them plunges in with a pop. If he swims around safely, the others follow joyfully; if he is snatched up to make a leopard's breakfast they turn away in sorrow for their lost comrade and for their lost meal at the same time.

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THE emperor penguin, who lives farthest south of all, has grown to the height of five feet and he has no time for much of the jollity of his smaller relatives. His business is to keep warm enough to live. In the Antarctic winter the temperature goes down to 70 or 80 below zero, and at this time the penguins have taken it into their heads to hatch their eggs. It seems an odd time for baby coddling, but they are passionately devoted to the occupation. The eggs they rest on their feet to keep them from freezing solid; if an unfortunate parent must at last desert his egg (the Drifter says "his" advisedly; the fathers are as ardently maternal, in that cold climate, as the mothers), a dozen eggless others are upon it, in a mad scramble for the privilege of warming it. The egg often gets broken in the melee, but the penguins do not seem to care. A child they must have. How penguins keep themselves warm nobody knows. This, with a temperature of 88 in the shade, is a comforting thought.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Scottish Subscriber Speaks

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "As an English subscriber," writes E. Williamson in your issue of June 25, "I follow your comments on things British with added interest." As a Scottish subscriber, I do likewise. Unlike E. Williamson, however, I fail to see that your attitude on India shows that you do not appreciate "the realities of the situation." To my mind you get much nearer to these realities than does my countryman, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who has now got so far from reality that he talks of Great Britain's "having undertaken the care of peoples who could not take care of themselves." Much more realistic is Lord Rothermere, who bluntly declared in the London *Daily Mail* of June 3 that "the loss of India would mean immediate economic ruin to this country," and that "at least four shillings in the pound of the income of every man and woman in Great Britain is drawn, directly or indirectly, from our connections with India."

I submit that in these circumstances an intelligent American is much more likely than an intelligent Englishman to take an unprejudiced and objective view of "the realities of the situation."

John C. Mortimer

Black River Bridge, New Brunswick, June 24

Prodding Is Necessary

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not to enjoy the vigorous prodding of *The Nation* is to acknowledge oneself illiberal or reactionary.

I confess to irritation at times because I think it goes too far; at others because it does not go far enough. I suppose every subscriber is just that way—and that makes you feel good. What if only 25 per cent (it is much more than that) of its attitudes are in the line of truth, right, or sanity? Don't we need just such an organ? Sure!

As a grandson of one of the early abolitionists in Beverly, Massachusetts, who was a lover and supporter of William Lloyd Garrison back in the 1830's when it took nerve, I recommend your unafraid spirit. Go to it!

Albany, N. Y., June 24 Wm. Chandler Smith

Books for Children

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A writer like Heywood Broun ought not to be challenged for his often facetiously uttered point of view, but at the risk of seeming pedantic and conservative I venture to disagree with the ideas he expresses in your issue of June 18 with regard to the type of literature fit for youngsters. He wonders why the comic strips are deplored by mothers and teachers.

He thinks Hans Christian Andersen's tale of the little match girl made his ninth Christmas holiday a solemn affair, to put it mildly. I think it was his misfortune to have been suffering from the measles at the time. And anyway, even if the story did sadden his holiday, I can see no harm in that. May it not have effectively made him realize that all is not well in this perfect world? Aside from the moral, however, I maintain that the tale is entertaining for children. I remember very well crying over the unfortunate fate of the poor little girl, but, then, I enjoyed the crying.

I remember very vividly how much I used to enjoy the fairy stories of the Grimm brothers. I used to devour them avidly, and when I got through with all there were, I went back to them again and again. I don't feel that the horrible ends that befall the wicked ones can have any sadistic effects on the young reader.

Brooklyn, June 25 Doris Fox Benardete

Rule by Force in Korea

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have already learned, no doubt, that a few words of felicitation written by Mr. Villard, editor of *The Nation,* cost the life of a newspaper which has been regarded as the only light by not less than twenty million oppressed people.

Korea is inhabited by a people who enjoyed political independence and cultural leadership for about 4,000 years. It became a part of the Japanese Empire in 1910.

In the beginning of Japanese rule the natives were denied any means of expression at all, but after the nation-wide revolution of 1919 the conquerors conceded a little and allowed the publication of a few papers in the native language. And the *Dong Ah Ilbo* was the first of these. Now the whole plant has been forced into idleness just because Mr. Villard wrote something about the emancipation of Negroes.

These ten years have been stormy ones for the *Dong Ah Ilbo.* The paper was punished twice by the government, and the records show that one issue out of every four has been suppressed and confiscated. Both the president and the editor have served prison terms. But it is not the only sufferer. Out of the fifty-seven issues of a native monthly magazine forty-three have been suppressed and confiscated. The magazine was finally put to an end by the order of the Japanese government.

In Korea no one is allowed to speak in public unless he submits his speech to the local police and gets their approval beforehand. I have a brother, sixteen years old, a high-school pupil, who organized, together with a few friends of his, a kind of fraternity with the idea of having good times together, running a circulating library, and going camping from time to time. This was discovered by the local police during the recent student uprisings, and all the children were brought to the police station where they were beaten mercilessly. They have now been put on probation for three years by the court and the society has been disbanded.

Korean laborers work twelve hours seven days a week for a wage of fifty to seventy cents a day, and they are denied the right of collective bargaining. As for strikes, they are out of the question in a land where labor unions are not recognized by the law. Some workers who tried to form a labor union (mind you, it was not communistic) are behind the bars. Under the pretense of investigation political criminals are held in prison for two years without trial. The formation of a communist party is punishable by death.

In Korea a magazine must submit all manuscripts to the censors for approval. The words "independence" and "revolution" are forbidden to be published in any connection, so we use two circles and two triangles respectively to express the meaning.

Can anyone blame the Koreans if one day they become violent and use force to achieve their freedom?

Pyeng-Yang, Korea, April 20 J. C.

S. K. Ratcliffe Replies

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It would have surprised me greatly if my review of C. F. Andrews's book had failed to arouse some protests from your readers. The review was brief, and therefore, like nearly all of its kind, inadequate. Alice Stone Blackwell, however, calls it lopsided as well, and her use of that epithet, together with Grace Gilman's comment on India and non-violence, seems to make necessary a word of explanation and defense.

I would remind Miss Blackwell that I was reviewing a volume that presents Mahatma Gandhi's ideas. I was not criticizing a history or exposition of his political movement. Certain aspects of that movement have been very widely discussed in America; but the Mahatma's ethical beliefs and the extreme teaching that he has based upon them are very little known in the West. Mr. Andrews brings them out in all their rigor, and I called attention to this important fact. The significance and power of the Mahatma's personality and influence I have dwelt upon in scores of public addresses during the past few years. It is altogether fair that, when writing of a book that summarizes his ideas, a European reviewer should point out that the Gandhist creed, in the matter of sex and other fundamentals, is pure nihilism—that is, from any Western standpoint, sheer nonsense.

Miss Gilman says that my statement to the effect that India had rejected the Mahatma's central doctrine—non-violence—sounds ironical in view of the remarkable examples of Ahimsa recorded during the disturbances of May. I do not disagree with her. There can be no doubt that the Gandhist influence has held among the Swaraj volunteers in a noteworthy degree. But I was writing before Gandhi's arrest, and at a time when he himself was lamenting the meager response to his appeals. Moreover, Gandhi had not only joined the independence movement; he had allied himself with Jawaharlal Nehru, who makes no profession of non-violence; and before entering upon his march he had informed the Viceroy in the plainest terms that Young India was turning away from him and preparing for a campaign of violence.

Miss Blackwell says: "His great effort to achieve his country's freedom without bloodshed is worthy of the highest respect." It *was*. Many thousands of English men and women have felt it, and many of us have said so again and again by voice and pen. But the Mahatma declined the government's offer of a round-table conference, and for that fatal step we can find no justification. There is, and can be, only one alternative to violent conflict. That is conference. The refusal of conference means the choice of violence.

London, June 13 S. K. Ratcliffe

[Mr. Ratcliffe states that the burden of blame rests upon Gandhi for what Mr. Ratcliffe regards as his refusal to participate in a round-table conference. This is a matter of opinion and not of fact. Gandhi agreed to attend a conference that would include the framing of a constitution giving India the substance of independence, repeal of the salt tax, and amnesty to political prisoners. According to the only interview with Gandhi reported since his arrest, he is still ready to confer on these terms. To Mr. Ratcliffe these conditions appear unjustifiable. To another body of opinion, including *The Nation*, it is the government's refusal to accept Gandhi's conditions, in spite of repeated promises of self-government, which seems unjustifiable. Again, the refusal of conference does not necessarily mean the choice of violence. It may mean instead the choice of non-violence, which according to many reliable reports continues to prevail among the Swaraj volunteers in amazing degree.—Editor The Nation.]

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Books

Cathemerinon

By DUDLEY FITTS

Sunrise; she woke me whispering, "It is day:
We must be early if we're to see
Our garden drenched in dew; and we must be
Wholly in love, or it will burn away,
Leaving us hot and thirsty. You must say
Nothing: only hold my hand, and come with me;
We can dress after, when immediacy
Points from the sun and shames us to obey."

Noon; and her cry troubled me: "Will you turn
Inwards only? Shall I have no part
In the formal drama of your heart?
If you are learned, must I also learn?
There was a time, not long, when the frail fern
Traced glory in your brain, until a dart
Hurled from the sun, and with a warning smart
Struck your consented mind coldly to burn."

Sunset; I heard her murmur, "It's too late.
It's finished, wide morning and bright dew.
It is too late to question now, or sue
For such another dawn. Or chance, or fate:
Here's terminus to our day; and you may wait
Forever, and never know the garden you
Have left so dead was ours still to renew
Marvelously, and always, floreate."

I have sought her long since: it's cold
Under the stars, and lonelier than under
Ground the frozen alleys of that garden.
I shall not find her, though the stripped stalks harden
Sheathed in dead dew, and January thunder
Drum far-off warning that a night is old.

An American Dynasty

The Adams Family. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

LAST winter, during the naval conference in London, certain of the American newspaper correspondents suddenly bethought them that one of the delegates of their country had never been heard from. All the other American delegates had talked copiously, and some of them had even talked sensibly, but this one had been silent. He was the Honorable Charles Francis Adams III, LL.B., lawyer, yachtsman, banker, railroad and public-utilities director, overseer and treasurer of Harvard, great-great-grandson of one President of the United States and great-great-great-grandson of another, and Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of Mr. Hoover.

Obviously, a man so eminent, both genetically and somatically, should have something apposite and valuable to say, so the press boys swarmed to his hotel and were presently in audience with him. Half an hour later they limped back to the adjacent public houses, amazed and baffled. For it turned out that what he had to say was precisely nothing. If he really knew any more about the inner workings of the conference than the marines who policed the corridors of the Carlton Hotel, then he managed to keep it to himself. And if he had any suggestions to offer about its conduct and aims, then there was no evidence of it in his sparse and halting words.

Thus the correspondents came home from London with an uneasy feeling that the celebrated Adams family, after five generations of high talent and achievement, had at last blown up, and this impression, I am informed, is now pretty general in Washington. Mr. James Truslow Adams, who belongs to a quite different tribe of Adamses, evades the question in his book, but presents a lot of evidence that points the same way. The plain fact is that the pearl and flower of all the Adamses was the original John, and that none of his heirs and assigns, not even his son John Quincy, has ever come within miles of him. They have been diligent and earnest men, and some of them have been men of considerable ability, but their weaknesses have always held them short of really first-rate work. What they have done has often attracted attention, both in the field of scholarship and in that of public service, but three times out of four it has attracted that attention not because it was extraordinary in itself, but because it was the work of Adamses.

Mr. Adams's study of them, as if borrowing something from their own futility, is a much feebler piece of writing than his well-known ventures into New England history. It has an air of improvisation: there is no sign of hard spade-work in it. Thus what he has to say of the dynasty differs but little from what anyone else would say—that its members, from first to last, have always taken life with deadly seriousness; that they have had a vast appetite for learning, some of it sound and some of it otherwise; that they have had the comfort of an unshakable self-righteousness; that they have commonly done well in a worldly sense; that they have always been more or less snobbish; and that every one of them has been a helpless victim to *cacoethes scribendi.* Perhaps the last of the line departs from the norm in all these ways. Certainly he has done no writing, and to date there is little evidence that he has ever done any thinking.

Mr. Adams says of Henry Adams's "Education" and "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" that they are "two of the most remarkable books in American literature." The adjective had better be taken in its strictest sense. Remarkable they certainly are, but that there is anything more in them than a somewhat drug-storish sentimentality I have often doubted. The first made a splash because it was recognized as a furious criticism of the whole American scheme of things, and anything of the sort, coming from an Adams, was important news, but its fury was not accompanied by anything properly describable as penetration, and today, reread, the book has an indubitably shallow and even sophomoric smack. It might have been written, given sufficient skill at English, by one of the new humanists.

"Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" is quite as unsatisfactory. It is an evocation of the Middle Ages by a man who had but lately discovered them, and whose understanding of them remained defective to the end. Mr. Adams puts its thesis into a sentence: "All the steam in the world" could not have built Chartres cathedral. This banality makes one rejoice that Henry's later discovery of the South Seas, under the tutelage of John La Farge, did not result in another book. Of his "History of the United States from 1801 to 1817" a layman is not competent to speak; Mr. Adams says that it is "one of the great productions of American historical scholarship." It may be so, but I doubt that it is ever read today save by historians. Or that "Democracy" has any place in the permanent stock of American fiction.

There is no space to deal with Brooks Adams, a less famous but far more interesting fellow. His ventures into historical theorizing, it seems to me, are far shrewder than his brother's, and his "Emancipation of Massachusetts" is full of pungent and novel ideas. But perhaps the best Adams of that fourth generation was neither Henry nor Brooks but their brother, Charles Francis II. I commend his "Studies: Diplomatic and Military" to anyone who desires to savor the Adams talent at its best; and his judgment upon the American heroes of his time as a sample of the Adams pessimism at its wisest:

> I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many "successful" men—"big" financially—men famous during the last half-century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I ever care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought, or refinement. A set of mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting.

Here is snobbery perhaps, but here is also sense. In this Charles Francis II there were plain traces of the Boylston blood which seems to have lifted the first John out of the original family wallow. He was a very clever fellow—but, like the rest since John I, he always fell a bit short. Charles Francis III falls short all the way, and so the family returns to the primordial protoplasm, following the Washingtons, Lincolns, and Roosevelts. The American air is not salubrious to dynasties.

H. L. Mencken

Men in Battle

Generals Die in Bed. By Charles Yale Harrison. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

Everyman at War. Sixty Personal Narratives of the War. Edited by C. B. Purdon. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Her Privates We. By Private 19022. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Captured! By Ferdinand Huszti Horvath. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

SCENES of horror and destruction do not necessarily present war as an unattractive experience. Looking back over the present generation of war books, one finds that war has been unconsciously glorified. The personal record of any one man recreating a story of conflict against the social machinery of modern warfare is a melodramatic spectacle of extraordinary power. From a strictly personal point of view the experience of war is almost never without its elements of heroism, particularly if the individual happens to be an officer in absolute control over a large number of men. It is only when war is realized as a mass performance, sordid in its immediate objective and unintelligent in its waste of human life and effort, that the actual horror of war experience begins to take effect in no uncertain terms.

The value of Charles Yale Harrison's sketches of trench warfare lies in the fact that the author is convincingly anonymous. Beyond his gift for writing rapid-fire, hard-hitting prose, Mr. Harrison has the knack of submerging his personality in the lives of his fellow-privates serving as Canadian shock troops on the British front line. The men's real enemies were officers, rats, lice, and bad food. The business of serving as shock troops left them no time for detailed introspection. Those who were lucky received a "blighty" wound. The rest had to fight on somehow, attacking, retreating, deserting, clawing at extra portions of food at mess or an extra bottle of wine at the *estaminet;* the miracle was to stay alive. Mr. Harrison's story of the looting of Arras by the Canadian troops is a piece of superlative reporting. If after reading "Generals Die in Bed" you have any enthusiasm left for the glorious aspects of modern warfare, you have a strong and excessively non-realistic imagination.

It may be noted that of the sixty personal narratives of the World War contained in "Everyman at War" the most convincing accounts are written by privates and that they sustain the point of view projected by Mr. Harrison. The collection is admittedly an experiment in the use of social documentation, but it is neither extensive enough nor of sufficient unity of purpose to be of any permanent value.

In contrast to Mr. Harrison's vivid series of war sketches we have a full-bodied war novel in "Her Privates We," which has received an unusual measure of praise from popular reviewers in the English press. Arnold Bennett, evidently under pressure of great excitement, believes that this novel written by one of his Majesty's privates, regimental number 19022, "will be remembered when 'All Quiet on the Western Front' is forgotten."

Very likely "Her Privates We" has won legitimate popularity in England by representing a sublimation of the English public's reaction to the World War. The prevailing atmosphere throughout the novel is one of casual disillusionment and melancholy. The story is told with discreet honesty and dignity. The day-to-day monotony of trench warfare is faithfully suggested. Private Bourne, the protagonist, is obviously a product of the English public schools, a man of literary and cultural refinement. Uneasily you suspect that his attitude toward his fellow-privates is that of a weary, sadly amused member of a slumming party from Park Avenue on a visit to the Bowery. Bourne heroically carries his burden as a private, refusing to accept offers of a commission from his officers, with whom he is on the best of terms. At last he consents to a lance-corporalship (after all, he is a member of the ruling class) but is killed before he assumes command. For all its calm understatement of incident, the novel is the familiar overdramatization of the individual's reaction to war. Bourne dies in a pale haze of perverted glory.

"Captured!" the confessions of an Austrian lieutenant taken prisoner by the Russians, is a good old-fashioned example of Hearst Sunday feature-writing. Lieutenant Horvath does not allow a little thing like war to interfere with his ability to make love to the ladies. His affair with the wife of a Russian official is priceless. His generalities concerning the Revolution of 1917 are irresistibly comic and always inaccurate.

Horace Gregory

A Cultural Survey

The Great Revival, 1543-1687. (A History of Modern Culture. Volume I.) By Preserved Smith. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

PROFESSOR SMITH considers culture as synonymous with the intellectual life of man, and he has undertaken the elaborate work of which this is the first instalment because, while there have been histories of parts of the subject such as literature, science, or religion, there has been "hardly any history of that complex whole that includes knowledge, belief, morals, law, customs, opinions, religion, superstition, and art." He begins, accordingly, with a survey of the state and progress of astronomy, physics, mathematics, geography, biology, anatomy, and science generally in the century and a half with which he deals; follows this with a similar survey of the humanities as represented by philosophy, political theory, historiography, and Biblical and classical

scholarship; goes on to education, religion, free thought, superstition, persecution, tolerance, and law as illustrations of "social control"; and concludes with a summary view of morals and manners, literature, and art. Save for a few references to colonial America, what is said applies only to Europe.

Not even a genius of the first water could possibly be an expert in all these fields, and the ablest attempt to sweep them all into a comprehensive view of intellectual history must lean heavily upon the findings of specialists. A good deal of what Professor Smith has to say, therefore, must be set down as compilation. It is intelligent and skilful compilation, however, and while Professor Smith's style is not enlivening, his pages are illumined by frequent well-turned phrases and clever observations which make the matter-of-fact narrative agreeable reading. On the whole, the book is to be adjudged a work of solid information and summary rather than one of notable insight or arresting interpretation.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Religion as a Literary Affair

Religion in Human Affairs. By Clifford Kirkpatrick. John Wiley and Sons. $4.50.

God. By J. Middleton Murry. Harper and Brothers. $3.

The Cradle of God. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Adventures in Religion. By Basil King. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ANYONE desiring a religious literary digest should turn to Professor Kirkpatrick's book. It is an exceptionally judicious and competent compendium of current ideas about religion. Practically every theme and name which figures in recent literature on the subject is mentioned here and is succinctly assigned to its proper or improper place. The author is to be congratulated on his skill and candor in assorting systematically several hundreds of cards containing thousands of bits of information and constructing them into a clear, useful, and unconventional textbook. Unfortunately he was compelled to omit the first section as projected, a survey of three typical primitive religions, and unfortunately the editor did not take time to elide all the references to this eliminated section.

As it stands the book has two parts. The first is a critical résumé of anthropological theories of religion, culminating in what the author calls a "synthetic distinction" between religion and other culture patterns. The resultant conception of religion is compounded of several prominent theories and is formulated thus: religion is "a culture pattern with an emotion of reverence, a belief in mysterious powers, and noncoercive behavior bringing man into relation to these powers." Such a theory of religion, though more catholic in its sympathies than others, is still largely preoccupied with the psychological distinctions between emotion, belief, and behavior and with the anthropological distinctions between religion, magic, and animism. These distinctions are doubtless of practical value to the scientist and are indispensable to the reader in this field, but it would be refreshing and probably revealing to see a directly social approach to religion in terms of human affairs. Therefore the high hopes raised by the title and by the general aim of the book cause the reader to be annoyed by the long theoretical discussions, and when he finally reaches "human affairs" in Chapters VIII and IX he is dismayed by the cursory treatment which is meted out to what is presumably the main theme.

There is a second part of the book, devoted almost exclusively to a consideration of recent issues in American discussion of the Christian religion. In this the author has an opportunity to make a more detailed analysis of the human affairs at stake. But the reader is again disappointed, for the only human affairs which receive serious attention are science and technology. Of religion's role in the other human affairs listed in Chapters VIII and IX (social organization, morals, patriotism, and the fine arts) there is certainly much to be said at present and much that requires the kind of analysis which only a trained sociologist could make. Instead, we are treated once more to a competent review of the hackneyed theme of modern science and Christian mythology. The nearest approach to a critical study of other social phases of religion today is to be found in the chapter on Religious Disorganization, in which the author develops the thesis that, despite the theories and efforts directed toward unification, the general tendency in religion seems to be an increasing individualism and differentiation of cults. Two fundamental prejudices are conspicuous in Professor Kirkpatrick, prejudices which would be natural enough in a Protestant Christian but which are somewhat unseemly in a sociologist: one, that culturally "pure" religion is characterized by reverence; the other, that ritual is merely an "institutional adjunct" of religion. Certainly a disinterested study of primitive religion and of many of the most popular and vital aspects of all great religions would make such statements appear to be criticisms and not descriptions of the facts. Such statements are natural consequences of the common habit of explaining religion in terms of beliefs in "mysterious powers" instead of in terms of the human affairs which generate them. And such habits probably explain the subordination of both religion and human affairs to science and theology.

The love of J. Middleton Murry for Katherine Mansfield, the story of which forms the first and last chapters of Mr. Murry's book entitled "God," is a case in point, and I shall use it to illustrate the way in which religion grows out of at least one kind of human affairs. Mr. Murry and Miss Mansfield were romantically (that is, genuinely) in love; at least, he was. She was stricken with tuberculosis and in despair came under the spell of the Gurdjieff cult, whose inappropriate rites hastened her tragic death. These events completely crushed Mr. Murry. In moral and intellectual anguish he lost all sense of reality, his own reality included. Suddenly one evening as he sat desolate before his fireplace:

> A moment came [he tells us] when the darkness of that ocean changed to light, the cold to warmth; when it swept in one great wave over the shores and frontiers of myself, when it bathed me and I was renewed; when the room was filled with a presence, and I knew I was not alone—that I never could be alone any more, that the universe beyond held no menace, for I was part of it, that in some way for which I had sought in vain so many years, I *belonged*, and because I belonged I was no longer I, but something different, which could never be afraid in the old ways or cowardly with the old cowardice. . . . The "presence" of Katherine Mansfield was of the same order as the "presence" which filled the room and me. In so far as the "presence" was connected with her it had a moral quality, or a moral effect; I was immediately and deeply convinced that "all was well with her."

Whatever may be the delusion connected with this experience, and whatever its physiology, its consequences were too real to allow him to dismiss it as a mere illusion. It produced a process of "disintoxication" whereby he was not only "spiritually" and permanently reunited with the one he loved, but was reconciled to the universe; and this reconciliation, as it grew on his mind, was transformed into a general reconciliation between science and religion. It did not reconcile him to God; it taught him that he no longer needed God. For

just as his bodily life was part of the living world, so his "soul" was an intrinsic event in the "metabiological organic unity of the world." He discovered that he, as well as every other "pure phenomenon," was incomprehensible; nevertheless he was a creative variation in the cultural organism.

Now, whether or not Mr. Murry is a "pure" phenomenon, he is certainly a religious one, and his religion is evidently the product of his need for Katherine Mansfield, not of his need for God. He is now quite willing to grant the Roman Catholic church a monopoly of God, at least of the Christian God; he makes no claim to have found God, and even upbraids Spinoza for having labeled his and Mr. Murry's discovery God. He does not worship the "metabiological organic whole" nor does he love it. He simply understands his relation to it and "accepts himself." "'God' and I, one might almost say, are a little tired of each other. It is time for us to part. This book is the story of the parting. It seems to me that we part on good terms, better, far better, than I should have ever imagined possible."

Since it has been my aim here to present Mr. Murry as a religious case history for Professor Kirkpatrick, I have emphasized the "spiritual autobiography" in his book. Of course it contains more—a whole mythology. He selects from among the romantic geniuses or "pure phenomena" three as illustrative of his theory: Jesus, Keats, and D. H. Lawrence—men who, though given to romantic illusions, are permanently significant as patterns of metabiological coherence. This is no place to argue with Mr. Murry, and a metaphysician cannot, of course, complain when he is plagued by a metabiologist. But I might merely confess that I can follow the argument, except for his talk about organic unity. There may be, for all I know, a general trend in evolution from "prebiological to biological to metabiological life" and, I might add, to super-metabiological life, but I see no evidence either in Mr. Murry, in his book, or in the emergent cosmos for a universal organic coherence, not even metabiological coherence. The intelligible problem is not: what is my significance for the universe? but what significance has the universe for me? I suspect that Mr. Murry himself is really more worried about his romantic newness than about his permanent significance. As he says, "The strain of being a new man in an old world is terrible.

Llewelyn Powys's "The Cradle of God" is apparently intended to be a Rabelaisian account of the Bible. Knowing little about Rabelais, I hesitate to criticize the book on this score. It is true, the characters stalk through its pages in a Gargantuan manner—from Abraham, with "vital loins, itching to beget thousands," to Saint Paul, whose boundless egoism developed the theory that Christ was in him and perverted "Christ's illumination" into the "flowing-away, world-undermining doctrine about the weak overcoming the strong, the foolish overcoming the clever, the things that are not overcoming those that are." God himself is introduced as "the God of jealousy, the jealous father of men . . . that strange, barbarous, adolescent absolute, so dependent upon the savor the generations gave him, so dependent on what the prophets said of him! Real and yet unreal! Creator and not created! Very God of very man!" Samuel is the "dour old man who never took an ox or an ass, and never uttered a civil word except in his prayers." Such characterizations may provoke a Rabelaisian grin, but are more apt to end in a Voltairean smile. When we come to the prophets, the later kings, the captivity, the restoration, the Maccabean revolt, and to Christ, we see what we suspected earlier, that Mr. Powys has been following the conventional history of the critics, filling in a little with Josephus and the Apochrypha. The prophets, with the exception of the obsessed Elijah persecuting the urbane Queen Jezebel, are portrayed along conventional Christian lines, leading up to the Messianic prophecy of Isaiah. The portrayal of Jesus, though perhaps not conventional, is an oversentimental tour de force. Most artificial of all is the representation of Jesus as the end-product and culmination of Jewish history, for in this Mr. Powys abandons all historical perspective, all critical insight, and blatantly exploits Christian prejudices. On the whole, the book is marred continually by excessive stylistic effort; the author is too evidently preoccupied with the art of writing to present his subject matter convincingly. But after this is said, it remains true that there are frequent bits of unusual insight and expressions of surpassing force or beauty. The majority of readers, however, will no doubt prefer to take both their Bible and their Rabelais straight.

"Adventures in Religion," by Basil King, is a diverting Victorian farce. It takes us back a generation or two into an old-fashioned family circle—the father reading the paper, the mother sewing; Ellie asks her mother, "What is a church?" and Bobby goes her one better by asking father, "What is religion?" Father lies awake pondering the question, plagues his office mates for an answer, and finally finds a satisfactory solution for Bobby in the dictionary. One question leads to another and each question requires a brief sermon in reply; each sermon requires a chapter, and at the end of each chapter the "dutiful" Bobby is delighted to know the answer and eagerly asks the next question. About two-thirds of the way through, mother gets interested in father's ideas too, and begins to ask questions similar to those of the children. It all ends as happily as possible for such a family, by the children being baptized, the poor relatives being subsidized, and the parents admitting that a church is an obligation. These are the dangers of answering childish questions, and these are the religious "adventures" of Basil King.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER

Women in Germany

Germany's Women Go Forward. By Hugh Wiley Puckett. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

FAR in the distance are the watchwords of the old German Empire—"Kinder, Küche, und Kirche." The position of women in Germany has radically changed during the past two decades. How much of this progress is due to the efforts of women themselves is a moot question. Mr. Hugh Puckett has presented a most interesting survey of the woman's movement in Germany against a shifting background of political and economic events. His thesis is that there are three phases in the history of the woman's movement—in Germany as in other modern countries. The first was the phase of the man-made criterion, when the ideal woman approximated what man conceived her to be. This was the period of *Frauendienst,* the age of chivalry, as well as the age of the accepted inferiority of women. The second phase was dominated by the conception that women had a personality apart from the masculine idealization. In this phase women sought to emulate men, to secure their so-called "rights," and to approximate their vices. The third phase is the one in which women have rediscovered their individuality: "Instead of claiming that they can do anything that men can do, they are willing to divide the field of culture with men, admitting men's superiority in certain lines and claiming their own in others."

German literature of the early half of the eighteenth century is full of the philosophical discussions concerning women to be found in English literature of a century or so before. There was the author who with typical German *Gründlichkeit* wrote five volumes on an "Attempt to Characterize the Feminine Sex." This was concluded by a prayer from the

author to "deliver him from learned women; they expect men to please them instead of themselves trying to please." And yet according to the writings of Tacitus, and even the old German legends, the women of the early German tribes were the equals of men and frequently their superiors. The decay of medieval society and the advent of the Reformation caused a shifting in the values placed upon the sex. Women were put into the chimney corner; they became the butt of masculine jests.

The eighteenth century found many individual women struggling for education, for the right of self-expression in art, poetry, and literature. The French Revolution too had its liberalizing effect in Germany. New ideas and expressions were bandied around in the salons of Rachel Varnhagen, Henriette Herz, and Dorothea Mendelssohn. It was not until the nineteenth century, however, with the greater industrialization of Germany, that organizations were created for the purpose of securing more rights and privileges for women. These organizations represented primarily the bourgeois women. The workingwomen found no champions until late in the nineteenth century, when the Socialist Party, with such leaders as August Bebel, attempted to formulate a program for working-class women.

Women's entrance into politics came through the recent war. Several million women then found themselves in the economic trenches—and for the first time the old-line political parties took cognizance of them. Since the war German women, like those of practically every other country, have forged ahead in the fields of education, literature, and the arts, and have grasped new privileges in their legal, social, and economic relations. Whether they have attained the third phase in their development the author does not state.

THERESA WOLFSON

Father and Son

John Sebastian Bach. By Charles Sanford Terry. Oxford University Press. $7.50.
John Christian Bach. By Charles Sanford Terry. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

ONE might be tempted to question the necessity for a new biography of John Sebastian Bach when we already have the voluminous and comprehensive studies, weighty with scholarship, by Sweitzer and Spitta. True, Mr. Terry is deservedly considered the greatest contemporary authority on Bach—but what new things can be said at this late date which have not already been said more convincingly and more thoroughly? Nor does a careful reading of the book answer the question. The work, it is true, is solidly compact, full of informative material; but Mr. Terry has added nothing to what we already know. Its greatest use, I am afraid, will be only to those who have not the courage, the patience, or the time to struggle through Spitta and Sweitzer.

Mr. Terry's biography of John Christian Bach is another story. This is not only the first biography in English of Sebastian's youngest, and greatest, son, but it is also the most painstaking work on the subject which we have today. The reticence on the part of biographers toward devoting their research to John Christian has puzzled musicians for a long time. His was a personality far more picturesque than that of his father: he walked arm in arm with Frederick the Great; he occupied the post at the English court left vacant by the death of Handel; he held little Wolfgang Mozart upon his knee and prophesied a great future for him; he was in the milieu of musical activity for more than fifty years. But John Christian was something infinitely more than a noteworthy musical figure. He was also a pioneer in his art, whose influence is inestimable. He stood at the parting of the ways. Behind him were Handel and the great Sebastian Bach, his father; ahead of him were Haydn and Mozart. John Christian Bach is the link that binds the chain. He gave a dignity and significance to orchestral music which was then unheard-of; his Sinfonias afforded models for Haydn and Mozart; his solo works gave a greater plasticity to the clavichord. Finally, John Christian was the composer of many works, fresh, original, and vital. If he had not the profundity or grandeur of his great father, he had, at least, something almost as precious—a fragile touch, a delicacy, an infallible artistry. No wonder young Mozart worshiped John Christian! "On the platform of his generation," Mr. Terry writes, "Bach [John Christian] owes his honorable position not to the inheritance of a great name, but to his own eclectic genius and indomitable industry."

The work fills a sad gap and fills it completely. Mr. Terry deserves the gratitude of the entire music world.

DAVID EWEN

One Kind of Patriotism

George Harvey: A Passionate Patriot. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

GEORGE HARVEY would be pleased if he could know that after a lifetime of controversy his biography is also controversial; and he would be more than pleased if he knew that there are some excellent examples of scurrility in the book. Harvey throve on just such stuff. It would be impossible in limited space to point out all the dubious statements that are here attributed to Harvey or those that Mr. Johnson makes in his own right. According to Mr. Johnson, for example, Harvey told the Democratic bosses at Baltimore in 1912, including the late Roger Sullivan of Illinois, that if they voted for Wilson they need expect nothing in return. Mr. Johnson either does not know or does not care to point out that Wilson made an effort to reward Sullivan, who did vote for him, when Sullivan ran for the Senate. Wilson wrote a letter indorsing Sullivan but by a series of accidents the letter was not made public.

The story is told in Tumulty's "Woodrow Wilson," where the letter is reproduced. Bryan opposed Sullivan's candidacy to pay off the grudge he had entertained against Sullivan since 1906. Sullivan was defeated.

Elsewhere Mr. Johnson writes that Bryan forced himself on the Democratic Party in 1908. This is hardly true; Bryan sentiment that year was overwhelming. Again, Mr. Johnson would have it that Harvey implanted the idea of the League of Nations in Wilson's mind, and that Wilson got the California vote in 1916 by "an extraordinary manipulation." He quotes Harvey as saying, honestly enough apparently, that Harding received the nomination in 1920 "because there was nothing against him, and because the delegates wanted to go home," but he then lays himself out to show how Harvey believed Harding to be a great President, a man of power and vision. He quotes a memorandum which Harvey made of a conversation with Coolidge immediately after the latter had assumed the Presidency, in which Coolidge is made to appear shockingly close to ignorant of every problem before him; and he then glorifies Coolidge. Fall and Denby, we are told, resigned under "unpleasant circumstances." The Boston police strike was "part of a practical conspiracy for a general strike of the police of the nation." Mr. Johnson paraphrases an article of Harvey's showing that in the election of 1924 there was a "practical conspiracy of some Democrats and the followers of the Radical

candidate, La Follette, to throw the election into the House." The number of "practical conspiracies" that Harvey frustrated is simply amazing.

These things may seem trivial enough in themselves, but they indicate the tone of the book. Taking him all in all, Harvey, even under Mr. Johnson's eulogistic handling, appears to have been little more than an intriguing politician of the backstairs variety with a genius for controversial journalism. I have a suspicion that he would have been happiest in the days before the Civil War when personal journalism flourished. He could then have broken heads right and left, and he would have done it with immense gusto.

By far the most interesting part of the book is that which deals with Harvey's relations with Wilson. As Mr. Johnson tells it, Harvey made Wilson Governor of New Jersey and had an appreciable part in securing his nomination for the Presidency. He adduces evidence to show that Harvey was not fooled into believing that Wilson was a conservative. That was Wilson's conception of himself and he made every effort to underline the idea. His subsequent liberalism was less essentially a part of his mentality than his conservatism. The conflict with the New Jersey bosses is also made understandable, as is also Wilson's acceptance of their aid to win the governorship. With regard to the Manhattan Club episode, where Wilson abruptly told Harvey that his support was embarrassing, Mr. Johnson shows that Henry Watterson was much more bent upon making trouble about the affair than was Harvey himself, and demonstrates from documents that Wilson apologized to Harvey and attempted once more to enlist his support.

One or two interesting points about Bryan are also brought out. The most important is that Bryan deliberately inserted the word "ultimately" in his famous Madison Square Garden speech, in 1906, dealing with government ownership of railways ("I have already reached the conclusion that railways . . . must *ultimately* become public property"); he did not seize upon it later to justify his repudiation of the doctrine as a campaign issue in 1908, and although his retreat was undignified and disastrous it was not unforeseen on his part. Altogether Mr. Johnson has written a valuable and interesting, if unreliable, book which no one interested in the intimate history of America in the last thirty years can afford to overlook.

C. Hartley Grattan

Books in Brief

Laments for the Living. By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Dorothy Parker has become, of course, an institution. Her jests and witticisms start traveling as soon as they are uttered—sometimes even before. Her verses are read and quoted everywhere. And her recent series of merciless and brilliant reviews in the *New Yorker* were the talk of the town. The present volume of short stories, ironic character sketches, tragic or satiric monologues and dialogues is her first work of fiction. All of the pieces have appeared before in various magazines, where they were at once devoured by Parker enthusiasts and retold to their friends and families. And all are in her well-known vein whether the intent be humor or tragedy, constituting with the rest of her works a biting, satiric, and witty philosophy of despair. But the stories are too few and too slight to be seriously considered as more than a beginning which looks interesting.

Lope de Vega. By Angel Flores. Brentano's. $3.50

Mr. Flores's biography of the gallant literary figure whom Cervantes called "the monster of nature" presents another spry recruit to the ranks of romanticized lives, and even the most carping critic must admit that it is an interesting and informative portrait. Lope de Vega—soldier, poet, playwright, friar, convict, duelist, and lover extraordinary—was the Casanova of his age. The same mingling of craft, vanity, and lust dominated the Spaniard as the Italian. Both coveted fame and immortality; neither is read today.

Painted against the picturesque scenes of the turbulent reign of Philip II, the Inquisition, and the naval disaster of the Spanish Armada, the colorful life of de Vega is given skilful and fluent interpretation. "Lope de Vega" reveals a sycophant and opportunist merging inseparably with a deadly satirist; a masterful lover, a gay romanticist, and deep beneath, a man who always found "plenty of time to write and dream." Indeed, the astounding total of Lope de Vega's writings, some 2,200 plays plus numerous eclogues, romances, and sonnets, remains today his chief and perhaps only bid for contemporary recognition. It is significant that whereas practically nothing of de Vega's is read nowadays, his contemporary and rival whom he continuously belittled, Miguel de Cervantes, is celebrated far beyond the borders of his native Spain.

A Bravery of Earth. By Richard Eberhart. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

Richard Eberhart, a young American in Cambridge, has made a very serious attempt in his long poem "A Bravery of Earth" to trace the development of man's awareness to various types of experience—sensual, mental, and spiritual—and to describe man's final assimilation of all these into an impersonal and objective attitude toward life. That the poem is rather immature, overpretentious, and dull does not blind the reader to the fact that the young poet may some day write much better. He has leaped beyond himself here and he has been





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Pelle the Conqueror. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Peter Smith. $3.50.

The reissuance of "Pelle the Conqueror" in a single well-bound volume is a valuable contribution to the library of proletarian fiction. Published originally in four volumes, this Marxian tetralogy of man's inspiring struggle against the numbing forces of modern industrialism has achieved a merited success. Translations have appeared in many languages and the work has gained an appreciative audience here and in Europe. Although handicapped by a patently socialistic theme, the book evades the pitfall of monotony which awaits most treatise fiction. The sociological element is used chiefly as an illuminating background against which the persevering figure of Pelle, who symbolizes the working classes, is revealed in definite and unsentimental lines.

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Ferment in the Arabic World

By FELIX VALYI

I

THE Arab-Jewish difficulties in Palestine brought out again the sentiment of hostility toward Islam as a menace to the West which has dominated the Occidental mind for centuries. In spite of all the changes which have affected human thought since the Middle Ages, in spite of the modern doctrine of universal tolerance in religious matters, none of the nations by which Islam is confronted in her effort to survive have really changed their mind toward her. Under the name of "civilization" the spirit of the Crusades remained a continuous reality in the dealings of European Powers with Islam. The unrest caused by the latest events in Palestine among the Mohammedans of the world is due to their feeling that the Arabs as a nation have been refused that "equality of treatment" which the whole East claims as the basic principle of peace.

In her periods of conquest and glory Islam herself did not grant "equality of treatment" to non-Moslem peoples, though under the more enlightened Mohammedan rulers of past centuries the religious minorities—far from suffering persecution—were admitted to the highest positions. To quote only one example, in Mohammedan Spain, at the court of Andalusia, Christians and Jews cooperated with Mohammedan scholars to create one of the most brilliant cultures of all times. Recent discoveries of a Catholic priest in Madrid have demonstrated in the most fascinating way how the Mohammedan literature of thirteenth-century Andalusia inspired the "Divine Comedy," the greatest poem of Christianity.

But the interdependence of all cultures known in history is a very recent discovery of scholars who have no influence on political emotions. From the psychological point of view European consciousness regards Islam as a source of danger to civilization, a popular opinion which gave to the Arab uprisings a more than local significance. It is this state of hostility between two different worlds which makes partisanship in such conflicts the first thing to avoid.

Is the ferment in the soul of Islam really such a danger to "civilization," or is it rather a sign of fundamental change which ultimately may bring the whole Mohammedan world to a better understanding of modern life? To answer such a question, we should not forget that Islam is just beginning to recover from a long period of decay brought about by centuries of bigotry and intellectual stagnation. Orthodox Mohammedanism may have such temporary triumphs as the reaction in Afghanistan, but it cannot reverse the historical and psychological process which forces the Moslem nations to reconsider the fundamentals of life.

The downfall of the Ottoman empire has been a deathblow to orthodox Islam from which she will never recover entirely. As long as the Califate existed, orthodox Islam found support in the consciousness that there was still upon the earth a world factor under the acknowledged leadership of a spiritual and temporal ruler commanding the faithful of Europe and Asia. The self-respect of the old generation among the Moslems depended on that feeling. It inspired their fidelity to stereotyped traditions. Now, with their political center hopelessly destroyed, they have become like sheep without a shepherd, scattered in spiritual anarchy among the strong peoples of the earth.

For five centuries Constantinople was the assembling place for Moslem pilgrims west of the Ural Mountains. It could never be replaced by any new center farther south among the Arabs. Religious distintegration appears as a natural consequence caused by the destruction of the Califate. It is a strange revenge of destiny to see the Turk, whom Europe has for so many centuries held to be the symbolic figure of Islam, destroying the theocratic idea in the Mohammedan world. Strong though Ibn Saud, the King of the Hejaz and Sultan of the Nejd, may be in his own realm, he will be powerless to influence the general flow of Mohammedan thought outside the Arabian desert. Henceforth the unity of Islam does not depend on political power, but on some kind of spiritual consensus which cannot be obtained without a thoroughgoing reform of Mohammedan institutions. It is not the loss of territorial sovereignty or the loss of population which has caused the decay of Islam; it is primarily the influence of Western ideas and aims of life which creates the new situation. The loss of moral and spiritual force made it impossible for orthodox Islam to support the burden of a world empire in the face of Western civilization. So far as the lessons of history avail, the defeat of orthodox Islam during the last three centuries was inevitable.

One of the intellectual leaders of modern Islam, the late Syed Ameer Ali, Mohammedan legal expert of the British Privy Council, explained in his famous book, "The Spirit of Islam," how the orthodox clergy among the Mohammedans destroyed the school of free thought which existed until the eighth century of the Hegira, our fourteenth century, which saw the beginnings of scientific thought in the West. The formidable struggle between the ideas of free criticism and the principle of unchanging authority which convulsed the Mohammedan world from the tenth to the fourteenth century ended in the triumph of rigid ecclesiastical dogmatism, in spite of the powerful appeal which eminent thinkers of Islam made to the progressive forces inherent in the cultural life of the community. The rationalistic school of the so-called Mu'Tazilites demanded a new interpretation of the fundamental concepts of Islam, laying down as a principle the individual responsibility of man and his capacity for judging between good and evil and for allowing himself to be guided in the right road by God through an act of free moral choice.

After a desperate struggle of four centuries, Mohammedan rationalism ended in complete defeat. The spiritual development of Islam was thus paralyzed by the fanaticism of the orthodox mind. A formalistic scholasticism took possession of Mohammedan teaching from the fourteenth century onwards, that is to say from the very moment when,

in Europe, scholasticism was in its death agonies and modern science was taking its first steps in the West. The authority of factitious ecclesiastic traditions weighed down the Mohammedan world; as in medieval Europe the cause of freedom of thought succumbed before the ecclesiastical principle. Centuries of intellectual sterility followed upon the result of this conflict and prevented the Mohammedan world from adapting itself to new conditions of life.

II

The old slogans of holy wars and pan-Islamism are dying away under the influence of Western ideas. The reactionary school of Mohammedan thought cannot prevail in face of the political, intellectual, and economic changes brought about by the impelling power of Western science. The example of Turkey was the greatest impulse which the Mohammedan world has received since Mohammed's time. Those who believe that Islam will be destroyed by the new mentality invoke Lord Cromer's opinion that Islam cannot be reformed without ceasing to be. No system of religious and social thought can survive the changes of life if its leaders refuse to reconsider its relationship to the needs of the living generation. The reinterpretation of its essentials and its adaptation to the spirit of the new times can still save the permanent human values which inspired the finest minds among the Mohammedans.

The clash of ideas in the present generation is precisely the one great hope of Mohammedan reform. In the face of her muftis and sheiks Turkey has replaced the old Islamic law by a Western code, and has set up a new educational system on progressive lines. In Egypt the storm created by the publication of Dr. Taha Hussein's book on pre-Islamic poetry in 1926 has shown how much the Mohammedan youth of Egypt stand for free criticism. Dr. Taha Hussein was professor of Arabic at the Egyptian University of Cairo. By his critical method of dealing with his subject, by his conclusions contrary to orthodox views about the sanctity of every word in the Koran, he provoked the Ulemas of Al Azhar, the center of old-fashioned ecclesiasticism. His book tried to demonstrate a new thesis about the origins of Arabic poetry, showing that a few of its greatest masterpieces have nothing to do with Mohammed and had been interpolated in later times; they are of pre-Islamic origin, though they form part of the Koran. All copies of Dr. Taha's book were bought up and destroyed and the matter was brought before the Egyptian Parliament. The orthodox leaders demanded the immediate dismissal of the author from the university and insisted on proceedings against him in the religious courts. The resolution had to be withdrawn and the orthodox agitation fell flat in face of the action of the liberal students.

The cleavage between the old reactionary forces and the new movements of liberal thought is apparent in the whole Mohammedan world today. In every Mohammedan country there is a struggle for free discussion, for modern education, for a new interpretation of Koranic traditions, and for social reform. The temporary triumph of the reaction in Afghanistan, due to psychological mistakes of the ex-king, cannot alter the general situation.

The longing of the Arabic world for national unity shows once more that in the Mohammedan mind, as in the mind of Western peoples, nationality is now put above religion. A hundred Arabic newspapers and magazines in Egypt, and about sixty-five in Syria and Palestine, are emphasizing the national point of view. Heresy hunting has little chance to win their support.

Even among the sheiks of Al Azhar the spirit of re interpretation makes headway. Sheik Abdel Razek's recent book on "Islam and the Principles of Government" propounded the theory that the Moslem code is intended solely as a guide to personal conduct, and not for purposes of the state. He goes so far as to deny the fundamental significance of the Califate in Islamic thought, and thinks it did more harm than good. Moreover, when Sheik Abdel Razek was tried by the Supreme Council of Al Azhar for heresy, he had to be acquitted and the Arabic press hailed him as a champion of free thought.

In fact, all the open or secret attempts to restore the Califate in one of the Arabic-speaking countries have failed. The Mohammedan Congress of Cairo for the restoration of the Califate was a lamentable failure. The Mecca Congress, organized under the auspices of Ibn Saud, had more to do with the practical problems of Mohammedan policy, without settling anything. The Moslems of India under the leadership of the late Hakim Adjmal Khan and Dr. Ansari, one of the most enlightened Mohammedans, thoroughly westernized, refused to take a partisan point of view. During their tour of the Mohammedan East in 1925 these leaders insisted on the necessity of studying carefully the problem before making any decision. Attempts to make over the Califate into a corporate body of Mohammedan intellectual leaders on democratic lines, for the purpose of religious and social reform, did not materialize because of the lack of agreement on essential principles.

III

The common agreement of the Mohammedan world cannot be obtained to any of the suggestions hitherto proposed. And without such a consensus if it remains unwritten nothing can be done to restore the unity of Islam. Meanwhile Soviet Russia handles her own Mohammedan problem on the Black Sea and in Central Asia in the usual revolutionary way. If the Bolshevik methods prevail for the next twenty years, Islam will be destroyed on the confines of Russia. France and England restrict themselves to watching the Mohammedan movements without interfering officially with religious affairs. But the missionary efforts continue in North Africa and in India, with a new approach and more psychological knowledge of the Mohammedan mind, though without much hope of success.

The theocratic idea of a Mohammedan empire on the old orthodox line has definitely disappeared from the mind of responsible people among the educated classes. National consciousness has become the important factor in all vital decisions. During the revolution in Egypt in 1920 under Zaglul's leadership the nationalists used a flag on which the Cross and Crescent both appeared in order to demonstrate that their movement had nothing to do with pan-Islamism. Mohammedans addressed meetings in Christian churches, and Christians (Copts) spoke in mosques.

The Arabic movement for unity outside Egypt is tending in the same direction. The Arabic struggle is a struggle *for* and not against westernization. It wants to imitate the example of the West. More and more, religion is re-

garded as a matter for the individual conscience, and not a subject for compulsory state legislation. King Feisal himself, in spite of his old-fashioned personal education, is thoroughly in favor of complete westernization of his Iraqian kingdom. Bedouins now learn in night schools to read and write. Before returning to Bagdad from the Congress of Versailles, which created the kingdom of Iraq, Feisal paid his respect to the Pope in Rome, offering his services to reconcile the Christians and Moslems of the Near East. Reza Shah in Persia is after much the same kind of thing as Feisal.

The whole fabric of Islam is affected by the new ideas. At first sight it seems solely a cheap imitation of our Western superficialities. And to some extent this is so. But those who observed the wonderful work of the educational institutions founded by American philanthropists in the Near East, such as the American University of Beirut, know that under the influence of the ideas of 1776 the Mohammedan peoples are awakening to a new consciousness toward the world.

Is it the end of Islam? I do not believe so. Islam survived fourteen centuries of historical storms as an emotional attitude toward life. The break-up of orthodox Mohammedanism simply means that Islam will slowly rediscover her own finer traditions. The dogmatic concepts of later Islam can be discarded without harm. If the East wants to be freed from Western economic exploitation, it has to learn the Western ways of organizing life. If Mohammedans want to live their own lives unfettered by Western control, they must accept Western science as the basic condition of self-government. The secularization of Islam is the first step. But universalism as a spiritual factor which inspired the best minds in Islam will always remain an essential condition of any lasting reform. In the Moslem world neither birth nor color has prevented men from reaching the highest positions. If educated Islam maintains that spirit and extends it to the non-Moslem world, the Near Eastern problem will find its natural solution in the copartnership of East and West for their common good.

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT HERRICK is the author of "The Common Lot," "Together," and other novels.

CHARMION VON WIEGAND recently spent four months in Russia.

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DUDLEY FITTS is a contributor to *Hound and Horn,* the *Criterion,* and other periodicals.

H. L. MENCKEN has recently published "Treatise on the Gods."

HORACE GREGORY will publish this fall "Chelsea Rooming House," a book of verse.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER is professor of religion at Columbia University.

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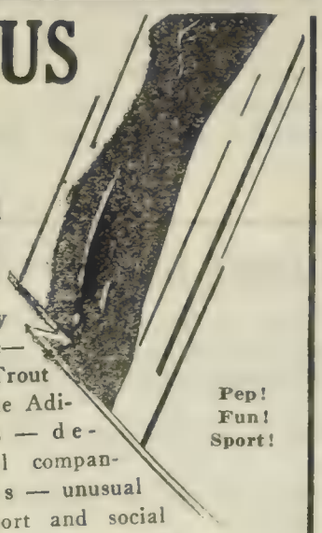
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 81
EDITORIALS:
The Farm Board Folly 84
Treaty and Peace Lovers 85
Black and Gold Stars 85
Conan Doyle 86
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 87
NEWSPAPER CRIMINALS IN CHICAGO. By A Veteran Journalist 88
WHAT I BELIEVE. By J. B. S. Haldane 90
"MINE OWN WITH USURY." THE INVESTMENT TRUST. By J. G. Curtis 93
THE HAGUE CODIFICATION CONFERENCE. By Edwin M. Borchard 94
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 96
CORRESPONDENCE 96
BOOKS AND FILMS:
Dark of the Brain. By Norman MacLeod 99
A Posse After the Humanists. By Mark Van Doren 99
George Eliot Reconsidered. By John Macy 100
The Poetry of a Novelist. By Eda Lou Walton 100
The Turkish Debt. By Jane Perry Clark 101
A Race as Protagonist. By Fred T. Marsh 101
Beyond the War Books. By Alter Brody 102
The Primitive "Imagination." By Melville J. Herskovits 102
Books in Brief 103
Films: Enter Japan. By Alexander Bakshy 104
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 105
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Nansen the Norwegian 106

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AS WE GO TO PRESS, the prospects are for an early ratification of the naval treaty as a result of a compromise on the Norris reservation on secret agreements. This is again a victory for the President. In marked contrast to his refusal to direct or to lead Congress during all those weary months of the tariff legislation, he now seems willing to move without fear of being charged with interfering with the legislative branch. In arriving at this agreement he was surely considerably helped by the State Department's publication in parallel columns of astoundingly similar utterances by the British opponents of the treaty and by the American. Senator Hale's declaration on July 1 that "the British by the terms of this treaty have us hamstrung and hogtied" is matched by Winston Churchill's "I am astonished that any Admiralty Board of naval officers could have been found to accept responsibility for such a hamstringing stipulation." The declaration of the minority report of Senators Johnson, Moses, and Robinson that "the treaty does not give us parity with Great Britain in naval vessels" is offset by Mr. Churchill's "under superficial and paper appearance of parity this treaty embodies a solemn acceptance by the British Empire of a permanent secondary position in sea power." Similar parallels from the die-hards in Japan could also have been cited. As it is, these ought to suffice to make sane men everywhere realize the utter nonsense talked by the admirals and big-navy statesmen wherever these pestilent breeds flourish.

THE CASE OF CLAUDIUS H. HUSTON has ceased to be remarkable and has become scandalous. Ever since the Caraway committee, early last March, let daylight in upon Mr. Huston's activities as a lobbyist in connection with Muscle Shoals, Republicans in Congress who would like to see the affairs of their party decently managed have moved heaven and earth to get Mr. Huston to resign the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. On June 26 it was reported that Mr. Hoover would shortly insist upon Huston's retirement, but Mr. Huston declared that he had no intention of giving up his job, and forthwith issued calls for committee meetings on July 7 to discuss the Senatorial and Congressional campaigns. The meetings were postponed, but on July 7 Mr. Huston saw Mr. Hoover, and it was announced that Mr. Hoover would not press the matter and that Mr. Huston would stay. On July 9, when the postponed meetings were held, twenty Senators, it was said, were ready with a point-blank demand that Huston quit, but when the smoke screen lifted the Honorable Claudius still held the fort. What the country would like to know is why Mr. Huston holds on and why Mr. Hoover is supporting him. Is it possible that the power trust, with which Huston had acceptable and useful political connections, is the obstacle to be got around, and that if Huston were fired some ugly facts about campaign contributions might turn up? Meanwhile Mr. Huston declares his intention of staying till September.

MILITARY UNDERSTANDINGS with Germany, unofficially suggested by Italy and France as helps in case those two countries should go to war, is the startling report that comes from Berlin. Italy, it is said, would like to have Germany agree to remain neutral in a war between Italy and France, and France would appreciate the privilege of passing its troops through Germany in order to connect with its ally Jugoslavia. What the war is to be about has not been stated, and Paris, of course, has denied that the reports have any foundation. There seems to be no doubt that France has lately been strengthening its forces on the Italian border, and that a number of nearby Italian communities have shown alarm at the prospect of hostilities. Financially, if not otherwise, Italy is so ill-prepared for war that any talk of war with anybody seems absurd, yet it is exactly such vulgar saber-rattling speeches as Mussolini has recently indulged in that stir up the war spirit and make even the wildest action possible. France, too, has steadily done its bit by enlarging its air force, constructing elaborate fortifications all along its northeastern frontier, and negotiating offensive and defensive alliances with Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia. It is the more gratifying, therefore, to read that both Italy and France have suspended all naval building until fall in order to see if a definite agreement as to their relative naval strengths cannot be reached.

THE VICEROY'S SPEECH before the Indian Legislative Assembly has added very little to the prospect of early peace in India. To be sure, he said that the coming Round Table Conference would not be bound by the Simon recommendations and that dominion status was the final goal in India. Both had been said before. The remainder of his speech was largely given over to denunciation of the Nationalists. In the unconscious tones of an overlord whose subjects have offended him he attacked the civil-disobedience campaign and put upon the Nationalists the "original blame." He praised the police and gave fresh weight to rumors that have for the most part been shown to be false by saying: "Several—I mean police—have been brutally murdered." Meanwhile Gandhi's paper *Young India* has been suppressed; and the official inquiry into the disorders at Peshawar, where, from every Indian account so far received, the police fired upon defenseless and non-resisting volunteers, has completely exonerated all British officers and troops. As for the Simon report, all parties in England seem to consider it the basis for discussion at the Round Table Conference in spite of the Viceroy's speech. In India several liberals in the assembly, as a result of the speech, have asked that the civil-disobedience campaign be terminated so that the Round Table Conference may include all Indian opinion. But almost every important leader of the strongest force in India, the Nationalist movement, is in jail. To expect the Labor Government to release them in order that their voices may be heard in London is to look for courage where there has been so far only querulousness and confusion.

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE from defeat, this time thanks to Liberal support, has saved the MacDonald Government and prolonged its life a little longer, but at the cost of leaving the party situation in England more confused than it was before. Neither the Liberals nor the rank and file of the Conservatives are anxious to turn Mr. MacDonald out, but the mischievous leadership of Lloyd George precipitated an attack on the budget bill which failed only because a handful of Liberals, voting with the Government, gave the Government a majority of three. Some fifty young Conservatives, eager, apparently, to unseat Labor on any pretext, distinguished themselves by hiding in a nearby club until the division was called and then rushing in to record their votes in the hope that the Government might be caught unprepared. The incident apparently ends such working agreement as there may have been between Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald, but dissatisfaction with Liberal leadership, which appears to have been freely expressed, does not necessarily insure continued Liberal support for the Labor program. Such support as there is will be jeopardized if Labor shows any marked inclination toward empire free trade. Mr. MacDonald declared in a recent speech that "the tariff is not the way to salvation," but he also gave a vague assurance that the forthcoming Imperial Conference would do all it could to "come to an economic arrangement with the dominions that will benefit the working classes of this country." Is Mr. MacDonald hedging?

ELIHU ROOT has decided to back up the Civic Federation in its demand for a special federal police to combat the red menace, and the secretary of the federation is certain that the results of the hearings of the Fish committee will undoubtedly so arouse "the American people out of their false sense of security that they will demand the sorely needed remedial legislation," which seems to mean the creation of another force of government secret police and spies. This only goes to prove that the great age which Mr. Root has attained does not bring wisdom, neither does it enable men to read the plainest teachings of history. All the secret police forces in the world will not prevent the communizing of the United States if that can be proved to be the best means of life and livelihood for the great masses of the people, nor can they prevent the dissemination of Communist doctrine in the United States. The only way to prove the superiority of American institutions is to make them work honestly, cleanly, fairly to all Americans. Then they will be safe from Moscow and Rome, too. We repeat for the hundredth time that the men to be feared in America are not the handful of reds but the big-business exploiters of the United States, many of whom have found no more brilliant counsel in the conduct of their affairs than the same Elihu Root, who now forgets that every one of the great nations which collapsed in revolution was previously safeguarded by thousands of secret police, Chekas, *lettres de cachet,* spies, stool pigeons, and all the rest. We wonder, by the way, if he is pleased to be joined by the Pope in fears for the bolshevizing of America.

A BOOST IN FREIGHT RATES in what is known as official-classification territory, meaning thereby territory east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio, together with an increase in rates in Western trunk-line territory, is the contribution of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the business revival which the Administration insists has already begun. As the net operating income of Class I railroads fell off nearly $150,000,000 during the first five months of the present year in comparison with the same period in 1929, the gift will of course be welcomed by the roads even though it does not become effective until November 1. What the railroads will gain, however, must come from the tills of the shippers who pay the charges. The commission estimates that the new rates will add some $12,000,000 to the annual income of the Western roads, while unofficial estimates put the increased earnings of the Eastern lines as high as $40,000,000. Something like $52,000,000, accordingly, or upwards of 5 per cent on a billion dollars' worth of business, is the load which the shippers of the country are expected to carry. We daresay the railroads need all the revenue they are likely to get, but the only thing that will prevent the new order from robbing Peter to pay Paul is a substantial increase in the volume of goods hauled.

FIFTY-SEVEN WAGE CUTS in June as against fifty increases is the rather depressing report of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of this city. Organized labor, apparently, was not hit, all of the cuts affecting non-union workers who lacked the protection of wage contracts. Union labor also benefited by wage increases, thirty-nine of the increases going to trade-union members and only eleven to unorganized workers. On the other hand, while 72 per cent of the workers (the figures are for manufacturing industries) were affected by decreases averaging 10 per cent,

the 5 per cent average increases applied to only 17 per cent of the employees in the establishments concerned. The industrial situation in May showed little change except in a downward direction, for which, of course, seasonal conditions were in part responsible. The bureau takes issue sharply with the unemployment estimates put out by the Department of Commerce. The department estimate, based on reports from six States, put the number of unemployed in the country at 2 per cent of the population. The bureau points out that reports obtained by census enumerators are unreliable, that the department's method of "sampling" the States excludes the most important industrial centers, and that non-industrial States "have an undue weight in the tabulation in relation to industrial States." Assuming that only about 40 per cent of the population is to be regarded as employable, the figure of 2 per cent becomes 5 per cent for potential workers.

TOM MOONEY has been refused a pardon by Governor Young of California. The refusal came a day or so after the denial by the State Supreme Court of Billings's application for pardon and the denial by the State Advisory Pardon Board of a pardon to Mooney. The Governor had previously announced that he would be guided by the action on the Billings application and by the Pardon Board's decision on Mooney, so that his refusal cannot have surprised anyone. It has taken him nearly the whole length of his term in office so far to "study" the Mooney case. Time after time he has put off his decision in order to study some more. This in itself was discouraging enough. Those numerous persons, in California and elsewhere, who believe the two men innocent can only take up the fight where it was laid down, can only press for new evidence, can only make fresh appeals and try to turn public opinion in favor of the two men. John McDonald, an important witness for the prosecution who later repudiated his testimony, has been found in Baltimore. He will be returned to California in order to testify before a grand jury. Governor Young held out the possibility of obtaining McDonald's recantation as the one hope for the condemned men. As for Mooney and Billings, one is almost ashamed to wish them more patience, more fortitude; they have already displayed so much of both. But it is not Governor Young who has disappointed them this time but the people of California, who have not, so far, demanded that the Governor free them. The California Court of Appeals has just upheld the conviction of Yetta Stromberg, sentenced to from one to ten years for displaying a red flag at a children's camp. This, we fear, is the temper of the whole State just now.

DR. VLADIMIR MATCHEK, leader of the Croat Peasants' Party, has been acquitted at Belgrade on charges of high treason. The trial, which lasted two months, was described at some length in our issue of June 18. Of the twenty-three Croatians tried with Dr. Matchek, nine were acquitted with him; the other fourteen were convicted of terrorist activities and sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from several months to fifteen years' hard labor. The reliability of the testimony leading to conviction was seriously impaired during the trial by charges of perjury and torture, especially by the evidence of a prison doctor who testified that the feet of one of the prisoners were covered with blood from being beaten and that he was in a state of physical and nervous collapse. The evidence against Dr. Matchek, it will be remembered, was drawn almost entirely from "confessions" made by his fellow-prisoners. All but one of these repudiated their confessions before the trial began. Dr. Matchek owes his acquittal to the fact that the one prisoner who stuck to his confession beyond the beginning of the trial finally withdrew his evidence, also. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the Croatians are out for home rule and that the more reckless among them will not hesitate to resort to terrorist activities. The political character of the trial is indicated by the news that several of the acquitted men were rearrested for singing Croatian songs, expressly prohibited by police orders, at a banquet celebrating the verdicts of acquittal.

ON TOP OF THE NEWS that Great Britain has closed twenty-one important prisons for lack of criminals since the end of the World War, and is about to close Pentonville, for generations one of the most famous London jails, comes the news that in 1929 there were only ten cases of murder recorded in London as against an annual average of twenty-two, and one of these ten was committed in 1928 although only discovered in 1929. To compare this with the daily average of a murder or more a day in Chicago and almost as great a showing in New York is humiliating indeed. When one thinks, too, that the New York police, which Grover Whalen so proudly described as the finest in the world, usually fail to find about ninety murderers a year it is amazing to read the apology of Lord Byng, head of the London police, because out of the ten cases his men failed to capture two murderers, and two who were tried were acquitted. Besides the 10 murders there were 37 manslaughter cases in London; in New York for the same period there were 357 murder and manslaughter cases. Commissioner Whalen also reported 25,709 felonies, against which Lord Byng testifies to 17,664 indictable offenses in London.

"VANITIES," the latest production of Earl Carroll in New York City, has brought up in clear-cut form the whole question of censorship. It is the unanimous opinion of dramatic critics that the "Vanities" was and is a dirty show. So far the only dissenting voice has been Mr. Carroll's, who insists that it is not dirt but art, with which we must disagree. Yet we believe that the action of the New York police in hauling some of Mr. Carroll's young ladies into court and insisting that parts of the revue be changed will uplift the stage but little and will hardly alter the vulgarity and bad taste of Mr. Carroll's performance. The police themselves are not to blame; under the existing obscenity laws they were called upon to act and they had a clear case. There are in Mr. Carroll's audience many middle-aged men and women. Why should anyone attempt to censor the morals of the middle-aged? Certainly it should not be the function of the police. Although this play is different from a genuine work of art in that it is merely the exploitation of the female form to coin dollars for the producers, we are still unchanged in our objection to all forms of censorship, believing that the evils of censorship are far worse in the long run than the harm that can be done even by an Earl Carroll.

The Farm Board Folly

IT looks as if Mr. Coolidge had set out to prepare the country for a collapse of the federal farm-relief enterprise. In his 200-word epistle general in the New York *Herald Tribune* of July 9, after coldly suggesting that it might be well to "defer judgment" until we know what the Farm Board has done and why, he adds that "there is one possibility that may turn out to be all important. If at the very outset of its career the action of the Farm Board demonstrates to the country that even the United States Treasury cannot maintain a fixed price for farm produce, while the lesson may be expensive it will be worth all it costs. We shall learn through experience that that kind of farm relief will not work."

Mr. Coolidge was only repeating in discouraging form the substance of the crushing indictment which he framed in his veto of the McNary-Haugen bill on May 23, 1928. "Prejudicial to public policy and to agriculture," "a formidable array of perils," "a fantastic promise of unworkable governmental price regulation," "cruelly deceptive," and "futile sophistries" were some of the caustic phrases with which he damned that notorious measure. To be sure, the bill did not directly mention price-fixing, but Mr. Coolidge declared that there could be no doubt of the purpose of the bill "to impose upon the farmer and upon the consumers of farm produce a regime of futile, delusive experiments with price-fixing" with all their attendant evils. "No farmer," he continued, "will be safe in directing his planting upon his individual judgment, for should the result be a stimulation of an increased yield, the board will be likely to withdraw the support which encouraged the surplus, and allow the prices to collapse under the weight of that artificially created excess."

It is true that the McNary-Haugen bill contained the odious debenture provision, and the dangerous possibilities involved in that feature may have intensified Mr. Coolidge's opposition. In the bill which Mr. Hoover signed on June 15, 1929, the debenture scheme did not appear, but the other essential features of the plan were retained and a revolving fund of $500,000,000, of which $250,000,000 has been made available, was provided for the experiments which Mr. Coolidge had unsparingly condemned.

The experiment is a sorry-looking affair now. Through a subsidiary organization known as the Stabilization Corporation the Farm Board holds at present upwards of 60,000,000 bushels of wheat bought at prices averaging from $1.12 to $1.15 a bushel, and worth at this writing about 90 cents, and several cents less than that on various recent dates. The government loss on the operation is estimated at between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000. Another organization, the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, financed by the board, expects to handle some 300,000,000 bushels of wheat this year. Another stabilization corporation, formed to take over the losses incurred by the board on loans to cooperative associations of cotton-growers, holds about 1,250,000 bales of cotton at a present estimated loss of about $13,000,000. Meantime cotton has declined to about thirteen cents a pound, and a further decline of two or three cents is predicted because of a steadily diminishing demand for American cotton abroad.

In other words, in the face of a superabundant world production of both wheat and cotton and a foreign demand for American cotton which has been falling off ominously for years, the board is holding over the market, and proposes to hold indefinitely, 60,000,000 bushels of last year's wheat plus whatever amount the Farmers' National Grain Corporation may undertake to carry from this year's crop, and 1,250,000 bales of cotton. Sales from the old crop are to be made good by purchases of the new. No great wisdom is required to perceive the effect which these surpluses will have on the market. Any upward movement of prices will be checked by the existence of huge surplus stocks overhanging the market, ready to be sold whenever the board thinks the price is favorable, and sold then, almost certainly, at a loss.

No wonder that the board, administering the wildest scheme that Congress ever devised, finds itself in a dilemma. It has spent all or most of the money that Congress provided, and it can pay out no more until Congress, next winter, comes to its aid. The farmer, consequently, must prepare to do his own financing through the banks, and the banks, with one eye on the surplus stocks and the other on tobogganing prices, can hardly with safety advance enough to cover the bare cost of production. If the board had more money to spend it would be hard put to it to find storage, for elevators and warehouses are crammed and space is at a premium. Yet Senator Capper of Kansas, who owns a whole string of farm papers and regards himself as a farmers' spokesman, comes out with a demand that the board buy another hundred million bushels because "the wheat price situation has approached a crisis and it must be met."

Under these circumstances it seems a bit futile to expect that the Secretary of Agriculture and the chairman of the Farm Board will get very far in their campaign to convert the wheat farmers to reducing their acreage. Mr. Legge may have been indiscreet, as he certainly was indelicate, in likening the Kansas farmers the other day to the big hog that always lies down in the trough, but if the Kansas farmer is to go on raising as much wheat as he can and letting somebody else practice reduction, we shall continue to have a surplus as long as the government promises to hold the bag. Moreover, the government itself is in the worst possible position for pleading with the farmers, for the whole theory of the idiotic plan of farm relief is that the government, by buying and holding any surplus, will thereby steady the market and so, indirectly, regulate prices.

Let no one, whether he lives in a farming district or in an industrial center, make any mistake about the outlook. The farm-relief program spells calamity. It means stagnation for agriculture, huge financial loss to the government, and continued depression in every industry whose products the farmer would ordinarily buy, in addition to jeopardizing the existence of a multitude of legitimate middlemen. Mr. Coolidge is kind enough to say that the experience "will be worth all it costs." There is no doubt that it will be expensive.

Treaty and Peace Lovers

THE letter from Roger Baldwin, which we print in our correspondence columns this week, makes a definite challenge to peace-lovers and moves us to restate our own position on the pending naval limitation treaty. Mr. Baldwin cannot understand why uncompromising devotees of peace do not come out against the treaty, disregarding the fact that they will then find themselves allied with jingo Senators and admirals. He also asks whether this treaty fight will not reveal "the bankruptcy of the middle-class liberals, of the radical pacifists." We hardly think so, but needless to say we respect highly the position of those who see eye to eye with Mr. Baldwin. Our readers have been too often made aware of our willingness to take the uncompromising, idealistic position at any cost, as in the matter of India, for example, to make it necessary for us to assure them that fear of standing with the belligerent admirals and Senators had nothing to do with our stand.

Our position has been this: We have held that the London conference was a miserable failure; that if it should result in our building up to parity, or increasing our navy in any degree, we should consider it a disaster; it would make the word limitation a ghastly joke. We have seen from the time the treaty was written only one possible worth-while outcome of it, and that is the end of all talk of naval rivalry between the United States and Great Britain; precisely as the Washington conference, which seemed to so many liberals nothing but a deception and a snare, put a definite end to the talk of war between Japan and the United States, stopped the admirals from asserting that we were in grave danger in the Pacific, and led our sensational Sunday editors to drop their portrayal of the coming Japanese-American hostilities from the list of their available scare stories. If the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain has a similar effect in stopping the mouths of our war inciters, in and out of uniform, we are for it.

That does not mean that we shall agree for one moment to building up our fleet to parity with Great Britain. We have already stated in clearest terms that this does not need to happen and we have urged (in *The Nation* for April 30) all our readers to do their utmost to prevent the voting of a single additional ship. One of the greatest fights ever waged will be on in Congress after the ratification between those who are opposed to further warships and those super-patriots and manufacturers of ships and guns who will at once be in the breach demanding that we build up to parity. There should be no quarter in this struggle. But we would remind Mr. Baldwin that this fight will be quite as inevitable if the treaty is defeated as if it is ratified. With an intellectual density and moral obtuseness we ourselves cannot remotely fathom, Mr. Hoover has joined his immediate predecessor in declaring that if there is no limitation then there will be a race in armaments between this country and Great Britain. Why there should be this finality of decision we cannot understand. Mr. Hoover and his delegates to London have constantly talked about what the American people want, and how large a navy they will demand in this or that contingency. They have no right to assert that they know. The American people have never been asked to express their views about this whole navy business. No referendum has ever been taken; the politicians and armament-makers have seen to that and will fight to the death any proposal to make legal such a popular vote. We deny the inevitability of any such armament race, but if the treaty is defeated the issue will be joined, the race will be on.

We and those who feel as we do have no zeal whatever for the treaty; we are almost entirely indifferent. We shall be but little more interested if it is defeated than if it is ratified. It is the struggle which is bound to follow after the vote upon it which we wish to stress. We can only say in behalf of the treaty that fighters for peace will be in a little bit better position if it is approved than if it is defeated. We cannot rise to heights of indignation against it. If we could the caliber of the Senators, with one or two exceptions, who are opposing the ratification would fire us to the boiling-point. Our natural inclination is to take after them, whatever they espouse, as a pack of hounds takes up the trail of the fox. The more they talk the greater the discredit they will cast upon this whole naval business. It is really incredible that men like Mr. Stimson and some of his associates should dare to pretend that this treaty bears in the slightest degree any mark of genuine constructive statesmanship. We notice with interest that Dwight Morrow has never opened his lips about it since he returned from London, not even during his recent Senatorial campaign in New Jersey.

Black and Gold Stars

THERE is no record, so far as we know, that any officer in the late war refused a Negro soldier the inestimable privilege of dying for his country because of his color. "No, Mr. Johnson, you will not go over the top today; today is the day for the Randolphs of Virginia to make the supreme sacrifice." If remarks such as these were ever uttered while the United States fought the Germans, we do not recall having seen them in print. But our government has not learned that such scenes did not actually take place. And as a result, when we get around to sending off to France the mothers and widows of men who were killed in the war, in order that they may visit the graves of their dead soldiers, we make the incredibly stupid and ungracious gesture of drawing attention to the Negro women, putting them in a group by themselves, providing for them a different sort of accommodation in hotels and on shipboard. Their black sons died as white men die. The mothers are not to visit the graves as do white mothers.

The War Department, of course, is full of explanations for the segregation of Negro mothers and for their lodging at different hotels and their passage on different steamships from those provided for white women. Secretary of War Hurley says: "After thorough study the conclusion was reached that the formation of white and colored groups of mothers and widows would best assure the contentment and comfort of the pilgrims themselves." However, as he explained at length: "All groups will receive like accommodations at hotels and on steamships, and the representatives of the War Department will at all times be as solicitous of the

welfare of Negro mothers and widows as they will be of white ones." Fifty-five Negro women have canceled their reservations so far on the ground that they were not given like accommodations, either at hotels or on shipboard. A letter voicing the protest of the Negro women has been sent to President Hoover. The letter should have provided interesting reading for the Chief Executive, but his reply was a brief acknowledgment of the letter and a statement that it had been referred to the War Department. The letter said in part:

> As a Gold Star mother who happens to be colored, I wish to protest against the gratuitous insult in the attitude of the War Department of the United States in segregating colored Gold Star mothers who are entitled to go to France to visit the graves where our loved ones are buried. When the call to arms came . . . in 1917 mothers, sisters, and wives, regardless of race, color, or creed, were asked to give their loved ones. . . . This call we answered freely and willingly. . . . Ten years after the armistice . . . we who gave, and who are colored, are insulted by the implication that we are not fit persons to travel with other bereaved ones. Instead of making up parties of Gold Star mothers on the basis of geographical location, we are set aside in a separate group, jim-crowed, segregated, and insulted.

The Negro women, therefore, are not so much concerned with Mr. Hurley's offer of "like accommodations" as they are with the simple and undeniable fact that they have been segregated. And surely there was no time in the history of our country when segregation was less necessary and more cruel. If there were a few white women from any section of the country who were so delicately constituted that they could not endure to travel on the same ship with a black woman whose son or husband was killed in France, the War Department might with good grace have received cancellations of their passages. But we believe that such cancellations would have been few and far between. We believe that American white women are less prejudiced than the War Department itself. We believe that Negro women in a group would have been as welcome as Italian women or Jewish women or Polish women, for whom it was not thought necessary to provide separate accommodations. The government must learn that the Negroes are no longer property to be shunted around back alleys and smuggled in at side doors. They are American citizens with a vote. There are laws to insure to them their rights as such. And it is altogether unlikely, if the Government of the United States had declared its intention of securing hotel rooms or steamship cabins for Negro women, that any hotel or steamship line would have refused the request, Mr. Hurley to the contrary notwithstanding.

But in the last analysis it is segregation that the Negroes object to first and most bitterly. And it is in segregation that the War Department made its worst and most unfortunate blunder. It is hinted by the Administration that the protests were cooked up by a group of Negro agitators. It is good to note, therefore, that so far from this being the case, the first protests were made by white persons, and that, according to Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, not a ghost of an attempt was made to make one Negro woman cancel her passage. If governments will not learn, citizens will.

Conan Doyle

WE shall dispense with the "Sir Arthur." That came long after Sherlock Holmes had been created, and only because—it is believed—Dr. Doyle had whitewashed the Boer War in a book which was translated into twelve languages. The King of England does not ordinarily bestow knighthood on mere story-tellers, so doubtless in this case he had his own special reasons of weight and state. But in this very case the honorific is so meaningless that we who love good stories shall take our revenge on the King and cease—now that the magician is dead—to recognize the "Sir."

We shall dispense also with the author of medieval fiction and of books about wars. We are tempted to dispense at the same time with the old man who went in for spiritualism and displayed photographs of ectoplasm. But we had better keep him around. For as the late William Bolitho of the New York *World* has pointed out, there is probably some connection between the maker of Sherlock Holmes and the believer in voices from "the other side"—of what, it seems, he never said, but it does not matter.

William Bolitho had the advantage of being able to see an exhibition of drawings by Charles Doyle, the immortal's father; and he had the perspicacity to recognize that the subjects of these drawings—fairies and goblins chiefly—bore some relation to the subjects treated later on by the son, not only in the spiritualistic writings but in the detective tales themselves. "For Sherlock Holmes himself was a fairy," claimed Mr. Bolitho. "Apply the test—was he not altogether good, yet impossible to imagine in love?" Without becoming quite so personal as that, we can agree that the world represented by Holmes was—and is, for it cannot grow old—delightful as only unreal worlds can be delightful.

What could be more unreal and fascinating than a world at the center of which a man sits, smoking tobacco, while he waits for things to happen which invariably shall be wonderful or terrible? That was the privilege of Sherlock Holmes. England was a little stage set with wires along which messages reached him, and him alone, telling him of —well, the strange disappearance of a baronet in Devon, or the still stranger appearance of a Hindu in the shrubbery at Dingley-come-Dampford, Hustlebury, Hants. The great achievement of Conan Doyle was not the invention of the detective apparatus whereby Mr. Holmes solved his mysteries; it was the invention of the mysteries. They are what we still hunt for through the collected works, now that so many other men have tried to write the same kind of story and have somehow failed. Sooner or later we go back to Sherlock Holmes; and then, surely, it is not the solutions that captivate us. It is the situations—and the picture of this imperturbable man among them, waiting there in Baker Street till the web twitches and a morsel of human wonder comes along for his devouring. That Conan Doyle thought he was doing the same thing later on when he groped for messages from the other side, and that he was pathetic in thinking so, does not remove the suspicion that it was the same thing after all. He simply had grown old and had lost his grip on the particular unreality which he had once found a great public to share with him.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

IF the younger generation is in almost every respect an improvement over the generations which have gone before (and surely nobody will deny this contention) there must be a reason. Some have pointed out that children of today are less harassed by parental discipline and that Sunday school attendance has fallen off considerably. And yet I think we must look to other sources for the increase in courage and gallantry of spirit among the boys and girls of our own day. I am inclined to give the credit to the newspaper comic strips.

The hard-boiled little ones who are to carry on the torch have been educated for the most part upon the adventures of characters surprisingly sturdy. The comic strip, to be sure, is not a new invention, but syndication has grown prodigiously within the past ten years and now no child even in a distant hamlet is likely to be deprived of an opportunity to follow the fate of Mutt and Jeff and many others. The comic pictures of my own childhood were a thin stream. Neither in volume nor in violence was there anything approaching the flood tide of our day. It is my recollection that I came into contact with the emancipated characters of the newspaper strips only on Sundays. The daily press in those benighted days was devoted to recording fires, floods, wars, and political addresses. Room had not yet been made for features solely aesthetic in their content. The daily strip was still a dream and for six days in every week I lived, like my fellows, on no more satisfying ration than moral precepts. These inculcated for the most part a sense of fear, and there were ever so many things in the world at the thought of which any child had a right to tremble.

New York was moderately well settled by the time that I got born. We had a City Hall, a mayor and chief of police, and also street lamps. And yet I can remember an early fear of wild animals. There was a vacant lot on a Broadway corner now occupied by one of the largest of metropolitan apartment houses. I would never have been surprised to see avenging she-bears pop out from its brambles and rank weeds. And it would have been horrifying although not altogether startling to meet a lion on any landing of the stairs at home in corners where the gaslight functioned feebly.

The yearly trip to the circus had in it, as far as I was concerned, elements of martyrdom. I never liked to run the gantlet down the long line of elephants. Uncles and aunts supposed that I enjoyed the business of making timid proffer to the beasts of peanuts which I would rather have consumed myself with safety and satisfaction. Well did I know the fate of such youths as palmed off tobacco plugs and other indigestibles upon these fierce animals. And though I played no tricks at all how was I to know that some sensitive member of the herd might not happen on a nut a little off the normal and hold me responsible? If there was any sense of justice among the elephants they could have no reason to complain of me, but I was not convinced of their good-will or fairness. And small solace did I get because some aunt whispered: "Jumbo won't hurt you. Jumbo loves you."

If it so happens that he did his affection was by no means reciprocated. And if he held a grudge I had little faith that Aunt Ella would actually be efficient in averting sledge-hammer blows of that great trunk. In all my daily life it seemed that beasts were abundant, sinister, and savage. Almost every day I saw lions and tigers in Central Park and to my eyes the bars seemed flimsy. The average citizen upon going to Lloyd's could probably get huge odds against the possibility of his being eaten by a lion. And very few inhabitants of Manhattan are trampled to death by elephants in any given year. But how could I know that? The beasts were everywhere and they were strong and I was small and brittle. Policemen were also common and carried clubs.

The indestructibility of human fiber was a concept which I never achieved. I have not caught it yet. If I had only grown up receiving the comforting intimations of the comic strips I might not have led a frightened childhood nor left at last my adolescence in exchange for timorous manhood. Now, when it is much too late, I am privileged almost any day to see a dozen bricks bounce off the head of Mutt and even more frequently fall on his comrade Jeff. The victim cries out "Pow!" and also "Ouch!" There is an indication that at the moment of impact he sees stars. But in any case the injury is wholly superficial. No serious damage is done even when the missiles are dropped by Jeff from a great height upon the head of his friend. I've seen Mutt live through a Zeppelin bombardment and suffer nothing more than minor abrasions and acute annoyance.

When next we see Mutt in that same strip he has launched an airplane and is in close pursuit of his tormentor. With leer and pitchfork he stabs holes into the gas bag which supports the luckless Jeff. "Nix, Mutt! Nix, Mutt!" cries out poor Jeff. Down drops the balloon and down goes Jeff. To destruction? Don't be silly.

As for the Captain and the Kids, I've known that estimable mariner to fight with octopi and gorillas and escape with nothing more serious than a torn collar and fierce rage against his offspring who put him into the predicament. I've seen him bound hand and foot and tossed into shark-infested waters by his antic children. Crocodiles have been introduced into his bed at night and cannibals aroused against him through misconceptions fostered by Hans and Fritz. Their sense of humor has led them at times to fire the ship and again to blow it up with dynamite. But nobody is ever hurt. At least not vitally.

I would not commend the comic strip as an agency for inculcating good manners. It seems to me that the frolicsome children of these pictures sometimes go too far in their search for good clean fun. But they do set up in the impressionable a fine and simple faith in the toughness of the human carcass and the imperviousness of the human spirit. I was taught in school that there is no such word as fail, but my faith in this fact was never lively, even though I copied the maxim many times. Much more hearty would have been my belief if only I could have lived for a few passionate moments each day with the heroes of the comic page and learned to be a lot more like them.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Newspaper Criminals in Chicago

By A VETERAN JOURNALIST

Chicago, July 14

THE editor of *The Nation* has asked me to write on the recent startling charges, preferred by newspapermen themselves, of criminal racketeering on the part of Chicago reporters, editors, and other press men. He wanted, he said, the full and absolute truth.

The full and absolute truth, alas, may never be known. A grand jury is sitting and inquiring into the murder of "Jake" Lingle, the reporter for the Chicago *Tribune,* and into the causes and motives of that typical crime. The police department is supposed to be carrying on a rigorous investigation on its own account, as is the State's attorney's office. A mysterious committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce with its own detectives, presumably loyal and competent, is at work on the same sensational case. In due time we may expect reports, presentments, indictments, perhaps even murder trials. But it does not follow by any means that the truth will be ascertained and disclosed regarding the crime situation in Chicago, so far as crime is organized and is a direct or indirect outcome of official corruption and venality, police negligence and blindness, police alliances with gangland. Still less does it follow that the whole truth about newspaper racketeers and copartners of professional gangsters will be revealed to what I must admit is a rather cynical, skeptical, and apathetic public.

There is little, if any, confidence in the police, and hardly any in the State's attorney's office. The Chicago newspaper publishers did jointly pledge themselves to the community to wage a relentless campaign against crime, rotten politics, and police corruption, but that was before it was established that Lingle had been assassinated not because he was a conscientious reporter faithful to his charge and ready to take risks in combating crime and criminal vice, but because he was a crook, a blackmailer, a peddler of illicit favors, and a close friend of high and low police officers not all of whom were or are above suspicion.

Today there is no love or good-will among the newspaper proprietors and editors. Some complain of broken faith and others of unfair and gratuitous efforts to besmirch the whole journalistic profession in Chicago in order to divert attention from one sore and damned spot—the city room of the *Tribune.* Cooperation is the last thing now to be hoped for from the five or six newspapers of Chicago. They are engaged in recrimination and the bandying of charges of insincerity, evasion, and suppression of ugly facts. If they continue in this sordid game they will disgust the public and lead it to cry, "A plague o' both your houses."

Meantime, what are the facts as contradistinguished from mud-slinging, rumor, and conjecture? I do not believe that any considerable number of reporters or other press men in Chicago are guilty of criminal racketeering. Lingle was an exception to the rule. There are perhaps a few other such scandalous exceptions. But the probability is that the great majority of those newspapermen whose work has necessitated contact with criminals, vice lords, grafting politicians, and blackmailing policemen have remained upright and clean. Mistakes of policy and tactics may have been made by some of them. It is admitted that some have sought to use low-lived and disreputable men—stool pigeons, parasites, half-reformed crooks, and the like, and of course the chances are that these unscrupulous men have used the reporters instead and given them misleading information, faked news, and downright misinformation. Nor would these underworld characters hesitate to pose as trusted agents of the press, to threaten exposure of their friends or foes in the pages of this or that newspaper, or to demand regular and fat tribute for silence.

It seems to me foolish and dangerous for honest newspapers to seek material in the lowest and meanest circles of the underworld. If a paper can afford to hire good detectives and embark upon a "piperization" of its local police or of any other group of public servants suspected of corruption, well and good. Valuable service might thus be rendered to a community vainly wrestling with the allied forces of evil and darkness. But this is a different thing from trying to get truth and fact out of professional stool pigeons, who are notoriously mendacious and purchasable.

Let us now glance at the insinuations and vague charges that have been leveled at the Chicago press since the Lingle murder. The indictment that has attracted the most attention is that of Harry T. Brundidge, reporter for the St. Louis, Missouri, *Star,* who was sent to Chicago to investigate the crime situation and tell the truth about it. Mr. Brundidge made the following statements:

That a certain reporter is known as the unofficial mayor of Chicago, as Lingle was known to many as the unofficial chief of police.

That another reporter collects five cents a bag for every sack of cement sold in Chicago, and that other reporters are connected with a street-paving racket.

That a certain reporter controls the bond-signing racket, and another has made a fortune by tipping off, from police stations, accidents to ambulance-chasing shysters.

That a certain reporter boasted of having cleaned up $200 a week at the county building by forcing grafters to share their booty with him.

That a certain reporter was a guest of Al Capone in Florida and at Havana, dined and wined at the expense of that vice lord, and used an alias while claiming to be a dealer in real estate.

That a certain newspaper executive told Mr. Brundidge that there was no sense in newspapermen living like tramps when "the filthy lucre is being passed out like rain checks at the ball park."

That a certain editor maintains an office in the Loop separate from that which he has at his newspaper, and that the transactions carried on in the mysterious office won't bear the light of day.

Well, these are rather serious statements. Mr. Brundidge offered to go before a Cook County grand jury and give the names, dates, places, and other piquant details to

which he merely alluded in his dispatches. Was his offer promptly and heartily accepted? Not exactly. The State's attorney, former Judge Swanson, insisted that Brundidge submit himself to some sort of preliminary examination, or cross-examination, by an assistant prosecutor. Otherwise, he said, he would not call Brundidge as a witness. The latter, or rather his boss, the managing editor of the St. Louis *Star,* took the position that this preliminary examination was unnecessary, questionable as to motive, and an unfair reflection upon the veracity and integrity of Brundidge. According to latest reports, the grand jury has decided to call Mr. Brundidge to testify.

To an impartial bystander neither the State's attorney nor the St. Louis *Star* emerges from the bizarre controversy with flying colors. Was Brundidge afraid of the third degree in State's Attorney Swanson's office? He had no reason to apprehend the application to himself of that gentle art of extorting confessions or changing testimony to suit the examiners. The Chicago police uses the third degree early and often, but the State's attorney's assistants are more law-abiding and more amenable to decent opinion. Mr. Brundidge and his boss have strained at trivialities instead of proffering prompt and unconditional cooperation to the Chicago authorities.

But why, it may be asked, the demand that the St. Louis reporter go through the ordeal of a preliminary examination at the prosecutor's office? Because, say those who profess to know, the State's attorney has no desire to play into the hands of sensation-mongers, and is inclined to believe that Brundidge knows little of real value, and that he is being exploited by the Chicago *Tribune,* which has shown some avidity in republishing his dispatches and lending them an unmerited importance. It is said, further, that were Brundidge permitted to testify at length and at will before the grand jury his statements would straightway find their way into the pages of the *Tribune,* in violation of the rules of law and orderly justice, and help that newspaper to darken counsel and discredit its competitors. Meanwhile, in an interview published in the St. Louis *Star,* Colonel R. R. McCormick of the *Tribune* was quoted as follows:

> I shall personally request the grand jury to make a thorough investigation of all facts and rumors having to do with alliances between newspapermen and the underworld.
>
> There is no need of beating about the bush. If the newspapers in Chicago are to continue to occupy the foremost place in the life of this country, we must clean house. The *Tribune* has nothing to conceal, it is bigger than any or all of its personnel, and I will not only discharge but prosecute any man on our pay roll who has used his employment dishonestly.

Regarding the slain reporter Colonel McCormick said:

> His life and death are only an incident. I might, according to the facts so far developed, figure out a long and tortuous course to prove why Lingle was an honest man. I know he was not honest, so why should I?

Whatever may be the result of the grand jury hearings, it is certain that politically and administratively conditions in Chicago are rotten to the core. The official organ of the police force says in its current issue that at least 20 per cent of the men on the force are corrupt and ought to be in the penitentiary. This estimate is very conservative. Only a few years ago a commissioner of police said publicly that in his opinion 50 per cent of the force were corrupt. The gangs carry hundreds of police officers on their pay rolls. Occasionally a book of tell-tale addresses—addresses of patrons, of kept and bribed officers—is found on the body of a dead gangster or in a raid. The little incriminating black book is at once destroyed by the police. The breweries and speakeasies, the sumptuous gambling establishments, the shady hotels, to say nothing of the thousands of cheap and filthy dens, severally pay for protection. They pay in more ways than one. They send checks to party bosses, to political machines, to influential candidates. They have friends in the highest official circles. They are not without pull on the bench. In these circumstances it is no holiday task for any grand jury and group of prosecutors to follow up clews mercilessly and successfully. Many people will refuse to testify. Some will perjure themselves. Racketeers will enter passionate denials of guilt, and adequate proof against them will demand more time, energy, skill, and devotion to the truth than we can reasonably hope for in these troubled times.

I have said that the Chicago public is quite apathetic despite the reign of lawless gangs and their great, far-reaching political power. This apathy is understandable. For years every local governing body has been justly accused of waste, theft, and every kind of rascality. There have been indictments, trials, and exposures. Few of the rascals have been punished, and the prosecution of the crooked officials has been dilatory, languid, ineffective, and glaringly insincere. When every local government is believed to be a nest of cynical spoils, if not a den of plunderers and blackmailers, when criminal and civil proceedings against faithless officials are permitted to lag and die of inanition and neglect, if not of sabotage, the average citizen is prepared to believe that the poison has spread to and profoundly corrupted even the organs of public opinion. The public is ready to believe that scores of newspapermen have yielded to the temptations thrust under their noses and increased their small incomes by forcing the division with them of the blackmail levied upon various trades and occupations. The newspaper passion for scoops, for fresh sensations, for exciting news has led to practices which lend color, superficially, to the wholesale charges of reportorial and editorial racketeering.

The situation calls for a vigorous and unsparing house-cleaning, for an inquiry under the guidance of an independent, courageous, and resourceful special prosecutor. It is a question whether the politicians would favor or tolerate such an inquiry. It is a question whether all the local newspapers really want it. Some do, undoubtedly, and some probably do not. The situation calls also for an intelligent and candid inquiry into the causes of the prevalent and triumphant corruption. Cant and humbug must be eschewed, and the facts faced and set forth. Is the Chicago press ready to embark upon such a delicate and difficult enterprise? I doubt it.

Mr. Villard's ninth article on The Press Today, which was announced for this issue, will appear instead in The Nation *for July 30.*—Editor The Nation.

What I Believe

By J. B. S. HALDANE

I AM a representative of the generation whose finest members died in the great war. As a child I was not brought up in the tenets of any religion, but in a household where science and philosophy took the place of faith. As a boy I had very free access to contemporary thought, so that I do not today find Einstein unintelligible or Freud shocking. As a youth I fought through the war, and learned to appreciate sides of human character with which the ordinary intellectual is not brought into contact. As a man I am a biologist, and see the world from an angle which gives me an unaccustomed perspective, but not, I think, a wholly misleading one.

In describing in so little space the world as I see it I cannot avoid being dogmatic. I do not doubt that some of the statements which I am going to make are false. A survey of the beliefs which intelligent men in the past have held as certainties makes that sufficiently clear. One cannot order one's life without a set of beliefs of some kind. But the intellectually honest man must recognize the utterly provisional nature of his beliefs. So when I make an apparently definite statement I must ask you to put before it some such words as "It seems to me very probable that." I will now try to state my point of view.

Man lives in two worlds—the visible world which changes with time and an invisible world whose constituents do not change. But both worlds can only be described as they appear to us, that is, from a human and imperfect standpoint. Among the components of the invisible world are the realities corresponding to mathematical statements like $16 + 9 = 25$. This is a statement of fact as real as the Albert Memorial, which any sane person must recognize when it is pointed out to him. But unlike the Albert Memorial it was a reality 10,000 years ago and will be 10,000 years hence. There are also invisible realities corresponding to scientific laws, and I think also to our general notions of what is beautiful and good. These latter realities are harder to apprehend because we approach them through a mist of emotion.

We know very little about what may be called the geography of the invisible world. The religions, if I may continue the metaphor, have covered the vacant spaces of its map with imaginary monsters; the philosophies have ruled them with equally imaginary parallels of latitude. But both have affirmed, in opposition to the so-called practical man, that the meaning of the visible world is to be found in the invisible. That has been the secret of their success. They have failed when they tried either to describe the details of the visible world or to dictate the details of conduct in it. The churches are half empty today because their creeds are full of obsolete science, and their ethical codes are suited for a social organization far simpler than that of today. But they still command the support of some intelligent people because, amid a world of transitory interests, they support in some measure the claims of the ideal. I am not a member of any religious body because I find those claims supported elsewhere. If I thought that the aims of science and art were merely material I should belong to some church. But I believe that the scientist is trying to express absolute truth and the artist absolute beauty, so that I find in them, and in an attempt to lead a good life, all the religion that I need.

I have not very much use for people who are not in touch with the invisible world. At best they are good animals, and too often not even that. The men and women who have done best both for themselves and for their fellows are those who have brought these worlds into relation. We can hear music by radio today because James Clark Maxwell fifty-six years ago embodied an extremely important set of properties of electro-magnetic waves in a set of equations. Those equations represent an eternal truth—something in the invisible world. Their discovery rendered wireless communication possible. If you do not make any contact with this timeless world (in other words, have no inner life) you have at best a very precarious hold on happiness. Given that contact, you enjoy a very considerable security from the results of misfortune in the visible world, and a complete immunity from boredom.

One does not come naturally to the realization of eternal truths and values. One is brought there by education in the widest sense. It is one of my principal functions to teach certain scientific truths to students at Cambridge University. Many of them are both able and eager to learn. But others are neither the one nor the other. Under our present economic system they are enabled to come to Cambridge because their parents are wealthy. By so doing they keep out others who are better qualified intellectually to learn, and more willing to do so. As a teacher I cannot support a social system which is responsible for this injustice. We have got rid of physical starvation. We still have intellectual, aesthetic, and spiritual starvation, which to my mind are greater evils than any mere economic inequality. Until our educational system is so altered as to give a fair deal to every boy and girl who desires a first-rate education and is capable of benefiting by it, my political views are likely to remain, as they are now, on the left.

There is a worse evil than intellectual starvation, and that is the deliberate suppression of free thought and free speech. I rejoice to live in a country where this evil, though it exists, is less serious than in most other countries. But I believe that even in England freedom of publication is unduly restricted in the names of decency and morality. There is much more liberty in this respect across the Channel, and no one who has worked beside the French in peace and fought beside them in war can accuse them of degeneracy. So many new ideas are at first strange and horrible, though ultimately valuable, that a very heavy responsibility rests upon those who would prevent their dissemination.

I now turn from the world of ideas to the visible world. I am a biologist, that is to say, I study the nature of living creatures, and I naturally look at things from a biological point of view. I feel at home in the world because I know that the other animals, and the plants, too, are my blood rela-

tions. Even the inert matter has mostly been alive in the past. When I look at a limestone mountain I realize that, forbidding as it appears, it was made by countless billions of my microscopic fellow-creatures. What is more surprising, I think that I can even have some very dim inkling of what it feels like to be limestone. We know material objects in general from the outside. We know our own bodies from the inside. Just as everyone knows what it feels like to be hot, so I know from my own personal experience what it feels like to consist of an abnormally large or small amount of calcium carbonate, of which the limestone mountain is built. In this concrete and detailed way I feel my relationship to the world around me.

As a biologist I am interested in my body. Most people are only interested in anything below their skins when they are ill. I like to study the performance of mine as my friends do that of their motor cycles or receiving sets. It amuses me to know what my heart does when I run upstairs, or how quickly my fingernails grow. To a biologist even a toothache can be interesting. Naturally I regard health as extremely important, far more so than wealth, and I shall regard my life as well spent if I can do a little by research and education to make my fellow-creatures healthier. There is still an immense amount to be learned about health, but if what is at present known to a few were part of the general knowledge the average expectation of life could probably be increased by about ten years. Two difficulties lie in the way—ignorance and the dissemination of falsehoods. To take a simple example of the latter. Enormous sums are spent in advertising medicines and "health foods" which are generally useless and often dangerous. A widely advertised vitamin preparation contains, besides vitamins, a substance definitely poisonous to children. Under the law of the land I might have to pay thousands of pounds in damages if I mentioned the preparation in question, even if my statement were true. On the other hand I am at liberty to say publicly that diphtheria antitoxin is useless, which is a plain lie.

Now for an example of the prevailing ignorance. When a father advises his son on a choice of occupation he is generally guided mainly by economic, and partly by ethical, considerations. He wants his son to avoid bad wages and bad company. He does not think about bad health, though he may be impressed by the risk of violent death. Yet the health of different occupations differs to an extraordinary extent, and the average man knows very little about the risks of even his own job, let alone his neighbor's. Otherwise no sane man would take up such an occupation as that of metal grinder or barman, with a mortality double that of the average man, when he might become a carpenter or a railwayman, and thus enjoy an expectation of life above the average. Our rulers are equally ignorant of these matters. Protective duties and subsidies are granted quite impartially to healthy occupations like agriculture, and unhealthy such as the cutlery trade. When this is opposed it is opposed on economic grounds and never because, by encouraging an unhealthy trade, you are condemning some of your fellow-countrymen to death. All parties agree in putting economic considerations before biological; wealth before health. I could give you plenty more examples of this ignorance if space permitted.

Even a healthy man or woman is incomplete. For a large number of men the main interest in life, the main object of their desires, the main source of their satisfaction, is woman. For me the fascination of woman is only second to that of science. In most cases man's interest in woman culminates in marriage. Provided it does not then cease the marriage is generally a success. Successful marriage requires a certain effort by both husband and wife. But speaking as a happily married man, I can assure you that no other effort is so amply rewarded. Marriage has a biological basis and would be far more often a success if its biology were generally understood and the knowledge acted on. But you can only study the physiology of marriage against a background of general human physiology. If you do so the facts fit into their proper places. If not you get a distorted and unhealthy view of them.

The psychological, even the intellectual, benefits of marriage seem to me to be enormous. If a man has lived for some years in the closest intimacy with a woman he learns to look at life from her point of view as well as his own. A man who cannot do this is like a man blind in one eye. He does not appreciate the solidity and depth of the world before him. The ideas I am now putting forward are largely my wife's, or at any rate family ideas, rather than my own private productions. The unmarried woman is perhaps even worse off than the unmarried man; and few women seem to me to be psychologically complete till they have become mothers. During the Middle Ages Europe was far too much influenced by celibate men. Today much too big a part in public life is played by the celibate woman and too little by mothers. I find few ideas more genuinely disgusting than that of many education authorities that a woman ceases to be suitable as a teacher when she becomes a mother. Because I have so high an opinion of marriage at its best, I think that it should be possible to terminate it if it fails for any of a number of reasons, instead of, as now, for one only. This is called undermining the sanctity of marriage.

Marriage generally brings children. Everyone will agree that it would be an evil if the birth-rate of this country were halved, in which case the population would rapidly fall, or doubled, in which case it would increase too quickly. But they will disagree whether too many or too few children are born at present. I do not know myself, though I am clear that too many children are born in the slums, too few in the well-to-do suburbs. But we shall not arrive at a sensible solution of the population problem till we realize that it is a question of numbers, like the design of a motor car or the feeding of a nation, and cannot be settled by an appeal to abstract principles alone.

Our present educational system is unjust to children because the majority of them do not get a fair chance, and practically none are taught the truths of science from a human point of view. Science teaching should begin, not with a mythical body in rest or uniform motion, but with the human body. Mine did so begin when I was three years old.

Between different men and women there are immense differences which no amount of education can overcome. I do not believe that any training could have made Ramsay MacDonald into Jack Hobbs, or vice versa. The ideal society would enable every man and woman to make the best of their inborn possibilities. Hence it must have two

characteristics: first, liberty, which would allow people to develop along their individual lines and not attempt to force all into one mold, however admirable; second, equality of opportunity, which would mean that, as far as is humanly possible, every man and woman would be able to obtain the position in society for which they were best suited by nature. The waste of human beings under our present system is a far worse evil than any merely economic waste. I believe in democracy because equality of opportunity is impossible where inherited rank or wealth is important, but for no other reason. I do not know what would be the ideal form of government in a community where that equality had been achieved. Democracy appeals to me, not as an end in itself, but as the most hopeful route to a classless society. In a classless society eugenic measures could be enforced by the state with little injustice. Today this would not be possible. We do not know in most cases how far social failure and success are due to heredity and how far to environment. And environment seems to be as yet the easier of the two to improve.

I am a citizen of the British Empire, which includes the great Dominions. My highbrow friends complain that the Dominions have produced little great art or literature. I answer that at least they have done something unique. Before the war the average expectation of life of a baby born in New Zealand was sixty years, in Australia fifty-seven years, in Denmark, the next healthiest country, fifty-six years. England also ran. Since then other countries have caught up to a large extent, but New Zealand and Australia still seem to be leading. I am proud to belong to a Commonwealth which has won the first and second places in the great race against death.

I am also a European, and proud of it. Europe is sick today, but it is at least making some attempt to cure that sickness by a federal union of its states. And it still leads the world in science, literature, art, and music. In methods of production the United States are ahead of us, and many Europeans think that we should copy them. When my wife and I were in Moscow last year we saw only two propaganda films. One was against alcohol, the other showed the manufacture of Ford cars. I take a different view for the following reason. Since 1921 the death-rate of Americans at every age from thirty upwards has been increasing steadily. In England this is of course not so. Whether as the result of hustle, prohibition, or the spread of medical cults which reject the results of science, America is at present heading for death, and not life. Europe has much to learn from America, a little even from Asia, but I do not think that we should imitate either of these continents.

Moreover, I am British, and, what is more remarkable, though of Scottish origin I believe in England. At the present moment our country counts for less in international politics than during the last century. Nevertheless some of our ideas and practices are at present conquering the world. In Moscow, which has rejected the great British invention of parliament, there was a word which I constantly noticed on posters. It was not "soviet," or "red," or "revolution," but when speaking, "football," rather oddly spelled "phutbol." The same is happening all over the world. Spanish bullfighters are becoming center forwards. German students are taking to football instead of slashing one another's faces. And with British sport goes the ethical code called sportsmanship, which future historians may perhaps consider as a British invention as important as parliaments and railways. I hope to see British sport conquer most of the world. But I am no narrow patriot and would welcome a French invasion of the British kitchen.

England is only likely to regain her former preeminence if we can be ten years ahead of the rest of the world in industry, as we were a century ago. We should of course reorganize our industries, but other countries have already done so. We shall not regain our place by doing so. We have no great undeveloped mineral resources. But we have undeveloped human resources, especially among the children of the skilled-artisan class. Our best hope for the future lies in giving these children a chance to become Watts and Stephensons.

Finally I am a human being, a citizen of the world, which applied science is daily unifying. My own profession of scientific research knows no frontiers and no color bars. Japanese, Indians, and Chinese, as well as Europeans and Americans, are, or have been, among my colleagues. I am naturally in favor of any measures tending to unify humanity and prevent war. But my views as to the best methods of achieving these aims are not informed by sufficient knowledge to be worth stating.

I am glad that I live today and not at any time in the past. In the 4,000 years before about 1800 A.D. civilization had spread over a gradually widening area, but its quality had not greatly improved. A century ago in England children were hanged for theft, and the men of the ruling class habitually drank themselves under the table. Neither of these evils existed in Ur of the Chaldees 4,000 years earlier. In the last century we have doubled our average expectation of life, quadrupled our average real wage, and vastly improved our education and morals. This has been made possible, in the main, by the application of science. Today the whole form of civilization is changing. We are trying unheard-of experiments. The great experiment of socialism is being tried in Russia and will doubtless be tried elsewhere. We meet with huge and unexpected accidents like the great war. We shall go on having such accidents so long as our rulers are not merely ignorant of science, but think on prescientific lines. (You will remember how the Kaiser talked of the war in terms of "shining armor," and Mr. Asquith of "unsheathed swords.") We have got to learn to think scientifically, not only about inanimate things, but about ourselves and one another. It is possible to do so. A single mind can acquire a fair knowledge of the whole field of science, and find plenty of time to spare for ordinary human affairs. Not many people take the trouble to do so. But without a knowledge of science one cannot understand current events. That is why modern literature and art are mostly so unreal.

We live in a dangerous age, but an extraordinarily interesting one. History is being made on a vaster scale than ever before. For humanity as a whole I am hopeful. For England I am only moderately hopeful, though I believe that if we are willing to adapt ourselves to new conditions of life we may yet be as great a nation as ever. But even if I am killed in the destruction of London during the next war or the British revolution, I hope that I shall find time to think as I die, "I am glad that I lived when and where I did. It was a good show."

"Mine Own with Usury"

The Investment Trust

By J. G. CURTIS

TO get an idea of what an investment trust really is one might begin with a story in the Gospel according to St. Matthew about a man who wanted some of his money looked after while he was away on a trip. He wisely spread his riches, placing this money in three separate trusts. In two of these it was doubled; in one he gained nothing at all. He was viciously angry about the third one. "Thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not," he exclaimed to his trustee, "and gather where I have not strawed. Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury."

It is a distinguishing characteristic of our culture that the servants or trustees with whom we place our money are almost invariably corporations. Most commonly they are banks, which are the simplest form of investment trust although they are not conventionally thought of as such. The bank depositor's money goes indistinguishably with other depositors' money into common funds which are invested in loans, mortgages, and securities; and from the income on those diversified investments the depositor is paid his usury, which in these un-Biblical days is about 4 per cent. Either because he is timid or because he doesn't know any better, he leaves his money there and satisfies himself with his low return. Assuming that he is timid or doesn't know any better or both, this is an extremely wise thing for him to do.

Whatever the bankers can make on his money over and above the 4 per cent they pay him he lets them keep without question. But after a while his timidity is outgrown and his knowledge is increased by stories he hears of the money other people are making on securities. He decides to try something of the sort himself. Statistics indicate that he probably will buy some shares of stock without being adequately advised or informed as to their real value and the conditions likely to influence their price; and by this technically lamb-like act he will make of himself food for bears, who in the neighborhood of stock exchanges are unhesitatingly carnivorous.

But whether or not the small investor is so unfortunate as to find his stock has gone down in price when for one reason or another he has to sell it, he will have heard that there are people who know all about stocks and are excessively clever traders, and that these clever people will accept his money, make it part of a large fund, and operate that fund so profitably that even the increase on his small share will make him rich. Because he is perfectly sure that somebody must know more about General Motors, National Biscuit, American Cyanamid, or Sears Roebuck than he does, he gives his money to one of these groups of clever people and receives therefor a certificate for an appropriate number of shares in the fund. This fund is sometimes called irreverently a "blind pool"; reverently it is called an investment trust; more accurately it is called a trading company. Two hundred years ago people invested in "a scheme, the purpose of which is to be announced later," and have been called ridiculous ever since in histories of speculation. Today their descendants constantly do the same thing without exciting any risibility whatever.

The clever people who manage this fund in which our investor has put his money make a small charge for their services, which is in effect deducted before his profits are paid him. He has thus exactly reversed the conditions under which he kept his money in the bank: then he accepted a small agreed return, 4 per cent, and let the bankers keep all they could make above that; now it is the investment managers who accept the small per cent and it is he who keeps everything else. His advantage under the latter scheme is obvious, but what about the clever people who have made his advantage possible? Are they impelled by sheer nobility, or have they too some advantage of a recondite sort? In the first place, they have the advantage of not being responsible if their cleverness fails them and there is a loss instead of a gain. What is far more important, they have the control of funds with which they can buy and sell their own securities in a perfectly legal and highly profitable way. Most of them, that is, are persons already in the business of "manufacturing" securities. They are what are called "banking houses," and their function is largely to furnish long-term financing to industry. In other words, if the Bering Sea Power Company or the Little America Whaleries, Inc., wants more capital the banking house will arrange to sell the necessary stock; and because the knack of inducing people to buy stock under competitive conditions is both necessary and rare, the successful banking houses are able to charge large fees and make prodigious profits. It is a matter of frequent occurrence, however, that some of the stock issues for which they are sponsor are not successful, and they are forced to hold the stock themselves or buy some of it back, in order to protect their reputation as vendors of good securities. In addition to this, they are constantly trading in existing issues of stock, just as any speculator might do except that they have exceptional advantages of shrewdness and information. They can therefore very conveniently utilize a large fund of other peoples' money, especially when it is costing them nothing. And meanwhile the other people are happy in the thought that they are sharing in the profits of the great financiers. Some persons are as naive as that.

Of course there are plenty of men and women who are justified in speculating in this type of investment trust as much as in anything else. The trouble is that numerically most of the people who are speculating shouldn't be doing it at all, even under the delusion that they are battening off the generosity of the insiders. They should be going to the investment trusts that are dissociated from the promotion

of securities and that select their securities for bona fide investment. There are several such—the only difficulty is that the person who is ignorant in such matters does not know whom to believe. For the purest type of investment trust service, however, one should choose concerns that have as much interest in grinding their customer's ax as in grinding their own, and that do not fail to maintain a just diversification.

From the foregoing it is apparent what diverse things may be called "investment trusts," depending upon what the managers of the trust are allowed to do with the money intrusted to them. There are some holding companies, such as the Transamerica Corporation, which are sometimes called investment trusts, though their primary function is to own and operate subsidiaries. With equal license almost any organization might be called an investment trust, from the Travelers Insurance Company, which is a large owner of diversified securities, to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which controls the associated Bell telephone companies, and the Western Electric Company. It may even be said that the stock of such organizations represents a better diversification of assets than do the shares of some properly so-called investment trusts, which in spite of what they are called do not put investment before speculation; even though they nominally employ their funds in the purchase of diversified securities they are by no means devised primarily in the investor's interest. They are devised in the interest of those who manage them, and they are engines of speculation, not of investment.

The claim made by all of them is that they spread the risk for the investor by backing his investment with many securities instead of a few, and that they give him the benefit of a skilful professional management. It is a good claim, and if the investor could be confident that it was justified he would be fortunate, for it is true that diversification of investment is invaluable and it is true that professionals are better at investment than amateurs are. But after all who is interested in mere investment? Who is satisfied with 4 per cent, or 10, or 100? What intelligent person in an acquisitive society is content with less than his own with usury? As a matter of fact, a few appear to be, but so few that they create no conspicuous demand for investment experts. The demand is for speculative experts who can double our money. And these experts find that the apparatus of the investment trust, admirable for the investment needs of the great mass of small investors, is just as admirable for speculative purposes, and has the enchantment of novelty for the person with a few dollars who wants to double them.

The trouble is that finding the best investment trust or the best investment is like trying to select the best doctor plus trying to select the best basket of strawberries from the grocer's display. Ignorance and avarice unite to the confusion of judgment. It is possible that as we get somewhere nearer an equality of wealth the material needs of life may be more temperately satisfied and the procedure of investment may become as readily mastered as the manipulation of an automobile or a radio. But since we are still far short of that time, the person who quite reasonably thinks he would like to have more than 4 per cent on his savings—or even than 4¾ per cent, which one bank pays—will continue to look for an investment trust. But he should not feel satisfied when he finds something which calls itself that. Before he puts his money in the capable hands of the manager he should ask: "Have you any stuff of your own that you are going to put this money of mine into?"

Nine times out of ten the investment-trust manager will smile frankly and say yes. And nine times out of ten the modest investor will give him his money anyway.

The Hague Codification Conference

By EDWIN M. BORCHARD

THE first Conference for the Codification of International Law called by the League of Nations to codify the subjects of nationality, territorial waters, and responsibility of states for injuries to aliens adjourned at The Hague on April 12 after a four weeks' session. After five years of preparatory work, with voluminous documentation, by committees of experts of the League in cooperation with the governments represented, these three subjects were selected as presumably ripe for codification. Some forty-seven states were represented at The Hague, including members and non-members of the League. The delegates and technical advisers were divided into three groups or commissions, one dealing with each of the three subjects.

Notwithstanding four weeks of almost daily conference, the results achieved were very slim. On the subject of nationality the goal of the conference was to eliminate, so far as possible, cases of dual nationality and statelessness (no nationality) arising out of the many conflicts of internal law on nationality. A narrow convention was agreed upon, which the United States alone voted against, together with three protocols and eight recommendations. On the subjects of territorial waters and the responsibility of states the differences proved so great that no convention was voted, the conference contenting itself merely with reports indicating inability to agree.

In the field of nationality each state has its own laws, resulting, of course, in innumerable cases of dual nationality and statelessness. The reduction of these conflicts can come only through international agreement. The majority of the states at The Hague agreed to a few rules. Of these the following are of general interest: diplomatic protection by one state against the other state of a person having two nationalities was prohibited; easier methods were agreed upon for renouncing that one of two nationalities with which a dual national is least closely connected; expatriation permits, if required by a country, shall be given effect in other countries—a provision which was mainly responsible for the negative vote of the United States; women marrying aliens shall not lose their nationality unless they acquire their husbands' nationality; moreover, in order for a wife to lose her nationality *during* marriage by a change

in her husband's nationality, her consent shall be required—a concession from traditional Continental rules. Several provisions were adopted concerning the nationality of children, including illegitimate children, foundlings, adopted children, and children of ambassadors and consuls.

Three separate protocols were adopted. One of these, providing that a dual national who habitually resides in one of his countries shall be exempt from military obligations in the other, would, if ratified, be of great importance to the United States. The program of the National Woman's Party—that nationality laws shall make no distinction in the matter of sex—was rejected, although one of the recommendations of the conference commends this question to the study of the governments. But the conference adhered to tradition and upheld the alleged unity of the family by agreeing that the woman, on marriage, takes the nationality of her husband if by his law she acquires it. This is less than the Cable Act grants, and it may have influenced the United States not to sign. How much of the convention and protocols will be ratified is problematical. Nations do not change their laws too readily and the Woman's Party has declared war upon the convention.

In the fields of territorial waters and responsibility of states the situation was very different. A long development of international practice and decisions of many arbitral tribunals had established certain rules of international law on these subjects which it was proposed now to codify in legislative form. The futility of the effort soon became apparent, for a considerable number of the states desired to modify international law—in other words, disagreed with the majority as to the governing rules of law. For example, twelve states advanced the proposition that the three-mile limit of marginal seas was not fixed under international law, and that the proper zone should be deemed a belt of four, six, or twelve miles. The countries differed further on the question of a contiguous zone of water in which certain supplementary jurisdiction might be exercised for the protection of the territorial state. Several of the great Powers refused to concede either the legal existence or the propriety of such a contiguous zone, arguing that the line of division between territorial sea and contiguous zone would soon vanish and the territorial sea be insidiously extended. They professed willingness, however, to conclude special treaties—for instance, treaties with the United States dealing with the smuggling of liquor—as circumstances might require.

On the question of responsibility of states the eight Latin American countries which were represented, together with some nine additional states, declined to admit that a state could be internationally responsible for unauthorized acts of officials which violated international law; they declined to admit state responsibility for damages arising from failure to punish a person who assaults an alien; they declined to admit that they were liable for lack of due diligence in protecting an alien against injury to any greater extent that in protecting their own nationals. While there is much to say for these views, a different attitude toward this question has developed in international law. Thus there arose at the conference a conflict between those who sought to sustain fairly well-supported views of international law and those who dissented from those rules and sought to write their dissent into new legislation.

It is not surprising, therefore, that on territorial waters and responsibility of states no agreement was reached. The record of the conference, indeed, throws doubt on the feasibility of codification even in those branches of law which have attained a certain maturity. Codification is difficult enough when there is scientific difference of opinion as to what the law is. In this case there was a political attempt to break down well-established or generally recognized rules by professing that they were not rules, that particular states had not recognized them, or that they were too harsh in their restrictions on certain states. Some opinion in fact developed at the conference to the effect that the opposition of a considerable number of states to rules which arbitral decisions and the majority of states have supported has possibly weakened the generally accepted rules by throwing doubt upon their validity. Thus, a conference called for the purpose of restatement and clarification of international law seems to have constituted for some states an opportunity to weaken, modify, or dissent from existing international law.

In any event, it is possible that the views expressed in such an international forum will affect the future development of international law, possibly to its detriment. The outcome of the conference on the three subjects considered justifies the view expressed by numerous students that codification on subjects developed by case law presents insuperable difficulties, and that the open expression of differences is worse for international relations than their tacit suppression—another illustration that it is best to let sleeping dogs lie. Indeed, perhaps any attempt to codify such subjects is unwise. Strange as it may seem, the greatest amount of agreement was reached on the subject least controlled by international law, namely, nationality, in which internal legislation has almost a free hand. On the other two subjects, generally considered to be regulated by seasoned international law, fundamental disagreement arose as to what are the rules of international law.

The subjects that seem most susceptible of codification are those dealing with new matter, such as air law, radio, and submarines; matter so old and settled that it has lost political significance, such as slavery, piracy, consuls, and diplomatic officers; or matter mainly of administrative interest, such as rules of navigation and the procedure for submitting agreed disputes to arbitration. Topics exciting political susceptibilities are difficult to negotiate. Unusual as it may appear, rules governing war and neutrality have been more readily codified than most others, partly because they have so often and so widely been called into application; and the wonder is, not that such rules have on occasion been violated, but that they have been so generally observed. Disagreement as to rule or interpretation still exists on numerous topics, as, for instance, on the transfer of flag, and no definite rule exists on many essential topics, such as the nature of articles deemed contraband.

Whether international relations have been improved by the conference is doubtful. It has, however, served a useful purpose in disclosing the limitations of codification and in substituting practical evidence for hypotheses, suppositions, and inferences. It is perhaps a little early to suggest all the lessons to be derived from the conference, but it is possible that codification will arouse less ill-considered enthusiasm in the future than it has in the past.

In the Driftway

THIS is the season, next to Christmas, most favored for family reunions. In wooded groves from Maine to the Middle West to California the clans are gathering. It is many years since the Drifter acted, all at the same time, the roles of first, second, and third cousin, of uncle, nephew, and grandson, but he is sure that the family reunion, though perhaps scarcer than it was, has not changed its character. Children are chucked under unwilling chins and told that they "favor" their Aunt Martha. The younger generation is bored and a little scornful of it all and a little ashamed of some of the people who have turned out to be relatives, but they, too, will come willingly in time. A husky farmer, coming upon a dignified city cousin whom he has not seen for twenty-five years, shakes her strenuously by the hand and says, in the words of a reunionist the Drifter once overheard, "My, Jane, how you have broke!" Meanwhile, as each load of relatives arrives, the long tables under the trees are stacked higher and higher with fried chicken, angel-food cake, mustard pickles, jellies and jams and apple pies—all home-made from recipes that will provide comparative conversation during the long afternoon for those middle-aged matrons who are the backbone of any family reunion.

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AS one goes west, the family, like the population, diminishes in numbers until in the farther regions of the Rockies, what with the great distances and the migratory instinct of the human young, it would be hard to muster a scant half-hundred people who are related to one another. The last reunion the Drifter attended took place west of the Rockies, and though he always thinks of it as a family reunion it was technically not a family gathering at all. It was a reunion, in a little Western town, of the first settlers of the surrounding country. But ties as strong as blood and stronger united its participants. A twig of sagebrush worn in the coat lapel or pinned to a silk dress was the badge of honor that day, and none but a bona fide first settler was allowed to wear it. The youngest of these was more than sixty, the oldest was near eighty. To all of them life on a frontier had been a familiar reality. All of them had known what it was to be afraid of wild Indians; most of them had felt the stubborn resistance of sagebrush roots to a grubbing hoe; in isolated cow towns, as boys and girls, they had danced many a night out together. That day they danced together again, Virginia reels and quadrilles on the campus of a State college their hard-earned money had helped to establish.

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BUT to return to the family reunion. Already the Drifter hears the scratching of pens bent on convincing him that the family, and therefore the family reunion, does not and cannot exist in modern America. The Drifter admits that the family as a social institution is in an advanced stage of disintegration. And that is just as well. But the reality behind the institution persists. As a precious human relationship, stripped of the weight of authority and tradition that has formalized and deadened it, the family will persist, the Drifter suspects, as long as parents have children and children have children of their own.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Defeat the London Treaty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have recently sat in on discussions in several committees of radical pacifist organizations considering the London naval treaty. I am amazed at the moral and intellectual confusion it has created. Disinclination to oppose a treaty which lays the legal basis for a billion-dollar naval increase is obviously due to fear of being lined up with the admirals and the Navy League.

Here we have the spectacle of left-wing pacifists openly or tacitly supporting a treaty which will certainly be used to urge and justify unparalleled additions to a navy already greater than is needed for any defensive war, the only war pacifists contemplate under the Kellogg pact. Worse, we find them supporting, or not opposing, a treaty which does not even in principle limit naval armaments; the escape clause, the "escalator," tends to that. The best they can say for the treaty is that it stops naval competition between the three greatest naval Powers, provided some other Power does not start them all off again.

Is history to record that because the admirals howl against any limitation whatever to their mad plans, no peace organization dare raise its voice against the treaty and for real limitation? Will history record that all American pacifist organizations were so barren of fighting idealism and so politically naive that they took the morally defenseless position of supporting the treaty only to oppose thereafter the very naval increases the treaty permits? The admirals will lick them. The navy will be increased. Parity with Britain will be a tempting invitation to a war for which the economic base is already well laid.

Is thus to be revealed the bankruptcy of the middle-class liberals, of the radical pacifists? Are there none among them uncompromising enough, irreconcilable enough, to demand for their own moral salvation, if not for practical results, the defeat of the treaty, and ceaselessly to insist on a new international agreement for immediate and progressive disarmament?

Boston, July 1 ROGER BALDWIN

Investigate the Republicans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We conservatives of the Middle West are watching with interest the Congressional investigation of the activities of the "reds" in America. We are not in sympathy with the Communist attitude of sticking up their heads to have them walloped by Republican police clubs. We think rather they should wait until they can apply the club to the other fellow's head. We are not concerned much over the attempt of the Communists to get control of our affairs. Their control could not possibly be worse than the rule of the Republican Party.

The present aggregation of treasury-looters and crooked politicians hold the world record for downright depravity in public office. They have stolen and squandered billions of the people's money, traded the oil reserves of the nation for a suitcase full of greenbacks and taken the interest money for their own use, sold post offices, corrupted the electorate, and are annually collecting billions of dollars in graft in the form of taxes and appropriating it to their own use and that of their friends and relatives.

Why investigate the reds? It is the Republicans that should be investigated.

Springfield, Ill., July 7 DUNCAN MCDONALD

Santo Domingo's Anniversary

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Owing to the celebration of the sixth anniversary of the restoration of our national government, we entreat you to accept our homage and thanks for the noble aid you have given the Dominican people and government.

Santo Domingo, July 13 Estrella Urena, President

The Lingle Case and the Press

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The treatment of the Lingle murder in Chicago by the local and national press brings out more strongly than ever the need for an honestly fearless and genuinely independent daily newspaper in the United States.

As soon as the story of the reporter's death went out over the press service wires, paper after paper went into hysterics over a supposed martyr to civic reform. Even the *Literary Digest* wallowed in a wave of hypocritical indignation. Meanwhile, Chicagoans drink Capone beer and rich business men continue to buy case goods, in the face of a plea by the local chamber of commerce that citizens deprive gangsters of their income by boycotting their products.

Paul Blanshard, in his *Nation* article Who Killed Jake Lingle? has cut through all the fake sob-stuff of the local moral pillars and has given an honest and accurate analysis of the whole affair. He has spoken for the majority of Chicagoans—something no local paper has done so far.

Most of the pleas made for a liberal daily in the United States have been based upon the argument for greater liberty and honesty in presenting labor and other controversial and unpopular viewpoints. The Lingle murder case, an ordinary news story, shows how hopelessly single-track is the mind of the press of this country.

Chicago, June 30 Chicagoan

That Colombian Election

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Colombia has just been through a tempestuous election period, and like our correspondent Mr. Sanín Cano, in your issue of July 9, I am surprised at *The Nation's* failure to comment upon it.

I am just back from a four months' trip through that country, and I had occasion to see the clerical influence at work. Colombia is the most priest-ridden nation in the world; in spite of the intense poverty of its people, costly cathedrals are being built and ambassadors as well as large contributions are being sent to the Vatican. Colombia gained its independence from Spain to become a colony of the Pope!

It was during the last campaign for the presidency that the influence of Rome could be seen at its worst. Telegraph companies had to hire special help to handle the daily messages to and from the Pope. Until now, the Archbishop's candidate has always been elected. A few days before the last election the Archbishop posted all over the country manifestos exhorting the people to refrain from voting the liberal ticket and threatening them with excommunication, or its equivalent, if they did so. I brought with me (and they are at your disposal) hundreds of newspaper clippings showing the great part the church takes in politics. Some of them are so shameless that they would make even the most ardent American Catholic blush! Nevertheless, Olaya Herrera, the liberal candidate, won, after forty-five years of clerical rule. He won because the people were tired of being fed on hokum, were tired of starvation in a rich and fertile land, and welcomed any change.

Olaya Herrera is the man who can best pull Colombia out of its present chaos, but no matter how good his intentions are, his liberalism must perforce be tempered; he has to contend with masses brought up in the crudest and most primitive form of Christianity, and it takes more than one presidential term to eradicate fanaticism and ignorance. However, the working classes are gradually awaking and we may still see the day when state and church will be separated. Not until then can we hope for any real progress in Colombia.

Brooklyn, July 8 J. M. E.

Another English Subscriber

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As another English subscriber I beg to differ with E. Williamson's criticism of *The Nation* for its attitude on Indian and Egyptian affairs. *The Nation* might be wrong in detail occasionally—to be entirely correct all the time does not lie within the scope of human possibility—but its report on British affairs in the East I find to be generally precise in principle. I am not going to permit my status as an Englishman to blind me to the injustices and maladministration which have been inflicted on the Indian masses since the British East India Company obtained almost absolute authority in that benighted country. The British have no right to be "endeavoring to lead the Sudanese to self-government." The Sudanese already possessed self-government when my (and E. Williamson's) progenitors were disputing the very same question with Caesar's Roman legions nearly two thousand years ago. The Philippines are having the same controversy with the United States government also. E. Williamson might like to camouflage British abuses in India beneath hairsplitting arguments. We are more concerned with principles.

I am concerned with logic and the principles which have their foundation on common justice and the right to live. I repudiate and deny the right of any foreign government to dictate to India, just in the same way that I repudiate and deny the right of the Indians or any foreign Power to govern my native Manchester.

New York, July 7 H. Spencer, Jr.

Communists and Deportation

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Ever since Judge Thacher's decision releasing the alien Voich, the press has generally suggested that this opinion established "that mere membership in the Communist Party does not make an alien deportable." This probably explains why the annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union fell into error on this point.

As the attorney for Voich I feel called upon to correct this error, both in the interest of presenting the law correctly and of making Judge Thacher's position clear. Judge Thacher held that there was no evidence in the record that Voich was a member of the Communist Party. He did say, however: "The relator consorted with radical agitators, and no doubt sympathized with their views; but this is not enough to warrant his deportation, unless prejudice is to take the place of proof."

New York, June 9 Carol Weiss King



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One Farmer Approves

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While the tariff bill is unsatisfactory to the Northwest it is nevertheless better than no bill at all. No farmer buys in an equal amount to what he sells. On an average his tax and interest bills absorb a large part of his revenues. These will be very little affected by an increase in industrial rates. The average farmer may buy only two sets of machinery during his lifetime but may raise thirty crops.

Erskine, Minn., June 16 Carl Berg, *Farmer*

"Journey's End"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago you raised the question whether West Point cadets realized the full meaning of "Journey's End," whether they did not "think . . . how sweet it is to die thus strongly and bravely."

May I suggest that the crux of the matter, so far as the coming generation of young men of every race is concerned, is that they should have their eyes opened to the ghastly deeds they must commit if involved in warfare, not only against their fellow-men, but indirectly (and perhaps directly by bombing from the air) against the women and children whom the warrior is supposed to protect? No one would ever desire that young men should fear to be killed or injured in a great cause, but we may surely hope that the day is not far off when they will fear to kill and maim, and consequently do their utmost to help the world-wide movement for permanent peace.

Victoria, Australia, June 22 J. B. Howie

For *Nation* Readers in Colorado

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It has occurred to me that it would undoubtedly be decidedly worth while for those of us in Denver and the Rocky Mountain region who are *Nation* readers to get in touch with one another, though it may not be possible to organize a *Nation* club and have meetings. In this health-seekers' Mecca some of us are home-bound. Nevertheless, to discuss even by mail the issues and causes in which *The Nation* is interested would, I think, seem desirable and worth while to an appreciable number.

I am willing to act as clearing-house if anyone is interested in such a project. My address is Route 3, Box 929, Edgewater, Colorado.

Edgewater, Colo., June 23 Elsa L. Widmayer

A Request for Conversations

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am preparing a critical study and anthology of real conversations, both historical and contemporary. I wonder whether any of your readers may be able to refer me to especially brilliant, amusing, or otherwise readable conversations which have been recorded and are now available in published form. Any such references may be sent to me at the School of Journalism, Columbia University.

New York, July 1 Walter B. Pitkin

Books and Films

Dark of the Brain

By NORMAN MACLEOD

An incipient brown the taste of earth
strangles my need for water
and the turquoise of the hard fast earth
enunciates a requiem for stars
in a pale black glow that knows too much
the color of my brain on colder nights
than hands have ever felt
on any body.
The color of the blackness of the mind
with eyes nor hands affording sure access
to any human intercourse
through these cold years
is like a wound unbleeding and uncared,
stabbing the prickly tentacles of mind.

A Posse After the Humanists

The Critique of Humanism. A Symposium. Edited by C. Hartley Grattan. Brewer and Warren. $3.50.

MR. GRATTAN'S title must be taken with at least a teacupful of salt. He has not edited *the* critique, or even *a* critique, of this formless thing which so suddenly has found a name. Rather he has sent out a hurry call for men to help him hunt two intellectual culprits down, and a dozen have come running, armed with as many different weapons, to make it a good bloody night. They have answered from all quarters; some of them are short men, some of them are tall; some are trained fighters and some are not; but each of them has arrived with eagerness in his face, and each of them has achieved a certain measure of destruction—though not a few of the blows have been glancing blows.

If the reader, then, expects nothing at all in the way of concerted criticism, if he is blithely willing to hear one more series of notes added to the confused music which humanism has been making in its small portion of the world, he may proceed with pleasure through Mr. Grattan's book. There is some excellent writing in it; there is some good fun; there is now and then a rousing argument; and there is a greater display of learning than he might have looked for from the young men whom the humanists, academic or otherwise, have certainly urged him to despise. I read on with an almost constant relish, thinking that if nothing very much was being established against Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More, at any rate a good deal of intellectual exercise was being taken by the literary critics. That in itself is not a bad thing to have happening in a time when American criticism suffers so much from a failure, or a refusal, to examine assumptions. General ideas have been lacking from our literary talk, or at any rate they have not been stated; I suppose they have always been there. It is interesting to have them stated, and to the extent that that is so we have the humanists to thank for precipitating a war of words. Not, of course, that this will determine what kind of fiction we shall have in the coming decade, or what kind of poetry. Those departments of literature have a beautiful way of taking care of themselves. So has criticism, which I see as a quite separate department. We see it here, taking care of itself.

I said that this posse after the humanists came armed with divers weapons. The weapons fall, nevertheless, into three recognizable types. The first type, with harrow teeth, is employed by Burton Rascoe and Edmund Wilson, neither one of whom takes the fracas as anything but an excuse to ride recklessly over his victims, scratching and hacking as he goes. Mr. Rascoe, in a very gay piece called Pupils of Polonius, pours more effective ridicule on Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More—on their prejudices, their styles, and occasionally their ideas—than I remember to have seen poured on any living author or pair of authors. When I say "effective" I do not mean that Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More are demolished; so far as I can see they remain untouched. I mean simply that I was made to laugh, which is the purpose of ridicule. And I am not sure but that that is the best technique in literary argument, as it is obviously an excellent way of dealing with the present issue. Mr. Wilson's Notes on Babbitt and More—four scholia on passages picked out of their essays in the humanist symposium of a few months back—did not make me laugh. They were not intended to. But I got a great deal of smiling satisfaction out of the scorn and skill with which Mr. Wilson pounced upon the passages. Details, merely; yet if one can enter these breaches so easily, what depths and vacancies may not be found within? Mr. Wilson does not bother to go in. It is enough for him, who shows by the way that he knows modern literature with a thoroughness to which Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More make only a moral pretense, to show also that they are not infallible on their chosen ground—the ancient and the "sound."

The rest of the contributors are entirely serious, though they are serious in two different ways. The way of Hartley Grattan, Malcolm Cowley, Henry Hazlitt, and Lewis Mumford is the less effective because it does not take account of the fact that there is no use—neither is it fair—talking to Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More about the very aspect of the modern world which they have chosen to ignore, and by ignoring condemn. These four writers have done highly competent jobs, but they hardly needed to be done. Is it conceivable that their opponents will be impressed by Mr. Grattan's quotations from John Dewey, or by Mr. Cowley's reminder that this is an industrial civilization, or by Mr. Hazlitt's canvass of Bertrand Russell and A. I. Richards for new "individual and social values," or by Mr. Mumford's proposal of an alternative program which "recognizes the organic nature of human life"? The humanists, remember, separate man and nature, and have a right to do so. Why bombard them then with gospels contrived by contemporary thinkers in an attempt—vain, the answer cometh—to reconcile nature and man? It is like quoting scripture to the devil—or shall we say performing the black mass in the hope of saving an angel's soul.

The more effective way is that of Allen Tate and Bernard Bandler II, who address themselves directly to Mr. More, and examine him, not exhort him. Mr. Tate particularly scores a palpable hit—the only one, I think, in the volume—when he reduces Mr. More's "religion," which Mr. More had presented as a discipline, to something altogether personal with Mr. More—an indulgence, really, rather than a discipline. Mr. Tate is all the more convincing because he himself agrees with Mr. More that a discipline is desirable; so he is all the more plausible when he insists that the sage of Shelburne has merely added another personal faith to the excessive number of such that we already have, to our confusion and decay. Each one of them may have been necessary to the owner, and in Mr. More's case I think we have one which we can admire as a spectacle. But none of them can

be used by other men—can be, that is, a religion at all. If Mr. Tate is right the whole structure of humanism comes tumbling down at once. And incidentally we have there an explanation of the feebleness of Mr. More's followers. His religion could nourish him; it cannot nourish them. That being the case we shall have no humanist movement.

MARK VAN DOREN

George Eliot Reconsidered

George Eliot. By J. Lewis May. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

THE authentic biography of George Eliot is the "Life" by her second husband, J. W. Cross, based, under her guidance, on her journals and letters. The still standard work by a professional critic is that by Leslie Stephen in English Men of Letters. There are no new facts for Mr. May or anybody else to discover, for George Eliot's life is as open, simple, lacking in mystery as that of any person in the whole Dictionary of National Biography; in what is known of her there is nothing which calls for a novel subtle interpretation. All that another critical biographer can do is give his views of her work, celebrate the woman and the writer in the light of his personal enthusiasms, place his own emphasis on quite undisputed facts. This Mr. May has done in a pleasant, sincere book. He would have done better if he were not inclined to learnedly irrelevant references and allusions, with bits of French and Latin. This manner has fortunately gone out of fashion, and it is a kind of literary pomposity which was one of George Eliot's faults, as Mr. May notes several times—and then commits it in his own way.

Two things Mr. May makes more prominent than Stephen had made them, though Stephen's competent understanding had seen them clearly enough. One is the immense importance of George Henry Lewes in helping the gods to make George Eliot a novelist. The other is the dependence, to the point of identity, of all that is best in her work upon her girlhood experience and her inmost, uneducated natural self.

Lewes is Mr. May's hero, as indeed he was George Eliot's hero. It is she who tells the story of her debt to him, and her gratitude is detailed, repeated, fervent. Perhaps the ardor of her avowal was increased by the fact that their relations were illegal and she was placed in a somewhat defiant attitude. But the irregularity of their union no longer disturbs us. Literature applauds the union for itself and admires this devoted, vivacious, versatile, alertly critical man who turned a highly intellectual spinster, with discursive purposeless interests, into the full true course of her genius and fulfilled her womanhood. Without Lewes there might have been a talented Mary Ann Evans, recorded in handbooks of literary history; there would have been no George Eliot.

The George Eliot we care for is a passionate woman who did look in her heart and write and who wrote best when she did not look too long into the higher regions of her intellect. She is Maggie Tulliver with the pen of an artist. This assimilation of the creator's character to the created character means much more in the case of George Eliot than the commonplace misstatement that every novel is more or less autobiographical. The material, the scenes and persons, of "Adam Bede" are as faithfully drawn from her experience as those of "The Mill on the Floss." Mrs. Poyser is no more alien to the nature of George Eliot than is Maggie (or for that matter than Diana or Clara Middleton is to George Meredith). But the girl Maggie, hot, wilful, affectionate, capable of doing unaccountable things, is the heart of her author. The death of Maggie strikes you with double pain because you have witnessed the death of a splendid young girl and also because you wonder what her development would have been. To make a reader's imagination run beyond the last page into a forever unwritable sequel is creation of the highest order. To understand George Eliot we begin not with the mature philosophic woman who made Maggie but with Maggie herself.

George Eliot became an eminent person with an intellectual halo, perhaps the most prominent Englishwoman except Victoria; only a few men equaled her in distinction. Mr. May thinks that if we are to see her face, the intellectual halo should be removed; that her admirers have *dehumanized* her. I doubt if he is right in saying that "she figures in the popular imagination as a highly respectable and prodigiously learned person, one whose respectability derived tremendous emphasis from the deliberate and august solemnity with which she invested her solitary and public defiance of it." Probably she figures, if she figures at all in whatever the popular imagination may be, as the author of some great novels, read or unread. Certainly Leslie Stephen makes her human and warm and attractive. But he seems to say too emphatically that she, alone of English novelists, "came to fiction from philosophy." Rather she came to fiction from life and from herself, and only wandered in philosophy awhile before she somewhat tardily found herself, or until Lewes (a philosopher!) found her. If biographers have been inclined to portray her in cap and gown, Mr. May has done good service in taking them off and showing her in whatever kind of ordinary clothes Victorian women wore. The value of her lies under the garments, in all parts of her, not solely in the head.

JOHN MACY

The Poetry of a Novelist

The Winter Alone. By Evelyn Scott. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

THIS book of poetry is difficult to criticize, for the reader is almost constantly of two opinions. "The Winter Alone" is the poetry of a novelist, one of the best of American novelists. There is no poverty of subject matter: the book is filled with individualistic observations upon life, with startling characters given in a sentence, with intricate emotional situations, with vivid backgrounds. The poet's outlook is at one and the same time mystic and intellectual. And yet, although the intention of many of the poems is lyric, there is a kind of looseness in rhythm and diffuseness in imagery which gives the reader the impression that many of these poems are notes for longer poems rather than the fused immediate statements of lyrics. And the lyric intention is only now and then focused clearly enough to arouse the called-for emotion on the part of the reader. In these verses there is the same subtlety and richness of imagination that makes Evelyn Scott a poet in her prose, for certainly much of her novel "The Wave" is highly poetic. Here is the same capacity for suffering, the same penetrative mind, and the same amazing gift for visualizing and using language. Here also is perhaps a little too much of human observation and not quite enough immediacy of emotional statement—the trick again of a novelist superseding the art of the poet. Mrs. Scott is too much inclined to walk into her scene and comment. She closes the poem on Creatures in General with:

> Oh God, would God I were a Presbyterian,
> And could feel these creatures
> Less real than I!

and the finer poem on the Eagle with:

> What is the crowd to him?
> A despised reason for the calm and mighty flight
> Above those lost and dwindling tents of snow.

These lines with their fine rhythm—and here the rhythm is identical with the emotion—lose just a bit through the author's rhetorical question. It need not have been asked. The feeling of aloofness and grandeur could have been given directly.

Mrs. Scott has so much more to say than have most of our numerous poets, is so much more acutely sensitive to life, that we should not, perhaps, ask anything finer of her than that which she offers. And yet, the lack is there, a lack which some of the poems do not have—that of a convincing rhythm and a lightning-like fusion of several images into one consummate emotion.

But to quibble no more, "The Winter Alone" is a book of deeply and sincerely felt experiences. It exhibits no mere fluency of words, no mere playing with facile technique; the poems are of the stuff of life understood and the product of a mystic search never quieted.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Turkish Debt

European Financial Control in the Ottoman Empire. By Donald C. Blaisdell. Columbia University Press. $3.

THE allurement of fiction is often to be found in tales of imperialistic ventures, but the authors, like writers of fiction, are prone to follow fancy rather than fact. Dr. Blaisdell has shown that scientific accuracy may be combined with the interest of a novel. He has presented a technical thesis so vividly that despite its prosaic title it can be of interest to the layman; on the other hand, he has written so clearly and dispassionately in the prejudice-filled field of international debts that, as Professor Edward Mead Earle says in his foreword, his book should attract the attention of all students of international relations whether or not they have heretofore concerned themselves with Turkish affairs.

Dr. Blaisdell tells the complicated story simply, beginning with the days when Turkey, like many another "backward" and unstable country, offered a chance to financiers and speculators to lend money for the easy realization of speedy profits and an opportunity to small investors to obtain high interest rates. By the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century the Ottoman government had piled up a foreign debt of two hundred million pounds sterling. Realizing the well-nigh impossible situation into which it had fallen, it defaulted on the charges. The opportunity arose for European financial interests to penetrate to the very heart of the Ottoman Empire, and the chance was not lost. In 1881 the Turkish government concluded an agreement with the representatives of its foreign and domestic creditors for the resumption of payments on Ottoman bonds—a unique agreement standing midway between private and official financial control, and with no treaty or diplomatic basis. The Administration of the Ottoman Public Debt was created by it, with an executive council representing European and Ottoman security-holders.

The ability and efficiency of the council and its non-political activity are stressed by Dr. Blaisdell, who sees the salutary effect which it exerted on Turkish finances and yet realizes the germs of imperialism which the organization contained. Those germs came suspiciously near maturity when the council began to lend the weight of its influence to the advancement of the many European schemes for railway development of which Turkey was so notoriously full; and even more when it took the banking interests, especially those of the Imperial Ottoman Bank and the Deutsche Bank, to its heart. Thus the importance of the council in the financial scheme of the empire was constantly becoming greater. The climax was reached in 1907 when the council was given the semi-official duty of collecting, as agent of the Euopean Powers, the 3 per cent customs surtax which resulted from the convention imposed by Europe on a discomfited Turkey. The cat was out of the bag, for it could no longer be denied that the council was acting as an agent of the Powers. Small wonder that the rising spirit of Turkish nationalism should begin to feel suspicious of even so profitable an organization as the Debt Administration, or that after the turbulent war years the Nationalists who came into power should be opposed to restoring to the administration the privileges and power it had had before the war.

Turkish interest will no longer be subordinated to that of Europe in regard to finance, for the entrance into force of the draft contract of 1928, concluded after more than two years' negotiation, will show that Turkey is to be mistress in her own financial house. By the contract, the Turkish Republic has agreed to pay 67 per cent of the annuity of the pre-war debt; the council has been transferred to Paris, and its death knell has sounded.

Whether or not one agrees with Dr. Blaisdell's interpretation of the imperialistic development of the council, one cannot fail to agree with the fairness of his presentation of the picture; and one must perforce agree with his psychological understanding when he remarks that "so irrational are human beings that touched pride often demands that the body politic be divested even of an agency conferring certain material benefits."

JANE PERRY CLARK

A Race as Protagonist

Sweet Man. By Gilmore Millen. The Viking Press. $2.50.

THUS far novels about the Negro have been novels of problem or of background. Race is always the protagonist, except in studies where a landscape with figures forms the subject. And this has been true whether the author was white or black. No single character towers above his race and his condition, becomes a man, first, in whom the forces and urges of his people are fused by the white heat of creation, illuminating merely incidentally the social and philosophical problems of his race. The Negro needs his Dostoevski; he has had his secondary Zolas. American writers, in order to satisfy the American demand for vicarious physical experience, are going in heavily for stories of tramps, poor Negroes, savages, under-dogs, historical eccentrics, rogues, and clowns; stories that emerge crisply from those efficient writers' schools—the newspaper and the advertising agency; stories that are the result of an extraordinary amount of detailed knowledge gleaned either from actual experience or extended research, as the case may be. These may be excellent journalism done in fiction form, with the right amount of sob stuff, sex stuff, and high drama to carry along the good straight reporting, but as novels they are not of the first order.

"Sweet Man" is a good book, at times poignant, often exciting, for the most part artistically truthful, but viewed coolly and from a distance, it remains unimportant. It is without power. It is actually superficial. And the reason is to be found in the principal character, John Henry. Whether on the cotton plantation of his youth, in the army, as a sweet man on Beale Street, or as wandering laborer, gambler, lover, he remains of no consequence either as a representative figure for his people or as an individual. It is the things he does, the adventures he has that are interesting. We have the feeling that we are not being shown how John Henry does these things, but how a Negro like John Henry would do them. In that difference lies the difference between the creation of a man and the recording in story form of a good journalist's observations and experience.

FRED T. MARSH

Beyond the War Books

The Whistlers' Room. By Paul Alverdes. Covici-Friede. $1.50.

TO speak of this novelette as a war book and assign it a higher or lower rank in the established hierarchy of war novels is to miss completely the nature of its significance. This lies primarily in the fact that it is the first novel dealing with any phase of the war that is not a war novel. One can no more call it a product of the war than one can call "The Red Badge of Courage" a product of the Civil War. It is symptomatic that German literature is beginning to overcome the trauma of the war and is able to use war experiences aesthetically instead of reacting to them journalistically.

The war, here, is merely a means of damming up the lives of four men in a hospital room—four crippled soldiers isolated by the peculiar nature of their disability in a world of which to all intents and purposes they are the only inhabitants. They had been shot through the throat, and in the process of healing the surrounding tissue had closed up their windpipes so that they were only kept alive by silver tubes inserted into new channels opening under their chins. "When they breathed a soft piping note like the squeaking of mice came from the silver mouth . . . hence they were called the whistlers." Left mute by their wounds they developed a language of their own consisting of "a wordless, clucking speech that, in default of a stream of air to make words with, they formed by means of their lips and tongues and teeth." Three of them are Germans. The fourth is an English prisoner who joins the "club" later on. There is a feeble pretense of hostility to the Englishman, but the overpowering constriction of their common world soon obliterates distinctions belonging to a realm as removed from them as another planet.

For all its artistry and power one closes "The Whistlers' Room" with a vague discontent. In part it is due to the puncturing of the isolated intensity of the whistlers' world by the successful operations which restore them to normality, a happy ending no doubt, but one that makes the compressed atmosphere of the book deflate like a ruptured balloon. Throughout the novel the feeling grows on one that Alverdes has not sufficiently exploited his power over us. From the outset we are translated into a world intensified by contraction to a point where the most ordinary gesture is fraught with terrific significance. But the author has remained content with ordinary gestures. We are put under general anaesthesia and are ready for a major operation and when we awake we are somewhat disappointed to find that we are still intact.

ALTER BRODY

The Primitive "Imagination"

Lobagola, an African Savage's Own Story. By Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn Lobagola. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

ONE wonders why this book was ever published. Indeed, were it not for the fantastic character of its fabrications, I should hesitate to take the space of *The Nation* and the time of its readers to discuss such a performance. Yet there are certain questions which arise in the consideration of this book—questions which pertain particularly to the obligation the sponsors of a book have toward the reading public. The story was printed, before it appeared in book form, in a prominent magazine. Its publication brought a flood of protesting letters, which pointed out many of the gross errors of fact and drew attention to some of the internal evidence that the tale is woven out of whole cloth.

There is no objection to anyone spinning a yarn, and if a yarn be offered as such it makes enjoyable reading. "Trader Horn" is fantastic, but it is presented for what it may be worth, as the rambling tale of an old "'busher" recounting and embellishing his adventures. But the book under consideration is presented as autobiography, as fact. That its dubious character was realized is disclosed by the attempt to forestall criticism found in the introduction. Unfortunately, this is unsigned; one would like to know the authority who quotes Fishberg's quotation from Bastian to prove that "black Jews" live on the Loango coast, when more recent and complete works on that region make no mention of them, and who points to circumcision, a widespread African custom, to prove that Lobagola's people are Jews.

The internal evidence indicates that this self-termed "savage" not only did not lead the early life he says he did, but that he never went very far into the interior of West Africa, and could have visited the coastal region only casually. Thus, there is a three-hundred-and-fifty-mile discrepancy between the two places at which he says his home was situated. A "day's walk," according to computations based on his statements, is about sixteen miles. On page 1 he states, "I was born . . . six hundred miles north of Abomey Calavi . . . about forty-five days' walk north of the Gulf of Guinea, and three days' walk south of the native city of Timbuktu." On page 250 we learn that "my guides' intentions were to go . . . as far as Kano and then turn due west, which would bring me within two days' journey of my own village." If anyone will turn to an atlas the difference in location will be at once apparent. Indeed, if we consider the second statement, a journey of 330 miles west of Kano does not take the traveler out of Nigerian territory, in which, according to the 1921 census, no people like those described by this writer are to be found.

Other internal evidence for the falsity of the African setting of this so-called "autobiography" is to be had. The first two or three chapters are as excellent nature faking as I have ever read. The setting is the "Ondo bush," which, incidentally, is in *southern* Nigeria. It is described as a dense jungle inhabited by lions, elephants, leopards, boa constrictors (!), and other supposed denizens of the tropical forest. Yet, curiously enough, there is no tropical forest within many hundreds of miles of either of the two regions in which the narrator places his home. Far from being jungle, the region of which Lobagola writes is an intermediate prairie land, more desert this far north than anything else. Elephants rarely get into the region of Timbuktu, although lions appear occasionally. Some bits, considered as folk-lore, are not bad, as when we are told that if in getting away from a lion,

> ". . . you should climb a tree the lion can easily get help from the elephant, because the elephant and the lion are friendly. They may fight now and then, but they are really the closest of friends; so you would not be safe up a tree. When the elephant comes to the aid of a lion, the lion tells the elephant that it wants you down from the tree, and the elephant shakes the tree or pulls it up by the roots, and down you come."

The ethnological misstatements in the book are so numerous that only a few of the most glaring errors can be mentioned. Is it not curious that the kings of Gezo and Glelele, who are said to have instituted the battalion of "amazons" which, if real, must be unique in West Africa, should have had the same names as Dahomean kings? Does Lobagola not know that one of the strongest elements in West African religion is the fertility cult, so that a pregnant woman, far from being universally taboo, is the object of great care, and is assisted by other women when in labor? Why is a spear called by the

South African term "assagai"? Why does the role of the ancestral spirit, so strong in all West Africa, not appear at all in his account? Does the writer not know that for Africans to do as the Negroes among whom his people are supposed to live are said to do with the bodies of the dead—to throw them into the bush and burn them—is contrary to all known West African practice except in the case of proved sorcerers? Does he not know that this is the worst punishment that can be inflicted on any human, something that dooms his spirit to be an outcast for eternity? One might go on and on with one's questions, until one came to the inevitable query as to Lobagola's Jewish people, who centuries ago wandered the "untracked wastes" of the Sahara—the Sahara where since before the time of Herodotus there have been well-traveled camel routes from north to south and east to west! This migration and these people, I am tempted to conclude, belong in the same category as the non-existent bush where the non-existent animals roam and where the Negro inhabitants have non-existent customs.

One wonders just who Lobagola may be. From his photograph I might venture the guess that he is a North African, perhaps even a North African Jew in whose ancestry there is some Negroid mixture. That he has lived in Europe and America I do not doubt, and the photographed documents prove that he has fought in the British army. The whole thing must have started when, being exhibited in Philadelphia as an "untamed African savage" from Dahomey, anthropologists questioned him about his supposedly native customs, until they found him so ill-informed that he could not be utilized. That he has become a convert to various religions, that he has written this tale out of his imagined picturing of what the interior of West Africa might be like, are not to be held against him. As he tells us, he was out for the main chance, and no one conversant with the situation of any colored non-European among us can blame him.

I return again to the question which is more grave, however, to that of the publisher's obligation. One can understand how this apparently persuasive Africanoid took in the kindly people who helped him; one can even understand how his glibness made his story sound plausible to the editors of the magazine that published it. But in the face of the denunciations which even the first instalments of the published account brought forth, one wonders how the publisher rationalized whatever convictions he may have as to his obligation to the readers of his books, and brought himself to stand sponsor for a volume of tall tales such as this. Is it perhaps not time that reputable publishing houses assumed some responsibility for the validity of the subject matter in the books they put forth? And in the case of accounts of strange people is it not time that they realized that the bloodthirsty savage so often portrayed is usually the figment of an imagination stimulated by visions of an inflated pocket-book? MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Books in Brief

The Constitution of the United States. A Brief and General Commentary. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Professor Munro takes the various provisions of the Constitution one by one, in the order in which they stand in the document, and comments briefly upon their origin, meaning, and implication. The book is designed for those who wish to acquire a general familiarity with the Constitution without going into the intricacies of constitutional law and political theory. References to judicial decisions, historical digressions, bibliographies, and other material usually found in treatises on the Constitution are, accordingly, omitted. The book should prove useful to persons whose political education, as far as constitutional matters are concerned, has been neglected and to those who, with no technical or special purpose in mind, approach the subject for the first time.

The Return of the Hero. By Darrell Figgis. Charles Boni. $.50.

This unusual little volume is a splendid choice for the first of the Boni paper books to be placed on general sale at fifty cents. Originally put forth by Figgis in Dublin in 1923 under the pseudonym of Michael Ireland, it is a modernization of the medieval "The Colloquy of Oisin and St. Patrick," of which there are several versions extant. But aside from its historical and philological interest, the story is a delightful creation in itself. Oisin, son of Finn, father of Oscar, chieftain of the Fiana of old Ireland, by a mischance finds himself returned to Ireland after two hundred years in the fairy land of Tir-na-nog. He is received by St. Patrick, who tries to convert him to the new faith, Christianity, while Oisin extols the ancient pagan delights, virtues, and heroism. The greater part of the book is taken up with the long discussions between St. Patrick and his bishops on the one hand and Oisin on the other, discussions in which the old hero more than holds his own. The flashes of keen insight and the bits of humor, philosophy, and description are what give the book its special value and charm.

The History of Iberian Civilization. By J. P. Oliveira Martins. Translated from the Portuguese by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Preface by S. de Madariaga. Oxford University Press. $5.

Both the translator and the distinguished scholar who writes the preface agree that Senhor Martins is far from the scientific historian that he believes himself to be. Nevertheless, he writes so well and with such fertility of ideas that his book, with all its exaggerations, is one of the most interesting historical productions of this century. Racially Senhor Martins connects the Iberians with the Berbers of Africa; he gives both peoples a heroic personality. The brilliant course of conquest and empire of Spain and Portugal in the sixteenth century is explained as the explosive expansion of a race capable of heroism; the decadence is explained as the exhaustion of the race, spent by its titanic effort. The simpler explanations at hand of economic and social processes are either ignored or argued away, and even the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews is seen as an act of heroic self-sacrifice.

North of Suez. By William McFee. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

William McFee's new book is reminiscent of a very fine novel—his own "Command." Lieutenant Rumford, thoroughly English girl of his own class, attractive, domineering, and Transport Officer at Port Said in war time. His wife, an English girl of his own class, attractive, domineering, and frigid, is there with him. Rumford remains honest and efficient though surrounded by corruption, charlatanry, and stupidity; and he keeps morally sound while other officers are slipping by the wayside through liquor, hasheesh, or women. Naturally he is disliked. Then, gradually, hardly realizing how it comes about, he finds himself involved in a mesh of intrigue, a tangle of conflicting suspicions and interests. At the same time he is being swept off his feet in a passionate affair with the seductive, intoxicating Grecian beauty, Mme Calisthenes. The conflict, of course, is in Rumford's own soul, in his inability to find new standards to take the place of the old ones he has thrown over, in his effort to adjust his mind to meet the larger sense of life which Anastasia Calisthenes and his new experiences have given him. The tragedy has not the splendid inevitability

that made "Command" a fine book. The solution, like the usual happy ending, is a mere dodging of the problem. It is not quite fair. But the pages of the novel are illumined by those flashes of insight into the minds and hearts of inarticulate men for which McFee, after Conrad, is so notable.

The Life of Solomon. By Edmond Fleg. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

There is very little to be said in praise of Fleg's "Life of Solomon" that has not already been said in connection with his "Life of Moses." Again his poetic imagination has taken an accretion of legendary material and attempted to integrate it psychologically in the development of a personality. In this case, however, Fleg has not worked with exclusively Hebraic fable. He has, as he says, aimed to create a "Hebraic Faust," but as one can see from the preponderance of thaumaturgical as opposed to miraculous elements in the representation, his Solomon is as much Magian as Hebraic, and the fusion is never quite complete. The fact, too, that the historical probabilities about Solomon are so much more certain than in the case of Moses tends to disturb the imaginative reception of the legendary story. Somehow we remember that Solomon stands for the million-fold magnification of a petty Oriental despot. Hence we tend to take the story too much as an allegory, and to become more interested in the myth-forming process than the myth. In any event, it is certain that Fleg is rendering a tremendous service to Western readers as the Bulfinch of rabbinical fable in making accessible to them in beautiful form a mythology no less rich than the Greeks', whose very existence in most cases must have remained unknown to them.

Christine, and Other Stories. By Julian Green. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

In this collection the author again shows his unquestioned familiarity with Hawthorne and Poe; he again demonstrates with well-caught echoes of his former works that he is completely at ease in the half-world of dreams and phobias. All of the four stories in the volume are psychopathic studies. And they are somehow unsatisfactory. The eerie prose and the continued playing on the same note of the weird and uncanny begin to take on the appearance of the ordinary. Unlike Coleridge, Mr. Green merely makes the supernatural supernatural. He becomes so embroiled in the tortured intricacies of his characters that the reader finds himself sympathizing with him rather than with his creations. The result is a sort of spiritual whirlpool, an eddy of tormented thoughts whose force and direction are both centripetal. Mr. Green's stories are unsatisfactory because they arrive nowhere. Nor is this a matter of plot or detail; it is rather a confusion that exists in the mind of the author himself, a confusion that creeps into the words and actions of his characters.

Blue Forest. By Viola C. White. Four Seas Company. $1.50.

"Blue Forest" is the third book of poetry by Miss White. Her first volume, "Horizons," was published in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. In this last book her technique has come up to the demands of her vision. She has the most curious combination of a naive mysticism and an adult observation of life, and it is this combination that makes her verse unique. Her effects are so simple, her art so quiet, that the worth of her verse emerges only with rereading. Gradually, as in the reading and rereading of Blake's "Songs of Innocence," the significance of a simple description or a direct statement clarifies and widens. Her images are drawn from an animistic feeling for nature; her vision is directed toward no certain idea of Deity, but toward a loveliness which does away with marked epochs of time. She never strains for an effect or attempts forms she is not at ease in. Most of the poems in "Blue Forest" are lyrics; there is one longer and very fine poem addressed to Edgar Allan Poe. Her poems remind one of a vine grown up around a tree, tendriled, small-leafed, yet somehow as certain as the very tree trunk itself.

Films

Enter Japan

WE hear very little about Japanese films. Many hundreds are said to be produced annually in Japan but so far New York has seen only two, "A Daughter of Two Fathers," shown last summer, and "Slums of Tokio" ("Yoshivara"), the current picture at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse. It is difficult to say on such slender evidence how far one may regard these two pictures as representative of Japanese film work. One may only note that they are distinctly different from the typical American and European films. The quality that sets them apart is mainly their peculiar earnestness. No sophistication of any kind is visible in them. Traditional moral values are never questioned. The struggle with the adversities of life is couched in terms of extreme simplicity; the point of view has the naivete characteristic of primitive communities. To the Western mind this makes the same sort of appeal that the natural simplicity of children does. It is refreshing in its ingenuousness.

But it also has its weak points. Having outgrown the patriarchal stage of family life we find it difficult to be moved by the spectacle of paternal love rising in triumph over all obstacles, or to be thrilled by the self-sacrificing loyalty of a sister to her erring brother. There is a sentimental attitude here that cannot but seem forced to our Western eyes. This largely accounts for the failure of the two pictures mentioned to be fully convincing. One feels this particularly about "Slums of Tokio," which expounds the sister-brother theme, although here the failure is partly attributable to a "theatrical" treatment of the material which was less evident in "A Daughter of Two Fathers." The latter clearly belonged to the naturalistic school of cinematography and shared consequently all the limitations of that school. By contrast, "Slums of Tokio" exhibits a cinematic technique of considerable imaginative power; but it has the serious defect of echoing the conventions of the Japanese theater. The principal character in this film, Rikiya, whose infatuation with a geisha results in his losing his sight at the hands of a rival, is impersonated by an actor whose make-up and play of facial expression are clearly reminiscent of the conventions of the national stage. Much as we may admire masks on the stage, where the entire setting is wholly conventional, on the screen, amidst the surroundings of natural life, the barest suggestion of such artifice strikes a harshly discordant note. Moreover, the high emotional tension apparent behind the emphasized movements and facial expressions of this actor suggests a deaf-mute struggling to break into speech, an effect that makes one feel as if this *silent* picture were incomplete without spoken dialogue. The cumulative effect is that the picture, though produced with evident care and photographic skill, and though abounding in extremely interesting glimpses of Japanese life, rather drags in telling its story and hangs fire in its most dramatic moments.

A short travel picture of Japan shown on the same program deserves mention for its beautiful photography and its daring, if not quite successful, attempt to use the "split screen" in a news-reel subject. With a little more coordination in the movements within the three separate sections of the "frame,"

and a more clearly marked division between the sections, this might have been a very significant achievement in cinematic technique.

"Juno and the Paycock" (Cameo) in its talkie version is not to be compared with the stage original, lacking as it does the latter's warmth and tense atmosphere. It also suffers from the acting of Mr. Chapman in the part of the Paycock, in which he wears his airs with too obvious an effort.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

‡Flying High—Apollo—W. 42 St.
†Lost Sheep—Selwyn—42 St., W. of B'way.
†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
†Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45 St.
•The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
•The Last Mile—Sam H. Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.

FILMS

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47 St. and B'way.
Hold Everything, Saturday, July 19 to Tuesday July 22; True to the Navy, Wednesday, July 23, to Friday, July 25—The Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
Journey's End—Gaiety—46 St. and B'way.
Mysteries of Nature, Friday, July 18th—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
The Big House—Astor—B'way and 45 St.
This Mad World, Saturday, July 19 to Tuesday, July 22; The Ship From Shanghai, Wednesday, July 23 to Friday, July 25—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Wiegenlied, Beginning Friday, July 18—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.

CONCERTS

Goldman Band Concerts, Monday, July 21, Central Park, Symphonic; Tuesday, July 22, N. Y. U.; Wednesday, July 23, Central Park, German; Thursday, July 24, N. Y. U. Peruvian; Friday, July 25, Central Park, Verdi; Saturday, July 26, N. Y. U., Popular; Sunday, July 27, Central Park. Concerts begin at 8.45 p.m.

Philharmonic Symphony Concerts, Lewisohn Stadium. Every evening at 8.30. In case of rain, the Choral Symphony concert on Wednesday, July 23 will be postponed to the following day and an orchestral program substituted.

•Drama. †Comedy. ‡Musical.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

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Summer Homes—Summer Resorts
on pages 107, 108 *and* iii

Nansen the Norwegian

THE death of Fridtjof Nansen on May 13 removed from the contemporary scene one of the world's great men. The remarkable tribute to his personality and his work which we reprint below was written for the *Nation and Athenaeum,* London weekly, by Philip Noel Baker.

How often in the last weeks has Nansen been called a citizen of the world? How often have we said that he was the greatest of Europeans? And indeed his fame was not merely widespread, it was universal. His deeds had stirred the hearts and quickened the imagination of so many nations that they had become a part of the common heritage of mankind. So much so that we had half forgotten that Nansen was Norwegian . . .

Yet that, in reality, was the most important thing about him. The key to his simple yet mystical personality and to his position both at home and in the world lay in his passionate pride in Norway, and in Norway's affectionate and devoted pride in him. No one could meet Nansen in Geneva or elsewhere without discovering his anxiety to be back in Norway, his happiness in the forests and mountains and rivers of his native country, his belief in the value of Norwegian culture, his faith in the sterling qualities of the Norwegian people. No one could go to Norway without discovering that to Norwegians Nansen was one of the heroes of their race.

What was the secret of this mutual feeling? It lay in the common genius of Nansen and of the people from whom he sprang. There was nothing in Nansen to hamper the action of this common genius. He was not one of those "great" men whose greatness diminishes as you come nearer to it. Just the reverse. He was one of those rare beings whose stature seems to grow with closer knowledge. He was greatest to those who knew him best. Thus there was nothing in Nansen to check the devotion which a small nation could feel for a leader who lived his daily life within it. And there was everything in Nansen to call forth that devotion.

Norwegians are proud of their lovely country, of the wild primitive life which their forests and mountains still afford. They are proud of the physical prowess of their men, of their skill in national sports, in shooting, fishing, skating, skiing. They are proud of their sailors—no country sends so high a proportion of its men to sea as Norway. They are proud of their explorers, who from the days of the Vikings onwards have faced the perils of a peculiarly merciless unknown; and the nearness of Norway to the Arctic circle, with the mysterious fascination of its winter darkness and the dream-like beauty of its "white" summer nights, gives them an intimate conviction that by divine right the kingdom of the frozen North is theirs. They are proud of their national contribution to the science and knowledge of mankind. They are proud of their national contribution to art and letters, and are rightly conscious of the intensely national character of that contribution. They are proud of their democratic state—of their freedom, so hardly won and so nobly used, of their upright and efficient administration, of the simplicity of their public life. . . .

What did Fridtjof Nansen mean to such a people? He was the living embodiment of all the virtues and qualities they most admire. In the primitive life of wilder Norway, Nansen, even among his fellow-countrymen, was supreme. He was a master-craftsman of the woods and mountains; a superb horseman; a splendid shot, with an unrivaled knowledge of Norwegian ways of hunting; a fisherman of surpassing skill and cunning. As an athlete, Norway perhaps has never seen his equal. He won the national distance skating championship of his country when he was less than seventeen. A year later he broke the world's speed skating record for the mile. A year later he gave up skating and took seriously to skiing, and at his first attempt won the great national cross-country contest, victory in which marks a Norwegian as the leading athlete of the year. Twelve times he won that contest—and, indeed, was never beaten, for after twelve victories he retired.

Nansen was a sailor; not such a sailor as other yachtsmen are, but a sailor in the true tradition of the early Vikings. There are stories of Nansen battling in his yacht through stormy seas to Spitzbergen, alone with his daughter for days and nights amid the wild winds and waters of the Northern sea.

Nansen was an explorer, and, indeed, the greatest of explorers, not only among Norwegians, but, as I was told by one of the most eminent of Continental geographers, among all the explorers of the modern world. Have we forgotten—Norway at least has not—how at the age of twenty-eight Nansen, with every authority against him, having been refused a subsidy from the government for his expenses, planned and carried through the first crossing of the grim, mountainous ice field of central Greenland? All the other experts said that his scheme was madness. . . . They said it again later when he planned to freeze the Fram into the polar ice field and to drift her across the Arctic region back to the open sea. These experts would have been right with any ordinary man. But they were wrong with Nansen. For Nansen not only had the scientific knowledge and the imagination to conceive new and correct explanations of geographical facts; he had faith and patience and craftsmanship and courage such as no other man has had. He had faith which launched him on these great adventures with the absolute certainty that he must go through on the course he had projected or perish in the attempt. He had craftsmanship of the very highest order. It was said of him that he never won even the smallest victory by chance. . . . He designed and made the drawings for the Fram; he chose the wood and supervised the actual construction of every plank and beam—and the Fram triumphantly resisted pressures in the ice floes which his critics had predicted would grind her into dust. He had courage of a kind that most men never guess at. The smaller the party, the less the risk—that was his motto on his expeditions; and in faith therein he left the Fram on foot with *one* companion to seek to find the Pole. How many of us would gladly face for one single day and night the terrors of an empty desert of ice and snow, with only one companion, surrounded at every hour by every kind of danger, cut off by vast and often impassable distances from every link with civilized mankind? Nansen faced such terrors for fourteen months; he and Johansen were in almost daily peril of their lives; time and again only Nansen's quickness and endurance saved them from the assaults of bears or walruses or icebergs. . . . The word adventure takes on an ampler meaning when one remembers the epic tale of "Farthest North," and Nansen lives today among explorers as the giant of them all.

Nansen was a scholar, with an unusually wide range of scientific knowledge. He began as a zoologist, dipped into other branches, studied meteorology and the physical configuration of the globe, and specialized at length on oceanography.

Nansen, in a modest way, was an artist. His drawings—

portraits of men and women and polar bears and dogs and walruses, sketches of scenes in the Arctic regions or of holidays on skis or in the mountains—have more than talent. He was, in no modest way, a man of letters. His works of science, of adventure, of sporting stories, even of history—the history of the Viking explorers of long ago—are known wherever men read printed books. He wrote not only admirable Norwegian, but an easy and moving English prose that few even of our own great writers can excel.

Lastly, Nansen was a patriot and the first statesman of his native land. His first active intervention in political questions was when he worked for the consummation of Norwegian freedom by the separation from Sweden in 1905. His articles and manifestos influenced profoundly the trend of both Norwegian and Swedish thought, and helped to bring about a separation by peaceful means. People still talk in Norway of the great speech Nansen made to a vast concourse of fifty thousand people in the streets of Oslo on May 17 (Norway's Constitution Day) a quarter of a century ago. And when he had helped the Prime Minister, Christian Michelsen, to end the Swedish Union, Nansen came to London to act as Minister for two years, to insure the stability of the new Norwegian kingdom by gaining the friendship and the confidence of the most powerful government in the world. In 1908, without a sigh, and by his own request, he left the diplomatic service and returned home to serve his university instead. Ten years later, at the crisis of the war, he went on a new and greater mission to the United States, and after long negotiation made for Norway a "food and shipping arrangement" that was the envy of all the other neutral Powers. It was not surprising, therefore, that in 1920 Nansen was asked to act as first Delegate for Norway to the League of Nations; and at ten assemblies, even when his own prime minister was with him, Nansen remained first delegate to the end. Never once in all his life had he held political office of any kind; in 1926, at a serious crisis, he was asked to head a national government but gladly refused as soon as another solution of the crisis could be found; yet both to politicians and to the public Nansen stood above and behind all governments. As a shrewd Norwegian told me, all Norway felt the safer because they knew that if disaster happened Nansen would be there.

With all this genius, with all this wisdom, with all this personal authority and power, Nansen remained the simplest of living men. He loved beauty, he loved youth, he loved animals, he loved the country, he loved pleasure, he loved his work; he hated social duties and pretensions, he hated the waste and futility of social functions, he hated snobbery, he hated pomp and parade of every kind. Lord Curzon said of him in 1923 that he was the only living man to whom the doors of every Chancery in Europe were flung wide open; and true it is that he—a simple citizen of a tiny kingdom—was perhaps the only man alive who could venture to say whatever he thought right to any prince, prime minister, or president in the world. Yet differences of class or rank meant nothing to his mind. His king and his gardener were equally his friends.

There lies the secret of his power in Norway. They loved him not so much for his deeds as for himself. How in a nation of two millions could it be otherwise? In so small a national community the outer trappings of a public figure do not count. Norwegians loved him because he was their ideal in every quality they value and admire. They loved him because among all their legendary heroes, he was the greatest Norseman of them all. They loved him because he was a passionate nationalist, who had made his people great among the other nations of the world. But most of all they loved him, as his friends in every country loved him, because he was himself.

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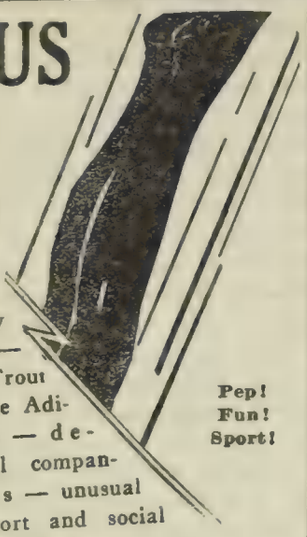
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS..... 109
EDITORIALS:
Europe Meets Briand Halfway..... 112
Labor Turns the Tables..... 113
Professors and Propaganda..... 114
Realities in India..... 114
The Greatest Novels..... 115
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN..... 116
WHAT NEXT IN PALESTINE? By Victor S. Yarros..... 117
HUSTON STAYS ON. By Paul Y. Anderson..... 119
THE PRESS TODAY: IX. THE OPPORTUNITY IN THE SMALL CITY. By Oswald Garrison Villard..... 120
PAPA DROISSART. By A. G. Barnett..... 123
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter..... 125
CORRESPONDENCE:
What's Wrong with the *World*?..... 126
Other Correspondence..... 127
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE..... 127
BOOKS:
Spring Plowing. By Hal Saunders White..... 128
A Brutalized India. By William MacDonald..... 128
Tranquil Journeys. By Isidor Schneider..... 129
This Side the Land of Promise. By Arthur Warner..... 129
Beyond Death. By Eda Lou Walton..... 130
The Making of History. By Salvador de Madariaga..... 130
Books in Brief..... 132
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Women Mill Slaves in Japan..... 134

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AIDED NOT A LITTLE by a temperature of 107 in the shade, the naval treaty was finally ratified on July 21 by the overwhelming vote of 58 to 9 with only one reservation, that offered by Senator Norris, assuming that there are no "secret understandings" on the part of the Executive. Fortunately the resolution of Walsh of Massachusetts that the navy be built up to the full British strength by December 31, 1935, was defeated by 54 to 11—a most hopeful augury of future success in holding off any building up to parity. The faithful nine who voted against the pact were such great intellectual lights as Bingham, Hale, Oddie, Moses, Pine, Johnson, and Robinson of Indiana, Republicans, and McKellar and Walsh of Massachusetts, Democrats. Johnson, whose mock heroics led him to announce his readiness to "die for his cause—the United States of America" and to declare that "it was a great British victory" went down to defeat the champion of American liberty and independence to the end. As for the treaty, it at least establishes the precedent that three leading naval nations got togther and agreed to the limitation of all classes of ships, and it will, we hope, put an end to twisting of the British lion's tail and assertions that a war with Great Britain is inevitable. As a piece of statesmanship it remains a sad miscarriage. Whatever good may come of it, it will always be a monument to the inability of the men in charge of five great governments to carry out the wishes of their peoples that the navies of the earth be not only limited but radically reduced. Least of all does it reflect credit upon President Hoover and the British Prime Minister, who together raised such high hopes on the Rapidan last year.

THE STABILIZATION FOOLISHNESS seems on the point of being relegated to the limbo of other crank devices for insuring prosperity by government aid. The Federal Farm Board, it is reported, will not buy any more wheat this year, and very likely will go out of the grain-buying business altogether. The $75,000,000 worth of wheat that it has on hand it will continue to hold in hope of being able to get out even on the transaction—that is, until the price of wheat goes up from 90 cents or less to around $1.20, which is about what the board paid on the average for its accumulation. Thus is dissipated the fantastic dream of the farmer politicians who saw the federal Treasury bolstering agriculture. Mr. Legge and Secretary Hyde will now devote themselves to inducing the wheat-growers to cut down their acreage, with a reduction of the annual yield from about 800,000,000 bushels to 600,000,000 as the ultimate goal. Senator Capper, of course, is vastly chagrined, and insists, quite rightly, that a cut in acreage will not help the present situation. As far as we can see, the present situation is beyond remedy save as time and the slow working of supply and demand may be expected to resolve it. The belated action of the Farm Board removes a most dangerous irritant, and to that extent is to be commended, but the sixty-odd million bushels of wheat which the board holds will long be a menace to prices.

WE RECORD WITH REGRET the appointment of Nicholas Roosevelt as Vice-Governor of the Philippines. He represents the school of thought which is opposed to our living up to our promise to bestow independence upon the Filipinos, and on hearing the news of Mr. Roosevelt's appointment the Philippine Senate at once adopted unanimously a resolution protesting against the nomination and citing chapter and verse from his book, "The Philippines: A Treasure and a Problem," to prove that he is highly prejudiced against Filipinos and Orientals generally. We do not wonder at the vote. Mr. Roosevelt's book was reviewed in *The Nation* April 6, 1927. We quote from the review:

> Mr. Roosevelt states that "no American ever better understood the difficult task of dealing with a sensitive alien race" than Leonard Wood; that "the idea of fair play is as alien to the Filipino as to all other Orientals"; that "the Oriental's idea of government is one in which the dominating group exercises power ruthlessly"; that therefore we should behave like Oriental rulers and keep the Philippines, partly because "we have a responsibility toward the hundreds of thousands of Christian converts made in China by American missionaries."

Poor Herbert Hoover! Of course he had never heard of, much less read, Mr. Roosevelt's book. But even he will,

we hope, not insist on forcing on the Filipinos an official who has been guilty of the above.

CONSTITUTIONAL DICTATORSHIP in Germany has been foreshadowed ever since the middle of June, when Professor Paul Moldenhauer resigned as Finance Minister after his proposals for reforming the finances and balancing the budget were overwhelmingly rejected by a hostile Reichstag. Dr. Hermann Dietrich, who succeeded Moldenhauer, has had equally bad luck in trying to persuade the Reichstag to accept the needed economies and additional taxes. The dissolution of the Reichstag on July 18 was decreed by President von Hindenburg under the authority of Article 48 of the Constitution, which provides for a temporary suspension of certain articles "in the event that public security and order . . . should be considerably disturbed or endangered." There is some question whether Article 48 was intended to cover such a case as the present one, but the bickering and pettifogging Reichstag is out, Chancellor Bruening will put the financial program into effect, and there will be a new election by the middle of September. Count Westarp, one of the stormy petrels of German politics, is reported as already scheming to form a new party, and it is quite possible that the election will result in important changes in party representation. Whatever the party outcome, the government program will have to be accepted or a deficit of some $115,000,000 for this year and half that sum for the next will remain to plague the Treasury. It is no credit to German democracy that a dictatorship has had to be resorted to in order to bring the country to its senses.

PROGRESS BY RIOT seems to be the Egyptian conception of how best to solve a constitutional problem. Ever since the resignation of the Nahas Pasha Cabinet, on June 17, Egypt has been distracted by a violent party struggle involving King Fuad and, indirectly, the relations between Egypt and Great Britain. The immediate occasion of the resignation was the refusal of King Fuad to sanction certain measures, strongly supported by the Wafdist, or Nationalist, Party, intended to insure the maintenance of constitutional government and, in particular, to prevent the suspension of Parliament. Nahas Pasha's successor, Ismail Sidky Pasha, obtained from the King on June 22 a decree adjourning Parliament for one month. The riots at Alexandria on July 15 were the violent fruit of the agitation of the Wafdists against what they regard as a denial of constitutional rights, but the fact that the Wafdists are also in control of the legislature gives the outbreak a clear partisan slant. The statement of Prime Minister MacDonald in the House of Commons on July 16, while it announced the intention of the British government "to adhere to its attitude of neutrality and non-intervention in what appeared to it to be a purely internal issue," gave notice that the Egyptian government would be held responsible for the protection of foreign lives and property. The prompt dispatch of two British battleships to Alexandria enforced the warning.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT, with the possibility of something a bit more serious later, seems to be a proper characterization of the events which have been convulsing Malta and have led the MacDonald Government to take the extraordinary step of suspending the Maltese constitution and postponing the election that was due. The trouble goes back to the early part of last year, when the Maltese ministry intervened to prevent the recall from the island, at the direction of the Vatican, of a Franciscan priest on the ground that the priest was a British subject and hence could not be removed by ecclesiastical authority. A violent controversy between church and state, industriously fanned, it would seem, by high church dignitaries in the island and effectively aided by the indiscretions of Lord Strickland, the Prime Minister, has gone on more or less actively since. Beyond saying that there appears to have been fault in plenty on both sides, the merits of a controversy in which charges and counter-charges of plot, intrigue, political agitation, secular invasion of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the like have been liberally exchanged are still obscure. Lord Strickland's hurried visit to London does not appear to have aided a settlement, and the loss of constitutional privileges seems to have been accepted by church officials as a better alternative than the withdrawal of their charges.

ON NOVEMBER 1, 1929, a group of American Communists organized a bimonthly paper called the *Revolutionary Age*. Postmaster John J. Kiely of New York has refused second-class mailing privileges to this paper on the ground that the first six issues were held by the Solicitor of the Post Office Department to be unmailable. Benjamin Gitlow, president of the Revolutionary Age Association, has begun suit in United States District Court to enjoin Postmaster Kiely from excluding from the mails the issue of July 16, and the complaint has been filed by Arthur Garfield Hays, of the American Civil Liberties Union, who is Gitlow's attorney. Meanwhile, in England, the Labor Government has struck its first blow against the London *Daily Worker,* official organ of the Communist Third Internationale, by sending to jail three men connected with the enterprise on a charge of contempt of court, and fining another more than $1,000. And just to keep the pot boiling in America, the Fish Committee, spending $25,000 in an investigation of red activities as ridiculous as it is dangerous, has now gone into the wilderness to stalk the young Communists in camp, where Charles G. Wood, of the United States Department of Labor, has hinted at terrible goings on: children who sing the Internationale, salute the red flag, and even (let us whisper it lest Grover Whalen hear us) say at table, "God damn it, pass the bread."

THE LAST WORD against giving hitch-hikers a lift has now been said. One Harry Gold, driving in his car in the vicinity of New Brunswick, New Jersey, was asked for a ride by one Max Schwartz, private in the United States Army. Mr. Gold invited Private Schwartz to get in and ride a while; Private Schwartz said he was temporarily out of funds; Mr. Gold obliged him with a small loan. Certain conversation ensued. Private Schwartz then left the car, got the ear of a State trooper to whom he denounced Mr. Gold as a red communist anarchist who was desirous of overthrowing the United States government by force and violence and interfering with enlistment in the army, and the State trooper pursued Mr. Gold and arrested him. Freely admitting himself a Communist, he was kept in jail

for five days, charged with the crime of anarchy. On July 17 he was unconditionally released with a handsome apology by Federal Judge William N. Runyon. Judge Runyon said in his opinion:

> I want to say to you very frankly that, as I regard that which happened, you did two kind acts; you gave a man a lift who wanted it . . . and you gave him a little money because he wanted it. That may be communism, but if it is I think it is a very admirable brand of communism, to share your own belongings with somebody else. I can only say, sir, that I hope you can look with kindness upon government in general. . . . I don't take it that this government is designed to throttle a man's ideas, to close his mouth; I believe that free speech is just as much today an incident and a principle of this government as it ever was. . . . The exchange of your ideas, the announcement of your ideas in the course of conversation, it would seem to me are a part of your rights. . . .

These words must have been very welcome to the ears of Mr. Gold, as they are welcome to ours. For the over-industrious Private Schwartz there is little to be said. One hopes that he will not ask for a hitch very soon again. He ought to keep out of the company of dangerous persons; he ought certainly not to be obliged to take their money or ride on the public highway in their nasty anarchist automobiles.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S championship of unemployment insurance before the National Conference of Governors at Salt Lake City emphasizes the timeliness of the campaign launched by the Conference for Progressive Labor Action for this form of out-of-work relief. A committee of liberal economists, actuarial experts, and publicists is now at work on a model unemployment-insurance bill, which the C. P. L. A. plans to have introduced in the various State legislatures. When the model bill is completed, the effort of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action will be to interest other labor and social organizations in the measure, with the thought that they will take the leadership in sponsoring this form of social insurance in their various States. Encouraging progress is already reported, although the campaign is hardly more than a month old. A number of labor organizations, notably the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, have recorded themselves as in favor of unemployment insurance. The Ohio Consumers League and other allied groups have created a committee to study the best method of unemployment insurance in that State. A special organization to campaign for the idea has been formed in the State of Michigan. The demand for unemployment insurance was bound to follow the growing agitation for old-age pensions. It will be strengthened by the period of depression in which the country now finds itself.

WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation? Eugene G. Grace, the present incumbent, has just testified in a legal proceeding that he received in 1929 only the pitiful sum of $1,623,753 as a bonus in recognition of his services. This represented 3.319 per cent of the net profits of the company after deducting fixed charges, less an amount equal to the annual preferred dividend, but before depreciation. Really, we wonder how any such concern can hope to secure and hold the services of worth-while men if it puts their compensation on such a niggardly basis. Mr. Grace testified that when earnings were low he had to put up with a bonus of one-half of one per cent. So this ill-treated man has been able to put into his bank account since 1925 only about $8,000,000 in addition to his salary. His salary? Yes, we forgot to mention that his regular salary is $12,000 a year. Obviously this is not a salary but an after-dinner tip. We feel certain that now these sad facts are out the stockholders of Bethlehem Steel will rise up as one man and demand that the emolument of their presiding genius be increased to at least 6 per cent per annum. The head of the greatest ironworks in Russia gets $112.50 a month plus an official residence of three rooms. What other contrast could show as clearly how superior we are to the Bolsheviks?

A GREAT POLITICAL BATTLE is on in Wisconsin, where Philip La Follette is definitely in the field for the governorship. A dynasty is at stake. The La Follette machine has its back to the wall and so has brought out its biggest trump. If Governor Kohler is reelected the La Follette faction will have received almost a mortal blow. The Governor has, moreover, been helped and his opponents hurt by his unsuccessful prosecution for alleged violations of the corrupt-practices act during the campaign leading to his election. That was a bold stroke, but boldness counts in such a matter only if the stroke is successful. Now Mr. La Follette, who has charm, character, and unquestioned ability, must convince the voters, many of whom think well of the present Governor, that he is sincere, and that he has a sufficiently differentiated program to call for his preferment. Philip La Follette belongs in public life like his brother and his father, and Wisconsin needs an aggressive, modern leadership. The State is very heavily taxed; it is suffering a good deal from the present depression both in industry and agriculture. These evils cannot be cured by the program and the philosophy of the elder La Follette. It remains to be seen just how far the son is abreast of the times.

LEOPOLD AUER, like all great teachers, had a great personality. As such he gave to his pupils far more than a technical violin training and a most understanding appreciation of the musical art. It was sometimes suggested that the brilliance and the success of the long roll of virtuosos who called him master was due in large part to his ability to pick the most promising of the dozens of aspirants who knocked at his door. This is as may be, but we believe that Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Jascha Heifetz, Toscha Seidel, Cecilia Hanson, Miron Poliakine, and Max Rosen, to mention the most outstanding of his pupils, would be the first to attribute their success to what they are on record as calling his genius. That was manifest not only in his teaching; he was besides one of the outstanding soloists of his day, showing in all his work the effects of the five years of teaching he had received at the hands of the severely classical Joseph Joachim. Besides being a notable violinist and unsurpassed teacher of the violin, Auer was an artist to whom every field of musical activity was as an open book. Everywhere he touched it his taste was as fine as his violin style was highly polished. His death at eighty-five leaves no one exactly to take his place. But genius still finds its way and it will do so even without the master-touch of Auer.

Europe Meets Briand Halfway

THE unfavorable reply of the MacDonald Government to the Briand proposal that the European nations come together to discuss the formation of the United States of Europe is the one really discouraging note among the twenty replies thus far received from the twenty-six nations involved. Every one of them has dissented at one or more points, some of them radically, like Italy in the matter of the Briand proposal to put security to the forefront, while Germany and Hungary are clear that no new organization should be built upon the existing wrongs of the Versailles treaty. But they have all agreed to meet and to talk things over, most of them stressing the necessity of doing nothing to injure in any way the League of Nations. We confess to genuine disappointment that the British Labor Government should not have cordially promised to meet with the others to explore the whole proposal and to see what if anything can be accomplished to aid Europe toward a tariff and economic union and perhaps, in the years to come, to a political organization which will still further insure peace in the world.

True, the British answer does not wholly close the door. It does not say that the British nation will not be represented at the conference and it does agree that there should be an "association of economic and political authorities"—whatever that may mean. For the rest it answers M. Briand categorically and always in favor of the League of Nations. It points out that some of the committees of the League are working on the very issues that Briand raises, indeed "on virtually the whole of the program of practical action which the [Briand] memorandum puts forward . . ." and it, therefore, fears that a new organization would create confusion "and perhaps also rivalry." It also worries lest the new organization create intercontinental rivalries. The issue is thus squarely raised as to whether everything should be left to the League with its large non-Continental membership—represented on its committees—or whether Europe should try to organize for itself. We hope to see the Briand proposals plumbed to their uttermost depths. So far from being discouraged by the often sweeping and radical disagreements and reservations in the replies, we are hopeful that they mean a readiness to talk frankly and directly about the issues involved. The all-important point for us is that the nations are going to meet and that they are putting their cards on the table in advance. Being accustomed to accept gratefully half- or quarter-loaves in international affairs we shall rejoice in whatever emerges which may prove to be a milestone toward that tariff union which Europe so sorely needs.

On the point of the League of Nations the German reply is especially admirable: "The German Government agrees to the proposition that the League of Nations must not suffer. No form of European isolation should be introduced which might lead to other groupings in the League of Nations." It also adds that no solution of Europe's difficulties should "be directed against any other state or country"—a generous and friendly gesture in the direction of the United States, the more noteworthy because of the deliberately hostile blow just struck at Europe by our new tariff. Altogether the German reply is as temperate and as reasonable as could possibly be expected. How refreshing it is to hear from Berlin that "military points of view must not be placed in the foreground of the discussion of economic problems"! Courageous, too, in view of the persistent French insistence that security comes first, to have Berlin reply that independent of political considerations there are economic fields to be explored and utilized in the interest of general European advancement and that "closer cooperation in this field should not be made dependent upon closer security. On the contrary, just this economic understanding will materially increase the consciousness of solidarity and thereby the feeling of security." The Germans are, moreover, as emphatic as Italy for including Russia and Turkey in the conference from the outset.

This is the part of wisdom, and we note with similar satisfaction the German belief that a study of European economic troubles should begin with agriculture and should seek means of enlarging agricultural areas and "facilitating the exchange of goods between the leading agricultural and industrial districts of Europe." That is the direction in which this great human experiment should first head. Nothing could help the complete recovery of Europe so much as the breaking down of tariff barriers. The bankers of Europe have been on record for three years to this effect, and to their manifesto was also signed the name of J. P. Morgan, as well as those of other leading American financiers. More than that, there is the historical precedent of the tariff union of Germany, in effect long before the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles in 1871, which led to this political union of all Germany under a kaiser and to her great economic rise. Free trade relations between the states of the proposed new federation of Europe will do more to bring about security than anything else, and out of security and free exchange will naturally develop such political relationships as may seem wise as the years pass. In such a union lies the best promise of a normal, natural evolution.

We have already referred to the admirable Italian answer, so wise and humane in its insistence upon that disarmament to which the Allies are sacredly pledged by the Treaty of Versailles. Remarkable also is the unanimity of belief that there should be complete equality between all nations, large and small, in the new organization. It is idle, of course, to believe that the millennium for Europe is at hand. It is not possible for those who have started this movement to foretell just where it will lead any more than it was possible for the founders of the League of Nations to specify what the evolution of that body was going to be. Besides political and economic difficulties there are linguistic and cultural barriers to be overcome. There are many who think that a new federation would constitute a challenge to Geneva. These are all points to be faced in due course, but if nothing else comes out of it all than a new reason for European consultation and cooperation and planning for disarmament, that alone will have justified M. Briand and will give to his name an enduring place in history.

Labor Turns the Tables

RARELY, if ever, has a Supreme Court decision received a more enthusiastic welcome from trade unionists than the recent decision in the case of New Orleans Railway Company v. Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, decided May 26, 1930. Here in an opinion delivered by Chief Justice Hughes labor has scored what appears to be a victory of great importance.

Congress provided in the Watson-Parker Act of 1926 that railroad managers shall treat with employees' representatives selected by the workers. The Texas and Pacific road ignored this provision in 1927, when the organized clerks sought to increase their wages. In direct contravention to subdivision 3 of Section 2 of this statute the company proceeded to form a company union. Pressure was brought to bear on members of the brotherhood to induce and coerce them to withdraw from their own organization and make the company union their sole representative in all dealings with the road. The effect, of course, was to deprive the employees of the protection of their own organization—their chief dependence for fair wages and proper working conditions. In opposition to the company union, the brotherhood proceeded in a somewhat novel and unusual manner. Not the strike, boycott, or picketing was a part of its program. Relying upon the provision of the Watson-Parker Act, the brotherhood appealed to Federal District Judge J. C. Hutcheson, Jr., for an injunction against the road and certain of its officers restraining them from interfering with the clerks' labor organization and from displacing the clerks' union as representative of the employees. A temporary order was granted, which was later made permanent. Railroad officials, so it appears, paid little or no attention to the court's order, whereupon counsel for the brotherhood went into court with some one hundred counts alleging violation of the restraining order. The case went to trial and certain railroad officials were found guilty of contempt. The railroad appealed, with the result that the judgment of the District Court was affirmed. Thereupon the company secured a writ of certiorari and carried the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. Here a unanimous bench, speaking through Chief Justice Hughes, denied all the contentions of the petitioners in an opinion that will take high rank in the annals of the court.

The first and most important point which the opinion establishes is that Section 2 of the Railway Labor Act of 1926 confers a substantive right and not merely, as counsel for the petitioners argued, an abstract right. It was because of an appreciation of the infirmity of the existing legislation, the court pointed out, that Congress was prompted to pass the act of 1926. Under its provisions legal duties were imposed and Congress intended, moreover, to make these duties enforceable.

One could scarcely desire a more outspoken approval of the right of collective bargaining than the following, quoted from the decision:

> The legality of collective action on the part of employees in order to safeguard their proper interests is not to be disputed. It has long been recognized that employees are entitled to organize for the purpose of securing the redress of grievances and to promote agreement with employers relating to rates of pay and conditions of work. Congress was not required to ignore this right of employees (to be represented by persons of their own choosing) but could safeguard it and seek to make their appropriate collective action an instrument of peace rather than strife. Such collective action would be a mockery if representation were made futile by interference with freedom of choice. Thus the prohibition by Congress of interference of representatives for the purpose of negotiation and conference between employers and employees, instead of being an invasion of the constitutional right of either, was based on the recognition of the rights of both.

A final and perhaps the most significant ruling of the court was that the obligation of a railroad not to interfere with the freedom of employees to organize could not only be enforced in the federal courts, but it was enforceable by the extraordinary process of the injunction. Counsel for the petitioners argued that the Federal Court was without jurisdiction because property or a property right, as required by Section 20 of the Clayton Act, was wanting in this dispute. Chief Justice Hughes, however, doubted whether Section 20 could be regarded as limiting the authority of the court to restrain violation of an explicit provision of an act of Congress. But even conceding that it was necessary to show a property interest, the interest was easily forthcoming. The Chief Justice maintained that "there was such an interest with respect to the selection of representatives to confer with the employer in relation to contracts of service."

Although this case involved a dispute in interstate commerce the control of which was authorized by an act of Congress, the implications that flow from this opinion are far-reaching. Since the right to work, the right to bargain collectively, and the right of the union to choose its own representatives are all property rights, such rights when invaded are entitled to equitable relief. Since a company union, moreover, under the influence of the employer, prevents workers from faring as well financially as they would fare when represented by their own organization, such an organization denies workers their proper enjoyment of a property right. Would not this argument lead one to conclude that a labor union might secure an injunction against the continuance of a company union without legislative sanction such as was afforded in the Railway Clerks' case?

It is hardly necessary to say that the interpretation which the court placed on the phrase "liberty of contract" in earlier cases has long since been belied by economic and social facts. Chief Justice Hughes has now reached almost the conclusion formulated by Mr. Justice Holmes—that the union alone furnishes that "equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins."

The case is significant for another reason: it demonstrates for the first time in a case before the Supreme Court the effectiveness with which the injunction can be employed in behalf of employees. It is evidently a means by which unions can fight employers with their own kind of fire.

Professors and Propaganda

HAVING wrestled for years, not very successfully, with the question of academic freedom, the American Association of University Professors has recently turned its attention to the ethical issue involved in the acceptance by professors of payments from public-utility companies in return for articles, addresses, investigations, or other services presumably of benefit to the companies. Included in the inquiry is the ethics of the acceptance by a university of funds ostensibly intended to finance the study of subjects directly related to the business interests of the donors. The immediate occasion of the inquiry was the evidence, some of it appearing to reflect rather seriously upon the integrity of the American professoriate, brought out in hearings before the Federal Trade Commission in its investigation of public-utility corporations.

The report of the association's committee, prepared by the chairman, Professor E. R. L. Seligman of Columbia University, is a broad but inconclusive survey of the various aspects of the situation. The inconclusiveness of the report is due in part to the fact that the investigation of the Federal Trade Commission has not been completed and the public-utility corporations have not yet presented to the commission their side of the case. Until the evidence was all in, accordingly, the committee did not feel at liberty to interrogate the particular professors whose relations with the companies have been called in question. The subject itself is difficult, however, quite aside from the particular incidents involved.

The main question, of course, is whether a university professor, whatever his rank (the report notes that most of those whose names have been mentioned are instructors), may properly have anything to do with propaganda in a field in which his professional and professorial interests are concerned. Propaganda, as the report points out, may be either good or bad. If the merits of a worthy cause—the advantages of organized as against unorganized labor, for example, or the unwisdom of war, or the social dangers of unrestricted traffic in drugs—may not be brought to public notice by organized effort in its behalf, the good causes are few that will be able to make much headway. The trouble comes when propaganda is a tissue of misrepresentation or lies, as was much of the Allied propaganda during the World War, or a deliberate attempt to fasten upon the public an undertaking or a policy which in fact means the exploitation of the public for private profit.

The position of the professor who happens to be a chemist, or a physicist, or an engineer, or an economist offers special dangers and difficulties. Most professors in scientific fields, if their standing is high, are eagerly sought by industrial or business concerns as technical experts or advisers, and many of them are drawn permanently into the business or industrial field to the detriment of university teaching and research. It is not well that university professors should lose touch with practicality, or that business should be deprived of the aid of scholarship merely because a university has appropriated the scholar. Professor Seligman's report does not find that any professor who was mixed up with the public-utilities propaganda changed his opinions or espoused any cause because of the money that was paid to him. The difficulty comes in convincing the public that he remained quite honest while taking money for what he said, wrote, or did.

About all that the committee is able to recommend is that the professor should let his students and the public know where he stands. If he believes in the private ownership and operation of public utilities and is being paid for supporting that view, he had better warn his students that his opinions on the subject may have been influenced by his business connection. Perhaps this is as far as an ethical pronouncement can go until the facts of the situation are more fully known, but it must be apparent to everybody that even with the utmost frankness and most limpid honesty on the part of a professor, his classroom may still be a place in which views of public policy widely regarded as inimical to public welfare are regularly taught. The most dangerous defenders of error are frequently those who are sincere.

Realities in India

THE Simon Commission has made its report, and the Viceroy has told the Indian Legislative Assembly that that report is in form only a set of recommendations and that anybody may propose other plans. But the Viceroy omitted to point out the underlying psychological reality, namely, that the Simon report, by its manner of presentation and its completeness, has the field entirely in Great Britain, and press comments there make it clear that all parties are ready to accept the report scheme with but minor variations. It is clear moreover that the Indian groups outside the Gandhi-Congress camp cannot compose their differences sufficiently to put forward any clear-cut, comprehensive, workable proposals. If Indians come to the conference they will present only factional and incomplete proposals, and the British can easily play on their mutual suspicions and jealousies so as to prevent the formation of a solid Indian front at the conference. That means that the Simon Commission's scheme in substance is what the British expect to put into effect.

Furthermore, the Viceroy, by stating that the government intends to fight the civil-disobedience movement "with all our strength," makes it clear that there will be no representatives of the Congress at the proposed Round Table Conference. The Viceroy and the government apparently hope that this party will surrender before October. If it does not, the Round Table Conference, if it is held, will be on the Indian side only a group of catspaws and beggars. Suppose that the Simon proposals, with minor changes, are adopted by Parliament. The Simon scheme is built on the assumption that a sufficient number of powerful Indian groups will cooperate in making it work. But it is clear that the present movement has stirred Indian nationalism to depths hitherto untouched. If Indian opposition in the past ten years has made the present scheme of government difficult to work, it will be tenfold more difficult from now on. If the Gandhi-Congress party continues with its present tactics after the

Simon plan becomes law, the Viceroy and provincial governors will be forced to use the "overriding powers" provided in the Simon scheme, and the government will become completely autocratic and repressive.

Several Indian liberals and moderates have apparently been satisfied by the Viceroy's speech and are now ready to go to a round-table conference. But as they and their friends digest the situation more fully, it seems likely that they may realize not only their own weak position but that the only way to gather strength is by joining Gandhi. As the struggle proceeds, more and more Indians and more and more outsiders seem likely to realize:

1. That the Gandhi-Congress party excels all other Indian groups in initiative, courage, energy, enthusiasm, greatness of purpose, strategy, determination, method, and effective numbers. The fact that the Viceroy deemed it necessary to say in his speech that the government will fight this party "with all our strength" is a tribute to its power.

2. That a fully crystallized scheme of future government need not be formulated by the Congress party at present. Whatever comes must be an organic growth from the circumstances at the time of actual achievement of freedom. It cannot be manufactured in advance. Even though it was not adopted, the Nehru plan was sufficiently good to prove that there is the ability to draft a feasible plan.

3. That if the Gandhi-Congress party achieves success, it will do so only by having welded together a substantial part of all the groups which previously have quarreled among themselves, and hence, at the end of the struggle with Britain, the few remaining party disputes will be easily manageable.

4. That if the Gandhi-Congress party wins, its prestige in India will be so great that it can handle quite easily what little remaining Indian opposition there may be.

5. That organized, mass, non-violent resistance is a method of solving human conflicts which requires very great self-control, cooperation, discipline, and determination. These are not the qualities of disorder and what is known as anarchy. Therefore the substitution of non-violence, courage, and kindness in place of violence and fear as the ultimate basis of the state need have no terrors for timid souls.

6. That under British or any other outside government the communal quarrels will continue, whereas under the proposals and methods of the Gandhi-Congress party substantial unity and working harmony can be attained. The Congress has promised that no scheme of government will be put into effect by it which does not in advance satisfy all Indian communities.

7. That the Simon proposals, even if put into formal effect, are unworkable in the face of a fully aroused, energetic, well-organized, disillusioned, and determined national party such as the one which now exists.

8. That even if Mahatma Gandhi were to die, there are now so many Indians who understand his method and have practiced and become disciplined in it, and the desire for political independence is so widely and deeply felt by all groups in India—even in such an event Great Britain would inevitably lose political control over India.

The months between now and October will test the determination and power of the civil resisters and the effectiveness of their weapon. These months will also indicate how adaptable is the British ruling class.

The Greatest Novels

PROFESSOR LAMONT'S list of the "sixty great novels of all time" is as nearly impeccable as such a list can be. If it omits "Robinson Crusoe" and "Tristram Shandy" it includes "Jennie Gerhardt" and "Of Human Bondage." If one might have spared "The Forsyte Saga" and "Barren Ground" in favor of "Emma" and "The Idiot," if personal preference would have included "All Quiet on the Western Front" instead of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," these corrections are purely arbitrary and show that such a list can never be final or please everybody. But all the great names are here: there is the omnipresent "Tom Jones," heading the list chronologically, and one suspects meritoriously also. There are the Russians—"War and Peace," the immortal Anna, the Karamazovs; there is the White Whale; there are Hester Prynne and Becky Sharpe and Emma Bovary and Tess, and Huck Finn and Swann and Henry Esmond, and the irresistible Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. A very motley, very gallant company. If they are all in paradise together, as one hopes they may be, paradise must be a splendid place—more splendid, more dashing, more full of pity and terror than the creators of these characters themselves would make if they lived all together behind the pearly gates of heaven.

For it is a strange commentary on the relative realities of fact and fiction that in most cases these brain-children are more alive to us now than ever were their creators. We know more and care more about Tom Jones than we know or care about Mr. Justice Fielding; we follow Hester and Dimmesdale and Chillingworth into realms of the heart which the reticent Hawthorne kept closed to us. Dreiser is a man who issues pronunciamientos on the Communist Party; but Jennie Gerhardt is the woman next door, a poor, suffering, loving, inadequate, aspiring human creature. There should probably be a law that every great novelist be compelled as his best and greatest work to write a full and perfectly truthful autobiography, everything that he has ever thought, felt, said, and done. Then we should have a list of novels that would be memorable indeed. Instead, every novelist, whether great or small, puts some of himself and his own experience into each of his books. Something that he has heard goes into the mouth of this character; something that he has done appears in the actions of that one. The whole can never be assembled because nobody but the author can disentangle himself from the rest, and he prefers not to do it. He is willing to tell secrets about his characters; he prefers in most cases to keep his own secret life inviolate.

But all such captious criticism aside, Professor Lamont's list, if it were read carefully by every young man and woman before attaining the age of twenty-five, would constitute a liberal course in the art of living. Here are men and women facing very human problems, solving them and not solving them, making something or nothing of their lives, breaking or being broken by the forces that are mustered against those who live in this world. Here are love and death, joy and pain, truth and fraud and paganism and piety. Here, in short, is life. Not complete, any more than this list of sixty books is complete. But interesting. That is the final answer to those who criticize the making of such a list.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT has always puzzled me that people should complain about heat waves. I like them. Much has been written in prose and song of the glories of the open road. The open pore remains to be celebrated. I have no lyric gift, so all that I can say is that man is generally at his best when in a melting mood. The hot and bothered are, on the whole, a more cheerful lot than the numb and nasty. With all due deference to the Scandinavian, it is the cold which brings out man's baser nature. Little of any moment ever takes place before a blazing log fire or around the oil stove. These are spots where reactionaries hold forth in praise of ancient grudges. Inspiration and idealism depend upon the possession of a brow both warm and moist.

Even the humidity provokes me into thoughts of higher and better things. Most of my mysticism is associated with days and nights called stifling. For when one tosses then he thinks, and there is nothing like sultriness to get a man steamed up about the cosmos. At the end of any day of record-breaking temperature I am somewhat less in bulk than I was before. A part of me has gone back into its basic elements. Some of the outer layers are already in the hands of the button-molder. And yet, though surfaces which once could thrill and suffer are departed, I am essentially the same person. I am still here.

And if this process of diminution could be continued until any one of us was dissipated out of corporeality would he at that moment surrender all personal identity? If you or I can lightly drop 5 pounds and still be Jack or Jill as usual why not 175 or even 240? At what point is one to draw the line with some grave shake of the head and say, "The poor fellow is no more"?

Few of the health hints which I have observed take any account of the necessity of high thinking during torrid weather. There is nothing so potent to chill warm blood as speculation. It will be found, I believe, that all those who were overcome offered nothing to the scorching rays but a hospitable vacuum. Even the sun itself is not capable of tagging a brain which stands poised upon its toes. One should always present to the fierce bright beams a moving target.

In any bulletin of how to live though very nearly stifled there should be the injunction not to read the list of victims in the daily papers nor even the standing headline "'Hot Wave Deals Death." The difference between an eighty-six and a ninety-three is insignificant upon the thermometer no matter how vital it may be upon the golf course. And after the mercury passes one hundred there is no possible point in ascertaining its precise course. Beyond the century mark anything is terrible and so what is the use of bothering as to the exact tabulation. We should be calm and pay no attention to the sun's persuasive press agents. Again and again I have spent delightful days with no thought of suffocating until I picked up the evening paper to read to the length of two columns that I had been "Baked in Deadly Furnace."

To be sure, there are a few simple rules which everybody ought to observe. Naturally no one should get up until after noon. Or go to bed until fanned by the cool breezes which generally rise along about the hour of 4 a. m. Obviously we should all absent ourselves from business places, subways, and main thoroughfares in tropic weather. Few are ever prostrated while sitting comfortably at home in a cool tub reading a good detective story.

Our boasted American efficiency is largely bosh. Many peoples live and breathe and prosper in climates far more punishing than our own. But they organize their lives upon the fact of high temperature. Although summer heat is no novelty in the United States we Americans act as if the thing were wholly unexpected. We do not even dress with any regard for summer conditions. People close to the equator never regard themselves sorely put upon by high temperatures. They accept the circumstance that the sun can be unfriendly in periods of frenzy and adjust their daily routine accordingly. When the sun is at torrid height they remain indoors and nap, all unconscious of the glaring punishment.

The European and the South American are far more efficient than the average American. The foreigner goes to his office only when there is work to be done. With us it is a rite, like attending church on Sunday. Hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers rush downtown on days when they know that nobody is going to turn a hand. They seem to feel that they must report just the same and be at post if only to preserve the franchise. The American business man who idles about his house upon a mean and stuffy day when there is nothing whatsoever to do at the office is called a loafer and a parasite. But if he goes to his office and remains there some portion of the day to twiddle the time away before a barren desk, that person straightway becomes a shining member of the army which has made American industry all-conquering.

But what is the use of working when there's no work to be done? If all the idle executives in New York could be laid end to end they would stretch from Wall Street to the cool coast of Maine, where they could have much more fun.

Physicians who fashion hot-weather hints are almost unanimous in gravely advising that alcohol should be dispensed with absolutely. I wonder whether every one of them would or could actually resist the minted fragrance of something cool and tinkling in a tall glass. To avoid any semblance of a prohibition argument during the present temperatures—it is such activities that bring on prostration—I will admit that alcohol on summer days is frowned upon by doctors and lawmakers alike.

Having granted this, I will point out that men in hot climates have almost invariably turned to the friendly stimulation of Scotch. The white man's burden could never have been carried to the far quarters of the globe without recourse to fizzes and highballs. Undoubtedly all this is bad for the liver. But it is good for the disposition. And on such a day as this I'd give my liver as gladly as Prometheus for just a touch of something icy, spiked, and gurgling.

HEYWOOD BROUN

What Next in Palestine?

By VICTOR S. YARROS

IT is difficult, if not impossible, for an impartial observer in America or Europe to reach firm conclusions regarding the calamitous Arab-Jewish conflict still raging in Palestine. The report of the Shaw commission in Great Britain put the immediate blame for the outbreaks upon the Arabs but absolved the Arab leaders as a body of deliberate incitement. It met the charge that the Palestine government was weak by pointing to "the difficulties inherent in the mandate." It cited as the underlying cause of the outbreaks the fear on the part of the Arabs that wholesale Jewish immigration and land purchase might create a situation in which the Arabs would be landless paupers under Jewish political domination. On the other hand, it is rumored that the report of the Mandates Commission, which has not yet been published, lays the burden of responsibility upon the British, and that it particularly blames the British for failing to assure adequate means of maintaining order.

But a recent visit to Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa, and other Palestinian communities and settlements, old and new, has given the writer of these lines some insight into a grave and tragic situation that he would like to share with other friends of justice and liberalism. Almost every person in Palestine has his own positive opinion concerning the burning question—What next? Such opinions fall naturally into three distinct categories: the violent and hate-ridden, the moderate, and the gloomy and pessimistic.

There are intelligent, vigorous Jews in Palestine who hold the British administration responsible for the riots of last August, for the present feeling of insecurity, and for the bitter Arab opposition to the policy of the Balfour Declaration—as generally interpreted. There are Jews in business and in the professions who say that Britain has been weak, vacillating, tricky, and stupid in her administration of Palestine under the mandate of the League of Nations, and that if she surrendered the mandate, retired from Palestine, and transferred power to a native agency, none of the predicted disorders would come to pass.

On the other hand, there are Jews in the settlements that have known danger and fear who say that Great Britain will be needed in Palestine during the next five or six decades, that the Jews would be massacred by the Arabs if British bayonets and police clubs did not overawe and subdue the bitter and embattled elements of the Arab population, and that all talk about autonomy and national self-government is doctrinaire and premature.

Between these extremes stands Dr. J. L. Magnes, the scholarly, high-minded, gentle chancellor of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem. His views and recommendations, as outlined in candid conversations as well as in a brochure written and recently published by him entirely on his own responsibility, seem to me sane, reasonable, and eminently practical. He seems to have few followers, it is true, outside the university faculty and student body. He is loved and admired as a man and an educator, but he is called an idealist and a visionary. It is asserted by many that he is far too generous in his estimate of Arab character and Arab temperament, and that he credits the Arabs with fine qualities which they do not possess. This too hopeful estimate, it is said, renders his program utopian; but if there is any alternative program of merit or promise, I was unable to discover it in Palestine.

Dr. Magnes believes the situation demands a candid reinterpretation of the Balfour Declaration. Whether or not that ambiguous declaration has been misconstrued, and if so, by whom, is not a question of moment at this critical juncture. The important thing, in Dr. Magnes's judgment, is to remove misunderstanding and sources of angry contention by saying plainly what the declaration really means. What does it mean—or, rather, what can it mean?

There are about 650,000 Arabs and Christians in Palestine. In establishing a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine the Balfour Declaration stipulated that nothing should be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities. Certain Arab leaders contend that the objective of a Jewish national homeland is per se incompatible with the rights and aspirations of their people. Some Christians take the same position. But is there in fact no room for a large Jewish population in Palestine? This, manifestly, is a crucial question. Were the answer negative, Zionism would be an impossibility. But the answer, say the Jews, is affirmative, according to scientific inquiries conducted under independent auspices, including the British administration. Palestine, politically limited as it is, could accommodate between 3,000,000 and 3,500,000 people, agriculture remaining its principal industry. The present population is only about 900,000; hence it follows that there is room in Palestine for considerably over 2,000,000 immigrants. These immigrants will not come from Arabia and they will not be Mohammedans. They will come mainly from Europe and America, and they will be of the Jewish race.

Should they be permitted to come? If not, why not? By what right, by what principle of justice or equity, can they be excluded? A sovereign Arab state, the present mood being what it is, would undoubtedly take steps to suspend or limit with extreme rigor further Jewish immigration; but ten or twenty years hence even an Arab state might recognize the enormous economic and cultural benefits inherent in Jewish immigration, if wisely controlled and accompanied by adequate capital and modern technical equipment. However, there is no possibility of a sovereign Arab state in Palestine in the near future. A Palestinian state, if and when created, will be a binational state under the protection and control of Great Britain or the League of Nations.

This, Dr. Magnes holds, is what a proper reinterpretation of the Balfour Declaration would signify and announce to the world. There is no likelihood of an Arab state or of a Jewish state. The goal to strive for is a state based on and dedicated to the principle of equal rights, mutual tolerance, justice, and good-will. In other words, Palestine will be at once a Jewish, a Christian, and an Arab homeland.

But in the meantime how can peace and cooperation

be restored? Clearly, force and the threat of force will not do that. Dr. Magnes's ideas and practical suggestion in this connection are exceedingly interesting and thought-provoking. Here is their essence: Let Great Britain, after consultation with racial and national leaders, establish a legislative assembly in Palestine. Let the regime be genuinely democratic. The assembly may be unicameral or bicameral—that is a detail not now pressing. Let the people of Palestine govern themselves through their representatives, and let all domestic questions be settled after discussion and investigation, as in other republican and democratic commonwealths.

But three fundamental questions must be "reserved" by Great Britain, the mandatory and umpire, or taken out of the purview and jurisdiction of the Palestine legislature or the local electorate. These three questions are immigration, settlement on the land, and freedom to restore Hebrew culture and develop Hebrew genius. If the Arab majority will accept these restrictions—and there is no reason why it should not, once prejudice and suspicion are thrust aside—the spirit and substance of the Balfour Declaration, as of Zionism, will have been preserved and made secure, in Dr. Magnes's opinion. Those who are not prepared to indorse this program might well ponder and answer these remarks:

> If I could know that in the course of a long period a Jewish community of one million souls, one-third of the potential population, was possible in Palestine, I should be well content. Let the colonizers and the students of vital statistics tell us how long a period it will take for Arabs to become 2,000,000 and for Jews to become 1,000,000. Surely, much longer than a full generation. Why not, therefore, let us try to work out a program for a generation, and let the succeeding generation take care of its own problems?

Will the program of Dr. Magnes as a whole appeal to the Arabs? That will depend largely on the way in which the settlement of hundreds of thousands of additional Jewish immigrants is conceived and carried out. Land must be purchased, of course, and fair prices must be paid, but the agricultural and social conditions existing in Palestine are peculiar, and certain mistakes must be avoided in dealing with Arab proprietors. The fellaheen must not be dispossessed. If the rich absentee landowners continue to sell land to the Jews, despite the present theoretical boycott of such "traitors" by the intense nationalists, care must be taken effectively to safeguard the meager claims of the Arab laborers. In no circumstances must these be allowed to suffer. Moreover, it is better to reclaim land now worthless than to purchase land already under cultivation; for reclamation offers the Arab the most striking object-lesson in the benefits of Jewish immigration, and it makes directly for prosperity—at least under normal conditions when there is effective demand at fair prices for Palestinian products.

With immigration and settlement on the land assured to the Jews, the Arabs would place no obstacle in the way of the promotion of Hebrew culture and the gradual revival of the Hebrew language. Intellectual and spiritual competition is tonic and wholesome. In the Jewish public schools, in the Hebrew University, through the libraries and clubs, in the modest homes of idealistic colonists, Hebrew is beginning to permeate life and to influence thought and sentiment. The intelligent Arabs see nothing alarming in these developments. Some of them, indeed, have cooperated heartily with the Hebrew University and its faculty. They have donated books and valuable manuscripts to the library. They have welcomed the interesting and scholarly project of a concordance of Arab poetry. Arabs are consulting the material for the concordance already available in the library.

After all, as has been pointed out, Palestine cannot mean as much to the Arab as to the Zionist Jew. The Arab has Syria, Iraq, the Nejd, the Hejaz. The Zionist has nothing save Palestine. If he can convert it into a creative source, a constant inspiration, a center of spiritual activity, Asia will be the richer for it and the more significant to the world of today. Palestine to the Zionists is still an experiment. As I have intimated, there are disheartened Jews in that country who frankly anticipate the failure of the experiment. They do not trust British statesmen and politicians. They are not sure that the 160,000 Jews already in Palestine will receive adequate protection. They think that the British administration in Palestine is anti-Semitic, and they assert that the Arabs are convinced of that fact and are led by it to adopt an attitude of bitter hostility toward Zionism. But to an impartial observer the failure of the experiment does not seem either inevitable or even probable.

A firm but just position on the part of the British administration, an educational campaign in the press, open and sincere disclaimers of any design to expropriate or dispossess the Arab peasant, strictly and scientifically controlled Jewish immigration, the continued introduction of modern machinery, tools, and methods by the Jewish colonists, the extension of all medical and hygienic services to the Arabs, the improvement of living standards and the upward trend in wages—these things cannot fail in time to undermine and dispel groundless Arab prejudices and fear and to effect a rapprochement between the races now poisoned by mutual antipathy. After all, the Arabs and Jews have lived together in amity for many centuries. There is no reason in the nature of things why the same amicable relations should not continue in spite of the Balfour Declaration. The danger lies in fanaticism, in impossible demands from either side, in the deliberate and systematic sowing of the seeds of envy, jealousy, malice, and antipathy by the irreconcilables.

One thing is clear—no nation and no government can "give" Palestine to the Jews. That land is not on the auction block. Those who are there cannot be overridden and defied, and whatever is done in the future in line with the Balfour Declaration will ultimately have to be done with the real consent of the majority. To conclude with another quotation from Dr. Magnes's pamphlet:

> The Jew may have to be prepared to face for a further period the hostility of a section of Arabs and of English and others. Provided our own attitude is just and fair we should face that opposition and not abandon the struggle. Our goal must be to have our enterprise rest upon the conviction of all concerned that it is right and just.
>
> Palestine is holy to the Jew in that his attitude toward this land is necessarily different from his attitude toward any other land. He may have to live in other lands upon the support of bayonets, but that may well be something which he, as a Jew, cannot help. But when he goes voluntarily as a Jew to repeople his own Jewish homeland, it is by an act of will, of faith, of free choice, and he should not either will or believe in or want a Jewish home that can be maintained in the long run only against the violent opposition of the Arab and Moslem peoples.

Huston Stays On

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 21

"CLAUDIUS has a lot to learn about stud poker, but he knows where the body is buried all right." So runs the generally accepted explanation hereabouts of the Administration's ignominious failure to remove Old Man of the Sea Huston from the neck of the Republican National Committee. Day after day the word went out from the White House that Claudius would soon be only a painful memory. Brave Will Wood, chairman of the House campaign committee, announced that "every Republican member of the House wants him out." Treasurer Nutt thundered, and Jimmie Burke whispered, and such redoubtable party characters as Maurice Maschke of Ohio and Matt Chilton of Kentucky closed in for the killing. When the doors opened and the smoke lifted there sat good old Claudius, his thin lips parted in a half-smile, his skin like parchment, and his starched collar immaculate, in the midst of a circle of dripping brows and limp linen suits, and he was still National Chairman. The most that can be had in the way of explanation is that he "knows where the body is buried." As to what body it is and who buried it there is some difference of opinion, but most of the guesses are immediately concerned with the methods employed to arouse religious prejudice against Al Smith in the last Presidential campaign and the sources from which those efforts were financed. Because of Huston's established success in obtaining lobby contributions from power companies seeking possession of Muscle Shoals, there is a natural tendency to wonder whether he obtained political contributions from similar sources. To hold on as he has under all the pressure to which he has been subjected, he must have valuable knowledge of some kind. Few competent observers believe that it relates to stud poker or the stock market.

* * * * *

NOT all is moonlight and roses for the power trust. That devoted friend of the Electric Bond and Share, Lieutenant General Edgar Jadwin, chosen by his brother engineer in the White House to head the new Federal Power Commission, has suddenly become the recipient of a "private offer" so attractive that he feels compelled to decline the proffered chairmanship. In view of the celebrated efficiency of the Presidential secretariat, containing, as it does, one former detective, one former reporter, and one former Congressman, it is a little surprising that the General's name was announced before it was definitely ascertained that he would accept. Can it be possible that he did accept and then changed his mind? It is possible. It is even possible that he was induced to change it after that thoroughly hard-boiled customer, Senator Couzens, to whom his name had been submitted in advance, served notice that in view of Jadwin's power record, and in view of *somebody's* failure to mention the same when consulting Couzens on the subject, he would oppose his confirmation by the Senate. Poor Herbert! This job of finding men for the Power Commission whose records are definite enough to satisfy the power magnates and yet so obscure that Senators and newspaper reporters cannot discover them is not an easy one. If extremity comes and he decides to name a set of commissioners whose records are definitely favorable to the public, he might look at the record of the Massachusetts Commission.

* * * * *

RIGHT now, however, the problem which is most disquieting to the Great Sufferer in the White House is concerned with the condition of the wheat market and the Farm Board's efforts to alleviate it. Rather, to be more exact, it is concerned with the potential political consequences arising from that condition and those efforts. A bumper crop, the lowest price in sixteen years, and the Farm Board holding, at a cost of $1,000,000 a month, 60,000,000 bushels of last year's crop, none of which it can sell without further breaking an already broken market! This is the harvest of the Hoover farm act, handed to the House, passed by it without the changing of a comma, and forced through a rebellious Senate which wanted the debenture plan. But the White House correspondents no longer are treated to any mention of "the Administration's program," or "the President's Farm Board." Now it is impressed on them that the farm act was the work of Congress, and that the board is "simply carying out the policies laid down by Congress." In other words, the original savior of agriculture and author of the Administration's farm-relief policies washes his hands of the program which he devised and of the board which he appointed. Well, what did you expect?

* * * * *

THE best-laid plans of mice and men often fail in politics as elsewhere. But there was an uncomfortable period of a few days when it seemed that success might attend the miserable political trick through which certain rodents in Nebraska sought to deprive this nation of its most devoted public servant. If Senator George W. Norris had been compelled to run for reelection as an independent candidate he might still have won, but only after a terrific battle against heavy odds. The risk, happily averted through the prompt action of the Nebraska Supreme Court, was created when an obscure grocery clerk named George W. Norris was mysteriously inspired at the last minute to file against him for the Republican nomination, and when Secretary of State Frank Marsh, a political enemy of Senator Norris, ruled, contrary to the opinion of the Attorney General of the State, that Grocer Norris's papers were received in proper order and that the law prohibits any designation on the ballot that would enable the voters to know which Norris they were voting for. That malice could be carried to such grotesque lengths seems almost incredible, for under the Secretary of State's ruling the election officials charged with the duty of counting the votes would not know which candidate to credit them to. And if they were so counted that one Norris received a clear majority of the votes, no living soul would know which Norris had won! Of course, what would have happened is that the vote intended for

Senator Norris would have been divided between the two names, thus enabling his real opponent to win. His real opponent is W. B. Stebbins, the State Treasurer. I have heard no intimation that Stebbins is suspected of complicity. Apparently he was a mere incident in what was obviously an attempt to get Senator Norris out of the Senate at any cost. * * * * *

THE history of Grocer Norris and the circumstances under which he became a candidate are sufficient to dispel any thought that he might have aspired to the Senate. Thirty-two years old, he arrived in the town of Broken Bow about a year ago and became manager of a chain grocery store. To the community at large his presence remained virtually unknown. He joined the local post of the American Legion but took little part in its activities. With one exception he did not participate in public affairs. The exception, in view of recent events, may be significant. It concerned a campaign conducted by the local power company for a renewal of its franchise. In that campaign, which was unsuccessful, Grocer Norris exerted the whole of his modest influence in behalf of the power company. Such was his political background. July 3 was the final date fixed by law on which candidates could file for the Republican primary. On July 1 Grocer Norris quit his job. On July 2 he gave to a friend in the post office a stamped envelope containing his filing papers and the required fee of $50, with instructions not to mail it until the last train had departed. That night he disappeared with his wife and two children, and thus far all efforts to locate him have failed. Facts that might throw light on the matter are meager. An attorney for the Nebraska Power Company visited Broken Bow a few days earlier. Grocer Norris's wife is reported to have told acquaintances that the family was going on a three years' vacation. In the legal proceedings arising from his candidacy the absent candidate has been represented by distinguished counsel.

The Press Today

IX. The Opportunity in the Small City*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE Canton, Ohio, *Daily News* is no more. On July 3 James M. Cox, former Governor of Ohio, and owner of the *Daily News,* announced that its career of ninety-seven years had come to an end, that its real estate, plant, and other assets had been sold to the Canton *Repository,* which is owned by the Brush-Moore syndicate. "Canton," Mr. Cox announced, "is not big enough to support two modernly conducted newspaper plants . . . there is not a sufficient net return on the capital invested nor the labor and management involved." So another historic daily passes, and inexorable economic forces which are steadily decreasing the number of dailies in the United States have scored another success.

There are, however, other reasons why the announcement of the demise of this daily will be read with deep regret. The Canton *News* was the paper whose editor, Don R. Mellett, was assassinated on July 15, 1926, by, or by order of, the corrupt public officials whose misconduct he had exposed and denounced. For his murder the chief of police was convicted, only, I believe, to have the sentence subsequently set aside. After his death the Pulitzer prize was awarded to the Canton *News* for its gallantry and courage in attacking the alliance of officialdom with vice and crime.

This excellent fight with its tragic ending was widely heralded by journalists throughout the country as proof that the entire profession had not yet succumbed to the capitalistic influences which are so profoundly changing it day by day—and the contention was just. It was the kind of fight newspapers ought to be making; it was in accord with the best of the old traditions; it showed that dailies can still exert a profound influence in their communities if their editors are willing to make every sacrifice and are free to state the truth as they see it. Yet the Canton *News* is done to death just four years after the murder of Don Mellett, not by its enemies, not by the organized power of political corruption, but by its owner himself, as he frankly says, because of the "tendency toward large operating entities, a tendency obviously promoted if not rendered necessary by economic trends." What the gang could not accomplish, the drift toward combinations has achieved. Many active journalists may yet live to see only one morning and one evening newspaper, or just one daily, in all but the largest of our cities.

Melancholy as the fate of the Canton *News* is, it does not negative my long-held belief that the best opportunities for the rising journalist today, especially for him whose blood is infected with the virus of the reformer, lie in the small towns and cities. Dozens of aspirants come to me each year, as to every other metropolitan journalist, for aid in getting on a New York City daily. Mostly they are novices; but often they are men who have had provincial experience, who have for years dreamed of a job in New York, and are worthy craftsmen. It is hard to make them understand that the offices of the remaining New York dailies are flooded with applicants; that with the disappearance of the great editors one must be a columnist, or a feature writer, or a sports editor to make a quick reputation, and even these opportunities are extraordinarily limited; that the chance of running or controlling a big city daily is now practically nil unless there is inherited opportunity or very great wealth. So I, for one, urge the applicant to settle in the large towns that are becoming cities, in the many cities that have achieved or are achieving their first 100,000 of population. There one can still be a personal and editorial force; there one can still know the leaders of the entire community and be known by them and can profoundly influence the development of things, provided, of course, there happen to be liberal owners, or owners of sufficiently broad gauge to give their editors a free hand.

* This is the ninth of a series of articles on The Press Today. The tenth, on the German press, will appear in our issue of August 20.—EDITOR THE NATION.

That there still are such owners appears from a letter from W. T. Anderson, owner of the Macon, Georgia, *News* and *Telegraph*. It bears the date of June 10 last, which was just after Mr. Anderson had purchased the *News*. It is addressed to Ben B. Johnston:

> You are hereby appointed managing editor of the Macon *Evening News*, effective from this date. Your duties will consist of seeing to it that the *News* is made the best afternoon newspaper it is possible to make it, exigencies considered. You will be expected to write the editorials according to your own views and reactions to public questions. We must bear in mind that there is a substantial element in Macon that have opinions that differ from those of the *Telegraph*, and while I don't want to suggest what argument you shall offer or side you shall espouse, leaving that to your intelligence and your conscience, I shall have no criticism of or quarrel with you if at any time you are found opposing the views of the *Telegraph*.

He added among other good things: "I hope you agree with my idea that publishing a newspaper is a trusteeship and will treat it as such." I cannot see how these instructions from an owner to an editor could be improved upon.

As for instances of the service a free paper can render in a small city or town, there are any number of them. There was the case of the Indianapolis *Times*, a Scripps-Howard daily, which under the editorship of Boyd Gurley saw its circulation decrease by 25,000 overnight because it dared to join Thomas H. Adams, then editor of the Vincennes *Courier*, in declaring that the State of Indiana, from the governorship down, should not be run by crooks and grafters. Together these men made a glorious fight. Such as these, and Don Mellett, do not build up *Saturday Evening Posts* nor Philadelphia *Inquirers* nor Chicago *Tribunes*. They do not line their pockets with millions with which to endow a college here, a music school there, or an unnecessary school of journalism elsewhere. But they win, these small-town crusaders, the enduring satisfactions of life, beside which material success is as nothing. Theirs is the true glory of journalism.

Nor does this apply only to the crusading spirits that I have cited. There is William Allen White. What need to point out the service he has rendered to his small town and his big State? He is a national asset, if the country has one. Because he stayed in Emporia and refused to accept any of the many high-salaried positions in New York which have been offered to him, he has become the most outstanding figure in journalism west of the Mississippi River. He alone would demonstrate my case. But there are many others, though less conspicuous. I need hardly state again, as I have so often, my admiration for the splendid group of Southern editors who are fighting the battle for justice and fair play and progress in the South. There could be no better examples than are to be found there of the patriotic service a small-town editor can render. It will be a sorry day indeed for the whole country when the same economic forces which are making over and decreasing the Northern press begin to affect the Southern section. But even in passing one should recall the years of admirable journalism of the Gonzales brothers who made the Columbia, South Carolina, *State* an ornament of the profession. W. E. Gonzales is still carrying on the tradition. In other sections, too, there are brave men who stand out. The late Warren Worth Bailey of the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, *Democrat* for years carried on the work of steadily enlightening his community upon economic and political issues, and the paper continues in the family's hands. Mr. Bailey would have been absolutely at a loss in a large city; as it was, he was held in honor at home and even represented in Congress for too brief a period the hidebound Republican district in which he labored, although he was a Democrat, a tariff reformer, and a single-taxer. Then there is a man in Akron, Ohio, who has also been in Congress, C. L. Knight, owner of the Beacon *Journal* with a circulation of 57,581. A bit erratic he seems, but what does that matter? The point is that he is free to say what he thinks, that he is outspoken and fearless, and that he is molding public opinion in a small city which under his leadership and that of others is rapidly growing into a large one.

In many States there are outstanding newspapers like the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican*, the Des Moines *Tribune-Register*, the Newark *Evening News*, to cite only three, which merit universal commendation for their day-by-day scrutiny of courthouses, city halls, and legislatures. Their steady searchlights of publicity stop much corruption and disorder at the source. When I contemplate such as these I must admit a considerable measure of truth in a criticism of this series of articles which a small-city editor sends me:

> New York papers attract the greatest attention from critics like yourself. I suppose that is logical and inevitable. Yet the real leadership is in the so-called country newspapers—those in the provinces. They are really more necessary to the public than those in the metropolis and they do more real ground-work. I believe that the kind of newspaper that I work for, which handles foreign stuff, has a fairly good Washington service, and lives up to the responsibility and drudgery of giving vigilant publicity to the things in town, city, and State which promote honest government, is the most worth-while and effective daily we have.

Undoubtedly there are virility and devotion to the public welfare in such dailies as these. Yet I often wish that they could have still greater passion for our civil liberties and the old-fashioned American ideals and could be freer still from local business influences. I wish that the Newark *News*, for example, would blaze with indignation and make a major crusade against the denial of free speech in its city by its lawless police and their refusal to grant to unpopular minorities the legitimate exercise of their constitutional rights. Too often newspapers of this type represent the old kind of watch-dog activity which is not always suited to our newest problems, which too often lacks a liberal point of view and an understanding of what is facing the American people. It generally fails to ally with that day-by-day scrutiny of our public officials a clear-cut, fearless, aggressive leadership and a knowledge of what it is all about in this modern world of ours. It is surely obvious that there has been a dreadful lot of corruption and crookedness in all our cities despite the vigilance and the searchlights of which my editor friend writes me. Obviously, if there had been more of the Mellett crusading spirit State and local governments everywhere would be a good deal better. It is precisely this fact that renders the opportunity so tempting for liberals who seek to make their influence felt through journalism.

The clearest illustration of just what I have in mind is afforded by the Portland, Maine, *Evening News,* to which the Pulitzer prize committee gave honorable mention this last spring for its admirable fight to prevent the export of power from that State. The *Evening News* was founded late in 1927 by a small group of citizens, not men of great wealth, but persons actuated by the desire to break the press monopoly in Portland of the Guy P. Gannett newspapers and to have an independent and liberal daily. They have meticulously held to this program. They have left the editor wholly free to run the paper as his conscience dictates, and they have even allowed him to advocate policies with which they disagreed. They have seen their policy bear fruit in the steady rise of the circulation from nothing to 10,869 by September 30, 1928, to 18,179 in March, 1930. Their paper is selling over 21,000 copies in July, 1930, or within 3,000 of its long-established evening competitor, the Portland *Express.* This is a very considerable achievement indeed; it has naturally not been brought to pass without financial sacrifice. Yet it seems as if financial success could not be long delayed; month by month the paper gains in circulation and advertising. In less than three years it has firmly established itself in a community which is anything but receptive to what is new.

For this the credit belongs in large measure to Dr. Ernest Gruening, the editor, formerly managing editor of the Boston *Traveller,* the New York *Tribune,* and *The Nation.* Dr. Gruening saw the opportunity and yielded his natural inclination to continue in the field of authorship and in metropolitan life to the chance to drive an entering wedge into a situation in which the press and big business have gone hand in hand in dominating the State. Mr. Gannett, who now owns one morning and one evening newspaper and the Sunday paper in Portland, besides the Waterville *Sentinel* and the Augusta *Kennebec Journal,* has not only been closely allied with the great power and banking interests of the State, but has actually spoken in his newspapers as if they were the direct representatives of Samuel Insull. More than that, having been for years national committeeman, as his wife is now national Republican committeewoman, he represents the liaison between the press, business, and politics. The monopoly which his newspapers achieved, especially in Portland, led to serious bias in their handling of news, to tendentious political reporting, and to suppression and distortion—in all of which respects, by the way, his newspapers have improved since the advent of the *Evening News* into the Portland field, undoubtedly because the *News* has had courage at times to expose their mishandling of news. Thus all the three Gannett newspapers carefully suppressed the news that certain Continental Oil Company bonds had been traced to the Republican National Committee, a most important and sensational event in the oil scandal. It was a first-page story in the New York *Times, Herald Tribune,* the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* and other papers. Not one line of this appeared in the Portland *Press Herald* or *Express.* Even last year news of a series of deaths of workers on the Bingham dam, the great hydroelectric development on the Kennebec River, was suppressed by the Gannett newspapers.

But the achievement for which the Pulitzer committee commended the *News,* although it felt that it could not award it the prize, was the rousing of the State to voting down on September 9, 1929, by a majority of 8,000 votes, a referendum which would have permitted the regular export out of Maine of hydroelectric power. The Gannett press fought hard for the referendum, which would have wiped the Fernald law of 1909 preventing such export off the statute books, although it had previously taken the opposite position—the editor of the *Press Herald* had himself for years been an outspoken defender of this law. With Mr. Gannett stood Mr. Walter Wyman, Insull's right-hand man in Maine, president of the Cumberland County Light and Power Company and the Central Maine Power Company. The Gannett press received a lion's share of the power companies' advertising in connection with the campaign and the job-printing office of Mr. Gannett's *Kennebec Journal* printed hundreds of thousands of pamphlets and posters which were sent all over the State; indeed, in the last days of the campaign thousands of free copies of the Gannett papers were distributed by the companies. It seemed utterly ridiculous for a new daily in Portland to attempt to combat the solid industrial and financial alignment in the State which favored the referendum. Alone among the newspapers of the State the *Evening News* fought the export proposal, and for two and one-half years has carried on its campaign of education as to the power issue in State and nation. It was David and Goliath over again, and David won to the astonishment of all who followed the fight.

This was the more remarkable because many of the forces of big business have been arrayed against the *News* since its appearance. It has been boycotted by most of the department stores and by the largest banking interests in Maine—those dominated, by the way, by the all-powerful Messrs. Wyman and Gannett. It has faced opposition enough to daunt most men and to discourage the backers who have given a free hand to its courageous editor. But the *News* goes steadily on. It intrenches itself upon principles rather than advocacy of men. It has fought a glorious fight against the dreadful intolerance, bigotry, and standpattism which have made Maine politics a mess of all but hopeless stupidity and gravely checked the social and moral development of the State. It has sounded a new note in Maine on questions involving international relations and civil liberties.

What has been done in Maine in this thrilling fight can be done elsewhere; what Dr. Gruening by his ability and courage has achieved in stirring the whole political life of Maine should and can be done in many another State. Here lies, I repeat, the great opportunity in the immediate future for men who yearn to strike hard blows at the domination of our national life by those big-business interests whose servants most of the politicians are. As our economic system weakens more and more under the unnatural burdens placed upon it, the opportunities for this kind of journalism will in my judgment rapidly increase. And not only in the cities. As I write there comes to me the following note:

> You wouldn't have any use for an exchange for a country weekly, the *C*———, would you? I can say that if I manage to survive—I am just beginning—the *C*——— will have an interesting tale to relate of the transformation of this community into one whose banking and business in general will be done cooperatively. That is why I bought the paper—namely, to use it in effecting such a transformation. I'll either win or go under.

It is another sign of the times. There are plenty of others. Let those who need take notice.

Papa Droissart

By A. G. BARNETT

FOR two years I superintended mining works in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, with headquarters at Moengo Hill on the Cottica River. This is a region always infested with escaped convicts from the adjoining French penal colony. My friend Droissart was one of these. The gaunt refugees would float to Moengo camp on makeshift rafts or come staggering over trails cut through the jungle by our geologists. From this constant flow of human refuse we salvaged the strongest, prodding the unfit away—to die elsewhere. All were in the same boat. World-outlaws, they could never return to France or legally enter any other country. Those who found precarious respite at the mine might endure hard labor and the malignant climate for five or six years; those who gallantly set out for distant goals must always move on and on toward nowhere.

Edmond Droissart was one of a philosophic few who elected to remain permanently at Moengo and make the best of it. There was something uncannily compelling in the man, which I hope to be able to bring out in relating what I know about him. He was a little, almost burnt-out cinder of humanity. Seventy-five years of buffetings had reduced him to a rickety skeleton, with a parched and wrinkled hide, a few gray hairs, and two sparkling eyes. His mind was clear and quick as summer lightning.

The morning of his arrival he lay wide awake on the verandah of the superintendent's house. He was worn out, sopping wet, and shivering with fever. Four similar derelicts slept noisily beside him. Rain, roaring like a cataract, flailed the surrounding jungle. The five newcomers had reached Moengo during the night.

Henry, the nervous cook-boy, was the first to see them.

"Eh-ek! eh-ek! eh-ek!" he screamed; "Who you? Who you?"

"Fear not, lil black jumping-jack," soothed the old man. "W'en your master 'as 'ad breakfas' per'aps 'e will speak wit' us."

Strong backs were needed just then to throw up a dyke, and when the doctor had pronounced the four younger Frenchmen physically fit to push spades, they were signed on as workmen. But Droissart proved to be full of undesirable germs and was too weak for the regular labor gangs.

"No, old man, nothing doing," the superintendent told him. "I reckon you gotta push on down-river."

"I spik English pretty goot," the Frenchman countered; "an' I mek all kin' of t'ings you want. You want chair, I mek it; you want sofa, I mek you goot one; you want picture of dis camp, I paint him; you want sculpture of yourself, dat too I mek. Ev-re-t'ing I mek. I surprise you. *Mais oui, mes camarades* will gif me food."

The very next morning Droissart hobbled over to see the superintendent with a bundle wrapped in old newspapers.

"For you," he announced. "One lil gif'."

The superintendent shook out two hunting horns beautifully decorated with carved wild beasts, huntsmen, and dogs. The old rip had chipped away all night long.

"Well I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed the superintendent. "You make these? Honest? Now whadda you know about that?" He blew a long blast.

"Great day! That sure would bring all the coon dogs in four counties a-running, if we were up in ol' No'th Ca'lina. B'lieve I need a sofy, come to think about it. Sit down; I'll show you how I want it fixed. Oh, Henre-e-e-e! Go fetch a week's rations for Papa Droissart."

The old eyes snapped as Droissart took up his basket of rations and turned to go.

"I surprise all right, eh?" he exulted.

In a short time the sofa was produced. The full length of it was caned with strips of finely split "bush rope." The woodwork was painted pea green. There was a comfortable roll to the head part.

"How'd you get those legs curved like that?"

"Oh, I mek me one lil fine saw for do dat."

"What did you make it out of?"

"Oh, I fin' me one hoop from ol' barrel, an' cut out thin piece, an' file lil teeth in 'im. Not cut too good, dough. Mos' one night I work on jus' dem leg."

"Don't you ever sleep?"

"Sometime, yes, I sleep. Forty wink. Mos' time jus' smoke two, t'ree cigarette an' res' lil while. Dat jus' so goot like sleep w'en ol' brain go roun', roun', roun', t'ink, t'ink, t'ink, t'ink, all time, anyhow."

"Well, that's a nifty sofy, all right," said the superintendent. "And now I'm going to give you a steady job. You gotta keep the grounds cleaned up, see? Everything always neat. And keep that blue barrel up on those posts full of water. That's my shower bath, see?"

Immediately the landscape began to improve. Droissart carted away the loose stones and roots and laid out pathways and planted beds of roses. He constructed rustic seats around tree trunks, and built a thatched pergola where visitors could sit in the shade and watch the mining operations. Boulevard des Alliés, he named a trellised lane he laid out between the bachelors' bunkhouse and the office. And the shower reservoir was unfailingly filled to overflowing twice a day. He made a little tin windmill and painted it red. Barand helped him plant a sixty-foot pole with the windmill atop it.

"What's that for?" inquired the superintendent.

"Oh, jus' for fun," the old man replied. "Ah . . . dat lil play mash-ine will buz-z-z-z more longer dan dis ol' mash-ine you call Papa Droissart."

Often we would see him standing motionless, staring up at the little red buzzer as it spun and twisted. Simple-minded Henry reported that Papa lay in the pergola all one Sunday morning *praying* to the windmill.

The superintendent got into the habit of stopping to talk:

"They tell me you were a kid officer along with Joffre back in 1870; that so?"

"Dey talk too much, no? But yes, dat is true."

"Who's goin' to win this war?"

"France. The Allies."

"Yeah? But say, who's goin' to keep the Kaiser from marching right on, now, to Paris?"

"Ha! Papa Joffre."

"How'd they come to send you to Cayenne?"

"Oh . . . wickedness."

"Eh? How's that?"

"Wickedness: wine, women, lying, cheating, always meking trouble. I t'ink I love wickedness.

"Ever read Hugo, Victor Hugo?"

"Mon Dieu, oui; I 'ave read ev-re-t'ing. Too many book 'ave I read."

"That sofa you made me is sure tiptop. Best I ever napped on. How'd you come to think of making a scroll saw out of a barrel hoop?"

"Oh, if I need somet'ing always I mek it. Ha! Firs' time I go to Senegal dose native dey will not trade me boat to go 'way. Dey no want blanket, shirt, boot. Dey say money—not'ing else. So I re-main two, t'ree day in dat nigger town; pick up all de ol' tin can; melt out de solder; an' mek me plenty nice money for buy one fine boat. Oh, I am one ver' bad ol' man. *Là, là, là, là!"*

When word came that the United States had got into the World War the *déportés* at Moengo took the day off. There were sixty of them; and they drank wine and sang songs and paraded, and ultimately took to chasing the black Dutchmen from end to end of the camp clearing because these unenlightened fellows persisted in remaining neutral. At this celebration Droissart became appropriately intoxicated. He leaned against his windmill pole and saluted.

"France 'ave cas' me out," he declaimed. "Today I cas' out France. Today I tek my stan' un'er de Stars an' Stripe. *Vive l'Amérique! Vive le Président Weelson! Vive Tetty Rose-felt! . . . Voilà.* I am one American!"

Soon after this demonstration the old man began to slip. For longer and more frequent periods he would sit idle in the shade of the pergola, resting. And one morning, after rising early and preparing coffee for his mates, he flopped back into his hammock; and there he stayed. We packed him off to our infirmary, but he sneaked out and returned to his corner of the loggia.

"Dat 'ospital is like prison. Too many year 'ave I spen' in prison. I stay 'ere, eh? My fr'en will 'elp me."

But finally we carried him out and shipped him off to the Catholic hospital in Paramaribo. There the sisters worked over him for a month or so. The whole camp was anxious about his condition.

"Miste' Sup'tendent Ah only inte'cede to make inquiry how is po' Papa Drawsa't?" inquired a corpulent black washerwoman.

"Oh, he's comin' along fine, I hear."

"That is good news, sir. Papa is a noble ol' gentleman. Three nights togethe', sir, he set up with my younges' whilst she was drawin' her firs' teeth; an' not a drop o' sleep he took, sir. Ah thank the Heavenly Fathe', sir."

"Ach yess, how goes it yet wit' Boppa?" inquired Nelius, the Dutch timber clerk.

Even the naked bush Negroes dropped in to talk about the gentle old man.

About the end of June he came back to Moengo, looking fine—for him. He had taken thymol for his hookworms and quinine prophylactic treatment for his fever bugs. He was in fettle all that day, greeting his friends and joking and visiting. "Tomorrow I go to work!"

"Looky here, Papa; see what's goin' to be your next job?" called the superintendent. "See that new shack yonder alongside the dynamite house? Well, that's your private office. You're powder boss, see? You gotta keep track of the amount of powder in stock, and 'tend to issuing it to the foremen. That bench there is where you can work at your other trades when you're not dishin' out dynamite. You got a tight roof there, le' me tell you, and a plank floor. And, looky here: I want about twenty pairs of those little dice, and a set of snippy French shoes carved out of pink bauxite, and a lot of those fancy round dinguses, souvenirs, y'know. Governor of the colony says he's comin' to visit us before long. Ought to have a paintin' of the camp made for him. You got paints? No more workin' in the hot sun for you, eh?"

But Papa did not show up at the new shack the next day. He was sick, in his hammock. The second morning the superintendent came to see about him; he was sicker.

"Hey, powder boss, what's eatin' you today?"

The Frenchman slowly raised up on his elbow. All his newly acquired energy had melted away. He was only an old, old man, facing in a foreign land the bitter last hours of a life that had somehow gone awry.

"Ah, my fr'en', I t'ink it is too late for powder boss. I t'ink it is too late for—ev-re-t'ing—you sen' me to Paramaribo, like gentleman—in bes' 'ospital—you gif me dat—office—w'ere I can mek my lil t'ings—powder boss—too—!"

Slowly the tousled head sank down into the blue French army blankets. A bony knee pushed out through grimy hammock mesh. Stifled sobs came.

"God—has punish me—too—much—!"

And then, surprisingly, he raised up again, voice steady. "W'at-I-tell-you-'bout-dat-lil-win'mill, eh?"

He was dying on the night before *le quatorze Juillet.* He sent Mila to bring the superintendent.

"One time I tell you one damn big lie—I say I cas' out France—Dat is not—true—Foreffer—I am Fr-r-rench!"

Then, after a longer pause, he raised up a gray finger and began: *"Allons, enfants de la—"*

His comrades took up the song. Forty outcast Frenchmen thundered the words of the Marseillaise.

And while they were singing, Papa Droissart died.

The men dressed him in his white town clothes. Among his things they found, wrapped in tissue and silk, a signed photograph of a great Frenchman: "To my dear friend Droissart—Zola." Someone slipped it into the breast pocket of his jacket.

The Chinese carpenter knocked together a little coffin of cedar boards. Valette, a cabinet-maker, provided a tall mahogany cross. The German tinsmith cut out a wreath of zinc immortelles and painted the metal leaves green, with a red zinc rose at the top. The burial took place at noon. A man with the face of a devil, who nevertheless had once been a priest, led the funeral procession. At the grave a yellow woman who was reputed to be not better than she should be sang two hymns in Dutch, weeping as she sang. The outcast priest recited a service for the dead and pitched the first shovelful of jungle mold down on the coffin. The superintendent next threw on a few clods and passed the shovel to a geologist. But the fat washerwoman came elbow-

ing her way to the edge of the grave, her eyes streaming:

"Stan' one side, please, sir, stan' one side. Le' me take nex' turn. Too long ma wash been waitin' already."

On our way back, just as we were nearing the main office building, the little red windmill leaped from its pole and fell crumpled at our feet. Nothing about it had worn out; nothing had broken. It had just quit.

A Negro foreman trembled and went ashy black. Barand crossed himself and picked up the windmill. He took it reverently to the graveyard corral.

And there rests Papa Droissart, an unlettered cross at his head with a rusting zinc wreath encircling it; and at the foot of the cross is the little tin windmill, still red in spots.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just put through a trying half-hour composing a bread-and-butter letter, or, as he prefers to call it, a "Collins" (in honor of that worthy gentleman whose letters so delighted the immortal Mr. Bennet). The Drifter deplores the custom of sitting down, immediately one has left a friendly roof, and committing to paper a series of polite nothings.

* * * * *

LET no one accuse the Drifter of ingratitude in these remarks. It is not that he never wishes to thank his host or hostess for kindness done and pleasure given. It is simply that he sometimes feels a longing to do just that very thing, but he knows that whatever he can say will sound like no more than what each and every child is taught to write after the dullest of visits. The Drifter knows whereof he speaks, for he has spent rather more time on visits already, he thinks, than most people spend in a lifetime. Somehow, with the best will in the world, he has never qualified as a host. His hearth is too evanescent. The visits, of course, have varied enormously in kind and quality. The letters have been almost exactly alike, save for an occasional desperate cadenza. And now he has just been faced with the problem of a particularly happy visit, for which he really is grateful. He has done his best, but the host in question, on receiving his sincere letter, will never dream but that his guest has simply "done his duty."

* * * * *

ONE possibility encourages the Drifter. Might not the telegraph companies be induced to take on the business of bread-and-butter letters? The letters could be listed by number, and could be carefully drawn up in advance to suit the circumstances: urban or rural; sea or mountains; large house-party or small, intimate week-end. Then, when some special occasion gladdens the Drifter's days, he could sit down and write, from his heart, to a host who would receive his letter as such. It was only the other day that the Drifter heard of a small friend of his who went to visit a cousin. "Did you have a good time?" his mother asked him when he came home. "Well, I would have had except that I kept wondering what I'd say afterwards when I wrote." "That's easy, then. Just say you enjoyed yourself." "But I didn't."

THE DRIFTER



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REVELATION

By ANDRÉ BIRABEAU *Translated by Una, Lady Troubridge*

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THE OPEN ROAD

What's Wrong with the *World?*

Letters from Nation Readers

A Few Exceptions

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Few, I think, could have read with more interest than I Mr. Villard's What's Wrong with the *World*? For twenty years I was a member of the *World's* editorial organization, and its day managing editor for six and one-half years of the period Mr. Villard had particularly under examination. With less hesitancy, then, than I might feel in discussing a situation with which I was not so intimately acquainted I make the following suggestions:

Mr. Villard, in saying that "the loss of prestige and of news value [by the *World*] came largely after the death of Frank I. Cobb in 1923 and during the managing editorship of Herbert Bayard Swope," attributes to Mr. Cobb a part in the news organization of the *World* that he never had and an interest in news, as such, that he never felt. His great gifts and his great services in his profession had to do with the discussion and not at all with the gathering or presentation of news. He just wasn't interested subjectively in news, as we had repeated, despairing reason to know.

Mr. Villard has quite as faulty a conception of Mr. Swope's services as of Mr. Cobb's. It is perfectly true that Mr. Swope did not do all his work in the office, but no one can know better than I how constantly he did work. As for "entangling alliances," three instances come back to me of intimate friendships that ended, and were never renewed, because his professional obligation transcended the personal. As for "hostile cliques within the office," it must be that I am a poorer reporter than I rate myself, for in thirty years of newspaper work I never knew an office where politics played so insignificant a part.

But there is really no reason why I should submit my own opinion. During the Swope regime, and more than a year after Mr. Cobb died, the *World* reached the peak of its circulation, with a daily average of more than 400,000, greater by 100,000 than that of its nearest standard-size competitor. Twice during the Swope regime the Columbia University Gold Medal for Public Service in Journalism was awarded the *World*. Twice during the Swope regime the *World* was cited formally by Mr. Villard and *The Nation*.

On December 15, 1924, a year after Mr. Cobb died, Mr. Villard called the *World* "the bravest, most outspoken, most liberal New York daily, and the most thoroughly devoted to democratic and American ideals."

On January 3, 1927, three years after Mr. Cobb died, *The Nation's* Honor Roll listed "the editors of the New York *World* for the crusading devotion to liberal ideals which makes of their daily the finest public servant in the urban press of the North."

Which is the balanced judgment?

New York, July 2 William Preston Beazell

[Mr. Villard did not forget the *World's* excellent record nor the number of times it has been cited for its admirable service. It was because of that record that he wrote as he did in alarm lest the *World* be lost to liberalism.—Editor The Nation.]

An Ex-Employee Agrees

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read Mr. Villard's article on the *World*, and as an ex-employee I want to express agreement with his analysis. I admire very much Walter Lippmann's great abilities, but it seems to me that Lippmann should never have succeeded Cobb. The change was too utterly abrupt, not so much in policy, perhaps, as in tone and in style. It seems to me that in recent years I frequently detect touches of "writing down" to the reader, a fatal fault in editorial matter; at the same time the *World* indulges too much in irony which appeals primarily to the limited "F. P. A." audience.

There have been grave faults in the news policy. I think the old "before-the-war" *World* policy of always having a few striking handmade stories in the ice-box for release when other news grew slack was the ideal policy for the *World*.

I am glad that in your article you evidently wrote more in sorrow than in anger. I can say truthfully that in all my years in the dome I never encountered the slightest suggestion of anything approaching "influence" as applied to the staff. I have nothing but the highest respect for the *World* tradition.

It reassures me to find that a student of the press should arrive at conclusions so nearly identical with mine, which I feared might have been influenced by prejudice or preconception.

New York, July 9 Ex-Employee

Still the Brightest in New York

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: This from a former *World* man, in appreciation of your analysis of the present state of that newspaper and, in fact, of all your recent articles on the press. I thought your diagnosis of the languishing of the *World* and the causes of it quite fair and accurate.

It has seemed to me that for obvious causes, some of which you mentioned, the *World* no longer fits into the journalistic scheme of things, either metropolitan or national. It is neither liberal fowl, conservative, stand-pat fish, nor good, popular red herring. It lacks orientation and direction. It hasn't marched with the times while retaining its traditional independence and authority of touch, as it most likely would have done had Joseph Pulitzer lived and retained his vigor, or had he left a successor of his caliber.

Then, too, coupled with its pristine sensationalism—later considerably modified—the popularity of the *World* lay largely among the discontented and the under-dogs, folks who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow. This appeal has lost force in the past decade, owing to prosperity and consequent indifference to the political and social ills against which the old *World* thundered and crusaded.

Weak or misfit executives also have contributed to the degenerative process. It doesn't follow through any more. It starts something with a hurrah and then loses interest. Growing deficits and loss of circulation, with no adequate remedies forthcoming or being applied, have also bred a spirit of timidity

and irresolution in the organization. I was amused—and measurably saddened—not long ago while talking with one of the editorial executives. I congratulated him upon the paper's attitude on Mexican affairs. With a pained expression he dug into his desk and produced a sheaf of not more than ten or a dozen complaints from American Catholics, protesting against the *World's* friendly editorial policy toward the Mexican government. "It's costing us circulation," he groaned.

But aside from all this, one would say that probably the root of the cancer lies in the fact that, setting aside a few non-news special features, it really isn't much of a *news*paper any more. Clients get more for their money in the other papers, or they think they do. If Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., could remake it, with the assistance of a competent news and editorial staff, he probably in time could put it back where it belongs, unless the patient is too far gone. I'm afraid, though, that the *World* has had its day, and that it is now too late to do much with it.

In their woodenness, conservatism, and lack of soul, the bulk of all our newspapers today are, I suppose, merely a natural consequence of the highly mechanized and material age in which we are living. Most of them are box-office propositions, pure and simple; they have to be, production costs and overhead being what they are.

But with all of the palpable evidences of marasmus which the patient presents, I do think that, so far as its news columns go, the *World* is the best and most brightly written paper in New York.

Mexico City, July 1 ROBERT H. MURRAY

Correct Diagnosis

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with great interest the article on the *World* in *The Nation* of June 24, and believe you diagnosed the case correctly. The Pulitzer paper here, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has lost its editorial initiative, and only holds up to its old standards in two particulars—the excellence of its Washington staff and in printing "all the news." It is under a terrific strain to contribute to the losses of the morning *World* and maintain itself here.

St. Louis, June 30 J. L. H.

Other Correspondence

Police Control in India

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Discussing the changes recommended by the Simon Commission, Mr. Richard B. Gregg in his very excellent article in your issue of July 9 states, as some others have done, that the police department would become a provincial function and might thus be placed in the hands of an Indian minister. If true, that change alone would grant half of the "substance of independence" Gandhi demands. But it is not so. The police will be, as is at present the case, an exclusively British function.

In Part IX, Article 329, the commissioners recommend that the "security services" (civil service and police) should

> *continue* to be recruited upon an All-India basis by the Secretary of State, *who should have power . . . to require provincial governments to employ these services in such numbers and in such appointments as he thinks necessary* (my italics).

New York, July 11 T. H. K. REZMIE

The Russian Bare

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 16 Heywood Broun, writing presumably to prove his frequently made point that the joke is on the Communists, says:

> At Russian bathing beaches wearers of suits are numbered among the bourgeoisie. No good Communist would dare exhibit such false modesty.

Unfortunately, I am not familiar with Russian bathing beaches under the Communist regime, but in the dear old Czarist days bathing suits were not used by anybody at either popular or smart resorts. When I frequented the gorgeous beach at Baku there were no Bolshevists there, but neither were there any bathing suits. Once they were all set for going in the water, it was impossible to distinguish between a Georgian princess and the cloakroom girl at the Mephisto. But maybe Mr. Broun has an easy way of telling a naked Communist from a naked bourgeois.

New York, July 11 SHEILA HIBBEN

Letters of D. H. Lawrence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be most grateful if you will give publicity to this request, addressed to all those who may have any letters from the late D. H. Lawrence in their possession. The administrators of Mr. Lawrence's estate have asked me to collect his letters, and arrangements have been made for having them copied and filed. May I therefore ask all those of Lawrence's correspondents to whom I have not already written personally to send their letters to Mrs. Hilton, 44 Mecklenburg Square, London, W.C. 1. The originals will be copied and returned as soon as possible. If it should be decided to publish any of the letters (the copyright in which vests exclusively in the estate), correspondents will be informed which of their letters or parts of letters have been selected.

London, July 1 ALDOUS HUXLEY

Contributors to This Issue

VICTOR S. YARROS is on the staff of the Chicago *Daily News*.

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Books

Spring Plowing

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

With the bent iron for plow we have reborrowed time,
Unshrouded virgins and retaken God.
Slowly the rain that filtered the torn hair
And bore her body's whiteness under
Gives up from odorous chambers her sweet breath,
And the mild east has bloomed in infant thunder:
There is no death.
Body of God lies sunning by the river.
Waken to light, O stone and tree and weed!
Hand of the plowman feels the furrows quiver;
Time's breached—the dead arise to sow the seed.

A Brutalized India

Must England Lose India? The Nemesis of Empire. By Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Osburn, D.S.O. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THIS is a terrible book—terrible in its description of conditions in India, more terrible still in its indictment of England. Writing, it would seem, in hot haste under the urge of righteous wrath, with little attention to style, not much to order, and with a good deal of repetition, Colonel Osburn literally flays alive the typical Englishman who represents British rule in India, and tears in shreds most of the alleged benefits which that rule has conferred. The onslaught is the more effective because Colonel Osburn, who has himself served in India as a medical officer, does not wish to see India independent; on the contrary, his one purpose, he assures us, is "to delay or prevent the demand in India for independence or home rule from becoming irresistible" by exposing the causes of the present discontent and suggesting remedies for existing evils. How, after the merciless and damning evisceration which he has made, he can look forward "to a time when the United States of India will dwell contented within the orbit of the British Commonwealth" is difficult to explain save on the assumption that the author has a faith in the ability of the English to change and the willingness of the Indians to forget that may fairly be regarded as sublime.

The English civil or military official in India, as Colonel Osburn pictures him, is a brute. He is a pronounced Negrophobe, despises all classes of Indians as inferiors, and treats them indiscriminately worse than he would a cur. He bullies, beats, flogs, and mutilates them, curses them on the roads, berates them obscenely in shops or public places, flouts their customs, outrages their religious feelings and observances, and makes India, for the Indians, a hell on earth. At the garrison club he drinks heavily, gambles, dances, makes love to officers' wives, and boasts of the outrageous abuses which he has visited upon merchants, farmers, workers, or priests. For any Englishman to take an Indian's part or even extend to him ordinary courtesy is to risk suspicion, social ostracism, or official rebuke.

The terrorism of officialdom is supplemented by the terrorism of the native police. Colonel Osburn, who fills his pages with specific incidents, is scathing in his denunciation of a system which places natives of one province in police control of another. The police beat, torture, steal, and rape, all with the knowledge and tacit consent of their English masters. To get on the books of the police is to incur the presumption of guilt on all future occasions, and in addition to be persecuted, hounded, abused, and robbed.

The explanation of this extraordinary attitude of the English in India is found by Colonel Osburn in the "colossal conceit" of the upper-middle-class Englishman "that he is a divinely appointed governor in perpetuity of about half the earth—if not the remainder—when he has had time to take it," and in the fact that most of the Englishmen who go to India are products of Eton, Harrow, or other so-called public schools. The arraignment of life at these schools which Colonel Osburn offers exceeds in terribleness anything of the kind that I know of in English literature. Nurseries of snobbery, brutality, viciousness, and laziness, the merest mockery of education as a veneer for their rottenness, teachers steeped in violence toward their pupils, and "authority" magnified at the expense of reason and social decency—such is the picture. No greater service could be done to the English upper middle class, Colonel Osburn declares, "and indirectly to the Empire and the world at large, than to close down these tradition-ridden haunts of corruption and to compel all England's children to attend England's national schools."

Colonel Osburn devotes a good deal of space to sexual matters, and passes severe strictures on Miss Mayo's "Mother India" as hopelessly one-sided and mischievous. His training and experience as a physician lead him to find in the climatic and social conditions of India an explanation of much that passes for immorality, and he rejects altogether the charge of degeneracy due to sexual excess. Indirectly, at least, he seems to defend regulated prostitution and child marriage as inescapable under the circumstances. For the English provincialism and snobbishness which judges all sex relations by its own prudish standards he has, naturally, only unrestrained scorn.

The remedies which the book suggests appear curiously inadequate to the situation which it describes. Colonel Osburn would like to have India and other dependent parts of the Empire governed only with the consent of the governed. To that end, he would require every Englishman who serves in India to know something about the country before he goes and learn more while he is there; he would forbid and punish offensive language and abusive conduct toward Indians, put a stop to missionary talk about the "depravity" of Hindus, extend habeas corpus to the country, prohibit the exportation of food until a falling price invited waste, reduce taxation, spend more of the revenue on health and education, and cut down the preposterous sums now paid for the army, the secret service, official salaries, and extravagant building schemes. The money lender should "have his wings severely clipped," the police force should be demilitarized, and the problem of a spawning population met by official recognition and encouragement of birth control.

Whether or not India should be independent is, of course, a matter of opinion. Not only does Colonel Osburn, as has been said, think that it should not if by any possibility it can be induced to remain in the Empire, but he goes so far as to deprecate attempts to establish social equality between Indians and English. The average Indian, he insists, is unclean, he has an offensive body odor, and his table manners are bad. It is quite obvious that at this point, as at a number of others, Colonel Osburn is still an Englishman, and even his rough handling of Kipling has not freed him wholly from the Kipling taint. His revolt against English rule in India, however, is so outstanding and his condemnation of the system and of those who administer it so severe as to make his book a challenge that will have to be met. If the British Labor Government can let this book go unanswered, then surely have the statesmen of Labor hardened their hearts, closed their eyes, and stopped their ears.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Tranquil Journeys

The Gentleman in the Parlour. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.
Hot Countries. By Alec Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.
The Last Paradise. By Hickman Powell. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $4.

IF one is to judge by the tone of at least the first two of these books, the great liners and railroads that make travel easy and the imperialism that secures the life and property of their passengers have also made a little too easy and too safe the writing of travel books. Mr. Maugham and Mr. Waugh traveled so comfortably that they had the leisure and the energy to compose their books during the few months of their journeys. And both have written with their minds on the comfort of their readers, who will ride smoothly, even luxuriously, through their pages. They do not intend to treat the reader strenuously like Doughty or Lawrence, Mungo Park or Cunninghame Graham.

Of the three books Mr. Waugh's manages, almost through sheer nonchalance, to be the most interesting. It is by no means as exciting as its title, but its author keeps up a flow of small talk of the sort that would single him out as an interesting companion in the salon of any ocean liner. It is not talk that remains for any length of time in the mind, but it does not irritate with any pretensions.

Mr. Maugham's book is depressing. It is languid and tepid. It attempts to entertain and employs in the effort the genial essay, the anecdote, and two fanciful fairy tales that serve no other purpose than to prove, to Mr. Maugham, how clever he is. The book is made up of digressions, but unfortunately the digressions suggest not an active and inquisitive mind adventuring outside the bounds it has set itself, but a tired mind unwilling to stick to its labors and allowing itself holidays of triviality. Mr. Maugham attempts some excuse for himself when he says: "I am writing it for my own diversion and I hope that it will divert also such as care to spend a few hours in reading it. I am a professional writer and hope to get from it a certain amount of money and perhaps a little praise." The praise, unless Mr. Maugham is undiscriminating about the applauders, is likely to be little indeed.

Mr. Powell's book displeases by its earnestness as much as Mr. Maugham's by its bored off-handedness. It defends an illusion with banalities. I have not been in Bali and consequently cannot say "no" when Mr. Powell says "yes." Nevertheless I find Mr. Powell's evidence unconvincing; and I am reminded of too many other "last paradises." Some years ago D. H. Lawrence discovered one in Sardinia. Others have been located in all the archipelagoes of the Pacific Ocean. One enthusiast recently reported the "last paradise" among the Dukhobors in Canada; only last season Mr. Larson established it on the cold steppes of Mongolia. And Mr. Waugh says that the Tahitians have some hope of finding it in Europe. Mr. Powell's process is the old one. There are only motes in the eye of Bali, but beams always in the eye of Western civilization. Everything in Bali is acceptable—at least what is objected to is not mentioned—including cockfighting and feudalism, for both of which Mr. Powell finds ingenious defenses. In contrast, nothing in the West is acceptable, though Mr. Powell inexplicably returns to it.

Now Mr. Powell may be right, but he does protest too much to persuade me. If he could only have forgotten his thesis and not confused each description and each incident with a comparison in disfavor of the West he might have had room to tell more. I found his few pages of matter-of-fact notes more interesting than the adjectival text. Mr. André Roosevelt, who contributes the supplement of photographs, tells us in a preface that Mr. Powell can write. One can only add an irreverent "and how!" The writing is an almost continuous purple patch. It is precisely the sort of writing that has produced the recent revolt against style and made a great deal of plain and dreary writing popular.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

This Side the Land of Promise

New Zealand in the Making. By J. B. Condliffe. University of Chicago Press. $5.

A GENERATION ago the eyes of liberals and radicals were fixed upon New Zealand, then regarded as the world front of progressive political and industrial democracy. Interest waned with the triumph of a conservative government in 1912, and since the birth of Soviet Russia has almost ceased. This is natural but unreasonable on the part of those liberals who still have a sneaking belief in democracy; for Russia is avowedly contemptuous of democracy, while New Zealand, in spite of conservative control for the last eighteen years, has not canceled much of the advanced program put into effect before then and is able to show democratic experiments of nearly two score years' standing.

Mr. Condliffe, formerly professor of economics in Canterbury College, New Zealand, and a resident of the Dominion for a quarter of a century, tells the country's story admirably from the viewpoint of an economist. He is perhaps a little niggardly in the credit or blame which he assigns to legislative experiments in the making of New Zealand. Agricultural efficiency rather than any ventures in state socialism has been the primary cause of New Zealand's prosperity, he thinks. "All of the essential features of mass production, usually credited only to the newer factories in America, are to be observed in a well-organized shearing shed, and most of them anticipated and owe little to Henry Ford or the Fordization of industry."

Whatever exaggeration there may be in this view, Mr. Condliffe is in accord with all students of New Zealand when he points out that neither socialist theory nor trade-union influence had any considerable part in the Dominion's political-industrial innovations of a generation ago. They were essentially opportunistic; and they bore no labels. The lack of political philosophy is not improbably the reason, although Mr. Condliffe does not suggest it, why the movement spent itself so soon. There was no continuing program, no ultimate goal. The movement began as a demand for land in a population shut off from the soil by the existence of great estates, closely held but poorly used. Yet when the gnawings of soil hunger had been somewhat appeased, land nationalization was forgotten in a gradual gravitation toward freehold ownership. Land reform ended in the ground instead of in the sky. So, too, with the wage worker. He sought only higher pay and better working conditions, not control of industry, and when he had become relatively well off he let it go at that, leaving New Zealand industry as completely capitalistic as that of the United States. Nor will our liberals who look forward to a union of the small farmers with the city workers find much comfort in New Zealand experience. The political-industrial program of a generation ago was made possible by small farmer–city worker cooperation, but since then class cleavages have appeared, so that today the small farmer believes he has "little to gain and much to lose from alliance with the Labor Party."

Mr. Condliffe's explanation of why New Zealand liberalism petered out into "satisfied mediocrity and provincialism" is the arid and bureaucratic educational system. In conse-

quence of, or in connection with, the pallid intellectual life, "there are many evidences of failure to evince any very real trust in freedom of thought and expression," and imported books are subject to a censorship as ridiculous as that of Boston. Mr. Condliffe complains with justice that "in a world which is eagerly discussing disarmament New Zealand stands stoutly by its system of compulsory military training," and he finds it equally incongruous that the Dominion has neglected to send representatives to the conferences of the International Labor Organization or to ratify any of its conventions.

No, the New Zealanders of a generation ago never reached the Land of Promise. Without the excuse of a blow-out or a lack of filling stations en route, they failed from more ignoble reasons. They found pleasant picnic grounds along the road and dallied in them. Lacking maps and programs and dreams, they quit the trail to become realtors or butter-and-egg men. But they have left some institutions which are still unique and an experience which is priceless. New Zealand is still the only *democracy* which settles industrial disputes through compulsory arbitration; has done so for thirty-six years. The court has had three periods. First it was opposed by the employers and championed by the workers; then it was championed by the employers and opposed by the workers; today it again has the support of organized labor and some opposition from employers, though it is so generally accepted by the country as a whole that there is no serious thought of trying to abolish it.

Since New Zealand was the first country to introduce woman suffrage (in 1893), one notes Mr. Condliffe's appraisal of the movement with curiosity. He finds its influence conservative, especially in protecting the institution of the family. "The integrity of family life persists in New Zealand and is less shaken by new and disturbing ideas of sexual morality and human relationships than in most countries." It seems that "entry into clerical and professional occupations is free; but there is far less advantage taken of these opportunities than one might expect in a country of universal education and sex equality. Women lawyers, doctors, and dentists are rare; there is only one woman professor (of home science) in the whole university." No woman has ever been elected to New Zealand's Parliament.

ARTHUR WARNER

Beyond Death

After-Walker. By Leonard Cline. The Viking Press. $2.

LEONARD CLINE was skilful in the use of verse patterns as well as in the writing of prose (he published three novels), but the general subject matter of this book of verse is commonplace and the vision is not at all extraordinary save in one instance, After-Walker, a poem which may or may not have specific reference to the tragedy of the author's own days.

The After-Walker—the title is excellent—is a man looking upon himself hanged, the spirit gone out of the flesh and addressing the dead body. Once or twice, especially in the very closing portion addressed to love, the poem descends to the sentimental, but for the most part it is a stark picture of the body hanging and the day of that hanging passing into sunset.

> From the gibbous moon he hung,
> Through the stars his body swung
> All a long night, a night long:
> With the rhythm of tired song
> Between the clouds his body sweeps
> Hanged by the neck until he sleeps.

And as the day finally ends:

> But the gold waning with one knell
> Of throbbing saffron fades away.
> Brown is the ending of death's day.
> And reft of wings the haggard light
> Like dawn at cockcrow quivers white.
> This was the hour when Love thought best
> The babe should wail at Mary's breast:
> Himself, and on His brow her kiss.
> The dead know well the truth of this.

Now and then the emphasis on the universal significance of the poem is lost because lines are allowed to flow a little too easily, and sometimes too much mass for perfect structure is granted a single image.

Mr. Cline could write excellent ballads, as his Snake will testify, and he had always a command of rhythm. Intensity is sometimes lacking in his work, and his talent is not always directed in the best way, but that he had talent there can be no doubt.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Making of History

World Politics in Modern Civilization. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.50.

THE more that intelligent men look about them, the more they realize that inherent unity of the world which manifests itself in the minutest and seemingly most local facts of our social life. A perusal of post-war bibliography would, I feel sure, afford impressive proof of the rapid progress which the world view of things is making, at least in that minority of men who use their minds. Professor Barnes has just added an invaluable item to this bibliography in the shape of a substantial treatise on "World Politics in Modern Civilization."

The scale of the work is thus marked from the very outset in its title. It is world politics which Professor Barnes is going to discuss; not the politics of this or that state. And, as it should be, his book unfolds before our eyes vast perspectives of world import. In a first part entitled The Origins of Nationalism, Capitalism, and Imperialism the author discusses successively nationalism, its origins and significance; the origins of the old colonial movement and the expansion of Europe; and the commercial revolution with its outstanding economic, cultural, and institutional changes. Modern capitalism and national imperialism are then tackled in the second part in a series of scholarly chapters devoted to the capitalistic revolution; the social and political changes due to it; the rise and development of nationalistic patriotism—a chapter which Professor Barnes somewhat provincially designates The Emergence of the Hundred-Percenter—the repressed nations on the eve of the war; the activities of modern capitalism and national imperialism in Africa, Asia, and Oceania; the British Empire and Latin America; and finally the general results of contemporary national imperialism. With Part III of his work Professor Barnes enters frankly into the study of the World War, which he considers as the outcome of the forces described in the two previous parts. This part contains chapters on the war complex in contemporary culture, the World War in the making, the outbreak of the World War, and how the United States became involved in the international anarchy. Part IV describes what Professor Barnes calls the rise and fall of the legend of a Holy War in chapters devoted to the Wilson epoch, the genesis of the legend of a Holy War, the secret treaties and the just peace, the collapse of the fiction of a Holy War. Finally, in Part V, under the title Patriotic Mendacity Versus World Order: the Attempt to Salvage the Wreck of Europe, Professor Barnes invites us to discuss in succession the importance of the question of war responsibility in contemporary

history, American historians and the war-guilt controversy, the end of the war myth, the League of Nations and world peace, the peace movement from Kant to Kellogg, war debts and reparations, war guilt, the post-war treaties and international politics in contemporary Europe, and a sensible foreign policy of the United States.

I have made a point of enumerating in all detail the subjects dealt with by the author, first, because I know by experience how unfair it is for the reviewer to fail to do so, since the chief purpose of a review ought to be to give as accurate a notion as possible of the scope of the work; and secondly, because the bare enumeration of the subjects discussed in Professor Barnes's work shows how vast his conception has been, so vast indeed as to do honor to his imagination no less than to the college which enabled him to gather together such immense masses of material in the midst of his other work. This mass of material is so impressive that it may well account at least in part for the feeling that the author has not allowed himself sufficient time for sifting, weighing, and above all organizing it.

The work deserves so much respect for its excellent historical understanding and so much admiration for the courage with which thorny issues are tackled that it calls forth a frank and open discussion of its shortcomings in the hope of future improvements. On the whole it would appear to suffer from a lack of distance from the facts. Facts are the enemies of the constructive historian, for if he has the stuff of the historian in him he falls in love with them and therefore cannot get away from them. Now just as poets when they sing must be at a certain distance from their emotions—for otherwise the matter of the poem will not cool down into form—so historians must write at a certain distance from their facts—for otherwise they will fail to see the fact of facts, which is their synthesis.

It is doubtful whether the reader of this otherwise excellent book will feel his mind any clearer for having read it, though he will feel it pretty well stocked for the next twenty years of international discussions in club and drawing-room. From this vast survey of events and tendencies few if any general ideas can be said to emerge. Nor am I to be lightly dismissed with an airy contempt for "abstractions" and "generalizations." But for abstractions and generalizations mankind would be still on the level of apes. When the illiterate peasant answering the inquiring motorist says "*straight* on," meaning by it "you keep on this hopelessly winding and meandering road," he is indulging in pure abstraction; when a baby just learning to speak calls a white cat "pussy" because he called a black cat "pussy" the day before, he is generalizing. Let us once and for all drive out of civilized society that contempt for abstractions and generalizations which if indulged in would destroy civilization altogether. The danger that may be found in them, that is, an insufficient basis of fact, is far from us as we sit in front of these 600 pages.* The danger of doing without them is apparent in several features of this remarkable work.

And to begin with—in its defective perspective as shown in a curious disproportion between the importance of the facts and the space granted them. Thus, for instance, out of the seven pages devoted to contemporary international migrations no less than four are given over to a detailed discussion of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. No comment is needed to show that there is here an example of lack of proportion. Now this is not an exceptional case. Several other examples might be quoted of vast international issues sidetracked into discussions of incidental subjects, important and interesting in themselves, excellently treated in themselves, yet wholly or partly irrelevant and always out of proportion in the general scheme.

This line of criticism applies also to the central theme itself. For here, in "World Politics in Modern Civilization," there was a general subject which, treated in a general way, with distance and elevation, might have yielded fruitful results. The author may forgive me for saying that in my opinion he sidetracks the issue into a discussion of the war-guilt question. Most of Part III, the whole of Part IV, and most of Part V are devoted to a scholarly, painstaking, and detailed discussion of this vexed and insoluble question. Professor Barnes attaches great importance to it. There is weight in his reasons but possibly a lesser weight than he imagines. For is it in the contemplation of past errors that progress lies or is it rather in the contemplation of future achievements? In answering our query we would willingly suggest as an argument in favor of the second alternative Mr. Barnes's own treatment of the war-guilt problem. Even if we took at his estimate the importance of the matter itself we do not gather that much utility could be obtained out of a discussion which even a mind of so pure an intention and so painstaking a historical sense as Professor Barnes's cannot undertake to our satisfaction. I venture to suggest that I am in mind and heart as neutral as any man—by nationality, by taste, and by training—yet I honestly declare that Professor Barnes's treatment of the war-guilt question seems to me lacking in judicial detachment, as a number of quotations from his book would, I think, establish beyond doubt—to the very few neutrals who remain on earth (most of them have fled to heaven or are making arrangements thereto).

Here again it is a matter of distance. Raw materials are everywhere in the form of statistics and long and frequent quotations. Raw materials are also everywhere in the form of strong adjectives pleading and in continuous judging of men and things. We may perhaps be forgiven for insisting on this last point, which seems to us important. There is an admirable ethical passion in this book, an earnest desire to better things and to make life nobler. But this very quality of the author's mind does disservice to the book by upsetting the fine balance of dialectical discussion to be expected in history and by setting the discussion in a mood which is altogether unfit for understanding. The whole discussion of war guilt, irrelevant as it seems to us in substance, is even more irrelevant in manner. Far from me the cynical indifference to moral issues in public life which for some reason or other is associated with the name of Machiavelli. But then I am not, thank heaven, the confessor or spiritual director of any of the protagonists of the great tragedy of 1914-1918. Let the Greys and Poincarés, the Izvolskis and Hohenzollerns settle the matter with their own consciences. Let the world, moreover, register as soon as possible the obvious conclusion that the singling out of Germany to bear the burden of war guilt is silly. But for heaven's sake let us grow up and cease talking of nations as if they were characters in a play.

Distance again would have enabled the author to delve deeper into his facts. Perhaps the weakest spot in his treatment is due to his handling of psychological factors. Such is the case in his discussion of nationalism, in which, in my opinion, the natural element is neglected, and also in his analysis of the causes of war. But the observation applies to all the book. Psychology is the core of politics, and, for instance, a sound psychological discussion of the world in 1912 would have been far more illuminating than the comparison of delicately shaded half-truths emitted by both sides of the World War before, during, and after it.

The pity of it all is that owing to this shortcoming there is no question that the constructive part of Mr. Barnes's work

*While on this point of facts, and to show that we can all play at this game, let me point out that Dreyfus is spelt Dréyfus on page 133 and that there is no excuse for describing an Argentine statesman as *Signor* Drago. I may add that the version of my name given in the footnote to page 533, though an improvement on it, is not an authorized version.

does not correspond to the admirable industry with which the materials have been gathered for it. This is particularly striking with regard to the great economic forces of our contemporary world. Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy occupy the front of the stage. But those other great powers of our day—banking, coal, steel, shipping—are but shadowy figures in the background. For similar reasons the League of Nations is treated in a manner hardly above the journalistic level and such things as the Kellogg pact are discussed without sufficient penetration. I would go farther and say that despite a fine effort there are one or two cases, not unimportant ones, in which the author fails to reach an international point of view with regard to American foreign policy. The last chapter, A Sensible Foreign Policy for the United States, seems to us hastily put together, for otherwise the suggestions made would have been more in harmony with the courage and ability of this exceptionally gifted American intellectual.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

Books in Brief

Wooden Swords. By Jacques Deval. The Viking Press. $2.50.

"Wooden Swords," which is the choice of the Literary Guild for July, is at once a leap in the dark and a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. M. Deval does not hold with those who took their war too seriously. Relegated by the examining physicians to the Service of Supplies, he was naturally in no position to do so. He may have observed that the gap between laughter and tears is often infinitesimal and that the postures of tragedy are often the instruments of comedy. It is not a new formula, even as applied to the war. Both E. E. Cummings and Jaroslav Hasek have applied it before, the one to his experiences in "The Enormous Room," and the other to the adventures of "The Good Soldier, Schweik." Simple justice might ask an explanation of why Mr. Cummings's eight-year-old book has been delicately accepted as caviar while M. Deval's pleasant but inferior offering becomes the meat loaf of the season's reading. But the answer need interfere with no one's enjoyment of a moderately entertaining book.

A Short History of British Expansion. By James A. Williamson. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company. $12.

This is a revised and greatly enlarged edition of a one-volume work first published in 1922 and reprinted with some corrections in 1927. The revision consists principally in the expansion from eight chapters to seventeen, naturally with a good deal of rewriting of the old material, of Part V, dealing with the development of the British Empire after 1783. In its present form the book offers a readable and on the whole impartial sketch of the history of the dominions and other possessions, the evolution of imperial policy in the nineteenth century, and the emergence of the idea of a British Commonwealth of Nations in place of the earlier idea of an Empire. The chapters on imperial aspects of the World War and modern India and the accounts of the various Imperial Conferences are specially to be commended as useful summaries.

People of the Small Arrow. By J. H. Driberg. Brewer and Warren. $3.

Intimate, vivid sketches like these of the life of a primitive tribe are rarer than they should be. These are written without condescension, with an obvious delight in the very charming native scene. They are equally free from the pedagogue's responsibility to inclose the greatest possible amount of information in the given sugar coating. The loves and wars, the personal successes and defeats, the herding and mourning, and the mud-cattle play of the children are pictured with restraint and verisimiltude. There are perhaps not many tribes in Africa that are as gracious, as unbranded by the terror of witchcraft or the custom of wholesale slaughter as this Nilotic tribe of Uganda, and there is double good fortune in the fact that Dr. Driberg has recorded their daily life in such gracious and unforced prose. The drawings by Pearl Binder are decorative and distinguished.

Rapallo to Dawes, 1922-1924. The Diary of an Ambassador. By Viscount d'Abernon. With Historical Notes by Maurice Alfred Gerothwohl. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

This second instalment of the d'Abernon diary, covering the year and a half from June, 1922, to the end of 1923, is prefaced by an introductory survey of the period, an essay containing some acute observations on the character of the French people, and a series of personal appreciations of Poincaré, Asquith; Winston Churchill, Wirth, Maltzan, von Seeckt, and Stinnes. As in the previous volume, the editor contributes a number of explanatory or connecting passages and some brief biographical notes. The interest of the period for Germany centered in the decline of the mark and the French invasion of the Ruhr, and the entries in the diary reflect the gloom and anxiety which those events occasioned and the grave political uncertainty of the immediate future. Beyond these matters, Viscount d'Abernon received a good deal of intimate and more or less confidential information about political conditions in Italy, Austria, France, and Russia and kept in pretty close touch with what was going on in England. His personal appraisals, especially of Poincaré, Tchitcherin (of whose abilities he appears to have formed no high opinion), Bonar Law, and the German leaders, are keen and illuminating, and he sets down a number of good stories about contemporaries and others. A third volume, carrying the record from the Dawes plan to Locarno, is promised.

Confucianism. By Frederick Starr. Covici-Friede. $3.

Confucianism began as a system of ethics some twenty-five hundred years ago; it developed into a philosophy, and later into a religion. Though it became a state religion adopted even by the alien Manchus it retained its ethical and philosophic aspects. It is this evolution, with its interrelations with Far Eastern social, cultural, and political developments, that Dr. Starr designs to give us. He is not successful. In a modest preface he disclaims any originality and declares that the book is, in the main, the opinions of other scholars pieced together and filled out with biographical and historical comment. It would have been well if Dr. Starr had been more ambitious. The book is too small in bulk and in essential insight to be useful. The quotations appear without sufficient supporting context; the biographical and historical comment is too sketchy to contribute the sense of contemporaneousness and personality which might have helped our understanding.

The Growth and Decadence of Constitutional Government. By J. Allen Smith. Introduction by the late Vernon Louis Parrington. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

The late professor of political science in the University of Washington offers in this book trenchant criticisms of a number of tendencies in American government, chiefly those which have magnified federal authority at the expense of the authority of the States, given to the Supreme Court a virtually uncontrollable veto on legislation, and fettered the expression of public opinion. In all these things he sees a lamentable departure from the original conception of the federal system which Calhoun, whom he particularly admires, expounded unsuccessfully in opposition to the centralizing doctrines of

Marshall and Webster. Much of the responsibility for the untoward trend he finds in capitalism, the natural ally of governmental centralization, while at the door of Christianity, with its emphasis upon one true religion and a universal church, he lays the burden of aiding the imperialism which characterizes American foreign policy. Precisely what he would like to see done about it is not quite clear, but he evidently thinks that the future of the country would be safer, morally and intellectually as well as politically, if the constitutional independence of the States could be restored, if local communities could be emancipated from the control of ignorant and incompetent legislatures, and if individual liberty might go the length of admitting "the right to act as one's own judgment dictates where his opinion is opposed to that generally held." There is much excellent writing in the book, and its general contentions, if not always convincing, are thoughtfully and ably argued.

History and Monuments of Ur. By C. J. Gadd. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

A hundred years ago the whole of the pre-Persian history of Asia Minor was a blur. Today it is possible to set down in fair detail the record of a single city. Dr. Gadd adds to his scholarship so fine a writing gift that his book becomes at once one of the outstanding volumes on Mesopotamian history and civilization. A considerable portion of the book is a careful and comprehensive description of the numerous fine illustrations. This method, so ably used by the Russian historian Rostovtseff, may point to a valuable technical innovation in historical writing. By means of it the reader's share becomes, to a small extent, participatory.

Portrait of a Chinese Lady. By Lady Hosie. William Morrow and Company. $5.

The Chinese lady is said to be the wife of one of the Kuomintang leaders. She is a charming figure and through her story the author leads us upon her larger quest, an acquaintance with Chinese life. Lady Hosie introduces us not to monuments and Bibles, but to the living people of China. Her book is full of charming incidents, pleasant anecdotes, and delightful personalities, chatty and eminently companionable. It is occasionally gushing; and it is disposed to be rather too trusting of Westerners living in China. One seems to feel in her account an unconscious championship of the Western missionary and teacher caste to which she belongs. However, the sincerity of her love and understanding of the Chinese cannot be questioned. Her book illustrates once again the banality that humanity is the same everywhere, but this is a truth that seems to need perennial restatement.

A Short History of California. By Rockwell D. Hunt and Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $4.50.

This book will be hailed and approved by boards of education, colleges, and libraries of official California. Only one scanty and inexplicit chapter can be in the least displeasing to them—that dealing with the routing of the hundred and fifty thousand native peoples whom the settlers regarded and treated as just so much of the fauna of a new land. In two generations this original population has been "reduced" to twelve thousand, and driven into the desert to starve or to the short grass of the upper hills "to compete with the squirrels for acorns." After the early legislatures had accorded them legal status they were further despoiled and euchred of their holdings by the courts in the blithe and care-free California way. The modern student will seek elsewhere for a better accounting for the State as a social compound as it is found today with its Tom Mooney case and its score or more of political prisoners confined in the prisons of that fair land.

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Women Mill Slaves in Japan

THE following article on the conditions under which women labor in the Japanese cotton industry is taken from the *New Statesman,* English liberal weekly. According to the editor of the *New Statesman,* it was written by a correspondent who has lately returned from Japan.

Something is known of the way in which girls in Japan are contracted to the factories for a term of years. What is less familiar is the reason why farmers in Japan send their daughters to the mills, where their health is often ruined at the end of the three years' contract. The reason is poverty. The same grinding poverty which makes the Japanese peasant sell his daughter to the brothels of the Yoshiwara forces him to contract his daughter to the factory in order to eke out his subsistence from her earnings. . . .

It is quite true that labor conditions in Japan have greatly improved during the past few years, or at least that they have done so in the bigger factories in large towns. . . . Girls in the big factories are no longer held to their work by the large sums borrowed by their parents through the recruiting agents and put down in their contract with the company which employs them as a debt that must be worked off by their labor. Conditions have been made tolerable enough for them to work out their two or three years' contract without the security of a large debt, and without running away to become inmates of unlicensed houses or waitresses—a profession which in Japan is in the same category as geishas and prostitutes. Nevertheless, even in the model factories conditions are far from ideal. The girls sleep ten or twelve to a room, occupying usually one and a half mats each—a mat is six feet by three. They used to work ten hours and have four or five rest days a month. Since the curtailment of night work by the law which came into force in July, 1929, they have worked eight and one-half hours and had two rest days only. And the latest reports from Japan show that labor has been made so much more intense to compensate for the shorter working hours that tuberculosis is now becoming even more prevalent than before. Their food consists of rice and a little vegetables and pickles, with a piece of fish three times a week and meat very occasionally. In one factory, after a strike, curry rice was given once a month. This diet, though probably more abundant than what the girl has received in her poverty-stricken peasant home, is clearly not adequate for the strain of work in a modern factory . . . which probably accounts for the fact that most girls cannot stand the strain of factory life for more than two or three years.

But apart from the physical conditions of work, there is an extraordinary lack of freedom. Here are girls spending two or three years away from home, without friends, without anything to look forward to beyond their day's work, and without being allowed to leave the factory freely or to spend their earnings as they please. Even a girl earning 30 yen a month*—the average wage after six months' training—only receives about 5 yen as pocket money. Of the rest, 4.50 yen is taken for her board, 2 yen to pay her debt to the company for the 20 or 30 yen paid to her or her parents in advance for railway fare and equipment, 60 sen for health insurance, and about 12 yen is usually sent home to her parents. Whatever is left over is "saved" for her by the company, whether she wishes it or not. She spends her 5 yen on sweets and cakes to supplement her dull and inadequate diet. If she wants extra money for a kimono or other purchase she has to get permission from the matron to draw it. On the other hand, she can buy "on tick" from the factory shop. . . .

Nor are the girl workers able to better their condition by organized or cooperative action. Trade unions are not allowed, and although in a few factories the workers are members they have to keep it secret. When a strike occurs among the men and the girls join in, it is usual for the management to lock up the girls in their dormitories and prevent their communicating with the men outside. Anyhow, if the girls could get out they would be helpless, as they cannot touch their savings held by the management and their homes are too far away for them to get to. Further, the police usually assist the employers by arresting the men's leaders. In the big towns like Osaka and Tokio it is not always possible to prevent the girls being drawn into trade unions in spite of their very short hours of contact with the outside world. They are sometimes drawn in by the men workers. When this is the case the manager of the factory writes to the girl's parents or even brings them up to the factory if necessary, threatens them that their daughter will have to leave and that they will no longer get their twelve yen a month from her wages, tells them that she has come under the influence of dangerous radicals, and so on. The parents, often not yet freed from feudal sentiments, terrified and frightened, then bring pressure to bear upon their daughter and she has to abandon the union. . . .

In Japan there is no unemployment insurance and no poor relief, in spite of the increasing amount of unemployment in the towns, nor are any sanitary services provided. The total expenses incurred per head for the women operatives under the heading of "welfare" are from 20 to 25 sen a day, or 7.50 yen a month, inclusive of loss on food, for which the girl pays 4.50 yen a month, but which costs about 9 yen. The 4 yen a month which goes toward her food may legitimately be added to the wages cost to raise the average wage from 30 to 34 yen a month. The remaining 3.50 (taking the higher figure of 25 yen) is equivalent to about 6s. 4d. [$1.50] a month. Set against this the English employer's expenses for health and unemployment insurance and rates and the balance is pretty plainly in favor of the Japanese employer, even if £2 or £3 a head, spread over two or three years, is allowed him for recruiting expenses. . . .

As regards the actual amenities provided for the Japanese workers in the big factories, there is some instruction in sewing and "flower arrangement," and in some factories by paying a small fee the girls can attend classes to continue their education. A cinema show is occasionally given. There are also lectures on "ethics," which means the inculcation of filial piety, and of loyalty to emperor and to employer, with a view to keeping the girls obedient and amenable to strict discipline and to prevent them from joining trade unions. Then there is the provision of baths and the hospital, which is kept up partly by the management and partly by the workers' health-insurance contributions. This is about all that comes under "welfare." The girls, of course, clean their own rooms and do their own washing, and they also clean the halls and passages.

Outside the big combined spinning and weaving concerns which belong to the Japan Master Cotton Spinners' Association are many small weaving mills where conditions have changed little in recent years, where hours are longer and working conditions worse, but where labor is not usually so

* These figures relate to average earnings for ten working hours daily. When hours were curtailed by forbidding work to go on between 11 p. m. and 5 a. m., piece rates were left as before and the girls told to make up the loss by working harder.

The yen is now at par [about 48 cents], but was then and had for long been less [about 44 cents].

intense. Here girls are still kept locked up till they have worked off the debt set down in their contracts; and one reads in the Japanese press of girls caught trying to escape over the high walls and injuring themselves, and of girls burned to death when a fire occurs because their windows were barred and the door locked. There are only a few dozen factory inspectors for the whole of Japan, and, moreover, fines, when imposed for working more than the eleven hours allowed by the law or for other offenses, are exceedingly low. More than half of Japan's 145,000 wide power looms, as well as all her narrow power looms and hand looms for manufacturing cloth for the home market, belong to small concerns outside the association, and of those concerns within the association only the model factories are shown to the foreign visitor.

But in these small weaving sheds, and to a lesser extent in the big mills, there is a growing number of women operatives who remain at work after marriage and come to the factory daily from their homes. As yet they are unorganized and in many places still belong to the rural population. But it seems inevitable that, with the growing unemployment in the towns, a permanent factory population must soon grow up around the cotton factories, large or small. In that event the trade unions will develop and the cotton workers will be able to force the employers to pay higher wages. This is the hope for the future from the point of view of the workers of both Japan and Lancashire. The Japanese employers, on the other hand, will endeavor to continue the present living-in system, since they are well aware that ignorant and helpless peasant girls can be paid lower wages and forced to harder toil than workers living outside the factory.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

Plays to See

‡Flying High—Apollo—W. 42 St.
†Lost Sheep—Selwyn—42 St., W. of B'way.
†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
†Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45 St.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
*The Last Mile—Sam H. Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garriick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.

Films

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47 St. and B'way.

Born Reckless, Saturday, July 26 to Tuesday, July 29; Safety in Numbers, Wednesday, July 30 to Friday, August 1—Little Carnegie Playhouse—57 St., E. of Seventh Avenue.

In Gay Madrid, Saturday, July 26 to Tuesday, July 29; Big Pond and With Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot in the South Seas, Wednesday, July 30 to Friday, August 1—The Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Avenue.

Miracle of the Wolves, week beginning Sunday, July 27—Fifth Avenue Playhouse—66 Fifth Avenue.

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.

Social Lion, Friday, July 25 to Sunday, July 27; Born Reckless, Monday, July 28 to Thursday, July 31—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 West 8 St.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

SHOPPERS' CORNER

30% during July and August only, on Eastman Cameras, Kodaks, Films, and Supplies. As usual our discounts of 25 to 50% on other standard advertised merchandise still holds good. Write us or call John 1427 for prices. SERVWELL SYSTEM INC., 35 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

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10 to 20% discounts on all antique and modern blankets, rugs, Navajo jewelry, Pueblo pottery, Mexican glass, baskets and Guatemalan weavings.

Sale lasts until Aug. 10th only.

Open until 10 every night.

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38 WEST 8TH STREET

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YOUNG WOMAN with university degrees seeks position. Business and community experience:—personnel; magazine subscription-routeing; typist-correspondent; inventory; library; advertising; editing; interviewing; research; art and dramating directing. Civilized American. Box 2492, % *The Nation.*

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GRAPHOLOGY

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS is a practical method for taking personal inventory. No personal bias in graphology. Send handwriting. Character or vocational analysis, $1.00. Miss Florence Lyon, Box 286, Quincy, Mass.

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To Nation Readers

When you make an inquiry on an advertisement appearing in The Nation do you use the "key address" or mention the fact that you saw the advertisement in The Nation?

It means much to the advertiser to know.

SUMMER

APARTMENT AT SEASHORE

SEA GATE, N. Y. Harbor. Convenient transportation by train or boat; restricted surf bathing. Will sublet for remainder of season, desirable apartment—2 rooms, kitchen and porch. Reasonable. Phone Mayflower 4186.

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DYRUS and Edith Cook are now conducting hiking tours over the old trails of the Catskill Mountains. Five-day trips. Two-donkey pack-train. All camping equipment provided. If your vacation period coincides with our yet unfilled dates we can make you reduced rates. Box 353, Woodstock, N. Y.

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A Unique Development
AN opportunity to create a permanent retreat for summer vacation and winter weekends for your family, near enough for New York commuting, is offered a few congenial professional families. Tennis, handball, social hall, children's playground, horseback riding, swimming on property. Golf courses and Sound bathing nearby. Unusual studio bungalow can be built to your specifications in an artistic, intellectual colony at Westport, Conn. Why continue to pay high rentals for unesthetic bungalows and send your children to camps? We should like to show you this mountain-like retreat, 1 hour from New York. Prices range from $2,500 for an acre and bungalow.
Royce, Wisconsin 1649

IN Adirondack Mts.—160 acres—5 room log cabin—peeled spruce—built 1865. Perfect condition. Wonderful summer home or hunting camp; cellar, garage. $3.800.00; easy terms. 100 other camps and cabins. Booklet. Earl Woodward, Luzerne, N. Y.

Summer advertising continued on following pages

SUMMER SUMMER

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Away from city dirt and noise—at beautiful Trout Lake in the Adirondacks — delightful companions — unusual sport and social facilities — return to the city refreshed, invigorated —ready to tackle the job right!

Pep! Fun! Sport!

Swim! Row! Play!

Dietary Laws Observed.



SCOPUS

An Adult Camp of Distinction

IN THE ADIR[illegible]

P. O. LAKE GEO[illegible] Y.

City Ad[illegible]

11 WEST 42n[illegible] EET

Longacre [illegible]

ROCKY DALE LODGE

An Adult Camp in the Hills—Sellersvil[illegible] Pa.
2½ hours from N. Y.—1 hour from [illegible]hila.
Outdoor activities—NO GREENS FEES
Rates July and August $37.50

Write for Booklet

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WM. J. HELEGOTT WM. D. TENDLER
Social Director: "MORRY" GOLDBERG

Camp Sports · Hotel Comforts

Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Dancing, Entertainment galore. Tennis, Riding, Golf; large [illegible]cial and physical staff.

KENMORE

on the Beautiful Lake
N. WHITE LAKE, N. Y.
Phone: White Lake 114

Write for Booklet "N"

THE CRYSTAL VILLA

WOODCLIFF LAKE, N. J.

A rare combination of Country Pl[illegible]sures with City Comforts. All modern im[illegible]ments. Beautiful surroundings. Altitud[illegible]. Free of Mosquitoes. Excellent Meals [illegible]lightful Bathing and Fishing. 23 Mile[illegible]m New York City. Very Easy Commutation. Write for Booklet. Telephone Park Ridge 404.

THE SEA GULL

Something different for your holidays or vacation at this Russian-American Inn facing the [illegible]. All outdoor sports; cui[illegible] for the epicurean, also the seeker of [illegible] health diet; beautiful rooms.

1300 Ocean Ave. Phone Belmar 2
Belmar, N. J. N. Y. Phone Sprin[illegible]

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Bungalows for two, three or more.
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UNCAS LODGE, Uncasville, Conn.
Norwich 1858, Ring [illegible]

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A Camp for Adults in the Adirondacks
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ADULT CAMP FAMILIES ACCOMMODATED
Sports: Boating, Bathing, Tennis, Handball and Dancing
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Fare, Round Trip by Bus $5.00

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near Asbury Park, Farmingdale, N. J.
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Tennis, Boating
Swimming, Dancing
For reservations call Peekskill 1276

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"Mickey" Michaels is especially desirous of greeting Nation readers.

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PENnsylvania 7842

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 137
EDITORIALS:
A Hoover Commission for Hoover 140
Fishing for Trouble 141
Stars of Bethlehem 141
Pitiful Rich 142
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 143
HOW PURE ARE THE MAILS? By Paul Telco 144
NO MEN WANTED. By Karl Monroe 146
THE PUBLIC DOMAIN. By Henry S. Graves 147
CATHOLICISM AND LIBERALISM. By the Reverend John A. Ryan 150
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 152
CORRESPONDENCE 153
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 154
BOOKS AND FILMS:
Belated Sheep. By Audrey Wurdemann 155
Desire for Oblivion. By Eda Lou Walton 155
Archbishop Laud. By Donald A. Roberts 156
A Political Theorist. By William Seagle 156
This Negro. By V. F. Calverton 157
Augustine of Tagaste. By Eugene Löhrke 158
Female Decorum. By Dorothy Van Doren 158
Books in Brief 159
Films: Where Broadway Scores. By Alexander Bakshy 160
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Struggle for Power in Persia. By Jan Van As 162

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THE SWEEPING CONSERVATIVE victory in Canada goes far beyond all expectations even to insuring a clear majority for the Conservatives in the House of Commons. That the time was ripe for a change, even had there been no major issue, is plain. But there is no gainsaying the meaning of this outcome: the Conservatives were given the government thanks largely to Herbert Hoover and the Smoot-Hawley tariff. Unemployment was an issue and so was the plight of the farmer, but the tariff question predominated. The Canadian electorate felt that the time had come to make a stand against the United States and treat us to a dose of our own bitter tariff medicine. No less than $500,000,000 is the estimate the New York *Times* gives of the impending loss to the foreign trade of the United States if the Conservatives carry through their tariff reprisals. Why should they not? It is certainly time somebody taught the United States a sharp lesson that two can play the tariff game. Just now several are at it. Spain, France, and Germany have all acted. The Argentine is deeply stirred and is unofficially boycotting us. Now if Matthew Woll and the Fish committee and other seekers after notoriety by means of attacks upon Russia succeed in cutting off our commerce with that country with its vast potentialities, our foreign trade will be crippled and the task of disposing of our huge surplus crops and merchandise more difficult than ever. Even the vast wealth and power of the United States cannot be indefinitely maintained if we persist, by a short-sighted tariff policy, in flouting or ignoring the rest of the world.

SENATOR SIMEON FESS in place of Claudius Huston as Republican National Chairman? It would seem incredible if President Hoover's attitude toward Huston had not itself been incredible ever since the revelations which have made Mr. Huston's remaining in this office a stench in the nostrils of all decent Republicans. There can be only one interpretation placed upon the choice of Senator Fess: President Hoover wishes it known that he has definitely thrown in his lot with the most reactionary elements in the Republican Party. There is nothing even faintly progressive or liberal about the Senator from Ohio. In his point of view and general outlook he belongs back in the gay nineties with William McKinley. A more uninspiring chairman was certainly never chosen for a high political position. His personality is cold, his speeches are dull, lifeless, and certain to weary his audiences. The only groups that this selection will please are the ultra-dry Methodist and Baptist parts of the electorate. From now on we hope that no one will talk about the liberalism of Mr. Hoover or of his desire to make over the Republican Party along modern and progressive lines. The breach between himself and the Progressive wing of the party is complete.

ONCE MORE MR. HOOVER shows his hand, in his extraordinary letter to Representative Reece of Tennessee in which he goes out of his way to deliver a slap at that gallant soldier, Senator Norris of Nebraska. "I hear," writes the President,

> that your opponents are charging you with failure to serve the interests of your constituents because you refused to accept the Senate plan for dealing with Muscle Shoals. The fact is that the House plan will secure developments of this great resource more effectively and more greatly in the interest of Tennessee than would the Senate plan. I am assured that the Senate plan cannot be passed in the House. Nor would I approve the plan, because it is not in the interest of Tennessee or the rest of the nation. . . .

We thus have the almost unprecedented spectacle of a President of the United States taking the trouble to become a partisan in a primary fight between two candidates of his own party. That this is undignified and humiliating even Mr. Hoover's friends must see. But he is evidently determined that everybody shall know where he stands on the power issue. When announcement was made that he would select Lieutenant Governor Edgar Jadwin as chairman of the Federal Power Commission it was assumed that Mr. Hoover had come out squarely for the power trust. Now, with his letter to Mr. Reece, there can be no possible doubt of it. No liberal can now fail to see that we are dealing with as complete a reactionary in the White House as the country has beheld there.

PUBLIC LIB

SIGNS OF BUSINESS RECOVERY, or even of stability on a moderately prosperous basis, are worth noting as an offset to the general feeling that business is in the doldrums and likely to stay there for an indefinite period. In spite of a good many cuts in dividend rates, leading industrial companies are reported by the *Wall Street Journal* to have paid out during the first six months of the present year more than $38,000,000 in excess of their dividend payments for the same period a year ago. Over $12,000,000 of this increase came from iron, steel, and equipment companies, only 4 out of 26 companies reducing their payments; payments by 38 oil companies showed a large gain, as did those of 16 chain-store organizations, and payments by drug and chemical industries were mainly upward. The railways placed in service during the first six months of the year 49,208 new freight cars and 411 new locomotives, compared with 32,794 cars and 319 locomotives in the first six months of 1929. Baldwin Locomotive Works, which for a number of years paid dividends out of a reserve set up from surplus, earned its common-stock dividend one and one-half times in the six months ended June 30, this being the first time for several years that the dividend has been covered by earnings. Savings banks report large gains in deposits, and money for real-estate mortgages is easier to get. Such items do not spell boom, but they are equally far from spelling calamity.

PREMIER TARDIEU has spoken out about parliamentary government in France in a tone which suggests that politics in his bailiwick are turning sour. With a really touching simplicity he laments that the French Parliament, instead of keeping to its original idea of serving the general interest, is looking after particular interests and spending a whopping lot of money in doing it. During the past year, for example, this aggregation of friends of the people added to the budget some $160,000,000 of expenditure for various schemes many of which the government opposed; while if sinking-fund charges and local expenditures are included, a quarter of the total national revenue is going annually for taxes. This is pretty bad, of course, even if some other countries probably make quite as bad a showing. The explanation which M. Tardieu offers is a familiar one, namely, that organized interests are stronger and more articulate than the mass of taxpayers. The important question is what M. Tardieu is going to do about it. Mussolini disposed of the apple of discord a decade ago by putting parliamentary government on the shelf and making himself dictator. The Germans, when they framed their constitution, thoughtfully provided for a temporary dictatorship such as President Hindenburg and Chancellor Bruening are now administering, and there is a dictatorship in Jugoslavia. Is M. Tardieu throwing out a hint of what may happen in France?

A DICTATORSHIP with a string tied to it is what we are witnessing in Germany, for the next Reichstag, under the constitution, will have to confirm all the acts of the Government under Article 48. This authorized the remarkable performances which Chancellor Bruening has had to his credit in the last few days. Not only has he put into effect the budget for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1931, at which the Reichstag had balked, but he has also decreed all the unfinished legislation on the docket. This included revision of the unemployment-insurance laws, relief for East Prussia's agrarians, authority for the Government to dissolve industrial cartels in certain cases if negotiations for price reduction break down, and additional tax measures calculated to bring in $115,000,000. This additional burden on the already sorely taxed German calls for a 2½ per cent "emergency sacrifice" levy on salaries of all higher officials and a 5 per cent increase on all incomes above 8,000 marks, or $2,000, in addition to a 10 per cent surtax on all incomes of bachelors and spinsters—surely an unusual, and probably in many cases, a cruel punishment for celibacy. For the moment the situation is tided over, and now that the temporary truce between the parties during President Hindenburg's trip to the freed Rhine territory is over, the election campaigning is in full swing, September 14 being the election date. Ominous is the announcement that the great Siemens-Halske electrical company has declared its intention to drop 10 per cent of its workers and that three other large companies will follow suit, for the official unemployment figures have gone up to 2,770,000—twice as many as a year ago.

CHILE AND GUGGENHEIM have been practically synonymous terms as far as the nitrate industry is concerned, and the identity will be still closer if an arrangement which has just been announced goes through. A merger in a new company, known as the Chile Nitrate Corporation, of all the nitrate properties in Chile, some 35 per cent of which are under Guggenheim control, is planned, with the Chilean government holding 50 per cent of the stock. The financial consideration involves the abandonment by the government of the export tax on nitrate and iodine, from which it has received about $30,000,000 annually, and the payment to the government by the new corporation of a minimum return of $22,000,000 for 1931, $20,000,000 for 1932, and $17,500,000 for 1933, after which latter date the government will have the dividends on its stock and the proceeds of a 6 per cent income tax. It is believed that the receipts of the government under the new arrangement will considerably exceed those which it has had hitherto. What the Guggenheim and other interests expect to get is not stated, but it is safe to conclude that they do not expect to lose anything. As Chile has about all the deposits of sodium nitrate known to exist in commercial quantities, the conditions of a joint and several monopoly would seem to be ideal. What one would like to know is which of the parties to the fifty-fifty scheme really expects to control the other.

DETROIT HAS RECALLED its mayor by a large majority in a heavy vote. Mayor Charles Bowles, political adventurer, became mayor of Detroit in November on a reform platform with the backing of the Anti-Saloon League and of Robert Oakman, wealthy real-estate dealer and a great political power in Detroit. Oakman withdrew his support from Bowles when the latter appointed as Commissioner of Public Works John Gillespie, an ancient enemy of Oakman's and president of a company that bonds contractors on city jobs. Mr. Gillespie's appointment was one of several moves in what appeared to be an attempt to build up a political machine in Detroit's non-partisan municipal

government. Mayor Bowles was charged in the recall petition with tolerating lawlessness, dismissing faithful public servants, and ignoring campaign pledges. The twelve-day campaign preceding the vote was conducted almost entirely by radio and was notable for its vituperative violence. The Detroit *News* and the Detroit *Free Press,* which have been enemies for years, united to oust Bowles. On the other hand, many prominent citizens, including Henry Ford, opposed the recall. Meanwhile Gerald E. Buckley, a radio announcer who was active in the campaign against the mayor, was killed by gangsters an hour after he had given out the final results of the election. Bowles automatically becomes a candidate in another election which must be held within thirty days. Whether the recall, which has here been exercised for the first time in a large American city, will be effective in improving Detroit's municipal fortunes remains to be seen.

A FINE OF $500 is the reward handed to John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, for violating an injunction debarring him from interfering with the officers and workers of the Illinois district. The row between Lewis and the miners is of long standing, but the quarrel which led to injunction proceedings dates back to the summer of 1929, when Lewis made serious charges against the president and other leaders of the Illinois federation and presently revoked the State charter, set up a provisional organization, and tried to get possession of the records and offices. At this point the injunction interfered, the deposed leaders and their followers contending that the constitution of the United Mine Workers, not having been extended for another three-year period in 1929, was void and that Lewis was without authority. At Springfield, Illinois, last March, a reorganization convention adopted a new constitution and declared Lewis's place vacant, while forty minutes later another "regular" convention at Indianapolis approved a referendum which purported to keep the old constitution in effect and gave Lewis its unanimous support. Lewis, it is announced, will appeal the fine, so the controversy may go on until frost comes. As Lewis's supporters apparently number only a handful of the miners, his salary of $12,000 appears to be imperiled.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION is on its last legs, if a questionnaire sent to a hundred prominent evangelists by the publicity director of various religious organizations is to be believed. Thirty of the hundred answered the inquiry by saying they had given up evangelism because they could no longer make a living by it. Those who still practice the profession complain that converts are few and far between, that free-will offerings are distressingly small, and that the motion picture, the radio, the automobile, and sports are, among other things, responsible for the falling off of a desire for things of the spirit. This, of course, is directly in line with what is happening in the Protestant church generally. Life is rushing away from the church, and the church cannot keep up. Our god is science; we see him in the wind and upon the waters, we hear him through the invisible air, and he dwells in a black rubber sound box, or a silver wing, or a smooth-running wheel. He is ubiquitous, omniscient, all-powerful. It is no wonder that the god of churches has fallen behind. The race is to the swift. We have no time for contemplation, for self-examination, for sitting still and listening to a discourse on conduct. The evangelism which is dying out is perishing not only of its own anemia, but because it has been wounded to the heart by a stronger, faster, louder faith. We can be glad that the evangelism is disappearing; but we cannot be unqualifiedly grateful for what has taken its place.

ONE COULD AS SOON THINK of the disappearance of Bunker Hill Monument from Boston as of anything happening to the Boston *Transcript.* Hence, the news that the *Transcript* is celebrating its centennial does not occasion us surprise, except that it is not its second centennial which it is celebrating. In some respects, it is true, one sometimes feels that the *Transcript* is being edited with the point of view of Plymouth Colony about 1650. In its narrowness, often in its bitterness and its prejudice, it has usually seemed to typify the Boston of the censorship, the Boston of the Watch and Ward snoopers, the Boston that murdered Sacco and Vanzetti. Yet it would be entirely unfair to dismiss the *Transcript* as standing only for this. If it is reactionary, it is also clean throughout; it carries an amazing amount of news; it is admirably devoted to the interests of its city; it has for years printed able articles on foreign happenings and is distinguished in the space it gives to art, music, and the drama. In short, it has retained untarnished many of the highest standards of the old American journalism, not the least of which is its typographical excellence and individuality. We wish it another hundred years of conservative existence with a full treasury, but it will have far more than that. The day that Boston is in ruins and the last dweller of the Back Bay passes into history, we are certain that he will enter eternity clutching in his hands a copy of the *Transcript,* with his glazing eyes fastened upon the latest news of Harvard, of Mrs. Jack Gardner's museum, the Arnold Arboretum, and the last nuptials of a Higginson to a Cabot.

AS A PIONEER in aviation, Glenn H. Curtiss was second in this country only to the Wright brothers. Like them, he began his career in a bicycle-repair shop. With the advent of the motor cycle he turned his attention to the manufacture of light gasoline engines, and in the Curtiss motor cycle he established speed records that endured for twenty years. When he began to be interested in the airplane he followed the same principles that had brought success to the Wrights. It is interesting to recall that the changes from the Wright planes which Curtiss adopted for his early machines—notably, the wheel landing gear instead of skids and the use of special ailerons for lateral control instead of a warping of the entire wing—are retained by the airplane of today. He made an interesting theoretical contribution when, by equipping the old Langley "aerodrome" of 1903 with a model engine and making some adjustments in minor details, he showed it to be capable of successful flight. When Curtiss began his experiments the present separation of designer and aviator had not begun; the inventor had to fly his own machine, and this before any predecessors had developed an art of flying that could be passed on by instruction. The inventor, in brief, had to be willy-nilly a daredevil, and the early flights that now seem ridiculously brief called for real heroism.

A Hoover Commission for Hoover

THAT Mr. Hoover's administration is a good deal of a flop even his friends are admitting. They point out, of course, that he was not responsible for the Wall Street collapse, which ought to be called the Coolidge slump, and they insist that when he finishes his term of office he will be recognized at his true worth because by then his long-term policies will be going into effect. That may perhaps be true; we should feel more certain of it if we could identify any of those long-term policies. But even his best friends admit today that his is now the most unpopular administration in many years; that when his picture is shown in the movie houses there is never a hand-clap for him; that he has alienated many groups of citizens; that he has made a number of hurtful appointments; that he has made no progress whatever toward the promised complete reorganization and modernization of the government.

Now what to do about all this? Fortunately, we have a genuine remedy to suggest. It is Mr. Hoover's invariable custom when a problem presents itself to appoint a commission to deal with it. That has a double purpose: first, it gives the comforting feeling that something has been done about it, so that the public can forget all about the matter with complete satisfaction; second, if the commission ever reports, say in a year or two, its recommendations may or may not be acted upon as the Great Engineer deems best. As our readers are, we think, aware, Mr. Hoover is about to appoint his nineteenth commission—one to deal with our timber situation. That will make it all the easier for him to accept this weekly journal's suggestion to appoint his twentieth commission to sit upon himself and find out just why he has slipped off the track so completely. The Hoover Commission on Hoover (patent applied for) is our proposal and we deem it to be one of the most constructive ever advanced in this journal's sixty-five years.

The more we think of it the more we, and those of our friends whom, in strict confidence, we have sounded out on the matter, are pleased with the whole project. It must appeal to Mr. Hoover, for we are paying him that sincerest flattery of imitating his own technique. The commission itself would not be difficult to select. For chairman we nominate William E. Borah. In view of his insistence in the campaign of 1928 that Herbert Hoover was the American best fitted to assume the Presidency, it is obviously proper that the Idaho Senator should preside over the committee to ascertain why the President appears to be one of the least-fitted to conduct his high office. To represent the press we nominate the dearest of his journalistic apologists and Rapidan guests, Mark Sullivan; on second thought, however, we substitute in his stead William Hard, than whom no one has better or more eloquently described the Hoover method of reform by commission or by conference within an industry. It was Mr. Hard who wrote of Mr. Hoover: "He has established among us a fundamental and audacious political novelty. He has evolved the private-public governmental department. He has evoked the public-private business citizen."

Our next selection is the Honorable Bascom Slemp. Our reason for this will be plain to those who have been in contact with the Great Engineer's occupancy of the White House. For truth compels us to state that there is a great deal of creaking in the White House machine. Occasionally sand seems to get into the gears; for the first time in the memory of man serious letters to the President are not even being acknowledged, while some of the most important are being merely referred by the third secretary to the War Department or the State Department or some other official pigeonhole. More uncomfortable than that is the regrettable fact that since President Hoover assumed office the cost of running the White House and its offices has increased no less than $90,000 a year—rather surprising, this, for the most efficient and experienced administrator, et cetera, that we have ever had in the White House. An increase in the size of the staff is to be found both in the offices and in the executive mansion. There are now no fewer than thirty-seven persons employed in the executive offices, while seventy-seven persons minister to the needs of the President and his Lady in the White House. In one year the cost of the mansion has risen from $249,280 to $287,320. In the executive offices the increase is from $96,480 to $126,120. We are aware, of course, that the increases were made for the sake of efficiency. But what the Hoover Commission on Herbert Hoover should find out is whether the extra help has really helped or hurt and whether the President and his wife could not perhaps get on with fewer than seventy-seven servants, who do not include in their numbers the special White House police. Bascom Slemp was Mr. Coolidge's secretary in the days of Coolidge economy; who better than he to sit upon our commission?

As for the other two members, we nominate first Senator David Reed, both as a reward for his services in London in keeping the British aristocracy in line for the naval treaty and in order that the ablest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton may be represented by his most immediate political lieutenant. Now it will be noticed that all of those thus far nominated are quite friendly to the President. In order that there be a touch of the critical spirit in the commission we nominate for the last place Norman Thomas of New York. It is especially fitting that one of the two men whom Mr. Hoover defeated for the Presidency should pass judgment upon the incumbent.

We hope that no one will believe we are captious in this matter. On the contrary, we think it would be one of the most remarkable happenings in the history of the administrative life of the United States if one Chief Executive should use this admirable means of certifying to the country at large his own efficiency, besides receiving from it suggestions as to how he may best charm the country back into the state of mind it had on election day in 1928. We can well imagine that, in the years to come, writers on the governmental evolution of the United States will find no more striking subject for comment than the remarkable and spontaneous creation of just the right machinery at just the right time, known as the Hoover Commission on Hoover (compliments of the New York *Nation*).

Fishing for Trouble

IN directing toward the chairman of the Amtorg Trading Corporation questions concerning the political beliefs of Communists in general and the trade relations existing between the United States and Soviet Russia, the Fish investigating committee into red activities in this country has gone far beyond the limits it originally set for itself. Moreover, it was rebuked not only by Acting Secretary of State Castle, who announced that "the policy of the department has been and will continue to be to extend to Soviet business men the same courtesies granted to other nationalities," but by our best-known citizen, Calvin Coolidge himself. Mr. Coolidge said very sensibly in the *Herald Tribune* on July 25:

> Our government has no diplomatic relations with Russia. But it is perfectly lawful for our nationals, at their own risk, to trade with Russia, or for her nationals to trade here. . . . It is not the practice to inquire very minutely into the beliefs of foreigners coming here temporarily for genuine mercantile purposes. . . . It had been supposed that the agents of the Amtorg were not engaged in anything but trade. If an investigation shows that they are taking advantage of the hospitality we have granted them . . . our government will take proper notice of that fact. Meantime it is proper to await proof before reaching final judgment. Our people are so thoroughly attached to their own system of self-government that we need not feel it is in imminent danger.

Representative Fish and his colleagues set themselves the task of investigating red activities in the United States. To that end they made themselves ridiculous by their examination of New York City schools, in which 3 out of the city's 810 schools were found to be very slightly infected with the "virus of communism," and by visiting certain Communist camps where they were greeted by nose-thumbing Communist children and treated to denunciatory speeches, highly uncomplimentary to themselves. They then commenced their examination of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, with offices in New York City. From the first the inquiry was evidently packed against the Amtorg. Every witness called previously had been permitted to read a prepared statement to the investigating committee. Mr. Bogdanov asked permission to submit a similar statement and was refused. The committee, he was told, wanted to ask its own questions. Later, Mr. Bogdanov was allowed to enter his statement in the record after it had been censored by the committee! Representative Fish desired to show that Amtorg was not only a trading corporation but was engaged in political propaganda in this country. To this end he adduced as evidence only the documents offered by former Police Commissioner Whalen. John Spivak, a reporter on the New York evening *Graphic,* told how he had traced the Whalen documents to a New York printer, and pronounced them the work of Russian monarchists. Internal evidence was offered by Joseph Michael, attorney for Amtorg, of some twenty-odd errors in the documents which indicated that they were forgeries. Mr. Fish was thus left high and gasping, with the wicked Russians at least temporarily triumphant.

Meanwhile the Soviet press has reacted to the investigation in very positive language. If the United States does not wish to trade with Soviet Russia, it says in effect, then Soviet Russia will take its trade and the millions of dollars attached thereto elsewhere. In answer to this threat Matthew Woll, of the American Federation of Labor, announces himself the spokesman of the Wage-Earners' Protective Conference, whatever that may be, which sets itself to invoke the new tariff law with regard to forced labor—to go into effect January 1, 1932—against Soviet imports. Stop trade with Russia, says Mr. Woll, and protect the American workingman and the American system of high wages from products made by the miserable, exploited, enslaved, impoverished Soviet laboring men. If this is a picture which American visitors to Russia do not recognize, Mr. Woll believes in it with all his heart. We shall, therefore, see a duel between American business men desirous of capturing the millions of dollars worth of trade annually which Soviet Russia will offer us and those other business men, represented by Mr. Woll, who, with a bias against the red bogy man, fear that their own profits will be endangered by "dumping" of Soviet goods. The struggle between capitalism and communism is only beginning. It is beginning because for the first time communism, not by political propaganda to overthrow our government, but by increasing its economic strength to formidable proportions, is actually becoming a menace to the capitalist system. We shall see the tide against Russia rising. It behooves those of us who desire not to be drowned in a sea of partisanship to steer carefully through the troubled waters. The Soviets must have their chance to put Russia on its legs economically; gestures to prevent from a Hamilton Fish or a Matthew Woll, one suspects, will be futile.

Stars of Bethlehem

JUST how much financial inducement a man has to have to make him a first-rate business executive is a question which it would be difficult to answer satisfactorily in the abstract, but how the matter works in the concrete is a bit clearer now than it was before the merger of Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Bethlehem Steel got into the courts. Mr. Cyrus S. Eaton, principal representative and spokesman of the Youngstown stockholders who have opposed the merger, became uncomfortably insistent some days ago in demanding specific information about the salary and perquisites paid to Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem corporation. Mr. Eaton, of course, was not trying to nose into Mr. Grace's private affairs, but he had a suspicion that the payments to Mr. Grace were not only extremely large, but that they also constituted an unwarranted burden upon the financial structure of the corporation. Moreover, he insisted that the Youngstown stockholders were entitled to know about the matter even if they were not holders of stock in Bethlehem Steel, since the charges which the services of Mr. Grace imposed upon the latter company were a subject regarding which the Youngstown stockholders ought to be informed as an aid in making up their minds about going into the merger or staying out.

When, after strenuous objection by Bethlehem at-

torneys and due deliberation by the court, the information was at last forthcoming, it appeared that Mr. Grace had been, on the whole, quite handsomely treated. His salary, it seems, was only a paltry $12,000 a year, but since 1925 he had been paid an annual bonus of 3.319 per cent on the total fund on which the bonus payments are calculated. In 1929 this fund amounted to about $49,000,000, so that Mr. Grace's bonus for that year came to the tidy sum of $1,623,753. For the past five years and the first six months of the present year, Mr. Grace testified, he had received $5,431,684 in bonuses. Adding his salary of $12,000 a year, this useful executive had contrived to harvest $5,497,684 since the glad New Year's Day of 1925 when the reaping season began.

There is nothing mean about the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and if it singles out Mr. Grace for special favor because of his go-getting ability it also dispenses some rather substantial blessings to others. The corporation has a system of "incentive bonuses" which Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board, administers. A letter written by Mr. Schwab in 1917 explained the system to the court. Briefly, the bonus payments are made on a sliding scale, beginning with 4.73 per cent for net earnings of $2,000,000 less fixed charges but before depreciation, and rising to a maximum of 8 per cent for earnings of more than $36,000,000. In 1917 these bonuses were shared by ten executives, including Mr. Grace; they are now, Mr. Grace testified, shared by fourteen or fifteen. The total amount paid in 1929 was $3,425,306. For the first six months of 1930 it was $1,390,107, or about 6½ per cent on the net earnings—not so bad for a dull period.

Every little while, when the report of some big salary gets into the news, financial writers fall to debating the question whether any man anywhere is worth a million dollars or more a year to anybody for anything. Of course they never agree that he is or is not. Obviously, there is something to be said for a bonus as an "incentive," provided the person who gets it really earns it by what he does instead of getting it as a rake-off from the ability or labor of others. The *Wall Street Journal*, which cannot be accused of hostility to big business, nevertheless remarks, apropos of the Youngstown-Bethlehem controversy, that if such bonuses as the Bethlehem company affects are to be paid, the stockholders ought to be told of it. A search of the annual reports of the company, it declares, "fails to reveal any other reference to the bonus system" than that contained in the report for 1917, the year in which Mr. Schwab wrote his letter, and it is twelve years since the stockholders, in 1918, approved the system. Everybody knows that the stockholders' list of Bethlehem Steel, like that of every other large corporation, has changed very considerably in the past twelve years, and it may well be doubted if any large number of the present stockholders knew of the existence of this onerous bonus system until Mr. Eaton irreverently brought the whole thing to light. Here is a phase of high finance well worth looking into, especially now when American industry feels a good deal depressed. We do not want to seem inquisitive, but it would be highly interesting to know just what Mr. Grace does for his million and more a year that could not be equally well done by any one of a number of other persons for a fourth or a tenth of that sum.

Pitiful Rich

ON July 20, at Quogue, Long Island, Mrs. Rebecca Wendel Swope, eighty-seven years old, breathed her last. Her property was left to Ella, now eighty, the last of six Wendel sisters. It consisted of real estate, accumulated in the family for two centuries, and worth more than $100,000,000.

The founder of the family fortunes was John Wendel, who left the fur business at the same time as the first John Jacob Astor, and laid upon his descendants the duty of never buying anything but choice New York real estate and never thereafter letting it go. John Gottlieb Wendel, his descendant, opposed marriage for any of his six sisters on the ground that it would disperse the accumulated property and put it under other names than Wendel. So he kept his sisters in the four-story brick-and-brownstone house that has stood on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street since 1856, and still stands as it was built, without telephone, lit only by gas, shuttered. There the sisters have lived. They continued, until they died, to wear the round sailor hats popular in their 'teens in the sixties and seventies, and to make their own clothes—always black, and worn till shabby—without the aid of a sewing machine. There was a rebellion in 1899, when Georgiana, at fifty, ran away and appeared alone at the Park Avenue Hotel. Her brother had her committed to the psycopathic ward in Bellevue. When John Gottlieb Wendel died in 1915, the four surviving sisters turned over the management of the property to Rebecca Wendel, who late in life had had the strength of will to defy her brother and marry Professor Luther Swope. Ella Wendel still lives in the house on Fifth Avenue, now surrounded by skyscrapers. Last year the coachman died and the horses and carriage were disposed of. The family has had no known charities.

All this sounds more like a novel by Balzac (though the New York *Times* is to be congratulated for an admirable news story) than a literal account of anything probable in the New York of 1930. So rare is such avarice among our own rich that many of us had imagined that the last of the type passed with the death of Hetty Green. In the life of the wealthy we have been taught to deplore a senseless extravagance; but here we face a senseless penuriousness. We have been taught that conspicuous waste not only breeds envy but draws capital and labor away from the production of more necessary goods and raises living costs for the rest of us. The Wendels were never guilty of conspicuous waste; but neither, apparently, did they recognize any social obligation that great wealth might entail. What they did was simply to forget entirely that property was a means and to treat it as an end. They never in any proper sense owned their real estate, but were owned by it. Great wealth brings an opportunity for great personal enjoyment and for great public service. The Wendels muffed both.

What we seem to need is more adult education for millionaires. There are too many books on how to be successful, and too few on what to do after that. Any great magnate will tell you with pride how he made his first million, but he is likely to look angry or uncomfortable if you ask him how he spent it.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

NEW YORK, I fear me very much, is turning moral. The task upon which one reformer after another barked his shins was finally accomplished by the bears of Wall Street. Broadway is not Broadway any more. It is not the contention of this Jeremiah to assert that no place still stands where an amendment may not be violated. Indeed, I am by no means certain that the speakeasies have declined numerically. It is the spirit which is weak. Even the dealers in synthetic gin are suffering in much the manner of Western farmers. The bootlegger has begun to feel the pinch occasioned by overproduction. The dreadful truth of the matter is that the young and old of Manhattan have begun to learn the habit of early to bed. After three in the morning one will find hardly a single familiar face though he ride or walk the length of the island. Possibly one may sit about a little later if he happens to know the haunts of Harlem, but most inhabitants of what was once the nation's metropolis can only choose in the early morning between a glass of buttermilk in a dairy lunch or a good night's rest at home.

Even by midnight the greater part of the town lies now in oafish slumber. We are confronted not with a theory but a fact. That Bagdad on the Subway for which O. Henry wrote his heart out is dead and all but buried. If some Coal Oil Johnny were to come whooping into town tomorrow there would not be sufficient enterprise left among the night-club men to make them sit up and help him spend his money.

The most alarming symptom of the debacle was observed personally by your correspondent within the fortnight. By dint of great executive labors and the use of personal charm he managed to assemble a party which consented to motor across Long Island in order to observe the gay and frenzied doings of a Sunday night at Texas Guinan's. The first shock came when the local hackman confessed that he had never heard of Miss Guinan nor of her cabaret. And this was no remote mountain guide but a public chauffeur living not more than twenty miles from the place where once the hundreds came to give the little girl a great big hand. By means of flares and radio beacons the party did manage in the end to hit upon the haven. We were helped a little by the fact that above the door there hung a huge electric sign proclaiming that here indeed was "Texas Guinan's Show Place."

Yet all is not gaiety which glitters. Though one in the morning had hardly passed Miss Guinan's show was over. The waiters were about to pile the chairs upon the table and the sprightly revue apparently had been performed for the edification of scarcely more than half a dozen. Where were the men of spirit who once made entertainment hum in this and other jovial haunts? Quite obviously, they were not at Texas Guinan's. Anaconda, I suppose, had slain its hundreds and United States Steel its thousands. But I am much afraid that something more than a stock-market slump has gone into this period of retrenchment. It may even be that the old pioneer spirit has ended. Indeed, as the Macy advertisements maintain, it has become fashionable to be thrifty.

Henry Ford and Miss Guinan are representatives of the old school which is passing. Mr. Ford, if I remember correctly, once advised young men that there were better things to do with money than to save it. Miss Guinan, I am certain, ran her business upon the selfsame premise. And even though the reckless age has ended I cannot help paying some slight tribute of sorrow to the older generation which ordered things more adventurously. American greatness was established by a spendthrift crew. The makers of the West never thought of the morrow. Conservation was unknown to them. In one of Harvey Fergusson's books I remember his telling of how miners in the great undeveloped Southwest would dynamite an entire lake just to get a couple of trout for breakfast.

Of course, from one point of view these fellows were gross fools. The lake once dynamited turned forever barren, except perhaps for bullheads. And yet they were blessed and romantic fools and but for their recklessness America would still be a straggling wilderness as far as the country west of the Mississippi is concerned. The pioneer used up the natural resources which he found and with each spring he had to press west in search of newer hunting grounds. He was no conservationist. What he had to spend he tossed about with lavish hand like any gilded youth on Broadway. It would be foolish to contend that waste is ever admirable. I will admit that it is somewhat sentimentally appealing. And, for better or worse, it is part of the American heritage. Possibly the old mining-camp spirit of Manhattan may yet be restored, not by the inhabitants but by a new influx of pioneers. There could come a rebellion against the smug complacency of California and all those sections of the West where a conservative puritanism has rooted in. Perhaps we may hear the cry, "Go East, young man." This is not Eldorado possibly. Few find it possible to gather gold in the streets of Manhattan but at least they will have a chance to toss it about. If they bring their own. I think that the decline of the metropolis may be explained by its present readiness to compromise with the thrifty. Things were handled better by our grandfathers. For instance, I am told that the theater is dwindling because of the excessive prices charged by speculators. Now the managers will war upon them and possibly exterminate them. I cannot speak for the newer generations. In my day this would have been a suicidal psychology. There was nothing the old New Yorker enjoyed more than paying some fantastic price, which he could not possibly afford, for his theater tickets.

When a patron has to hand out nineteen or twenty dollars for two theater tickets his first reaction is one of protest. But in the long run he gets his money's worth. Ours is a rigorous climate and through hot summer nights and long winter evenings every New Yorker may spend his spare time in complaining to his neighbor of the manner in which he has been exploited by landlord, bootlegger, and ticket speculator. Once we lived by listening to the complaints of each other. That day is gone. But let us hope that it is not forever.

HEYWOOD BROUN

How Pure Are the Mails?

By PAUL TELCO

HOW pure are the United States mails? In the first place, they are as pure as the Post Office Department cares to make them. The solicitor at Washington, as everyone knows, has arbitrary power to bar from the mails anything he may judge to be fraudulent or offensive. His ruling can be reversed only by expensive recourse to the federal courts.

No one can accuse the Post Office Department of lack of zeal. Alert postal inspectors are constantly on guard in all sections of the country ready to swoop down on any offending bit of mail. An unfavorable report to Washington sets the machinery of investigation and censorship in motion. The discrimination of the postal authorities, on the other hand, has been seriously challenged. It is fair to judge the department by its works. What is barred from the mails is more or less common knowledge. "The Decameron," the works of Rabelais, "Madeleine," and on occasion the *Birth Control Review*, the *American Mercury*, and *Life* have been refused mailing privileges by a sensitive Post Office Department which objects to the use of the word censorship as a description of its activities. Mary Ware Dennett's pamphlet "The Sex Side of Life" was the last notable object of post-office censorship, though it has since been reinstated as fit for the mails by three federal judges.

But what of the material that goes through the mails continuously and without question? Let us begin with gambling devices.

The Paramount Manufacturing Company of Kansas City, Missouri, makes playing cards—but let their own advertisements, which enjoy the freedom of the mails, tell the story:

> Our cards are all made by the new "factory process." The work cannot be detected unless you know the Secret Key. . . . All in sealed packages. These are GENUINE Bicycle and Bee cards and not an imitation.
>
> LUMINOUS CARD WORK No. 999
>
> This is one of the cleverest styles of work ever placed on cards. The illustration to the left shows how they look to the naked eye. The illustration to the right shows how they look when you wear our special glasses. BANG! The numbers show up so big that they can be seen twenty feet away. . . .
>
> . . . Card Wrappers. These are glassine wrappers which are an exact duplicate of the inner wrappers used in playing cards, a necessity to those marking their own cards. . . . Line and Blockout Ink. This ink was developed by a Southern gambler of long experience. It will give perfect results. . . . Thumb-Nail Punch. This clever little punch fastens under the thumb nail. Pricks cards during play. Fine for second dealing.

The Paramount Manufacturing Company claims leadership in its line. Evidently it caters to a prosperous clientele, for the price of the cards is $7 or more per deck.

Another mail-order house which patronizes the United States mails specializes in slot-machine slugs.

> We make the finest nickel slugs obtainable for slot-machine use. This avoids the trouble of making change and they will work in any machine where silver is used. . . . Prices: five-cent slugs, $1.50 per hundred; ten-cent slugs, $1.25 per hundred; twenty-five-cent slugs, $2.00.

The Central Novelty Company of Chicago advertises "perfect steel slugs for telephones only, size of nickel, avoid delay by having slugs. Price 80 cents per hundred postpaid."

The Winner Supply Company, of Kansas City, Missouri, manufactures loaded dice, "missers" and "passers," "special filled transparent dice," "quality dice with gold and platinum loads," special "dead ace," "dead deuce," "dead trey," and "ace-deuce" sets. For a pittance of $36.50 a very good set of "missers" can be obtained, red or green transparent, with extra heavy platinum loads. It's a bargain!

So much for gambling devices, though there is one thing further to be pointed out, in justice both to the companies who put them in the mails and to the postal inspectors who let them go through. Each manufacturer is scrupulous to state in his literature and on his packages that his wares are sold for "magical purposes only" and *not* for gambling!

Medicinal panaceas, of course, offer a great field. They are not labeled "for magical purposes only" but they might as well be. For instance, anyone who suffers from gallstones, jaundice, constipation, liver and stomach trouble, sourness, heartburn, gas, thick bile, torpid liver, inflammation of the gall bladder, loss of weight or too much weight, chronic dyspepsia, or vomiting—or all of these—may receive through the mail from the Eklum Distributing Service of Dunkirk, New York, the guaranteed product of Beyer's System's Medical Department, Beyer's Stomach Tablets (good for what ails you, if you haven't got it you get it). These tablets will relieve you, if not of your pains, at least of $3. They will probably travel in the same sacred mail pouch with the literature of the D. Smythe Company of Newark, Missouri. This company specializes in "black magic" and "herb curios." They are distributors of "Pow-Wows or the Long-Lost Friend." "Containing a collection of the most mysterious, wonderful, and valuable arts and remedies for man and beast. Per copy, $1."

The same company dispenses, with the help of the United States Post Office, one of the most popular herbs on the mail-order market. It is called the "Adam and Eve root," and consists of

> . . . a pair of roots in one, called Adam and Eve. The upper one is Adam and the under one Eve. Valued for its magic qualities in restoring vitality . . . also to bring back and hold the love of a husband, wife, or sweetheart. Sold by us at 35 cents a box for its medicinal value in bladder and kidney diseases. As it is impossible to always get the roots we reserve the right to send it in powdered form, which is just as good.

And this is only one of many restorers of "vitality" which are advertised and may be obtained by mail.

It is well known that birth-control information is

legally barred from the mails. The Milo Chemical Company of Brooklyn, maker of contraceptive suppositories, gets around this slight difficulty by the device commonly employed by makers of supplies used in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. The maker of malt and hops prints on his products the warning words "Do not," followed by explicit directions for making intoxicating beer. The Milo Chemical Company warns its customers not to use its product under certain conditions or it will act as a contraceptive. The De Luxe Agency of Reno, Minnesota, and the Davidson Company of Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada, are less scrupulous. They not only send contraceptives through the mail. They label and advertise them as such. And these are only three of several hundred concerns and individuals engaged in the same business. The fact that such scientific works as Dr. Konikow's "Voluntary Motherhood" and Margaret Sanger's "Family Limitation" are never allowed to darken a post-office wicket helps to increase the sales of compounds which medical opinion describes in terms ranging from "questionable" through "absolutely unreliable" to "harmful" and "poisonous."

To go on with the list. In sunny Florida Judge Daniel A. Simmons has discovered that the thing most desired in the world is happiness. Fortunately he has discovered that happiness can be obtained by any man or woman the instant he or she becomes free, "free from disappointment, sickness, fear, worry, poverty, and failure." And anyone can free himself from any or all of these afflictions by means of Judge Simmons's brand-new religion, Christian Psychology. The good judge, trading under the name of the American Institute of Psychology, is now busily engaged in the charitable act of freeing his brethren from their misery and making them happy by selling them his new religion for the special introductory price of $25 cash, "$27.50 on easy payments, or for $30 on still easier payments." Any one or more of the following blessings may be obtained through its exercise: "more money, success in profession, more friendship, love and popularity, a coveted position or promotion in business, society, or public life, a home for yourself and family, better health and more peace and poise of mind," and last but not least, "a happy love relation." He is ready to tell his customers "how to pray for the things we want in such a way as to get them," and he guarantees results or your money back (try and get it).

If you are not in the market for happiness perhaps you would like a touch of height. Malcolm Ross, British "Height Specialist" of Scarborough, England, solicits customers for his height-increasing services through the United States mails. Those who wish to grow may send $10 to Mr. Malcolm. He will cheerfully accept it. Or if you are out of a job, writing to John C. Hohn of Cullom, Illinois, will give you something to do. Few persons in desperate need of employment would hesitate to send the measly sum of ten cents to one dollar to Mr. Hohn—and there are others—in return for his secret and presumably infallible advice on "How to get the job you want" and "How to get it when all other methods fail." In these days of Hoover prosperity the dimes and dollars must be rolling in.

Last but not least, there is the great field of love and sex, as exploited by the mail-order publishing houses. Bearing in mind the extraordinary activity of the Post Office authorities in keeping such literature as "The Decameron" and the works of Rabelais out of the nation's mail boxes, let us examine, for instance, the books written by anonymous "authorities" and distributed by the mail-order house of Stephen Wetzel Company, Valhalla, New York.

In one instructive book is to be found a chapter on The Philosophy of Hugging. (I purposely refrain from too free quotation from the works under discussion lest *The Nation* be deprived of its mailing privileges.) The "philosophy" runs in part as follows:

> Too much care cannot be exercised in putting arms around the young girl of today, and we wish to impress this fact upon the mind of the young men who are just coming upon the stage of action. . . . Hug easy until you find the patient will stand more, and then you can apply the proper squeezer.

Psychometric Charming also contains valuable information.

> You must feel friendly toward the lady whom you desire to win. . . . When in her company always act kindly toward her. . . . Whatever you may FEEL never SHOW any signs of ANGER or JEALOUSY. . . .
>
> By following the instructions given above you will soon win the lady's affection and have her under your control, but beware of the least UNKINDNESS, or of using the power you have obtained for an evil purpose. . . .

The instructions on How to Kiss a Lady are also very enlightening.

Ladies seeking information on various vital subjects can be sure of finding it in a special "book for ladies," "The Art of Pleasing Men," written by a lady who knows whereof she speaks. Here are a few of the subjects treated in the volume: Women and Maternity, How to Win a Man's Heart, Some Unfailing Methods, Secrets of the Widow's Power, A Word of Warning. "How to Woo, When, and Whom" is well worth reading. It gives full and interesting rules on the etiquette of courtship, the time and place for conducting it, and some good advice. Of course, some of the books equally enlightening go deep into the subject of sex.

As for desirable post cards, Mrs. Stella Brown offers "Original Photographs of Young French Girls in Daring Art Poses. . . . Each photo is clear and distinct on photographic paper, giving them a good glossy finish. They are post-card size showing full front view, the kind you like to see. . . . These photos are for *men* over twenty-one only"; while Jack O'Brien, an ardent lover of art and Mrs. Brown's local competitor, advertises his wares as follows: "If you wish Art Photos of the Forbidden Kind we have them. We also have stories of the Forbidden Kind. . . ."

How pure are the United States mails? A liberal or radical publication containing any matter that may be construed as obscene is pounced upon and sent back where it came from before the ink is dry. Mary Ware Dennett's pamphlet, strangely enough, had polluted the mail boxes of Y. M. C. A. secretaries and theological seminaries for years before the postmaster discovered it in all its obscenity and barred it from the mails. But the following advertisement, for men only, is probably to be found at this moment in mail trains from Boston to San Francisco: "Men send $1 for 'From Town to Town.' Tells where to have a good time. Sample name and address 10 cents. P. O. Box ——, Peekskill, New York."

No Men Wanted

By KARL MONROE

WITH assets of perhaps twenty dollars and some nine years' experience as a reporter in New England I came to New York to find a job. The round of newspaper offices and news bureaus netted me a series of polite but firm statements to the effect that "there's nothing open just now, but you might leave your name and address." After two weeks of this I set myself to what I believed would be the much easier task of securing a clerical place, or even something like ushering in a theater, "hopping the bells" at a hotel, or running an elevator in an office building.

Innocently enough, I followed the crowd to the agencies in Sixth Avenue. Visions of being sent to a position where a percentage would be taken from the first month's salary for a fee were quickly dissolved in the face of the cold fact that any position must be paid for in full and in advance. I learned from one young man that he had paid $10 for a job at which he had worked only four days, receiving $13.50, or a net profit of $3.50 for his four days of work. He and other victims told me, apparently from experience, that many of the agencies make a regular practice of sending men to jobs for which they are obviously unfitted, so that the same job might be sold several times. Many of the men, I learned, realized this, but were willing to "take a gypping" in order to earn a few dollars.

My funds were getting low, and rather than spend any more of the bit of cash I still had I resolved to ride the subways for the night. Not only did I find this fairly easy, but I found that hundreds of others were doing it. Experts at the game—men who live a hand-to-mouth existence by panhandling and petty racketeering—told me that the most satisfactory system was to ride the B. M. T. trains which run from Times Square to Coney Island, swinging around a loop and returning. The trip consumes nearly two hours if a local train is taken. A good corner seat gives the rider a chance to get a fair nap, and the thing can be repeated endlessly. When morning came I went to the Grand Central Terminal, where I washed for a nickel.

Sleeping in the parks, I found, was much less satisfactory than the comfort offered by the rapid-transit companies. Tired, hungry, and cold, I stretched out on the bench, and despite the lack of downy mattress and comforter eventually fell asleep. The soles of my feet were swollen with blisters, because my shoes had not been removed in at least seventy-two hours and I had tramped the sidewalks for three days. Suddenly I was awakened by a patrolman who had swung his night stick sharply against the soles of my feet, sending an indescribable electric pain through my hunger-racked body.

For three nights I slept in an institution in Twenty-third Street maintained for the benefit of released prisoners, who were given food and lodging until they found work. Along with the others, I was given a hearty breakfast in the morning and a good meal at six at night, but none but jailbirds were aided in finding work. When I entered the place, on recommendation of a social-service agency, I had walked the streets for two days and nights, and my first real pleasure came when I found I could wash with hot water and soap. At the end of the three days the superintendent told me I must leave, explaining that the institution was maintained solely for ex-prisoners.

Finally, I stood in the bread line in Twenty-fifth Street, where the women's section of the Socialist Party daily distributed soup, coffee, and bread. To my surprise, I found in the line all types of men—the majority being skilled craftsmen unable to find work. One of them told me he had been a civil engineer and had earned $8,000 a year. Since losing his job almost a year ago, he had drifted from bad to worse, occasionally picking up odd jobs, until he had sunk to the bread line. The professional bums usually found in such a place were conspicuously lacking. True, there were several unemployables—men in the sixties, who stood no chance in competition with the thousands of younger, healthier men. There were also a number of middle-aged men who had long since given up the idea of finding work. Having started honestly enough in a sincere effort to get placed, they had met disappointment so consistently that their ambition was broken. Now, their attitude was expressed in the philosophical comment one of them made to me: "Why should I work? I'm living along on one charity and another." Such men never think of the future in terms of more than one or two days.

Perhaps more to be pitied than this class is the young family man whose ambition has been stifled. The other day, desperate for money, I answered one of those constantly reappearing advertisements that read as follows: "MEN, distribute advertising; money daily; steady; apply 7 a. m. at ——." Arriving promptly, I found that the rain had halted work for the day, and I fell into conversation with a bright young Irish lad who was keenly disappointed to lose a day's work. The men work in groups of four, each group being given a clearly defined territory and some 5,000 circulars. The pay for three of the group is $2.80 a day each, the fourth being honored with the title of crew manager and an advance in wages to $3 a day. My young Irish friend advised me to stay in the work: "Like me, see. I've woiked up to crew manager, and if I stay long enough I can be district superintendent. That's where the money is. Why them boids gets $5 a day!" Subsequent conversation revealed that the young man—he was perhaps twenty-three—was married and a father. Once he had been a construction worker at $40 a week, but he had been laid off and couldn't find a new position in that line.

There are many men who still hope despite months of failure. Of a dozen men in the park of nights, at least eight will tell you that they have something in mind for the following day, and they actually convince themselves. A few nights later a casual search will reveal the same men, still with "something in mind for tomorrow." For most of them that tomorrow is many months ahead. Perhaps it will never come. In the meantime, they read, under the arc light in the park, in second-hand newspapers, predictions that business will be normal again within sixty days.

The Public Domain

By HENRY S. GRAVES

THE last chapter in the story of the federal public domain is about to be written. President Hoover has brought before the country, as a definite issue, the question of the disposal of the last remnants of the unreserved public lands, which are now without any semblance of supervision and control and are being rapidly ruined by abuse. On authority from Congress, he has appointed a commission to study the problem and to submit recommendations for its solution. He himself has proposed a tentative plan, namely, that the federal government should cede the remaining public lands to the several States in which they are located, with the reservation of certain mineral rights.

The President is to be highly commended for his insistence that some constructive steps be taken to provide for the right handling of the public lands. The appointment of a commission is an excellent method of dramatizing the situation and securing the advice of a group of well-informed citizens in formulating a new public-land policy. The tentative proposal for the transfer of lands to the States will, however, meet strong opposition. Many persons, including the writer of this article, believe that the plan to grant the lands to the States is not a real solution of the problems involved and that it would not be in the public interest from the standpoint either of the nation or of the States.

The public domain had its beginnings with the cession to the United States by the original States of their unsettled Western lands after the Revolutionary War. It was enormously increased by the acquisition of Florida, the Louisiana Purchase, the Oregon treaty, the accessions from Mexico, and the purchase of Alaska. There was no federal land in Texas, for upon the entry of that State into the Union it was stipulated that the public lands should remain in possession of the State.

The first public-land law was passed in 1785. It provided for a survey of the public properties and established a procedure for their sale. There has followed a long series of acts of Congress for the disposal of the federal lands, as changing conditions have called for new legislation. The early policy of selling the lands was replaced by one designed to encourage agricultural settlement, culminating in the free-homestead law of 1862. Subsequently, laws were passed for the disposal of arid lands requiring irrigation for cultivation, of so-called "dry-farming" areas, and, more recently, of grazing lands. Special laws were passed for mineral lands, though, curiously enough, not until 1866. At the late date of 1878 an attempt was made to meet the special timberland problem, but the legislation was so faulty that it served chiefly as an instrument of fraud. There have also been large and numerous grants for education, for canals, highways, and railroads, for reclamation of arid lands, for reclamation of swamp lands, and for manifold other purposes.

The history of the public domain is intimately related to the industrial history of the country. The migration of a great population over the public lands, the establishment of millions of farms, the construction of the great system of railways, the development of industries depending on minerals, timber, forage, and other natural resources, the building of cities and towns, and the creation of independent States, all within a comparatively short period of time, constitute one of the most extraordinary epochs in all history. Unquestionably, the liberality of the government in its disposal of the public domain was a large factor in this economic and industrial expansion. Quick peopling of the land was accomplished. But the process was accompanied by many serious blunders, by a lax administration of the laws, resulting in speculation, fraud, and often corruption, by tremendous waste of valuable resources, by loss of control of lands which should have been retained in public ownership, by local social distress, much of which will never be known, and by other consequences that will fall as a burden upon generations to follow.

We often think of the public domain as a chapter that is closed. It is true that the public domain is no longer an important factor in our industrial expansion. The westward migration has ceased. The pressure for new lands for settlement has stopped because there are no more public lands fit for agricultural settlement. Moreover, the industrial and economic changes of the past fifty years have created new conditions which could not be met in the old ways even if we still had an expanse of public lands comparable to that of 1880. The problem of acquiring natural resources has now been replaced by the problem of using them.

Nevertheless, the nation still owns a large area of lands, the residue after more than a century of picking over by men seeking to acquire lands under the various laws. More than 340,000,000 acres in the United States are still owned by the government. In addition, there are about 20,000,000 acres upon which the mineral rights have been reserved though the ownership of the surface has passed to private individuals. This grand total includes about 140,000,000 acres in national forests and parks and about 12,000,000 acres in lands withdrawn for the control of coal, oil, potash, and phosphates. There remain about 190,000,000 acres of land, unreserved, unappropriated, awaiting constructive administration and development. Nearly all of it has no more protection and administration than on the day it was acquired, and because of abuse it has been steadily deteriorating in productive value. This is the land which the President has suggested should be transferred to the States.

The remaining open public domain is chiefly located in the arid and semi-arid portions of sixteen Western States. Seventy-five per cent of Nevada is still unreserved public domain, 50 per cent of Utah, 23 per cent of New Mexico, 22 per cent of Arizona, 18 per cent of California, 16 per cent of Idaho, 22 per cent of Oregon, 29 per cent of Wyoming, and smaller proportions of other Western States. Five or ten million acres are natural timberlands; several million acres are open woodlands or low scrub; the remaining lands are clothed with grass and other herbaceous vegetation or with dry-land shrubs. Some are virtual deserts.

About 15 per cent of the present public domain may be classed as unproductive desert owing to lack of water or to alkaline soil or both. The areas of real desert are situated in southern California in the Death Valley and the Salton Sea region, in Utah west of Salt Lake, and in southwestern Arizona. The remainder of the open public lands—about 160,000,000 acres—is naturally clothed with grass and other herbaceous vegetation, or with low woody plants such as sagebrush, creosote brush, mesquite, and other types of shrubs or small trees, many of which have some nutritious value as browse for live stock. The land has been used for grazing for more than fifty years and some of it for a much longer time. It is public land, unfenced and open, for the use of any or all who may be able to place their stock upon it. There has never been any control of its use by the government, no restrictions as to the number of stock or methods of grazing, and no efforts to prevent injury to the land.

For forty years or more these ranges have been overgrazed. The effect of overcrowding the land with live stock has been disastrous, a progressive march toward devastation. The first injury is the destruction of the more nutritious forage plants. The reduction in the density of the grass and other vegetation exposes the soil to sun and wind. The water-holding power is impaired and the remaining plants are less vigorous in growth. From year to year the carrying capacity of the land for live stock has declined. On an average, the productive power of the land has been reduced 50 to 75 per cent and in places 80 to 90 per cent.

A second consequence of overgrazing is the loss of the surface soil by erosion. It may seem odd to discuss erosion in connection with arid lands, where the lack of water is the most conspicuous characteristic. Erosion depends not only on topography and soil but on the character of precipitation. In the dry regions the storms are often cyclonic and the rain falls in heavy showers. A large part of the Western ranges is rolling, hilly, or actually mountainous. Under natural conditions the soil is held in place by the protective vegetation. Even the cactus plays its part. Under normal conditions the degradation of the hills and ridges is very gradual and violent surface changes occur only occasionally through unusually heavy storms. Overgrazing loosens the soil and every storm carries off large quantities of the upper surface. Great gullies are formed that change the whole character of the run-off of water. The more compact subsoil is exposed, less water enters the ground, and the general water table is lowered. In the rich valleys the agricultural lands are gullied out and great arroyos are formed, often ten feet deep and thirty feet or more in width. Irrigation ditches and reservoirs are filled and frequently tons of detritus are deposited on fertile farm lands in the valley bottoms.

The problem of instituting a reform in the handling of the public domain offers complexities because of the varying character of the lands, the extent of the damage by overgrazing, the present distribution of the lands, and their intimate relation to the local industrial development. Leaving out of consideration the areas of actual desert, there are about 160,000,000 acres of range lands which constitute the real public-land problem. These may be divided into three classes, as follows:

1. Very large areas which are chiefly in federal ownership. The most important areas in this category are the West Desert in western Utah and eastern Nevada, comprising some 16,000,000 acres; the Red Desert in Wyoming, covering about 7,000,000 acres; the Owyhee Desert in southeastern Oregon and southwestern Idaho, containing about 25,000,000 acres; the Ralston and Pahute Desert in southern Nevada, with perhaps 15,000,000 acres; and the Jornada Desert in New Mexico, comprising about 6,000,000 acres. It is probable that about 70 per cent of these lands is in public ownership.

2. Areas comprising more than 100,000 acres in a body, but far less extensive than those mentioned in the preceding paragraph. It is probable that this class aggregates nearly 30 per cent of the public range. The blocks of land are not compact bodies of government property but are interrupted by State holdings, railroad sections, and other private lands.

3. Areas varying in size from a few sections to 100,000 acres. A considerable portion of these lands is adjacent to the national forests and its development is closely dependent on the use of the forage in these public reservations.

The problem of the public domain cannot be met by the old methods of land disposal. The various homestead laws do not apply, except to a very limited extent. A general sale law would not be effective unless very large units were placed on the market, which would inevitably be embarrassing to small ranchers who now use the lands for grazing and which would give monopolistic control of the lands to large concerns. Moreover, a great deal of the land has been so depleted in productiveness that private owners cannot afford to hold it. The new policy to be adopted should make possible the handling of each portion of the public domain in a way adapted to the conditions prevailing on the land itself. Abuse by overgrazing not only destroys a natural resource which sustains one of the great industries of the semi-arid portions of the West, but it results also in erosion and in torrential conditions that have a far-reaching effect on stream flow, irrigation, and community welfare generally. Nearly all the public domain, outside the real desert areas, is situated on the watersheds of important river systems, including the Rio Grande, Gila, Salt, Arkansas, Snake, and Missouri rivers. The disturbance of the normal conditions of run-off on large masses of land inevitably affects the rivers and their beneficial service. The neglect of the public domain over the years is releasing natural forces that may be felt in increased irregularity of river flow, embarrassment in irrigation and power development, and public injury in many other ways.

An analogous situation was encountered more than thirty years ago in the forests on the public domain. They were being ruined by fire, overgrazing, and abuse. The solution was found in the establishment of the national forests. For twenty-five years about 160,000,000 acres of public property have been successfully administered and the forests and other resources protected and developed. The grazing lands within the national forests were brought under systematic control, erosion was checked, and the productive power of the land for grazing progressively restored. The handling of the national forests points the way for the administration of public domain.

The policy which, in the opinion of the writer of this article, should be followed by the government in handling the public domain is as follows:

1. To establish at once a system of control of grazing

on all the public land analogous to that in successful operation in the national forests. This would involve a curtailment of the number of stock using the lands to the extent necessary to begin the restoration of the range.

2. To make a charge for the privilege of using the range for grazing, with provision for payment to the States of as liberal a proportion of the receipts from this source as Congress may deem appropriate.

3. To add to the national forests the areas of public grazing lands adjacent to them, where the grazing use may best be administered in conjunction with that in the national forests. The area of lands so situated is estimated to be about 16,000,000 acres.

4. To add to the national forests the lands in the public domain which are covered with forest growth and so located as to be best administered as permanent reservations. There are about 8,000,000 acres of such lands.

5. To establish permanent federal grazing reserves wherever conditions are such that the development and use of the lands and the protection of water resources can best be secured through this means.

6. To provide for the exchange of lands with States, railroads, and private owners in order to consolidate the federal and other holdings.

7. To provide for grants of lands to the States where this is desirable to round out existing holdings or to meet other special local problems.

8. To provide a procedure for the sale of land to individuals or companies where it is clear that private ownership is the best means to promote the beneficial use of the property. Authority should be given to dispose of blocks of land large enough to meet the economic conditions of grazing but with clear limitations essential to prevent monopoly and interference with the interests of the small ranchmen. A very liberal proportion of the proceeds of such sales should be granted to the States.

9. To transfer the administration of the public ranges from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture, where there is a corps of men trained in problems of range control.

Such a program would involve extensive field study, and each step naturally would be subject to sanction by Congress on the basis of administrative recommendations. The plan has the advantage of an immediate check to the present abuse of the range. It provides a method of progressively disposing of all the land through the incorporation of a portion in permanent reservations and through transferring the balance in an orderly way to other ownership.

The restoration of the lands to productive condition will be a slow process. Generally speaking, it takes twenty years or more to rehabilitate a badly depleted range, and this is accomplished only through expert control and management. Improvements are also necessary, such as roads, water developments, drift fences, and the like, involving considerable capital outlay; and some engineering works must be constructed to prevent torrents and erosion which result from the past abuse of the land.

The proposal that the nation surrender to the States the responsibility of meeting the situation on the public domain is made presumably on the ground that the problem is a local one. There are, however, great national interests involved. First of all, the lands belong to the nation and the responsibility for handling the properties in the best interests of the public is in itself a national one. In the next place, watershed protection is an interstate problem of the first order. Still again, the problem of range control and use is interstate in character. On the great ranges immense numbers of stock are driven out of one State to graze on areas located in another State. The use of the public range has been a large factor in building up the existing live-stock industry, which involves large investments in stock and plant. The division of the jurisdiction over these lands would involve serious consequences for the industry if the several States should inaugurate different policies of land administration. Finally, the proper handling of the problems of the public domain is beyond the power of most of the States. The sheer magnitude of the undertaking places it in the category of a national problem.

Some persons entertain the belief that under State ownership the lands would pass to private ownership and thus increase the grand list. Some lands would doubtless be sold. The government, with appropriate authority from Congress, can also sell such lands as should not remain permanently under public control. The States in the long run will gain far more from a liberal grant of the annual proceeds from grazing fees and other sources of income than by the effort to handle the lands themselves, especially if the States should undertake to restore them to productiveness and provide the improvements that are necessary.

The proposal to transfer the public lands to the States has been referred to as the new conservation. As yet I have been unable to find any evidence that the lands would be better handled by the States than by the government from the standpoint of conservation. The fact that the government has failed so far in administering the open ranges is not proof that it will continue to do so. The government has demonstrated that it is wholly competent to meet problems of this kind in its successful management of 160,000,000 acres of national forests. It can do as well on the public domain. The failure of the government in handling the open ranges may be charged to a number of causes. The chief responsibility lies in the lack of determined leadership by the Department of the Interior, which has charge of the public domain. This department is not organized and equipped for the administration of problems of soil production and land use. Formerly it had charge of the public forests and failed in exactly the same way that it has failed in the administration of the grazing problem on the public domain. The constructive handling of the national forests began when they were placed under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture, where there was a corps of trained foresters. The administration of the grazing lands involves precisely the class of problems which the experts of the Department of Agriculture are qualified by their training and experience to handle.

The President has chosen an excellent commission to study the problems of the public domain. The chairman, Honorable James R. Garfield, was a leader in conservation when he served in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Fifty thousand dollars has been provided by Congress for the expenses of the commission. It is hoped that a constructive plan will be developed, a plan which will not involve a shirking by the nation of its plain responsibilities.

Catholicism and Liberalism*

By the REVEREND JOHN A. RYAN

TWO Roman documents published during the past year have provoked questions concerning the intellectual integrity of Catholics who profess to be loyal to the Holy See and who call themselves "liberals." These documents are a revised edition of the "Index of Prohibited Books" and the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI dated December 31, 1929. The former forbids Catholics to read certain proscribed books, while the latter commands them to send their children to Catholic schools. In the criticism directed at "liberal" Catholics who accept such prohibitions and precepts one finds a considerable amount of misunderstanding and inexact language.

An artificial definiteness has been accorded to the terms "liberal" and "liberalism." Some of the critics assume that any Catholic who accepts the designation "liberal" necessarily uses the word in the sense attached to it by the critics themselves. When we consider the history of these two terms we are surprised at this assumption. Liberalism may denote a disposition of will, an attitude of mind, or adherence to a set of opinions. Accordingly the liberal is a person who is generous, tolerant, and inclined to credit with sincerity those who differ from him; or he is unprejudiced and open-minded; or his opinions tend to magnify the importance of freedom and to diminish that of restraint and authority. Liberalism may exist in many fields of thought and discussion: economics, politics, governmental policy, religion, education, science, philosophy, ethical theory and practice, and social conventions. A person can logically and consistently be a liberal in some of these departments and a conservative or authoritarian in others. He can look upon complete and centralized authority as reasonable in some and as unreasonable in others of these spheres of thought and action. For example, he can be a liberal in politics and economics and at the same time an authoritarian in religion. Many may find no difficulty in taking diametrically opposite positions under these two heads.

One of the best-known uses of the term "liberalism" is that which has for many years prevailed on the Continent of Europe and in some Latin-American countries. Those who profess this variety of liberalism are almost invariably anticlerical, which is frequently a euphemism for anti-Catholic. On its theoretical side, this liberalism denies or minimizes the authority of God and of the church over the human intellect. On its practical side, it denies or minimizes the authority of God and of the church over human conduct. Both the theoretical and practical forms of Continental liberalism exhibit several degrees, from the complete denial of divine authority, doctrinal and legislative, to the rejection of church authority outside those principles of faith and morals which are assured by the prerogative of infallibility.

Now it is this species of liberalism which the European ecclesiastic usually has in mind when he employs the term without qualification. Probably this is the kind that Cardinal Merry del Val was thinking of when he referred recently to "that moral pestilence known as liberalism." An editorial entitled A Moral Pestilence in *The Nation* of December 25, 1929, declared that the doctrine of the Catholic church "is unalterably opposed to very nearly every tenet of the liberal creed." If the "liberal creed" is identical with the liberalism described above, the assertion just quoted is obviously correct. Were the church to accept or even to compromise with this kind of liberalism it would commit intellectual and moral suicide.

It should be evident that this species of liberalism cannot be accepted by any Catholic who is at once loyal to his church and adequately instructed. There have, indeed, been Catholics, particularly on the Continent, who designated themselves as "liberal Catholics," precisely in order to express their adherence to a mild form of the liberalism that we are now discussing. While accepting the authority of the church in matters of faith and morals which had been defined ex cathedra, they denied the right of the Pope to impose as of obligation doctrinal declarations or disciplinary rules which do not enjoy infallibility. Belonging to, or closely akin to, this class are those American Catholics whom *The Nation* calls "liberals" and whom it thus described in the editorial referred to above: "Their sentiments are known by their conduct; they disobey many of the commands of the church, and they are willing to explain away many of its doctrines." If the disobedience of these persons is based not upon human weakness but upon deliberate rejection of the divine right of the church to impose precepts of morality and discipline, they are not faithful Catholics. A similar statement applies to the device of "explaining away" church doctrines. Both these attitudes have been condemned on various occasions by more than one pope. An American Catholic who practices or professes this degree of liberalism is either intellectually dishonest or inadequately instructed.

When the writer of *The Nation's* editorial speaks of the "liberal creed," perhaps he does not wish to include the cruder and more extreme forms of Continental liberalism: for example, the denial of the right of God Himself to impose restraints upon intellect, conscience, or conduct. Perhaps he desires to emphasize what are sometimes called "modern liberties," that is, freedom of opinion, of teaching, of speech, of writing, and of printing. Undoubtedly the Catholic church does reject unlimited freedom in all these spheres. She denies the moral right of men to accept or to profess false opinions or to propagate doctrines or practices which are contrary to the moral law and therefore opposed to human welfare. She holds that a man has no more right to utter falsehood and wrong than he has to perpetrate them. She maintains that the intellect and the vocal organs are as subject to the moral law as any other human faculty. As a matter of fact, no government has ever admitted, no modern government admits today, unlimited freedom of expression. Men may not, with legal impunity, calumniate their neighbors, or publish obscene literature, or make indecent speeches in public, or corrupt the morals of the young in the schoolroom. The decision of the Supreme Court in the espionage

* This article was written by Father Ryan upon request of the Editor, at the instance of a non-Catholic reader of *The Nation* who wished a treatment by a liberal Catholic of the problems here discussed.—EDITOR THE NATION.

cases (1918), written by Justice Holmes himself, showed that our federal Constitution restricts very considerably the scope of the guaranty of freedom of speech contained in the First Amendment. Therefore, the principle of absolute and unlimited freedom of expression seems to be rejected by the better and saner part of the community, if not by all but a few extremists.

To be sure, the practical question of drawing the line between reasonable and unreasonable freedom with regard to opinion and expression is one that different persons will answer differently. The way in which it has been answered in the constitutions and statutes of our federal and State governments is quite satisfactory to American Catholics. They are never conspicuous in the groups that appear before Congress and State legislatures seeking diminution of this class of liberties. They perceive no conflict between their Catholicism and the traditional American policy.

So much for definitions and classifications. Our discussion thus far has evidently touched only a few of the accepted uses of liberals and liberalism. But these are the species that seem to be most frequent in the minds of men who discuss liberalism in relation to the Catholic church. Happily it is possible to get away from ambiguous terminology and discuss the actions and attitudes themselves which are called into question. A certain writer seeks to "understand the position of liberal members of the Catholic church," and to learn the "processes by which the claims of absolutism in religion and relativity in rational thinking are reconciled."

"Absolutism in religion" is probably intended to denote that theory or attitude which accepts religious doctrines as certain and recognizes the unconditional authority of the church to lay down the principles and rules of faith and morals. Surely this attitude is not confined to Catholics or to the domain of religion. In all probability the writer of the quoted phrase accepts "absolutism" in mathematics, in physics, in chemistry, and perhaps in other sciences. That is, he believes that he can have certainty and not merely "relativity" or probability in these fields. When he uses the phrase "relativity in rational thinking" does he mean that all truth is relative, that there is no such thing as certainty? In other words, is he a complete skeptic or subjectivist? Inasmuch as Catholics, whether they call themselves liberals or not, do not accept this position, they are not called upon to reconcile it with their belief in religious absolutism. Probably the writer merely intends to say that in some fields of thought there is no authority nor any compelling array of evidence to guarantee certainty, that in them men can possess only opinions and greater or less degrees of probability. This statement is true to a greater or less extent of politics, economics, sociology, philosophy, history, and in a large portion of the territory occupied by the physical sciences. The Catholic who accepts this so-called relativity of knowledge, who admits that he cannot have complete certainty throughout these domains, has no difficulty in accepting the absolute truth and absolute authority of the church in religion and morals. There is no contradiction, because the realities covered by these two classes of thought are different and the appropriate methods and instruments of knowledge are different. To demand or expect identical judgments concerning the knowableness of different kinds of realities is quite unreasonable.

Another objector wonders how liberal Catholics can honestly accept "their church's attitude toward the individual's right to read and think for himself." In a preceding paragraph this question has in part been answered in the statement that Catholics who refuse to accept the authority of the church in matters of discipline are not loyal and orthodox Catholics, even though ignorance may prevent them from perceiving this fact. Let us, however, examine on its merits the assumption that the individual has a "right to read and think for himself." Apparently the questioner regards this so-called right as an essential element of genuine liberalism. His use of the term is unprecise and ambiguous. He cannot mean *legal* right, for no one denies that the civil law in the United States concedes this. Perhaps he means *moral* right—that is, a right or claim which is in accord with reason, inasmuch as it is necessary or useful for human welfare. As pointed out above, there is no moral right to do wrong. It is wrong for a Catholic to disregard the authority which Christ has conferred upon the church. The thinking and the reading which the church forbids is, generally speaking, harmful to the true faith and to sound morality. I say "generally speaking," because the church does not profess to be infallible in such matters as are covered by the "Index of Prohibited Books." Nevertheless, faith and morals and truth are safer as a result of the church's legislation in this field than they would be in the absence of such legislation.

Let us test this assertion by reference to the works on the Index which are adduced as horrible examples in *The Nation's* editorial above referred to. Let us leave out of consideration those Catholics who have a special reason for reading these books because they are teachers, or writers, or clergymen; for they will not generally find great difficulty in getting the required permission. Let us take the average Catholic, the average educated Catholic, if you will. I venture to say that such a one could employ his time more profitably in reading other works, in the same respective fields, than in reading, say, Gibbon's "'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Kant's "Critique," and the works of Maeterlinck. As for "The Book of Common Prayer" and the Protestant versions of the Bible, it is difficult to see what benefit the ordinary Catholic would derive from their perusal. After all, we have incomparably better prayer books of our own, and the church possessed and preserved the integral Scriptures for many centuries before the emergence of Martin Luther and King James I. A great part, if not the greater part, of the reading done by this generation is sheer waste of time, if not worse. Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morality" contains some amazing history and anthropology, some ignorance of the Bible, considerable misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine, much superficial reasoning and immoral ethics. In a word, the book is unscientific. Yet it is and will be accepted unquestioningly by thousands of persons who think that they "think for themselves," and who pride themselves on their intellectual independence.

The Nation's editorial finds fault with liberal Catholics who have not repudiated the ban laid by a certain cardinal upon other than parochial schools. But this is the general and traditional Catholic discipline and it has been restated in the recent Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on education. Our position is very simple and very logical. We hold that

religious training is the most important element in education, that as a rule it cannot be adequately obtained if it is excluded from the school, and that there can be no such thing as a genuinely neutral school. If the school does not teach religion it shows itself indifferent to religion. This attitude of indifference, insensibly perhaps, but more or less effectively, conveys to the pupil the impression that religion is not an important element in education or in life. Obviously, such a school cannot be completely satisfactory to an intelligent Catholic. Quite as obviously, it is the business of the church to safeguard the spiritual welfare of her children by appropriate legislation.

The most astonishing and disturbing statement in the editorial above mentioned is that the liberal who is logical "cannot be other than anti-Catholic." This suggests a very illiberal brand of liberalism. To be "anti" is to be opposed; but it implies something more than negative opposition by withholding agreement. Frequently it denotes some measure of hostility. Always it implies that one seeks to thwart the program and purposes of the institution to which one is "anti." No such threat is offered by the Catholic church against the American liberal who refuses to accept her authority. She does not seek to take from him any of his cherished liberties. Why should he scold Catholics merely because they accept what he regards as tyrannical authority? Why can he not permit us to involve ourselves in what seems to him intellectual stultification? Or does this brand of liberalism insist on saving men against their will from foolish loyalties? This seems to be the essence of toryism.

At any rate, the position of the intelligent Catholic, whether or not he calls himself a liberal, who wholeheartedly accepts the authority of the church in faith and morals and discipline is neither disingenuous, nor self-contradictory, nor unreasonable. His interpretation of history impels him to the conclusion that Christ was God and that He endowed the Catholic church with plenary authority to teach and to govern in spiritual and moral affairs. The non-Catholic may, as he does, reject both the premises and the conclusion of this reasoning, but he cannot fairly accuse those who accept it of either inconsistency or intellectual stultification.

I have never experienced any temptation to become a liberal in the sense of rejecting any part of the authority claimed and exercised by my church. Nevertheless, I suppose that I should be classed as a liberal in economics and in politics. As such, I would suggest to the editors of *The Nation* and to all others who desire to see established a reign of wider industrial and political justice that the task before them, before us all, is formidable enough and sufficiently worth while to command our united efforts. This cause will not be served by lecturing, threatening, and antagonizing Catholic economic and political liberals merely because they refuse to accept the anti-church variety of liberalism. This mistaken and unnecessary course is mainly responsible for the ultra-conservative position taken by many prominent Catholics on the Continent of Europe. To protect their religious interests they were compelled to align themselves with economic and political reactionaries. Should a similar alignment take place in our own beloved country the blame will surely rest upon those liberals who will not concede to Catholics the right to profess and practice in their own way the religious loyalties which they cherish above everything else in life.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has often pondered on why the weather should constitute an infallible topic of conversation. After the invariable inquiry as to the health of another comes the equally invariable comment on the wetness or dryness or hotness or coldness of the day and the day before, not to mention prophecies on the morrow. And of all these weather data, none is more infallible than that furnished by a hot spell. It is true that New York City in hot weather can hardly be forgotten. The subways are full of white, limp, shiny-faced men and women. Those occasional more fortunate souls who have been away from the city long enough to get brown or red stand out like another race. But they, too, are shiny. Even the most ardently bepowdered nose is likely to gleam in a hot spell. No, these people cannot forget the weather. When they walk on the streets the asphalt slides under them; when they go home a hot blast of air reaches them from the kitchen and chases them all the way into the parlor.

* * * * *

BUT discussion is equally prevalent on a bright, cool, fair morning. "Nice day," you say and you hear. "Pretty wet, eh?" is the comment for inclement weather. When it snows everybody tells you so; when it is cold there is not a man or woman in the country who does not remark on it. Why should this be? There are other phenomena as common as the weather. We all breathe by air taken into our lungs. Yet you almost never hear comment on the fact. "Good morning; are you breathing today?" How strange that would sound. "Well, pulses are running around seventy-eight today. Have you counted yours?" This, too, is not a common form of greeting. Only the weather is eternally with us for conversational purposes.

* * * * *

THE reason, of course, may be that the weather is linked so closely with man's sense of well-being. When he is too hot or too cold he feels uncomfortable; when the temperature and the amount of sunshine are just right he feels good, and wants everybody to know it. Thus, comment on the kind of day is only comment on one's health. And health is the conversational topic par excellence for any given individual. Man thinks first of how he feels. After he has exhausted that subject he may turn to action or intellectual activity. There are more cults for health today, probably, than for any other state of being. We no longer think it important to save our souls; but by diet and exercise and hocus-pocus of every conceivable sort we must save our bodies. Disease must be stamped out, food must be of the proper sort and amount. our children must eat spinach or they must not eat spinach, according to the fad of the moment. We must lie in the sun because without violet rays plants die; we must get enough sleep, we must brush our teeth, we must use quantities of soap, we must not neglect intestinal toxicity. Why? So we shall live forever—or if not forever then as long as possible. Man is eternally afraid to die. He takes every precaution to keep himself alive. And the weather is an index of how he is feeling.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Intellectual Treat

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to convey to you my appreciation of the excellent essay in *The Nation* of July 23 by J. B. S. Haldane. Of the many intellectual treats I have had in your valuable weekly, this clear-cut and courageous exposition of an individual Weltanschauung is certainly one of the best you ever published. This young English intellectual and radical thinker is refreshing and thought-provoking.

His statement that "since 1921 the death-rate of Americans at every age from thirty upwards has been increasing steadily" is perhaps only too true. We are the victims of wealth illy digested, which is unmanning us physically, ethically, and morally. We wallow in luxuries and insane living. The simple life as an Emerson or Walt Whitman or Thoreau knew it is a lost art. Intellectual attainments are with us a balderdash of religious mysticism and timid pseudo-science. We are afraid of the truth. We are Don Quixotes who imagine we can cure our social evils by idiotic thrusts (laws) which infringe upon individual liberty. Our hypocrisy is indescribably fatuous. The world may admire us for our business ability; but of real culture (excepting perhaps 1 per cent of us) we have none.

Chicago, July 21 August Ruedy

Rude Again

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I trouble you to discontinue sending me *The Nation*? Your references to President Hoover have been such that I do not care to have a paper containing them come into the midst of my family. Honest and dignified criticism of the Chief Executive I would have no objection to, but the terms in which you refer to him are not only unbecoming but disrespectful to the office. A sneer is a poor corrective and the terms in which you have referred to the President in a number of issues can be classed among the sneering utterances which men unfortunately use when they are not pleased.

Philadelphia, June 26 J. S. Ladd Thomas

The Great Babson

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At last the great Babson has spoken on the subject of unemployment and trade depression. In a special letter issued June 30 he tells us that while "everybody is naturally very much interested in stopping the trade depression from which we are now suffering," this "cancer," like all illnesses, must run its course and, at best, all we can hope to do is to make the suffering more bearable.

Mr. Babson consoles us with what he tells us is his firm opinion—that the unemployment of millions of people has its spiritual and intellectual values which "fill an important economic function." As you are pawning the family jewels in an effort to feed the youngsters or to satisfy the landlord and groceryman, remember that you are "performing an important economic function" which has "spiritual and intellectual values."

Furthermore, and this is of even greater importance, "unemployment gives the wage worker a chance to rest and get in physical condition for the next pull." I wonder if Mr. Babson has ever tried resting for the "next pull" on an empty stomach.

But let us continue: ". . . man develops spiritually during periods of depression. . . . Ask any preacher, priest, or rabbi." In prosperity "we forget God and become pagan"; but in times of unemployment church attendance increases and every unemployed worker looks to a higher source for aid and guidance. It seems to me that according to Babson unemployment and trade depressions must be of divine origin and intended as an incentive to a "back-to-the-church" movement.

Of the relationship between cyclic economic depressions and the profit motive in our present economy, with its consequent overproduction, and of the effect of the machine age on the wage-earners, the great Roger W. Babson, strangely enough, says nothing.

Oakland, N. J., July 8 Jack Brooks

The Butte *Daily Bulletin*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Butte, Montana, Eastern liberals were wont to visit a church in the basement of which was printed the most militant newspaper of many a day—the Butte *Daily Bulletin*. Entering the editorial room one was confronted with a rack holding six loaded Winchester rifles. It was no uncommon sight to see busy editors with a gun beside their typewriter. At night, workers did sentry duty guarding the plant from possible attacks by company gunmen. One morning the city was stirred by the finding of a battered and bruised I. W. W. hanging from a railroad trestle. The editors of the *Bulletin* were warned to leave town or expect a similar fate. On another occasion 600 workers marched to the mines to do picket duty. In a few moments the road was strewn with their wounded and two lay dead. In such a city, amid such recurring scenes, the Butte *Daily Bulletin* sounded the note of defiance to the employers and brought hope to the struggling workers. Lack of advertising, due to the bank boycott of those who did advertise, and the espionage system of the employers which prevented workers from subscribing gave the paper a hard struggle to live. Paper used to remain on the siding for days; no delivery was made without cash.

Senator Wheeler could never have survived politically if it had not been for the *Bulletin*. When Senator Wheeler was beaten up in the streets of Butte it was the *Bulletin* crowd that enabled him to carry on. The West realizes the loss of the *Bulletin*. As long as the West is the West the workers will remember the *Bulletin*.

New York, July 6 Mina Carney

Right Today, Wrong Tomorrow

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Heywood Broun is afraid the radios will train the whole nation to pronounce alike, and then everybody will pronounce all the consonants in "five-sixths" as long as the world lasts. I wouldn't worry. Just as surely as the place of the waist line on women's dresses will change again, just as surely as patronizing the bootlegger will come to be the not-quite-up-to-date thing among collegiate youth, so surely will "me dear" be the preferred style in one decade and "muh dear" in another decade and "my dear" in yet another. Some folks will take pains to keep up with every change, but the majority will stick to what was stylish in their youth, and thereby will furnish a starting-point for the next change of fashion. Remember how the dictionaries used to tell us that the noun

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"rise" must be pronounced like "rice"? But now the dictionaries say not only that the noun must be pronounced like the verb, but that there never was a time when anything else was right, and that everybody who in my younger days pronounced the noun as the dictionaries then told him to was using a pronunciation that was then wrong. The dictionaries have now decided that the most proper distinction between "recipe" and "receipt" is that "recipe" is for medicine and "receipt" is for cookery, but most of the household columns in the papers are still run by people who were educated in the days when the dictionaries said that it must be "recipe" for cookery.

Ballard Vale, Mass., July 10 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

An Article for Republicans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read Mr. Herrick's article, Our Super-Babbitt, in your issue of July 16, and I have been so impressed with its calm and vigorous conviction that I urge you to have it printed separately as an anti-Republican leaflet. I should take a great deal of delight in handing this article to hard-shelled Republicans. Of course, it would only make them angry, but it would assist a great many others, who have been buncoed by party talk, to see a glimmer of light.

Everett, Washington, July 20 V. C. CHRISTIANSON

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL TELCO has contributed critical exposés to various periodicals.

KARL MONROE is the pseudonym of a New England newspaperman.

HENRY S. GRAVES is dean of the School of Forestry at Yale University.

JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

AUDREY WURDEMANN is the author of a book of verse entitled "House of Silk."

DONALD A. ROBERTS is a member of the English department at the College of the City of New York.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is the author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship."

EUGENE LÖHRKE is editor of "Armageddon: The World War in Literature."

JAN VAN AS is an Orientalist who has recently made a trip to Persia for research purposes.



NO ONE MUST KNOW

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REVELATION

By ANDRÉ BIRABEAU *Translated by Una, Lady Troubridge*

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Books and Films

Belated Sheep

By AUDREY WURDEMANN

Under a night sky bluer than the breast
Of royal peacock, under a far sky
Where the white moon paints cleft and sudden crest,
Swaying and silent-hoofed the sheep go by.
Flooding like curds over the valley floor,
They tread upon the carpet of the night,
And black rock gleaming like a silver door
Widens before them in the frosted light.

Wrapped to the eyes, a-dream, the shepherd goes,
Nor heeds the drowsy murmur of his sheep.
Into a velvet slumberous and deep
The ram's bell leads them on where no wind blows.
Through moonlight silver-clear and crystal-cold
They pour from mountain pasture into fold.

Desire for Oblivion

Ash-Wednesday. By T. S. Eliot. New York: The Fountain Press. $5.

THAT T. S. Eliot was in "The Waste Land" already bent toward a search into religious faith is, I believe, undeniable. In that picture of sterility he made his accusation against his age, stated his desire for perfection, and began his search for faith and for God. He could not continue to cry against drought; he must find the principle, for himself at least, of life. Nor would he be likely to find this in any adaptation to a scientific point of view. There is therefore no break between Eliot's earlier poems and his later. The difference is merely one of development. His passion was always for the past; it was therefore more or less to be expected that he would finally accept not only classicism in form but one of the oldest of religions, the Anglo-Catholic.

It is with the theme of the later poems that we are concerned. Has Eliot found in the acceptance of the Anglo-Catholic religion anything that has greatly altered his poetry? I do not believe so. The fundamental emotion, the emotion which is the source of the man's creative ability in poetry, remains the same. Every poem published since his pronouncement of his creed is upon the theme of death in life, life in death, and the sincere desire for oblivion. Life is a slow dying, death is a rebirth, and neither process is subject so much for ecstasy or rejoicing as it is for pain and denial. Whenever Eliot has developed his argument up to the point where a moment of vision might shatter doubt, he takes that last step toward faith not by vision, and not intellectually, but by a cry for the Word:

> Lord I am not worthy
> but speak the Word only.
> . . . . . .
> And pray to God to have mercy upon us
> And I pray that I may forget
> These matters that with myself I too much discuss
> Too much explain
> Because I do not hope to turn again
> Let these words answer
> For what is done, not to be done again
> May the judgment not be too heavy upon us.

In The Journey of the Magi, one of the several poems published in pamphlet form before "Ash-Wednesday," Eliot speaks of Christ's birth as "a hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death." In another, Song for Simeon, his theme is death. And, finally, in Ash-Wednesday we have a long ritualistic chant or prayer for the acceptance of faith. The poem is very difficult of interpretation because it relies upon no ecstatic penetration of the mysteries, but upon a symbolism not so much Catholic as it is personal. The poem opens with lines reminiscent of Dante and Shakespeare, but the poet does not resort thereafter to quotation:

> Because I do not hope to turn again
> Because I do not hope
> Because I do not hope to turn
> Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope

The theme of the entire first part is renunciation of life, of life which cannot find its reason for being as do trees and plants. Part II then develops through a series of symbols—three leopards who feed on the flesh and the bones, the lady who may be the church—the idea that the flesh and the spirit wish oblivion. The bones finding peace in oblivion, the spirit comes upon the symbol of unity:

> The single rose
> Is now the garden.

Part III may be said to recall Dante again. An ascent of three stairs toward paradise is described. On the first step one leaves behind the demons of hope and despair; on the second is a blankness (again the Waste Land), an "old man's mouth driveling beyond repair." The third stair affords a renewed consciousness of sensual living. Only after this memory which fades comes the cry:

> Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair
> Climbing the third stair.
>
> Lord I am not worthy
> Lord I am not worthy
> but speak the Word only.

Part IV is difficult of exact interpretation. Here the forces of life and death are interwoven. Mary, the Virgin, spirit of life walking between the violet and the violet, renews all things. The years walk there too and take away the fiddles and the flutes; the new years cry "redeem the time, redeem the dream." This is followed by Part V, where the answer as to the way of redemption is found in the Word:

> And the light shone in darkness and
> Against the Word the unstilled world still whirled
> About the center of the silent Word
> O my people, what have I done to thee?

Part VI comes back to the refrain of Part I, "although I do not hope to turn again," and to the statement that this is the time of the tension between dying and birth, when the spirit is reborn. The whole poem closes on these lines:

> Teach us to care and not to care
> Teach us to sit still
> Even among these rocks
> Our peace His will
> And even among these rocks
> Sister, mother
> And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea
> Suffer me not to be separated
> And let my cry come unto Thee.

The poet never reaches, it seems, any overpowering certainty. The emotion never reaches great pitch. There is more intensity in those lines which state the poetic desire for oblivion than in any affirming religious faith. Throughout, the mood is almost desperately sad.

EDA LOU WALTON

Archbishop Laud

Laud: Storm Center of Stuart England. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Brentano's. $3.50.

OBVIOUSLY Mr. Coffin realized the dramatic value of Archbishop Laud as a subject for biography. He draws from the available historical material every possible conflict and climax, and shows little need to heighten the natural colors of his scene. Too readily, however, he falls into the Restoration spirit of angry scorn when he speaks of Laud's antagonists. The Puritans, typified by Prynne in his book, are wreckers of Maypoles and smashers of stained glass; they never appear as austere, even fanatic, proponents of those liberties of conscience and of person upon which modern concepts of democracy rest. It is proper enough to write an apologia for Laud, but it is reprehensible in doing so to belittle even by silence the spirit of those whom his tyranny sought to crush. This fundamental inaccuracy, misunderstanding the Puritans, overshadows but unfortunately does not obliterate several lesser errors of fact and interpretation, such as calling Catholics Separatists, and saying that Bacon foretold "an entirely new method of approach to knowledge."

In view of Mr. Coffin's reputation as a poet the style of this volume will, it must be feared, cause keen disappointment. How is it possible for the same person to rise, on one page, to the mellow beauty of "But his heart was like living coals under this ash of silence," and on another sink to the cheapness of "For George Abbot had finally gone to join the company of those to whom the sound of jeers is very much the same as the sound of cheers"? Though happily one can find few sentences quite as inept as this one, too many suffer from either rhetorical flatulence or mechanical clumsiness.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

A Political Theorist

The Dangers of Obedience and Other Essays. By Harold J. Laski. Harper and Brothers. $3.

PROFESSOR LASKI is one of the principal cultivators in England and America of that field which has come fashionably to be known as "political theory." Lest, however, it be supposed by the uninitiated that political theory really has very much to do with the present great exigencies of politics, it should be said at once that the political theorists are really not more than historians of political theory. The cult in its present form has been encouraged by sociologists who as students of the science of society are interested in ideas of politics and political organization. It has become established almost as a separate discipline and an integral part of the philosophical apparatus of the social sciences. It has apparently been decided that political theory represents that part of the old metaphysics which is to be preserved as the new metaphysics of sociology. The difficulty that the great ideas in political theory in the past have been contributed chiefly by general philosophers whose primary interest was metaphysics has been overcome by not studying these philosophers as total personalities but only in the aspects which are held to remain of value. Thus, while Kant may not be considered as a metaphysician, he may be read as a political thinker. A great churchman's theology is taboo but he is deserving of notice for his views on the relation of church and state.

Thus is introduced the first element of unreality in the study of political theory. Ghosts of the past, not living men, are invoked. Equally unfortunate is the continued preoccupation which the discipline of political theory encourages with the great ideas of the past in political philosophy. The academicians of political theory discourse with endless patience of those supremely vicious formalisms which are called state and sovereignty, forms of government, liberty, equality, democracy, the separation of powers, centralization and decentralization, cabinet government and congressional government. They are cultivated ever so lovingly like pallid roses in a well-kept garden. No rude scamps intrude into the closed and guarded precincts, and it is all very polite and charming. To qualify for the pleasant fellowship, the neophyte need, of course, to have gone through the arduous initiatory ceremonies of having read his Plato and Aristotle, his Hooker and Harrington, Milton and Hobbes, Machiavelli and Rousseau, so that he may be able to produce in time an essay upon one of them as a political theorist. Then, he must have read, too, a few good general histories of political theory, preferably by some of the indefatigable German masters such as Mohl, or Bluntschli, or Gumplowicz—this either to fill in the gaps in his reading of the original sources or to produce in due course a history of political theory of his own. At no time, particularly if he is so fortunate as to live in America or England, need his peace of mind be disturbed by the fact that his cultivation of political theory will actually affect the movements of events. Particularly in these great plutocracies have political ideas really ceased to count, if they ever did count for very much, and politics is in a complete state of frustration, the political masters no longer being the real masters of society. But for that very reason there is presented a large and leisurely opportunity for writing perfectly monumental studies of political theory.

Professor Laski is one of the most notable and intelligent of the masters of political theory. Of his style it may be said that he writes with more grace and charm and wit than any of the others. He is theoretically not unaware of economic realities in politics. If I may judge from his justifiably low opinion of the academic mind, he might even admit the general indictment of the academicians of political theory. Nevertheless, he exhibits their habits of mind and barrenness of ideas. He is in love with great general principles, not so much with specific problems. He has written studies of many great figures in the history of political theory, and with as little specialization and one-sidedness as possible. Among political theorists his name is connected chiefly with pluralism. Here he has dwelt upon a really vital problem in political theory, and has done a great deal to bring it to popular attention. But in his attack upon the monistic theory of the state he has essentially propagated the ideas of other men—of Figgis and Maitland, Gierke and Duguit.

The present Laski miscellany exhibits the typical professor of political theory. You will find a graceful essay on Machiavelli and another on Rousseau. One can only say that they are very nice and useful, for studies of this sort are always justifiable as critical biography. Two other essays deal with education but the majority of those in the volume are concerned with the present problems of politics. Writing them originally for popular magazines, Professor Laski is presumably giving us his judgments upon questions that trouble the times. Yet all he does is to voice the criticisms of the present political system that have been heard so often that they have become commonplaces, and to offer constructive proposals that can hardly be called more than evasions. His basic ideas are so weak that he is always being carried away by the current of his themes, a fault that is also to be attributed in part to the demands of popular magazine writing. The result is often a farrago of inconsistencies. One is often at a loss to guess whether Professor Laski thinks that democracy has succeeded splendidly or failed dismally. One cannot be sure whether he is optimistic or despairing. A peculiarity all his own especially distinguishes

him. Having lived in America as well as in England, he attempts to write with reference to the experience of readers on both sides of the water, with the result that he describes a sort of composite Anglo-American experience that has no real existence.

The essays are full of echoes and platitudes. The one called The American Political System is, as far as I can tell, compounded in various proportions of Walter Bagehot's "The English Constitution," Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government," Lindsay Rogers's "The American Senate," and Walter Lippmann's "The Phantom Public." One comes across cleverly worded paraphrases of "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and "government by the consent of the governed." In another essay, A Plea for Equality, we are solemnly told that "where there are rich and poor, educated and uneducated, we find always masters and servants. To be rich is to be powerful, to be educated is to have authority," and "what we call embezzlement in a junior clerk becomes high finance in a millionaire"; and there are many more remarks of the same character. At that it turns out that the plea for equality is really one for social justice. It is hard to see any reason for the avoidance of this idea except the desire to sound paradoxical. The opening essay, The Dangers of Obedience, which is a justification of the right of revolution and a call to revolt, has a theme which will be familiar to every Jeffersonian Democrat. Somehow I am not moved to go out and hit a policeman in Union Square; in fact, I am only left good and mad with its obvious parlor terrorism; I am somehow not comforted by the assurance that there have been revolutions that have succeeded.

I think that the essay The Recovery of Citizenship may especially be taken as the measure of Professor Laski's depth as a political thinker, since it preaches the gospel of pluralism with which his name is particularly associated. The meaning of democratic citizenship is to be recovered by the participation of the citizen in the activity of self-governing associations to which the state will concede various present functions of government. The association will be governed by councils, and in the work of general legislation the state will seek the benefit of their experience through advisory committees. Now, I will not argue about English experience, but as far as the American scene is concerned there is something very queer about this. It seems to me that Professor Laski is somewhat in the absurd position of an idealist who has dreamed so long of Utopia that he is unable to perceive that it has come to exist. In these United States political pluralism is practically an accomplished fact. There is in the first place no real conception of the state in American constitutional theory in any terms that would be familiar to a European political thinker. The people organized in their voluntary associations are the decisive factors in government. This fact was immediately perceived by another foreigner, Professor Siegfried, a realistic Frenchman and a more acute observer than Professor Laski, and the situation was admirably expounded in "America Comes of Age." Geographical political organization exists in the United States only upon a formal basis. The real power is exercised by scores of great associations of which the Anti-Saloon League, the American Federation of Labor, and the United States Chamber of Commerce are only a few of the greatest. The voluntary advisory committees which Professor Laski urges as aids to the legislatures puzzle me even more. Has Professor Laski never attended a hearing on a bill in Congress or a State legislature? The poor legislators are already besieged by advisory committees a plenty. The real problems of American pluralism that might have been considered are such ones as the viciousness of many of the associations and the absence of democratic control by the rank and file—in other words, it might have been perceived that even under pluralism the problems of political government often remain.

The place of business in the "future" pluralistic state apparently troubles Professor Laski particularly, for he considers the problem in a separate essay entitled Can Business Be Civilized? I pass over the fact that the issue might have been better stated Can Industry Be Socialized? But it is less easy to let rest the proffered idea that business be made into a "profession," presumably with ideals of service. The analogy is derived obviously from the existence of bar associations and medical associations, but it can hardly be considered as more than quaint in an age and country that has seen the professions degenerating into businesses to all intents and purposes. Professor Laski does not say very much of big business, but if he did he might discover perhaps the most powerful of all established forms of pluralism. In this he shares the blindness of all the exponents of political pluralism, who are always perplexed if not terrified by the threat of labor unions to the state but practically ignore the fully established power of the great corporations in the state. Yet the existence of this corporate pluralism is the decisive factor in the futility and sterility of political theory.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

This Negro

Not Without Laughter. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HERE is the Negro in his most picturesque form—the blues-loving Negro, the spiritual-singing Negro, the exuberant, the impassioned, the irresponsible Negro, the Negro of ancient folk-lore and romantic legend. "Good-natured, guitar-playing Jim Boy"; Angee Rogers loving Jim Boy no matter where he goes or whom he lives with; Aunt Hager, the old mammy of a dead generation, "whirling around in front of the altar at revival meetings . . . her face shining with light, arms outstretched as though all the cares of the world had been cast away"; Harriet, "beautiful as a jungle princess," singing and jazzing her life away, sneering at sin as a white man's bogy, and burying beneath peals of laughter "a white man's war for democracy"; and Sandy, seeing his people as a "band of black dancers captured in a white world," and resolving to free them from themselves as well as from their white dictators—these are the Negroes of this novel, these the people who make it live with that quick and intimate reality which is seldom seen in American fiction.

"Not Without Laughter" continues the healthy note begun in Negro fiction by Claude McKay and Rudolph Fisher. Instead of picturing the Negro of the upper classes, the Negro who in too many instances has been converted to white norms, who even apes white manners and white morality and condemns the Negroes found in this novel as "niggers," McKay, Fisher, and Hughes have depicted the Negro in his more natural and more fascinating form. There can be no doubt that the Negro who has made great contributions to American culture is this type of Negro, the Negro who has brought us his blues, his labor songs, his spirituals, his folk-lore—and his jazz. And yet this very type of Negro is the one that has been the least exploited by contemporary Negro novelists and short-story writers. It has been white writers such as DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Howard W. Odum, and Paul Green who have turned to this Negro for the rich material of their novels, dramas, and stories. These writers, however, have known this Negro only as an exterior reality, as something they could see, listen to, sympathize with, even love; they could never know him as an inner reality, as something they could live with as with themselves, their brothers, their sweethearts—something as real as flesh, as tense as pain. Langston Hughes does. As a Negro he has grown up with these realities as part of himself, as part of

the very air he has breathed. Few blurs are there in these pages, and no fumbling projections, and no anxious searching for what is not. Here is this Negro, or at least one vital aspect of him, as he really is, without ornament, without pretense.

All this praise, however, must not be misconstrued. "Not Without Laughter" is not without defects of style and weaknesses of structure. The first third of the novel, in fact, arrives at its points of interest with a pedestrian slowness; after that it picks up tempo and plunges ahead. Unfortunately, there are no great situations in the novel, no high points of intensity to grip and overpower the reader. Nor is there vigor of style—that kind of vigor which could have made of Sandy's ambition to emancipate his race, for example, a more stirring motif. But "Not Without Laughter" is significant despite these weaknesses. It is significant because even where it fails, it fails beautifully, and where it succeeds—namely, in its intimate characterizations and in its local color and charm—it succeeds where almost all others have failed.

V. F. Calverton

Augustine of Tagaste

St. Augustine. By Giovanni Papini. Translated from the Italian by Dorothy Emmerich. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE aim of the creative biographer is more simple of statement than accomplishment, but Signor Papini in his life of one great Christian apologist has avoided most of the difficulties by remaining apologist himself. He prefaces his book, in the main an abridgment of the "Confessions," by a necessarily strained comparison between the redemption of Papini and that of a saint "who had also been a man of letters and a lover of words, but at the same time a restless seeker after philosophies and truths even to the point of being tempted by occultism." And whatever its later conclusions, the same basic chord is struck again and again through the book.

The most sympathetic reviewer might be hard put to it to determine the specific value of such a volume aside from its importance as an addition to the literature of apologetics. Since Signor Papini has no additional light to shed on Augustine the man, on the fond woman, his mother, who doted on him, wept over him, and persecuted him in the manner of many mothers since whose sons have become saints or worse, on the irascible father who birched and cuffed him, and on the various teachers who misled him on the whole no more flagrantly than youth is misled today, we are further put to it to share in Signor Papini's rather introverted agitation. There is not the slightest doubt after reading the "Confessions" that Augustine of Tagaste was a good deal of a prig. But Signor Papini's apologetic leaves us in some confusion as to why he was a saint.

Such statements as that "Augustine did not wait for Freud to discover that the child from its mother's womb is less pure than most people believe" is not only pointless but, by inference, misleading. The doctrine of original sin preceded Augustine and was borrowed piecemeal from a cult some centuries at least older than Christianity. Nor is there any very apparent connection between categorical sin and the Freudian terminology.

By such triumphs of logic it is naturally possible to prove that the lily is white because the dandelion is yellow, but the results are no more informative than the answer to the riddle of the number of angels on the point of a pin. The normal reaction of the reader to such extended excursions into bafflement is one of mild disgust. If anything else were needed, it might be pointed out to Signor Papini that St. Augustine has written his own apologia.

Eugene Löhrke

Female Decorum

Years of Grace. By Margaret Ayer Barnes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THIS is a woman's novel about a woman's loves. And its limitations lie in the fact that it is so unmistakably, so exclusively feminine. We see Jane Ward, in the course of her pilgrimage from fourteen to fifty, in love three times—or rather in love twice and married once. When she is seventeen she loves the nineteen-year-old sculptor son of a French consul and an Englishwoman; when she is twenty she is married to a rising young banker whom her family looks on with a kindly eye; when she is thirty-six she falls in love again, with an agreeable vagabond who happens to be married to her best friend. And in each case she behaves with seemliness, with decorum, as her family expects her to, a little against the wishes of her own heart—except that she thinks her heart so unreliable a guide. She allows herself to be separated from the young sculptor and promises not to write him; she puts away resolutely the temptation to elope with the vagabond, although for the second time in her life she really loves and wants what love offers her. When her children, less bound by "conduct," by "grace," by what is fitting and orderly in human behavior, marry young and divorce without hesitation she is not shaken in her course. There are values, there are things one must do. In the end everything comes out at the same place anyway; meanwhile, one must not start things without finishing them.

This, of course, is an old theme and an always interesting one—the conflict between desire and duty—only Miss Barnes would not call it duty. She calls it "grace." It is an argument that not only each age but each individual in an age must settle for himself. To Jane Ward, the heroine of this book, love and individual desire did not matter so much as not making her parents unhappy, not doing foolish things, not hurting her husband's feelings although she no longer loved him, not endangering her children's status in the world by a divorce. To her daughter the only thing that mattered was that she wished to live with a man she loved instead of one she did not. Each man and woman must make his or her own choice in the matter. There are no rules. To do Miss Barnes justice, I do not think she intended to indicate any. She sets the problem: grace versus a kind of honesty and frankness; you follow your nature when you decide.

The excessively feminine character of the novel, however, does not lie in the theme, which is universal enough. It lies in the minute attention to details of dress, deportment, and house furnishing for the last fifty years in the United States, and especially in Chicago, where Jane Ward grew up, married, and brought up her children. There is, I should say, too much quaint costuming, too many rooms described too carefully, too much mise en scène, in short. The characters are smothered in a cloud of ruffles. Thus, much of the power of a family chronicle is lost. And the parallels between the generations are too apt. Exactly the same scene should not take place between Jane and Jimmy as took place between Lily Furness and Bert Lancaster twenty years before. History repeats itself, no doubt; but it should, in a fine novel, show some subtlety at the same time.

And there is no doubt that in many ways Miss Barnes's is a fine novel—thoughtful, impartial, wise. It wants cutting, perhaps, cutting out of some of the black-walnut furniture and the cotillions. Then her characters would stand out as they should have stood out—men and women beset by a harsh world. A novelist must play upon the heart; when she is sure of her skill at that she may turn her attention very expertly and discriminatingly to the eye.

Dorothy Van Doren

Books in Brief

A Roumanian Diary. By Hans Carossa. Translated from the German by Agnes Neill Scott. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Hans Carossa's "Roumanian Diary" offers eloquent testimony to the saying that what is one man's meat is another's poison in the light of subjective analysis, and his little book, following hard after the deluge precipitated by "All Quiet," is a distinguished contribution to the war literature of the nations. Distinct from the general flood of war books whose purport is to draw an inference, if not to inculcate a lesson, "A Roumanian Diary" carries no message beyond its natural appeal to the philosophically-minded. Experience, the author would say, is color; and every subjective evaluation of events carries with it vistas beyond good and evil. Safety and comfort are less important when one reflects that few forms of suffering are wholly without compensation, if only in the realm of dreams, and in a world where much is confused the sharpness of pain and the pleasure of victory are never wholly separate. Hans Carossa was a physician before the war, and served with a Bavarian unit in both the Western and Eastern theaters of war. His diary offers little to those searching for war's terrors, splendors, or scenic horrors. But as the reaction of one quiet and sensitive soul to events which we suspect have been viewed too much from the outside, it is both beautiful and important.

Mitsou: or How Girls Grow Wise. By Colette. Translated from the French by Jane Terry. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

"Mitsou" is a better book than "Chéri," which came out in translation last year. Colette, within her limited range, is an extraordinary writer. She goes quickly and effortlessly to the point she is making, and beautifully as well. Part of this story is told in dialogue form, reminding one of a clever French comedy of four characters—Mitsou, the little dancer; her friend, Petite-Chose; the Man of Means, who provides for Mitsou; and the Lieutenant in Blue, whom she loves. Part of the story, the most charming part, is told through letters. Altogether the little volume contains as deft and delicate, and at the same time touching and witty, a story as one is likely to find for an afternoon's entertainment.

Droll Peter. By Felix Timmermans. Translated from the Flemish by Maida C. Darnton and Wilhelmina J. Paul. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

It is peculiarly appropriate that Timmermans, both an artist and a writer, should interpret Breughel, whose painting so much overlapped the boundaries of literature. Moreover, Timmermans, as a representative of those writers who consciously attempt to express the spirit of Flanders, naturally turns to the sixteenth-century painter for his inspiration, and the result is a remarkable example of cross-fertilization in the arts. In his earlier book, "Pallieter," Timmermans hymned the joy of life in a pseudo-naive style which attempted to regain qualities traditional with the Flemish peasantry. The story of Peter Breughel succeeds "Pallieter" very naturally and stresses the carnal side of Breughel, depicting him as the draftsman of dancing peasants, of the battle between the lean and the fat, and of panoramic and populous landscapes. It captures admirably his vitality, his activity, and the homely shrewdness of the proverbial wisdom which inspired much of his work. A tender kind of sentiment always present in Timmermans has developed in subtlety and charm since "Pallieter"; it is only when he attempts to interpret the Breughel of the Triumph of Death that he fails, for this writer is too cheerful, too contentedly pagan to suggest the mystical charnel-house atmosphere which lingers in paintings of that school. "Droll Peter" is a hearty, wholesome, vividly pictorial novel with a note of happiness unusual in modern writing.

Honey Holler. By Keith MacKaye. Brentano's. $2.

Keith MacKaye, grandson of Steele MacKaye and son of Percy MacKaye, was born into the tradition of the theater and of the poet; he has combined these two traditions in his poetic play "Honey Holler," set in the hilly border regions of southern Connecticut. The play is to be presented this season by the Harvard Dramatic Club. It has had the praise of Oliver Sayler, who writes the introduction, and of Barrett Clark. It is rich in poetry—in the poetry of speech and of an idealistic interpretation of life. In its characters there is an interweaving of the natural and the supernatural: the Leather Man, the most interesting character in the book, steps in and out of a well like a spirit of the water; he is, however, only in hiding there and turns out to be an actual person, a person whose whole message is the necessity of searching out beauty. It is this character's passion that frees Lil, the young girl, to go in search of love, but the maternal earth-spirit in a woman's blood brings her home again. All the characters are humorous, lazy dreamers who love talk, and the dialogue moves with a kind of lassitude typical of Honey Holler itself.

Wolfe and North America. By Lieutenant Colonel F. E. Whitton. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

In this volume the author first analyzes briefly the causes of the struggle between France and England for North America and gives the essential facts bearing upon the life and military training of General James Wolfe. Then he deals at some length with the Seven Years' War, in so far as Wolfe was concerned, with special reference to the general strategic situation around Quebec and to the particular strategy of Wolfe's campaign for the capture of that stronghold. Colonel Whitton has done an excellent piece of work. His account of Wolfe's life is vivid and interesting. His analysis of the situation in North America is illuminating, particularly so where he discusses the weaknesses in the supposedly efficient government of New France. His survey of the Quebec campaign will probably rank as the best thing in print on the subject. And in addition to the other merits, the author's style would bring distinction to any historical study.

The American Heresy. By Christopher Hollis. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

The great American heresy, as Mr. Hollis appears to see it, is the notion that America is still a democracy. It started out as a democracy under Jefferson and would have continued as such if Calhoun had had his way, but the Jeffersonian state died with the Civil War. The cause of its demise was the destruction of the States as political units, thanks to which the political power has largely passed out of the hands of its nominal holders and into those of wealth, so that America, like England, is now a plutocracy working "through an apparently democratic mechanism." The natural consequence of this change has been "a collapse of the capacity for political thought." Down to the Civil War politics was a live matter and there were two well-defined theories of what the nation should be. Since the Civil War and Reconstruction there has been only one theory, and that non-political and earthy. What may happen in the remote future Mr. Hollis thinks it would be foolish to predict, but for the immediate future he sees no prospect of "any large change." The book is not exactly a narrative history, but rather a series of four elaborate essays on Jefferson, Calhoun, Lincoln, and Wilson. The general style

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SCIENCE AND THE SPAN OF LIFE *by* T. Swann Harding
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and tone may be gathered from the opening sentence of the essay on Jefferson: "Thomas Jefferson was a sandy-haired man, an architect, a market gardener, and the author of curious works—one, to refute the Comte de Buffon, on American animal life, and another, also on American animal life, called the Declaration of Independence."

The Anatomy of Music. By Winthrop Parkhurst. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

When the layman seeks knowledge about musical structure he is usually rebuffed by technicalities and baffled by explanations that he does not understand. Harmony and counterpoint seem to be recondite matters intelligible only through an innate musical sense. By such a seeker Mr. Parkhurst's book will be blessed. It removes the veils of pedantry, and shows that the arcana of tonal combinations are actually quite simple. Amateur listeners will be benefited by reading it, and prospective students of harmony will find it a lucid introduction.

Stories of the Great Operas. By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Some operatic libretti being almost as involved as the quantum theory, guidebooks are always in demand, though not all of them can be trusted implicitly. To have Ernest Newman as a cicerone is to be assured of accuracy, clarity, and geniality. In this volume he disentangles the plots of five operas by Verdi, three by Puccini, and one each by Gounod, Bizet, Offenbach, and Humperdinck. Brief biographies of the composers are included.

Films

Where Broadway Scores

THOSE inscrutable ways of Providence! Haven't we all been bewailing the pernicious influence of Broadway on the youthful and inexperienced talkie? Haven't we been deploring the latter's readiness to ape the ways and habits of the stage, while suppressing the promptings of its own cinematic nature? Today we have to admit that Broadway's influence has not been all for the bad. With the milk of Broadway dialogue Hollywood has been obliged to imbibe some of its intelligence as well. No doubt, in the perspective of even a few years Broadway successes are apt to lose a great deal of their glamor. But in one respect they are undeniably superior to Hollywood creations: they represent adult standards of intelligence if not always of artistic appreciation. Injection of intelligence into pictures by means of dialogue may not be an unmixed blessing from the point of view of future developments, but the future will take care of itself. For the present it is a relief to encounter pictures which are not made expressly for the juvenile mind.

In this class belongs "Holiday" (Rivoli), based on Philip Barry's play of the same name. Of cinematic values expressive of its own medium "Holiday" has none. It has hardly a scene to suggest the searching power of the camera. The development of its plot is borne entirely by its dialogue, and no attempt is made to indulge in cinematic embroidery on the principal theme of the film, the rebellion of romantic youth against Babbittry, even when the story provides such an excellent opportunity as the ballroom scene.

In short, the direction of the film follows faithfully the stage model. And yet "Holiday" is undoubtedly one of the best talkies produced. It is distinguished both by the quality of the play and by the acting. Its story and dialogue, if not

profound or important, are fresh and entertaining. Its acting is light and expressive. Ann Harding in the part of Linda deserves the highest honors, for not only is her acting polished, but what is more it is convincing—no mean achievement in a part as vague and contradictory as that of Linda. Miss Harding is also the fortunate possessor of a rare gift among the screen actresses, a voice of a very beautiful timbre, with a tragic note in its well-modulated range of expressions which rings true.

Even if we have to come down a step—intellectually—in adjusting ourselves to the true Hollywood standards, we cannot help giving credit to, and even grudgingly admiring, the display of realistic thrills that is provided in "The Big House" (Astor). This is a mighty good melodrama rising to a climax in the breath-taking spectacle of a pitched battle between mutinous convicts and the authorities. Apart from this scene the chief interest of the film lies in its picture of prison life, a subject sufficiently unfamiliar to the majority of movie-goers to seem startling. It is, of course, only for the experts to say whether the details of the picture are entirely authentic. They have surely enough truth in them, however, to serve as a needed revelation of this ghastly aspect of our civilization. Probably the effect would be even stronger if the story showed a little more originality and eschewed stock characters. But Hollywood will be Hollywood.

In "Raffles" (Rialto) Ronald Colman is no longer the sprightly, easy-going adventurer with a bent for sardonic humor whom we knew in "Bulldog Drummond" and "Condemned." His spell seems to be broken, his touch is no longer sure, and now and again we doubt if this is really the great Raffles. Perhaps in his next picture Mr. Colman will oblige us with something that comes nearer to his stature as a fascinating villain.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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The Struggle for Power in Persia

By JAN VAN AS

NOWHERE so much as in Persia is one struck by the tragic fate of a nation. A weakened, obstructed, pestered, exploited country has replaced the glorious Iranian empire that at one time reigned eastward as far as Greece and Egypt and westward beyond Samarkand and the Pamir. The land of Darius and Cyrus, symbolized by a silver lion and a golden sun, has lost its former power and glory.

The Persian admits that only a progressive program can restore the country, but as a rule he is not able to tear out his deep-rooted fanaticism, his superstition, and his bigotry. Many things, however, have changed for the better since the dictator-king Reza Khan has governed the country. Reza Khan, who has had a very romantic career, a man with great ambitions, much common sense, and a strong will, climbed his way cleverly from the low ranks of a common soldier to the illustrious peacock throne. Not only did he have to sail through a thick fog of Russian and English intrigue, but he had also to steer clear of the very influential Mohammedan priesthood. He reformed the army, hanged the bandits, repaired the roads, made traveling safe, attempted to do away with open corruption, and robbed the Mohammedan priesthood of its undue influence. By his endeavors he inaugurated a new period in Persian history. He has laid the foundations for a new Iran.

After Reza Khan's successful coup d'etat, the government was centralized in Teheran, and an army of officials who were directly responsible to the central government was appointed throughout the country. The autonomous governors of the provinces were replaced by responsible officials. This constituted a radical reform, but these new officials were bent on their personal enrichment and promotion. Under the dictatorial regime the parliament is a sham. It owes its existence merely to the fulfilment of a constitutional paragraph and has not the least influence upon national or foreign affairs. There are no political parties in our sense of the word in Persia; the parliamentary work is entirely in the hands of the Shah and his intelligent adviser Taimur Tash. Illiteracy is so great that it is easy for a strong group to influence public opinion through personal contact, and a corrupt system of elections can hardly be expected to improve the caliber of parliament.

I am convinced that a moral revolution in Persia will have to prepare the way for a material improvement. The various currents of national revival are promising signs in that direction. They usually converge upon the elimination of Arabic and Islamic domination, which among the intellectuals is felt more and more to be of foreign origin and a detriment to the well-being of the country. I think chiefly of the Babi movement, almost unnoticed but widespread, and the Pan-Iranian movement, directed chiefly by Zoroastrians.

But Persia has some strong enemies, who are loath to see her growing independence. The rivalry between England and Russia has kept both from occupying the country. To Peter the Great of Russia has been attributed a last will—authorities on the subject, however, have declared it unauthentic—which illustrates the imperialistic policy which he inaugurated in Central Asia. Paragraph 9 of this document has been the sacred guide for the Russian policies in the Orient. Part of it reads as follows: "He who reigns in Constantinople and India will be the real sovereign of the world. Therefore continually wage war, now with Turkey, then with Persia, . . . hasten the downfall of Persia, penetrate to the Persian Gulf, . . . advance as far as India, the storehouse of the world." Russia has always been inspired by this apocryphal document, and although the red revolution has steered the Oriental policy of Russia in another direction, the Soviet government has not entirely abandoned this imperial order of Peter the Great. Theoretically the Russian attitude toward Persia has been changed profoundly, but practically the principle of penetration is still fully applied. Russian propaganda in Persia is chiefly of a commercial nature. There are no important traces of direct propaganda, which incidentally is forbidden. Individual propaganda for communism is mainly in the hands of Persian-speaking Russians from Azerbaijan.

Public opinion, however, has been influenced favorably by the Russian treaty of February 26, 1921, in which the Soviet government declares Russia's renunciation of the policy of force in regard to Persia. Wishing to see the Persian people independent, flourishing, and freely controlling the whole of their own possessions, the government of the U.S.S.R. declared all treaties, conventions, and agreements concluded by the Czarist government with Persia and tending to the diminution of the rights of the Persian people completely null and void. In accordance with these principles, Russia restored the Persian frontier established by the Frontier Commission of 1881, the islands of Ashur Ada, and the other islands lying along the coast of the province of Astrabad. Furthermore, it returned the village of Firuze and the land surrounding it. The contracting parties agreed that in case there should be attempts by means of armed intervention to realize a "rapacious policy" on the territory of Persia, or to turn that territory into a base for military action against the Soviets, the latter would have the right to take troops into Persia. This is clearly directed against England.

Russia also declared its complete rejection of that financial policy which the Czarist government pursued and which was aimed at Persia's political bondage. None of the Russian loans would have to be repaid; Russia handed over to the Persian people its entire vested interests in Persia, surrendered the strategic Enzeli-Teheran and the Kazvin-Hamadan roads built by the Russians, the railways between Djulfa, Tabriz, and Lake Urumiya with all their buildings, rolling stock, quays, stores of goods, barges, and steamers,

all the telegraph and telephone lines within the Persian boundaries, and the port of Enzeli.

One can easily understand what effect this Russian generosity had upon the Persians. Through personal inquiry and investigation into Persian sympathies I have come to the conclusion that the Englishman in most cases does not curry popular approval. The uneducated Persian is inclined to acknowledge the Russian policy as disinterested, the English one, however, as egotistic, although England ably camouflages her activities. England is considered the silent, omnipotent Power.

Russian dumping methods kill off Persian commerce, but the Persian sees only the direct advantages of the cheaper sugar and cheaper printed cotton goods under which the Russians are burying the market. Private enterprise was powerless against the superiority of the Russian trade monopoly. Russia captured about 50 per cent of the trade. Russian oil was sold in the south cheaper than that of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which has its oil fields right on the spot. Every four or five months a Soviet steamer used to anchor at the port of Buschir in the Persian Gulf. Frightened by the presence of cheap wares, the merchants in the southern towns started lowering their prices. Long after the goods have been taken out of the market for consumption, the confusion remains.

Persia has been badly in need of a railroad, but every attempt at building one has been nipped in the bud. A trans-Persian railway would break the isolation of the country, reduce the immense import expenses, improve the distribution and export of home products, and act as a dynamo for the development of Persian economic resources. The history of railroad building is covered by a heavy cloud of intrigue. Neither England nor Russia has been willing to tolerate the building of one. For a long time they seem to have been of the opinion that no railway at all was by far the best solution of the problem. The country itself was never able to supply the necessary funds, and to a loan were attached certain conditions that would have strangled the independence of Persia.

But in 1928 Reza Khan succeeded in overcoming all these obstacles and made a contract with a German-American company to build a line which will connect the Caspian Sea with the Persian Gulf. The Soviet government would have preferred that a transversal line were built instead of a trans-Persian one—namely, from the Black Sea through Soviet Armenia over Tabriz to Teheran, linking up with the trans-Caucasian railway. But Reza Khan had little sympathy with such a line. He has royal ambitions which would be frustrated if Persia should become communized.

Persia, aiming at economic and political independence, will try to cover expenses out of the national budget. A sugar and tea monopoly, created by the law of May, 1925, is supposed to finance this enterprise. Unfortunately, the burden will have to be carried by the poor, who live mainly on tea, bread, and grapes. On account of the heavy import duties and the costs of transportation, prices are already much too high for the impoverished country. Moreover, the bulk of the money will leave the country. But the future of Persia and the restoration of Iran depend almost entirely on the success of this undertaking. The peaceful penetration of the trans-Persian railway marks the beginning of a new era.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 165
EDITORIALS:
The Great Republican Handicap 168
Mr. Ford Just Passes 169
Canada and Protection 169
Mooney Still Waits 170
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 171
OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD RUSSIA. By Oswald Garrison Villard 172
WHY STALIN WON. By Louis Fischer 174
"WHEN THE SENATE'S AWAY—" By Paul Y. Anderson 176
PIGEONS WADING. By Ruth Langland Holberg 177
DEER DANCE IN TAOS. By Mary Heaton Vorse 178
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 179
CORRESPONDENCE 180
BOOKS:
The Shadows. By Bert Cooksley 181
Heredity or Environment? By Henry Hazlitt 181
Labor and Religion. By Norman Thomas 182
Western Stuff. By J. Frank Dobie 182
Strindberg. By Eugene Löhrke 183
Portrait of an Intellectual. By Matthew Josephson 183
Educating—for What? By Jerome Davis 184
The Great Liberator. By William Spence Robertson 185
The Fires Die Down. By Anita Brenner 185
Society and Socialism. By Lucy Humphrey Smith 186
Books in Brief 187
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Terror in Western Samoa 189
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 190

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CHINA'S NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT has its back to the wall. Its effective control covers only a thin ribbon of land along the southern seacoast and the Yangtze River. But within that ribbon lie the great cities of Shanghai and Canton, which means that Nanking still controls two-thirds of the revenue of the nation. So it may be able once more to bribe those of its opponents whom it cannot crush. Chiang Kai-shek, the young President, is a man of most un-Chinese temperament—he is at his best in last-ditch fighting. A month ago he defeated the Kwangsi clique of southern militarists. Then he withdrew his armies from Canton and Changsha in the hope of crushing the northern coalition, which is headed by his former colleague, Yen Hsi-shan, the "model governor" of Shansi, and Feng Yu-hsiang, who, once known as "the Christian general" and later as a Bolshevist agent, is a perpetual thorn in the side of Chinese governments. These men have for a year been in open revolt against Nanking, but thus far neither side has been able to strike a decisive military blow, and Chiang has been unwilling to pay the full price necessary for a peaceful settlement. It was a British tool of Yen's, Mr. Lennox Simpson ("Putnam Weale"), who recently seized the Tientsin customs, a financial blow more brutal than any which Yen's armies had been able to strike. With Yen are also a number of disaffected Nationalists, including the talkative and charming Wang Ching-wei, who was once Sun Yat-sen's favorite disciple but lacks the force of character to build a real government. And now a third enemy has risen to the dignity of the headlines—the "Communist" armies which are reported to have sacked Changsha.

COMMUNISTS OR BANDITS—what are these roving armies of South China? The Third International openly claims them as its own; but it is doubtful whether the ragged soldiers have any inkling of the gospel of Nicolai Lenin. They practice, undoubtedly, the primitive communism which led Robin Hood to despoil the rich and share with the poor, but with about as much awareness of Marxism as he. For a decade the region where these hordes abound has been ravaged by successive armies. When the generals had money they forcibly conscripted the able-bodied farm boys; when they had none the boys were dropped, far from home, and left to get on as best they could. Inevitably, they took to living off the country. Inevitably, too, they drifted to the standards of any capable pirate able to organize efficient looting expeditions. When in hiding, these good folk find it useful to profess sympathy with the peasants and to lose themselves in the fields. Hence, for the most part, the legend of peasant Communist armies. But there is no industrial proletariat in these backward regions, and the village gentry do not possess the visible and seizable wealth which made the Bolshevist program of land seizure so attractive to the Russian peasantry. The economic roots of communism in China are weak; and they are strongest in the great coast cities which are defended by foreign gunboats. There, some day, the decisive battles of China's revolution will be fought. They may come sooner than most foreigners expect. For if anything can fuse China's millions into one effective arm, it is dislike of foreign domination. That is why it is particularly sinister news that an American gunboat at Changsha, eight hundred miles from the sea, was fired upon and fired in return, killing fifty Chinese.

RESISTANCE to the British raj goes steadily on in India, despite wishful newspaper dispatches from Simla and the monsoon rains. In Bombay, which is at present the center of activity, business is almost at a standstill. Daily, the streets are filled with processions shouting for independence. They receive instead lathi blows from British-paid police who have lately been granted a bonus by a grateful and anxious government. Nevertheless, the campaign remains predominantly non-violent. George Slocombe, a British correspondent who has just returned after three months in India, testifies on this point as follows:

> . . . In spite of the incidents of violence which were the indirect results of his campaign, it must be admitted on the whole that Gandhi's teaching of non-violence has been scrupulously observed. To persons familiar with India, the spectacle of the fierce Pathans and the warlike

> Sikhs receiving without flinching and retaliation the formidable punishment which the stick of the Indian policeman can inflict is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the Indian struggle.

And Mr. Slocombe records what others have observed, namely, the increase of unity among all classes. Caste and communal barriers are breaking down and women are taking increasing part in the fight for self-government. Meanwhile, Mr. MacDonald has decided that Liberals and Conservatives shall be represented at the Round Table Conference. He has ruled, however, that there shall be no voting and that the Labor Party shall be responsible for any new legislation on India. At the same time he has barred the presence of Sir John Simon at the conference at the price of antagonizing the author of the Simon report. But the most important thing—the thing that would do more than anything else to give meaning to the Round Table Conference—remains unaccomplished. So far there is no indication that the Nationalists, the strongest and most important party in India, will have a single representative in London in October.

NOT SINCE MAYOR VAN WYCK of New York deliberately insulted the captain of a Spanish warship when he received him at the City Hall just prior to the war with Spain have there been recorded such instances of bad manners as we have witnessed the last few weeks in the treatment of the head of the Amtorg Company by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Lowman, and by the Fish committee. It is Mr. Bogdanov's misfortune that he happens to be a gentleman, a man of education and position, as well as head of the Amtorg. That did not prevent his being subjected to a discourtesy that we believe would be impossible in any other country but our own. When he appeared before the Fish committee Mr. Bogdanov was asked if he would resume membership in the Communist Party when he returned to Moscow. He replied: "I would again join the party if I were to return tomorrow." Whereupon Representative Carl G. Bachman of West Virginia declared: "You'll be lucky if you stay here that long." We suppose that it would surprise Mr. Bachman very much if he were to be told that usually only blackguards perform like this; we hope and trust that there are few other Congressmen who could be guilty of such conduct, especially when sitting in a quasi-judicial committee to seek facts without bias. Mr. Lowman behaved like a pettifogging police magistrate when Mr. Bogdanov and his American lawyer appeared before him, refusing to tell them who had made the charges in regard to the Russian pulp-wood cargoes and what the evidence was. "Do you think I would give my hand away?" said he. Two weeks previously he had declared that there were no complaints in regard to pulp wood. Thus the Russians were given only from Friday until Tuesday to answer complaints by unknown persons in regard to tree cutting in some of the vast Russian forests!

IN VIEW OF THESE PERFORMANCES it is pleasant to read the accounts of the Russian session at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. The whole debate was marked by common sense and freedom from passion. Thus, Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, who is superintending the great hydroelectric power plant on the Dnieper River, pleaded that the Russians be permitted to try out communism and see for themselves whether it really is or is not the road to Utopia, and that their challenge to American capitalism be fairly, honorably, and openly accepted. Mr. Ivy Lee, the chairman, and Congressman La Guardia agreed that the Fish committee's red-hunting inquiry was entirely useless, Mr. Lee pointing out also that there is no necessity for the Bolsheviks to resort to secret distribution of Communist literature in this country when "their most inflammatory utterances are cabled from Moscow and reprinted in this country." Only Mr. Paul Scheffer of the Berlin *Tageblatt* seems to have dissented, declaring that the secret plans of the Bolsheviks for world revolution "are not so absurd as they seem" and that they should not be discounted. He is emphatically of the opinion that the Bolshevist leaders are working hard in some European countries and seriously threatening their present governments. All in all Williamstown had a sane and reasonable discussion.

SENATOR SWANSON of Virginia has formally demanded a revision of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, declaring correctly that it is beneficial only to a few special interests, that "American agriculture will be further depressed if this tariff continues and the markets of the world will be closed to the United States." He added that "the universal depression in all lines of industry indicates the folly of the Hawley-Smoot bill." While this is not quite fair, since the depression was here before the tariff bill was passed and would have continued had it not become law, the Senator is right in demanding a change. The very fact that one so influential as he is inaugurating a party agitation for its repeal shows how silly was the Republican argument that the bill should be passed in order to take the tariff out of immediate politics. We hope that the Democrats all along the line will follow Senator Swanson's example in putting the tariff well to the front in the coming campaign.

THE NEW YORK EDISON and associated companies, through their president, Matthew S. Sloan, in a letter to Milo R. Maltbie, chairman of the Public Service Commission, offer to cut the rate for electric current from seven to five cents a kilowatt hour, provided they are allowed to make a meter charge of sixty cents a month. The result, according to their figuring, would be a cut of $5,396,000 in their annual revenue; but nearly a million small consumers, using up to thirty kilowatt hours a month, would find their bills increased by a total of more than $2,500,000 a year in all, while nearly $8,000,000, apparently, would go into the pockets of 700,000 larger consumers, including, of course, the great industrial and commercial users. The principle of a basic service charge is economically sound, but Governor Roosevelt properly objects to any arrangement which puts an added burden on the small consumer. Our existing practice of high domestic rates combined with relatively low charges to industrial users is exactly wrong, and this is a good place to fight it out. The public-utilities committee of the Community Councils urges further that the continued prosecution of the city's pending suit, which the companies have already spent $5,000,000 in fighting, will result in a decision granting rates much lower than those now proposed by the companies. Louis Waldman, Socialist candidate for Gov-

ernor, after a sharp and effective criticism of Mr. Sloan's proposal, concludes:

> The struggle for low rates to the domestic consumer as well as to the industrial and commercial users will continue until the public learns the simple lesson that electricity, being a common necessity, ought to be owned and distributed by public agencies for the sole benefit of the public.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY of New York City deserves public thanks for its campaign plans, which promise picturesqueness as well as education. In addition to selecting Morris Hillquit, Municipal Justice Jacob Panken, and V. Charney Vladeck, manager of the Jewish daily *Forward*, as Congressional candidates, the party executive has designated Heywood Broun to make the run in the Seventeenth Congressional District, Manhattan, and Norman Thomas in the Sixth Congressional District, Brooklyn. The choice of the last-named district was made after a joint survey by the Socialist Party and the League for Independent Political Action to determine in what district of the city Mr. Thomas's chance of election would be most promising. The league is to be congratulated on its intelligent cooperation in this instance with the Socialists, who have decided to make unemployment and public ownership of electric utilities the major issues of their State campaign. Heywood Broun starts off well by declaring that while the seventeenth is a silk-stocking district "there is plenty of rayon still in it. After all, it is only one block from the big crowds milling around the employment agencies on Sixth Avenue to the big houses and hotels of Fifth." It would be hard to put the basic question more strikingly, and it is a genuine public service for him to run for Congress. New York is evidently to hear some discussion of real issues, and the possibility that Norman Thomas may actually be sent to Congress is cheering.

A FEEBLE-MINDED NEGRO has been accused of attacking and murdering a white woman at her farm near Shamrock, Texas. The woman had formerly lived in Erick, across the Oklahoma border. When news of the murder reached Erick rioting followed in which a mob of white men drove out all the Negro inhabitants of the town and its vicinity. Nearly 300 have been rendered homeless, their property confiscated or destroyed. At Shamrock, Texas, threats against the Negro population were successfully forestalled by the firm policy of Sheriff McLemore, who, with only 12 deputies, faced a mob of 300 bent on mischief in the Negro quarter and told them that he would not move from their path even if it meant bloodshed. The accused Negro was saved from mob violence by the quick action of Sheriff McKinney, of Collingsworth County, who hurried him away to safekeeping in the first place, and later, with the aid of four Texas rangers, outwitted two bands of would-be lynchers and lodged him safe in jail at Pampa, Texas. Meanwhile, at Erick, a few citizens applied for federal aid, and United States Attorney Roy St. Lewis has issued warrants for twenty-three persons—some of them deputy sheriffs and other officials—under a statute that gives the federal government the right to prosecute where two or more persons band together to deprive citizens of the free exercise of their rights under the Constitution. Conviction under the statute carries a fine of $5,000, a sentence of ten years, and deprivation of the right to hold office. We commend Mr. Lewis's action to the notice of Senator Cole Blease, who is quoted as saying in a recent speech: "Whenever the Constitution comes between me and the virtue of the white women of South Carolina, I say 'To hell with the Constitution.'"

THE REPORT on conditions in Auburn Prison, just made public by the special Cayuga County grand jury which has been investigating there, is a shocking indictment of the prison administration. The management of the prison, while not actually criminal, was, according to the report, "headless, spineless, and worthless." The prison was evidently run in fact by the Mutual Welfare League, controlled by the worst and most unregenerate class of prisoners; liquor was manufactured freely and partaken of as freely by the inmates; guards were subject to insult, and insubordination abounded. In addition the food was bad, the prison crowded; long sentences made the inmates despair of anything but desperate measures. It is no wonder riots resulted; one wonders there were not more of them. The grand jury makes several interesting recommendations among others not so good. Work for every man is the most important, after the general improvement of living conditions; pay for work done is also an excellent suggestion. The grand jury recommends that prisoners be divided into the following classifications and kept in their own class: (1) those for whom there is hope and opportunity for regeneration; (2) those for whom the "door of hope has been closed," either because of sentence or for psychiatric reasons; (3) those who have shown that, after a period of training, they may be discharged without danger to society. One cannot agree with the grand jury's suggestion that individual radio sets be forbidden in cells, or that individual lockers be abolished.

DO FAST STEAMERS PAY? The first year of the Bremen's existence seems to prove it, for she carried no fewer than 54,152 passengers, of whom 16,855 traveled third class, 15,123 first class, 12,379 in tourist third, and 9,795 second class. Of these passengers 26,587 came from Europe and 27,566 from the United States. Her fastest speed was 29.5 knots and her best crossing took only four days and fourteen and one-half hours. So great has been her popularity that she has been well filled even during the winter months. It is not to be deduced, however, from her experience and that of her sister-ship, the Europa, that there is endless opportunity for such ships. There is general agreement that the ocean has about fliers enough; hence the extreme caution of the Cunard and White Star Lines in beginning the construction of the 1,000-foot ships with which they are proposing to meet the German competition; the Cunarder has just been made possible by the decision of the British government to assume some of the great cost of insuring this 75,000-ton giant ship which is to carry 4,000 passengers. It has as yet not been decided whether the United States Lines will build the two monsters which, with the Leviathan, are intended to give a fast weekly American service. The cost of a round trip of the Bremen is said to be 2,500,000 marks, or $625,000. If there are too many ships like this none will earn enough and they will lose heavily in the slack winter season.

The Great Republican Handicap

NOW that the candidates for election or reelection to the Senate and House of Representatives are busy with preparations for the "great and solemn referendum" next November, it is pertinent to inquire what aid, if any, the Republicans are likely to get from the record of the Administration during the past eighteen months. Of course they will have to support Mr. Hoover, but that gentleman is a good deal of a problem. Mr. Hoover's notion of leaving legislation to Congress and confining his energies to executive functions has worked out badly in practice, and the tense moments that have occurred in the struggle between the President and Congress for control of the steering wheel have left unpleasant memories. Almost any expert political accountant would set down Mr. Hoover as a liability rather than an asset, but the Republicans have got to carry him on the books as an important campaign item until November 4, and if they win the election then they will have to go along with him thereafter until March 4, 1933. What can the Republicans do with him as an inducement for the country to grant the party in Congress a further lease of life?

On the whole, the offering is not attractive. The most conspicuous fruit in the basket is the Smoot-Hawley tariff, and the Republican who can extract hope or comfort from that performance could draw blood from a turnip or honey from a monument to the dead. The Smoot-Hawley tariff not only satisfies nobody, but it has called out from foreign nations the weightiest volume of protest and the most outspoken threats of retaliation that American tariff history has known. Mr. Hoover, by some occult process, was able to discover in the bill a fulfilment of a party pledge, but the ink of his signature was hardly dry before Congress was beseeching the Tariff Commission to reconsider a whole handful of the monstrous rates. The farmers in particular, who were to be the chief beneficiaries of revision, are likely to provide a bad quarter of an hour for the Republican candidate who tries to explain why this iniquity was added to their burdens.

The record is not brilliant in other directions. Hardly any national or international issue that was pending when Mr. Hoover took office has been advanced far toward settlement. It will be tough business working up enthusiasm over the naval treaty. The grandiose project of federal farm relief which Mr. Hoover approved has gone to smash, with prime wheat selling for less than good ordinary corn, with cotton a drug on the market, and a loss of millions for the Treasury to meet. Unemployment continues on a large scale notwithstanding voluble assurances that the problem was to be taken in hand, and Washington predictions of good times coming have been promptly followed by precipitate declines in stocks. Railway consolidation is just about where it was last year, and the year before, and the year before that, save for the promulgation of a plan which set railway experts by the ears, and the Interstate Commerce Commission shoves up freight rates one week and pares them down the next. The lower Mississippi Valley is up in arms against the government's plan for flood control, the power situation is still a menace, the evils of the Indian service have not been removed, and the slow pace of the public-utilities investigation would put a snail to shame.

On the political side the record is even worse. Without any visible sign of repugnance on Mr. Hoover's part, Claudius H. Huston was allowed to hog the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee for months after his occupancy of that office had alienated sensitive party leaders, and then to retire at his leisure and apparently on his own terms. The designation of Senator Fess as Huston's successor gives the executive direction of the party to a machine politician who defended the Harding Administration, and makes it certain that machine methods, with Mr. Hoover's approbation, will have full play. Most of Mr. Hoover's important nominations have been mediocre and some of them, notably that of Judge Parker for a place on the Supreme Bench, have been distinctly bad. Looked at merely as an executive, one wonders if Mr. Hoover has either strength or courage. At any time since inauguration day a few words from the President, or a line or two of writing on a piece of White House stationery, would have suspended or removed any federal official guilty of illegal or improper conduct, but the unblushing lawlessness of prohibition officers has gone on unchecked, the barbarous enforcement of immigration laws continues, a small army of spies and informers is still in government pay, and the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Lowman, takes his time in abandoning an unwarranted attack on Russian trade after Mr. Hoover mildly calls him down.

Some people, doubtless, still affect to believe that Mr. Hoover, in spite of the glaring failures of his Administration, means well, and that he would have done better if Congress had been less unruly. The country is not interested in good intentions, but in performance and ideas. There is much reason for suspecting that Mr. Hoover, in addition to being a lamentable failure as President, is becoming not merely more conservative but reactionary. The faint show of political liberalism that still inheres in the Republican Party does not seem to attract him, and persons of open mind are not his friends. More and more, it seems, he is passing under the influence of machine politicians of a vulgar type, and it is upon the help of machine politics that he relies. Of moral leadership in the nation he obviously has little and of intellectual leadership none; the last place in America to which a thinker, a writer, or a social reformer would turn for inspiration or counsel is the White House. Even the financial and trade journals which sounded Mr. Hoover's praises when he was a candidate have for months been maintaining a suggestive silence. It is one of the anomalies of American politics that the opinions on public affairs to which at the moment the widest and most respectful attention appears to be paid are not those of Mr. Hoover, but those which Mr. Coolidge is putting forward in his daily reflections in the newspapers. When the farm-relief bubble needed pricking and the outrageous conduct of Congressman Fish and his associated anti-Russian zealots called for rebuke, it was Mr. Coolidge, not Mr. Hoover, who spoke out.

We wish the Administration Republicans joy in their

campaign. They have their job cut out for them in defending either Mr. Hoover's record or their own. If the Democrats and Republican insurgents have a spark of political wisdom or a shred of ability to handle facts, there should not be enough Republican stalwarts in the next House of Representatives to form a corporal's guard.

Mr. Ford Just Passes

NOW that Messrs. Ford and Edison have picked the winner of the Edison scholarship prize it would be unfortunate if no one marked their own interesting answers to the last test put to them by the newspaper reporters. In the absence of an official examining board, *The Nation* humbly undertakes the task, allowing 10 for each perfect answer and 6 as a passing mark. We will skip Mr. Edison's paper for the present. He has been taking these examinations at least several times a year for the last forty years, and his answers are too easily anticipated. Mr. Ford, however, is still full of surprises.

Asked whether he thought that much unemployment was the fault of the unemployed, Mr. Ford replied: "Many people are too busy to be unemployed." By "many people" Mr. Ford is apparently referring to persons like himself and Mr. Edison—that is, employers, or people who happen to be somewhere near the top—and not to those, for example, who are thrown out of work when a plant shuts down. His answer is therefore an evasion, and strictly on its merits should be marked zero. However, in view of Mr. Ford's own well-known policy as an employer, we may mark this answer 5. Asked for a solution of business difficulties, Mr. Ford replied: "The solution is new industrial leaders who will sense what the people need and give it to them cheaply. . . . For instance, only about one family in ten has a bathtub. They should be made cheaper, so that everybody could have them." Mr. Ford gets an 8 on the general principle and a 3 on the illustration. It isn't so much the cost of a bathtub that counts, as any farmer can tell you, but cost of installation, plumbing, running water, hot water—all of which lends itself very little to quantity-production methods. Further, more and more Americans are coming to prefer showers, and the bathtub for healthy adults may soon be as out of date as the Model T.

Mr. Ford declared emphatically that there is no such thing as overproduction of any commodity. Pretty bad, Mr. Ford. If you had denied that there could be any such thing as overproduction of *all* commodities you could have got a 10. Overproduction is a relative term; its existence in one industry implies that the excess capital and labor could more profitably be employed somewhere else. An interviewer immediately countered Mr. Ford's answer with the question: "How about the overproduction of wheat?" "We've got to find new uses for wheat," replied Mr. Ford. "We are experimenting now up at Dearborn to find new uses for wheat, barley, and various other things." We are puzzled to know just what new uses for wheat Mr. Ford's chemists can find; they must know of at least one old use, at present relatively unemployed in this country, for barley, but Mr. Ford would not approve of it. Such questions aside, however, doesn't Mr. Ford think it might be more sensible to wait till the new uses are found first, and then produce the extra wheat, instead of the other way round? A 4 on this one.

Turning to the relation of the machine age to culture, Mr. Ford finds: "Industry itself is a part of culture. The fact that a man knows a lot about industry does not prevent his using good grammar, standing straight, and appearing well." This is a definition of culture that would have surprised Matthew Arnold. Mr. Ford goes on, however, to redeem himself nobly. "We need beauty in everything, and culture should be a thing of practice, not something apart. Every article should be a thing of beauty, well made and well thought out." Here Mr. Ford is way ahead of the "art-for-art's-sake" cult. His principle has already been brilliantly applied to automobiles; he might lend his help to having it applied more extensively to factories and filling stations. Eight is the mark for this. Asked for his favorite fiction work, Mr. Ford replied: "Maud Muller." "That's poetry," he was corrected. "It's fiction, too, isn't it?" he countered. "I read poetry, and I enjoy it if it says anything, but so often it doesn't say anything." Not, perhaps, to Mr. Ford. Three.

What did he think of the Congressional committee's investigation of Communist activities? "Gosh, their last investigation was at our plant. The committee went away with the idea that we were treating the Communists so well that there was no danger of our having any trouble with them. . . . I'm not worried about this country or about the world. If communism ever gets into a country and raises Ned with it, it's because that country needs it." For the wisdom and insight of this, *The Nation* awards a 9.

Mr. Ford ought to study harder, but all in all we haven't the heart to flunk him.

Canada and Protection

BOTH nationally and internationally, the recent political overturn in Canada is entitled to be set down as one of the major happenings of the year. Political liberalism in the Dominion, once a telling force under the brilliant leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier but in recent years an increasingly uncertain program of compromise, has been swept aside by a wave of conservatism. Even the province of Quebec, an old Liberal stronghold in which for years the Conservatives were able to muster either a mere handful of representatives or none at all, has returned twenty-five Conservatives to the House of Commons—somewhat less than half the total provincial representation in that body. Further, the Conservatives have come into power with a program of far-reaching implications. When the late government of W. L. Mackenzie King, responding to the widespread irritation and alarm engendered by the proposed Smoot-Hawley tariff, suddenly put into effect the Dunning tariff with increased duties and further tariff preference for the United Kingdom, the Liberal program was presently challenged by R. B. Bennett, the Conservative leader, on the ground that preferred imports from the United Kingdom or other British dominions were themselves a menace to Canadian industry, and on a platform of Canada first and no favors for anybody Mr. Bennett carried the country.

There is no need to assume, as an inference from the

election, that the new Conservative government will forthwith plunge ahead with the process familiarly known as cutting off the nose to spite the face. Canada and the United States have long been good customers one of the other, and a tariff that was clearly discriminatory would unquestionably provoke an American retaliation from which Canada, as the smaller country, would be the chief sufferer. What the Conservative victory means is that Canada, stung to the quick by the American tariff and definitely enrolled among the nations which openly resent the policy that the American tariff embodies, is to seek relief by adopting precisely the same policy of high protection of which it complains. If Mr. Bennett's attitude during the campaign is an accurate indication of the course which his government will pursue, we shall shortly have a Canadian tariff, on a high-protection basis, in which all countries will be treated alike and under which imperial preference, as far as Canada is concerned, will be materially restricted if it is not eliminated altogether.

Such a policy not only runs directly counter to the movement for a general lowering of tariff walls which has lately been agitating Europe, but also strikes a heavy blow at the scheme of tariff protection for the British Empire which has been playing mischief with the Conservative Party in Great Britain. The essential characteristic of the new imperial protectionism of Lord Rothermere and Stanley Baldwin is that the Empire shall somehow contrive to eat its cake and have it too. There is to be tariff preference within the Empire for the United Kingdom and the Dominions, but a high tariff wall about the Empire for protection against a competing world outside. There seems small likelihood of fitting Canada into such an arrangement now that Mr. Bennett and his party are in control. Before the Imperial Conference meets at the end of September, with an Imperial Economic Conference to follow after that, Canada will have had a session of its Parliament specially convened to apply protective duties to everybody, British and foreigners alike, with no discrimination against which any nation can retaliate and no British preference of which Canada can complain.

Any gratification, accordingly, over Canada's act of national self-assertion in its political overturn is tempered with apprehension. If Canada, spurred by the American threat to its agriculture, its industry, or its trade, claps on a schedule of duties whose only purpose is to check the inflow of foreign products or goods, it will take a long step toward the position which the United States occupies today to its shame—the position of a nation whose foreign-trade policy has earned for it international ill-will. What the world needs for its economic health is not a further restriction of international trade, but freer trade everywhere in everything. The plight of the wheat-grower, the cattle-raiser, the mine-owner, the manufacturer, the merchant, or the laborer is not to be met by limiting or closing world markets but by opening and developing them. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Bennett, in his zeal for the safety and prosperity of Canada, will not be misled into thinking that those things will be assured by building higher the tariff wall. If Canada resents American levies on its goods, why not continue cutting down its imports from the United States, as it has already done in the first five months of the present year to the tune of about $111,000,000?

Mooney Still Waits

GOVERNOR YOUNG of California announced, when he refused pardon to Tom Mooney, that should John MacDonald or any other witness appear for the purpose of recanting his testimony the case must be reopened. Almost the next day MacDonald was discovered in jail in Baltimore. One suspects that the Governor did not expect to have the pestiferous Mooney case on his front doorstep so soon again. Nevertheless, MacDonald has been taken to California and has had a hearing before the Supreme Court of the State. He declared that his identification of Mooney and Billings as the men who planted the fatal bomb was obtained under duress by the San Francisco police. He named particularly Police Captain Charles Goff, who, called subsequently to the stand, denied in toto MacDonald's charges. But more important than the pressure put upon him by Goff, according to MacDonald's testimony, was the almost hypnotic influence exercised over him by District Attorney Charles Fickert.

It is evident that as a witness MacDonald presented a sorry spectacle. He wept and cringed; he was obviously ill and aged beyond his years. He told not one clear story, recanting his testimony, but three or four, not quite knowing what he had seen or heard, a man beset by fears, at the mercy of anyone, claiming to be "under a spell." But if this poor sniveling creature's testimony now is difficult of credence, how much more worthless it should be as a reason —almost the sole remaining reason—for keeping two men in prison for the rest of their natural lives. It is easy to see how Governor Young and the Supreme Court of California may hesitate to credit the conflicting stories that MacDonald offers them. It is difficult to see how they can accept any of his stories, past or present, as testimony.

Yet we are pessimistic enough not to hold out much hope. As long as there is a shred of evidence not completely discredited, Mooney and Billings will stay in jail. Because the sentiment of California is in general against them. Because the State Supreme Court, when in its remarkable decision refusing Billings a pardon it declared the two men to be bad characters who knew who threw the bomb if they did not throw it themselves, voiced the opinion of California as a whole. California does not like what it calls labor agitators; it thinks such men are better out of the way. When it finds itself so fortunate as to have two of these dangerous persons actually behind prison bars, it means to keep them there. It does not matter that the trial judge, eleven of the jury, and every important witness now declare that Mooney and Billings were falsely convicted. In a little more than a fortnight Governor Young will be voted on at the primaries. He will, we venture to assert, find reasons for not rendering a decision on the new aspect of the case until after that time. If he does render a decision, it will be once more against a pardon. We by no means wish to direct Mooney and Billings to give up hope. We do think they will do well to fix their hopes on another governor, on another time, on another temper. Yet they are more alive in San Quentin than most persons out of it. Theirs is a *cause célèbre*. Which is less heartening than being simply free.

It Seems to Heywood Broun*

WHY is it supposed to be screamingly funny if anybody but a professional politician runs for public office in this country? I used to hear exhortations from prominent men urging the average citizen to take an interest in governmental affairs and participate in elections and at the end of these orations everybody used to applaud and act as if they were in thorough agreement. But the minute I found myself nominated for Congress on the Socialist ticket in the Seventeenth District all my friends, and even comparative strangers, behaved as if it were the joke of the month. I'm perfectly willing to admit the existence of humorous phases. Obviously, I am not superbly equipped by temperament or training to serve as a member of the House of Representatives. But I can learn, and the standard is not distressingly high. And then I have the advantage of not having to unlearn as much as most Democrats and Republicans.

It is well, I believe, for every candidate on whatever ticket to behave as if his election were assured. Concerning my own fate I have found some doubt even in the minds of staunch adherents. Only the other afternoon I happened to remark to my friend Edward J. MacNamara: "I hope it won't be as hot as this in Washington." "Don't worry," he answered; "you'll never notice it at all." If I know the boundaries of my district it is not altogether strategically situated for a Socialist. For instance, I've got Central Park. One party member assures me that out of that section the only vote he got was that of the shepherd, who has since changed his residence. Of course, there's not much hope of doing anything with the sheep or the squirrels. The former are assuredly Republicans from the cradle to the grave while the squirrels can be counted on to split between the Communists and the Democrats.

Another handicap of a Socialist candidate in New York City is that there will be raised up against him that familiar cry "Why throw away your vote?" And in that I think I see an edge of irony. A voter who casts his ballot for a Democrat or a Republican is supposed to get some practical benefit from his effort. And this, it seems to me, is singularly inaccurate. Take, for instance, the case of the jobless. The men and women who voted for Herbert Hoover in the Presidential campaign and for Jimmy Walker in the mayoralty election received precisely the same amount of attention. Mr. Hoover gave them a few proclamations and the Mayor expressed the pious hope that the city might have a blizzard so that the snow fund would go for outdoor relief.

Yet possibly I am being unfair. Washington did one thing more. The government dispatched men to each home to ascertain whether the householders were out of work and how long it had been since the last job. Uncle Sam also inquired solicitously whether each of us owned a radio. I assume that a kindly great white father hoped that even if we did not eat well we still might hear Amos 'n' Andy.

It's a dangerous thing to be dogmatic about unemployment. No person and no party should make any rash promises about curing it forthwith. England's Labor Party, without benefit of a clear majority to be sure, has not succeeded. Nor has the Communist Government of Russia. Yet there are definite things which can be done immediately. Old-age pensions and unemployment insurance would certainly help. And even if a solution for the whole vexed problem does not lie just around the corner it is time that a beginning was made toward amelioration. Mr. Hoover has been one of the most confirmed drifters ever to occupy the Presidency. Certainly he has offered nothing in regard to the unemployment situation except a series of optimistic proclamations saying that everything was all right and that even if it were not it would be in a trice. But that trice has lingered and lingered.

Once in an idle columnar moment I announced that if I ever became a candidate for anything at all I would be not only a wet but a wettest. The Socialist Party seems less moist than that. One can understand the logic of those who say that it is silly to get perturbed over the workingman who can't get a drink when attention might so much better be directed to the one who can't get a loaf of bread. Serious-minded students of economic problems are apt to regard prohibition as the mere dragging of red liquor across the trail of world affairs. But the question cuts deeper than these scholars imagine. The practice of prohibition has done more than any other issue to corrupt the integrity of political thinking. Parties and politicians have been dodgers since the beginning of time but all the records for long-distance straddling have been set in the Volstead era.

This technique having been established, it has been employed by Republicans and Democrats in regard to all the issues. For instance, the policy of keeping mum about unemployment and hoping that in time it will correct itself is of a piece with the prevailing practices in regard to prohibition. And now the tariff is something which we are asked to take for granted and never look in the mouth. It seems to me that progress cannot come from any quarter until there is a gentlemen's agreement on the part of all contenders actually to face issues and take sides. Until we can rid prohibition of hypocrisy we are not likely to be fair and frank about anything else.

Politics is so much a game that even in the case of a novice it is difficult to talk naturally and truthfully. For instance, I would like to confess that I am not easy yet in the practice of my party which sets "comrade" as the form of address to be used in speaking to Socialists. When I am told that "this is comrade Kelly," or "comrade Cohen" I am apt to become embarrassed and fall into the thoroughgoing capitalistic greeting of "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Cohen." But that too can be set down among the number of things which I must learn in making my first campaign for Congress. The dignity of the office I consider highly complimentary for a beginner. Mr. Coolidge's first campaign was for selectman and every morning but Saturday you can see what he worked up to.

HEYWOOD BROUN

* Mr. Broun will be absent on vacation during the coming four weeks. On his return he will take up his new work as dramatic critic for *The Nation* in the absence of Joseph Wood Krutch. His first article will appear in our issue of September 17.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Our Attitude Toward Russia

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHAT should be the American attitude toward Russia? Because of the renewed anti-Russian campaign, the amazing and humiliating performances of the Fish committee of the House of Representatives, the embargo upon pulp wood, and the demand of Matthew Woll and his followers that by 1932 all trade with Russia be proscribed, the subject has been in recent weeks the foremost one before the country. It is therefore worth examining dispassionately and at length both as to principles and as to policy, all the more so since I find here and there liberals and idealists who are sincerely worried as to what is the right attitude. They ask whether in the name of humanity and liberty the United States should not make effective its disapproval of both the Russian and the Italian dictatorships to aid in bringing them down in a collapse which would enable the masses of both countries to erect more democratic governments.

To this the answer must be no, so far as any censorship of other governments by our government is concerned. Until the Administration of Woodrow Wilson it had been the usual policy of the United States to recognize every de facto government without inquiry as to whether the hands of its masters were free from blood, how they attained power, or what treatment they were according to their subjects. I recall only one case in Europe, that of the Serbian regicides, in which recognition was withheld by any of the great Powers.

The reasons for this answer are obvious. If each country is going to sit in judgment on the manners, morals, and past record of every other, the world will be in for endless trouble and bloodletting. Practically no country, certainly not the United States, can come into court with clean enough hands to be able honestly to put on the judicial ermine. Finally, in numerous countries—the United States, for instance—any given administration is a political one which cannot be trusted to be unaffected by purely political considerations, such as the voice of organized labor, or of organized big business. The relations between nations are easily disturbed, and when disturbed are pacified only at tremendous costs—often in human lives. It is plain, then, that so far as possible they should be kept out of the hands of political officials, especially of such underlings as our present Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, men not directly charged with responsibility for foreign affairs. That gentleman has backed and filled in such an extraordinary way in the present controversy and has displayed so much personal bias as to make it clear that he is without the judicial quality needed in so complex and and serious a situation.

That public sentiment in the United States has not always been content in the past with a policy of recognition as a matter of course, without reference to conditions in the recognized country, is true. During the Czar's regime, after the revelations of George Kennan concerning the horrors of exile in Siberia and of the prisons in eastern Russia, and later after the frightful pogroms in which so many Jewish men, women, and children were butchered in cold blood, strong representations were made to Washington to sever relations with such a country. There was a time, too, when sympathizers with the dire plight of the Armenians sought to have the United States break off relations with the "Terrible Turk." But not until Woodrow Wilson began playing cat and mouse with Mexico in connection with the Huerta regime, if I remember rightly, did we officially begin to use the procedure of recognition as a means of approval or disapproval—or, as in the case of Mexico, as a weapon actually to overthrow the status quo. Actually we have refused to recognize Russia because we disapprove of her economic system, because of her refusal to pay us moneys she owes us, because of our dislike and distrust of her rulers. It is her manners as well as her words which have been used as the excuse for refusal to recognize what is certainly a well-established and going concern.

But there is indubitably a respectable section of the American people who think that we ought to make Russia feel the lash of our hostile public opinion; that it would serve the reds right to break off all trade with them. I know of one who has lived for years in Russia and seen such horrors in the prison camps there that he would gladly join Mr. Woll, though he would be quick to admit that the horrors in our own prisons as proved by the Columbus, Ohio, prison fire and the recent jail uprisings would justify strong foreign protests. These protestants against Russia would have us forbid any American to enter the land of the Soviets and would sever all trade connections. They are morally outraged when *The Nation* and other journals speak of the $700,000,000 of American trade with Russia during the past few years as a reason for not breaking off relations. They say that that is a big-business argument unworthy of idealists; that even if it should throw millions of Americans out of employment we must break off all relations so that the Russian people may realize the low position in the world to which their present rulers have brought them. We must not compromise with evil.

To this the answer has already been given: we are not called upon nor are we morally in a position to intervene in Russia's internal life or to pass judgment upon the acts of her rulers. One has only to think of the feeling which would be aroused in Great Britain if we should sever relations with her because of her terrible misgovernment of India—a record established by the testimony of many high-minded English men and women and admitted by Ramsay MacDonald himself in his pre-office demand for India's complete independence. One can imagine the rage in the American press if France or Italy should propose to cut off diplomatic and trade relations with us because of our lynchings—the blackest stain on any nation in the world—and because of our cruelty to the Negroes. I must admit, however, that when Italy did close her legation in Washington for a period of years because of the refusal of the United States and the State of Louisiana to make any reparation for the shocking mob murder of a number of Italian citizens, there

was then little protest. Any radical action by the United States against the Soviets would be readily explained to the Russian people as a purely capitalistic move against communism under the hypocritical guise of a moral protest. The result would be that the business which Russia now sends to the United States would go instead to France, Italy, England, and Germany.

It may be a regrettable state of affairs that we cannot bring moral force to bear on a government that seems to us to be clearly in the wrong. But can we be sure that our judgments as to what is right or wrong in other governments are right? That the information we base our decisions upon is correct? Here is Matthew Woll quoted as asserting that he can exclude all Russian goods under Section 307 of the new tariff law because every worker in Russia is an indentured slave to the brutal and cruel oligarchy which enforces its will upon him. I have no desire whatever to minimize the evil side of the Communist rule in Russia, or to excuse in the slightest degree the horrible injustices and wrongs which are daily perpetrated, but Mr. Woll's statement is an absurdity. The *New Freeman* has just recalled that highly significant story of the visit of some British miners to a Russian mine and their resulting criticisms. The Russian workers answered that their visitors ignored one thing. The British miners were curious. "Our mines *belong to us,*" the Soviet workers answered. There are vast multitudes in Russia who are conscientiously and enthusiastically with the Soviet rulers. It is as near the truth to say of them that they are slaves at forced labor as to assert the same of American labor, which dances to the tune of the capitalist piper, upon whom depends how near to or how far from the line of bare subsistence the worker and his family are compelled to live.

The only safe way to influence other countries which seem to us to be following false gods is by public opinion expressed in the usual way, and not through governmental action. Thus, there are many Americans like myself who feel that the Italian dictatorship is just as odious and just as hostile to our American institutions as the Russian; that the Italian Fascist activities in the United States are far more dangerous and insidious than any Russian Communist activities "in our midst." But we are utterly opposed to the breaking off of diplomatic ties or the cessation of business with Mussolini's subjects. Mussolini and Stalin can no more be overthrown from the outside than can Herbert Hoover be driven out of the White House by foreign pressure.

It is possible that constant foreign criticism may finally influence the policies of both Russia and Italy; indeed, I thought that the recent soft-pedaling of the anti-religious campaign in Russia was plainly due to aroused public opinion in other countries. It is to be hoped that similarly, in time, the rising tide of world-wide resentment against American imperialism in the Caribbean and our cruel, callous, and selfish tariff policy may finally pierce the crust of American self-satisfaction, self-contentment, and conceit.

Meanwhile what should the American policy toward Russia be? First, recognition of the Bolshevist government. It is absurd to do business running into the hundreds of millions with Russia—it will soon be far greater than it is now—and then to deprive our traders of the protection which goes with diplomatic relations. To pretend we are not doing business with the Soviets when we are is certainly unworthy of any decent government.

Secondly, we should court the exchange of visitors from and to Russia in order that Russians may then see for themselves where our institutions are superior to theirs and vice versa; we are without fears that our own securely established institutions will collapse because of the propaganda of such foreign visitors. We should, however, make it perfectly clear to the Russians that in inviting them as guests to this country we expect them to behave as guests and that we shall hold them to that standard. We should point out to them that at home they savagely exile or execute without fair trial anybody whom they suspect of seeking to overthrow their institutions and economic system; that they obviously are without any right to enter our country to interfere with our institutions. This does not mean that Russians should be debarred from making addresses over here or from interpreting their beliefs to us.

Thirdly, we should seek in every way to make the Russians feel that we regard them as members of the human family on equal terms with all others and to include them in every international action. The more we show our confidence in them the better will they react, the quicker will they get over their obsession that we are seeking to combine with other capitalist nations to destroy them. This is of enormous importance because, as long as this situation exists, there exists the threat of war; with it removed I believe that the Russians will prove to be the most pacific of peoples, readier to disarm than any other Continental nation.

Fourthly, as to the so-called menace of "dumping," we have laws upon the statute books aimed to prevent this very procedure (not that I approve of them; the only sound remedy for such an abuse of international trade lies elsewhere). As for the coal and lumber which they are sending to us, they constitute so far only a fraction of 1 per cent of our domestic consumption, and the same is true of the pulp wood that we are now importing. It is not less trade with Russia which we need but more, and as free as it can be made. Especially is this true today when our export trade is in such a parlous condition and Congress and the Administration together seem determined to smash all they can of it. Here, too, the tying of Russia into international trade on the largest possible scale will not only make for peace in the world, but will also tend emphatically to modify the aggressive attitude of these new zealots for communism and to help them to understand and respect the motives and the ideals of other people.

Let us do away with our craven fears of the Communist menace. As I have so often said, if the Bolsheviks can prove that theirs is the best way of life for all mankind, the whole world will accept their doctrines. If they fail to prove this they will probably retrace their steps in a capitalist direction. I suppose it is too much to expect that those like Matthew Woll and Congressman Fish who are so terrified by the Russian menace may see something good in Russia. As a matter of fact, besides the bloody and bad side there is a great deal of fine idealism, and a genuine desire to uplift humanity and to modernize Russia under the Soviets. It behooves us not to ignore this. We are certainly the last people in the world to cast stones indiscriminately, for the sad fact is that of all peoples we are the most feared, disliked, and hated.

Why Stalin Won

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, July 22

THE sixteenth party congress just ended was a complete victory for Stalin. Premier Rykov was unexpectedly retained in the Politburo, and Tomsky and Bukharin, his Right-wing colleagues, were reelected into the Central Committee on Stalin's own wish. They get another trial. They could easily have been eliminated. The congress did Stalin's bidding. What is the secret of Stalin's unquestioned strength? He controls every wheel and screw of the party machine, which is the source of authority and power in the Soviet Union. This is extremely important. For dynamic energy, driving force, and discipline the Russian Communist Party is unique the world over, perhaps even throughout history. But party manipulations are not everything. To explain Stalin's influence by his absolute domination of the party apparatus is to neglect the most decisive psychological and economic factors of the Soviet situation.

Russia today is the strangest combination of brightest white and darkest black. You may spend one evening in a discussion of unprecedented, exciting achievements and the next evening—often among foreigners who suffer the least—listening to distressing tales of hardships. Both are true. Communists, however, are an optimistic, enthusiastic race. They glory in their accomplishments but wave away difficulties. This was the spirit of the delegates who defeated Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky and riotously hailed Stalin as their chief.

I encountered some of the delegates. If you mentioned the food shortage they spoke of Dnieperstroi, Kuznetzstroi, Magnitogorsk, and the other huge power, iron, and steel works which will be larger than any in Europe. If you reminded them that people cannot buy shoes and textiles they told you that in three years Russia will be the world's second-largest producer of cast iron, that the Soviet Union is turning out more and more machines, that its industrial output is double the pre-war amount and will soon be doubled again, that collectives and state farms will eliminate the food shortage, that at the end of the Five-Year Plan—in 1933—Russia will be manufacturing more tractors than America, that she will then export grain, grow her own cotton, and have enough live stock to satisfy home demands, and, finally, that the Soviet Union is quickly ceasing to be a backward, semi-Asiatic country.

Men in this optimistic mood, convinced that they are about to "overtake and outstrip" capitalist nations, and themselves responsible for the construction now in progress, do not want it interrupted, will not listen to Cassandra warnings, and will not applaud meek-minded moderates who caution against excessive haste in industrialization and collectivization. The Right-wingers irritate them; Stalin, on the other hand, makes faith in victory a doctrine. This same faith then becomes another factor in that victory. Stalin fires his followers with additional zeal by preaching self-assurance; he increases the construction tasks assigned, introduces a sporting element into their fulfilment, and mows down the doubters. Seers of evil, prophets of disaster have no place in Bolshevik psychology. This is one of the outstanding subjective weaknesses of the Right cause, and one of Stalin's greatest advantages.

The Right platform stands on three pillars: (1) more freedom to the kulak, or rich peasant, (2) less collectivization, and (3) stimulation of light industries which produce goods for immediate consumption. But all these proposals are impracticable. Why? Public recantations do not change the leopard's spots, and Rykov, Tomsky, and especially Bukharin want the upper layer of the peasantry to work with less official interference. It is Bukharin's old summons to the mujik to "get rich," which he retracted under pressure in 1925 but which he obviously still upholds. If the kulak could become rich every sredniak, or middle peasant, would follow in his footsteps, for the sredniak, as Trotzky writes, "is the kulak conveyor." (He feeds the kulak ranks belt-fashion.) And that would spell the end of collectivization. Immersed in private-capitalistic instincts, not wholly prepared psychologically for cooperative cultivation, and not yet completely convinced of the benefits of collective farming, the sredniak submitted to collectivization because the door to individual enrichment was closed by the government's suppression of the kulak. The reversal of this policy would throw the sredniak—40 per cent or so of the peasantry—into the anti-Communist camp, suspend collectivization, and obstruct the socialization of the village. A large class of prosperous individualistic farmers in Russia would mean a liberal, petty-bourgeois Russia with soviets persisting only as an outward form.

The suppression of the kulak class is the corollary of collectivization and vice versa. Collectivization is the cornerstone of Bolshevik agrarian policy. It is inconceivable that the Communists should suspend or weaken collectivization or support any leaders who suggest such a measure. The Right may perform a useful function in drawing attention to uneconomic means of collectivizing and to the need of improving the internal organization of collectives, but it cannot gain a wide party following by condemning collectivization as a system. For without collectivization there can be no socialism and no Bolshevik solution of the peasant problem.

The strength of the Right-wingers lies in the friendly echo their views arouse among the peasant and petty-bourgeois masses. But this is the very cause of their downfall within the party, which sees the danger of tolerating prominent Communists who advocate heterodox policies with a broad appeal. For the same reason, on the other hand, the Right cannot be dealt with so summarily as the Trotzky opposition. The Bukharin opposition has roots. Less is achieved by merely cutting off the plant above the ground. The Right-wingers' peasant policy demands the stimulation of light industry. To induce the peasant to part with his increased yield resulting from greater individual freedom, they say, the city must offer him more goods for immediate consumption. The impulse thus given to light industry will also react to the benefit of the urban population.

Now nobody would object to the alleviation of the

"goods famine" if it could be attained without damage to heavy industry. The heavy industries must not suffer. They are the solid foundation which bolshevism is laying for Russia's future development. Without them the country is dependent, incapable of defense in war, and doomed to a low standard of living. Moreover, if agricultural overproduction continues throughout the world, and if the Soviet Union were to remain a predominantly agrarian country, nobody would desire her exports, her foreign trade would shrink, and her growth would be stunted. Industrialization is the historic function of bolshevism and answers the highest national interests. In the end the nation will be grateful to the Soviet regime for its persistence and courage in carrying out a difficult program despite the terrific costs to all inhabitants of the Union. The heavy industrialization base of the new structure is of course not an end in itself but a means whereby light industry may prosper. Ultimately, more coal, cast iron, steel, turbines, chemicals, spindles, locomotives must mean more shoes, shirts, clothing, and more food too. But it is just this "ultimately"—the time element—that is so trying. While the foundation is under construction the people forego many necessities. In two years, in three years at the most, the dividends on the present sacrifice investment will probably be paid. This intervening period is inevitably filled with murmurs, complaints, and sour "anecdotes." The Right wing reflects this displeasure.

A compromise on this issue is not impossible. For whereas surrender on collectivization might be disastrous, a slackening of the pace of heavy industrialization so that textile, leather-wear, clothing, and food industries would receive more money and materials is not precluded. There is at least margin here for maneuvering. Yet I do not think it realistic to expect any very appreciable improvement of light industry in the near future. The state cannot well discontinue the construction of the great metallurgical plants at Magnitogorsk, in the Kuznetz basin in Siberia, and around Dnieperstroi, nor of the two huge additional tractor factories in Cheliabinsk and Kharkov, nor of the Nizhni Novgorod automobile factory, nor of the numerous other heavy industrial "giants" which have been started in the past year or two. The government, as Kuibishev, reporting on industry, told the party congress, must also carry out the program of 15,000,000 tons of cast iron by 1932-33 (compared with 5,500,000 tons this year and 4,200,000 tons in 1913), which requires corresponding increases in kindred heavy industries like coal, oil, electricity, transport. This being the case, little surplus strength or funds will be left for light industry.

These and other Soviet economic problems meet at one focal point—foreign trade. Although the means of production are being manufactured in Russia in mounting quantities, the Bolsheviks must turn to foreign countries for much of the equipment of their big steel and electrical power plants and for technical engineering assistance. This costs money. It must be paid for in foreign currency or gold, which Moscow does not possess in abundance. Further depletion of the solid metal cover of the ruble would induce further inflation with all its initial benefits and all its disastrous after-effects. Moscow must therefore husband its valuta, force exports even at the expense of prime domestic necessities, and cut imports to the bone so as to include little else than the indispensable needs of heavy industry. This is the root of the people's hardships. For instance, Russia must import cotton from the United States. But it prefers to spend its dollars on drills, compressors, and turbines for the Stalingrad tractor works and similar undertakings. Cotton, consequently, reaches the Soviet Union in reduced volume, the country is textile-hungry, and textile factories, some of them new, close down for want of raw material.

The chief hope for an early improvement on the internal market lies in foreign credits, which would make it unnecessary for Russia to export food, tobacco, and other products its own population needs and at the same time allow the government to import more raw materials—in addition, of course, to machinery. Foreign credits, on good terms, would bring a sigh of relief to Moscow. We may therefore see a more liberal Soviet foreign policy under a very influential new commissar. But observers who interpret the first signs of such a policy as the beginnings of a swerve to the Right internally are quite mistaken. The contrary is true, for the principle holds almost invariably that a Left policy which produces the greatest strain inside may well be complemented by a Right strategy to win the most help abroad.

Special difficulties arise this year owing to the fall of world prices. Russia's exports will expand in volume, but oil, lumber, and cereals will fetch relatively less—an estimated 28 per cent less. Considerable grain sales to foreign customers—the Union may export some 2,500,000 tons after the present harvest—should, however, repair this loss. The final solution of the shortages will come, nevertheless, not through outside assistance but from the reorganization of agriculture. Kuibishev said this to the party congress in almost so many words. Only when the state farms and collectives yield vastly more live stock, poultry, bread, dairy products, cotton, tobacco, sugar, vegetables, flax, fats, and fruit will the problem of internal supply be settled satisfactorily. Here again, therefore, everything hinges on collectivization—and on tractors, fertilizer, agricultural machinery, in other words, on heavy industry. Heavy industrialization and collectivization are Siamese twins. Collectivization implies an anti-kulak war.

Since light industries cannot be greatly stimulated, since collectivization must not be undermined, since the kulak will not be amnestied, the Right platform collapses, the Right-wingers suffer defeat, and Stalin wins. I think the Right wing, though convinced of the justice of its negative criticism, fears the possible results of its positive recommendations. To turn back in 1930 might signify a retreat down a decline which offered no opportunities for digging in at halfway stations. In *The Nation* of April 30, 1930, I suggested that despite the rightward zigzag of March "a large potential of Leftness" remained which would act as a "guaranty against any permanent or far-reaching swing to the Right." This has certainly been borne out by events since that date. And the "potential of Leftness" is far from exhausted. Nothing but a severe economic crisis will force a change of policy under Stalin's leadership.

Psychology and economics are Stalin's favorable winds. He is also the party "boss." But he is, in addition, the Soviet Union's most striking personality. He outranks all other Russian statesmen in courage, will-power, maneuvering talents, political organizing ability, and primitive tenacity. If he lacks the intellectual attainments of a Trotzky or

Bukharin his very directness, force, and even crudeness appeal to a party whose membership has changed radically since 1924 and in which the prerevolutionary "highbrow" feels himself slightly out in the cold. Stalin's job, of course, is no bed of roses. But he weathered the mad tempest that raged in the villages during January and February, and even emerged from it strengthened. Now he will do well to look to the mood of the workers. Their real wages must not fall below the present level. Prices should be pegged, and the criminal inefficiency of the cooperatives eradicated.

A good friend might also advise Stalin to put a stop to the orgy of personal glorification of Stalin which has been permitted to sweep the country. This is Stalin's Achilles heel. From being the modest, retiring leader whom few saw or heard—the silent power behind the "throne"—he has in recent months stepped forth into the brightest limelight and seems to enjoy it. He has become the object of thickly smeared praise, fawning adulation, and tasteless obeisance. Bolshevik politicians go out of their way to sing extravagant odes to Stalin's person (Zinoviev is the last to do it). Daily, hundreds of telegrams pour in on him brimming over with Oriental super-compliments: "Thou art the greatest leader . . . the most devoted disciple of Lenin," and the like. Three cities, innumerable villages, collectives, schools, factories, and institutions have been named after him, and now somebody has started a movement to christen the Turksib the "Stalin Railway." I have gone back over the newspapers from 1919 to 1922; Lenin never permitted such antics and he was more popular than Stalin can ever hope to be. It exposes a weak side of Stalin's character which his enemies, who are numerous, are sure to exploit, for it is as un-Bolshevik as it is politically unwise. If Stalin is not responsible for this performance he at least tolerates it. He could stop it by pressing a button.

"When the Senate's Away—"

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 2

ACCORDING to my fair-haired colleagues, whom working reporters love to designate as the Boy Scouts of the Rapidan, recent events have disclosed "a new Hoover" in the White House. The newcomer is described as "a strong, self-reliant executive, who purposes to rule without being ruled" and as "a President who is resolved to endure no more heckling from the Senate." Well, well. If memory serves me that is precisely how they described the old Hoover in their dispatches, and hence it is rather difficult to ascertain from their latest reports what change, if any, has occurred. This is regrettable, because the public naturally is curious to know how perfection could be made more perfect. Fortunately, bewilderment is unnecessary. What we actually have is the same old Herbert, operating under changed conditions. It will be observed that his determination not to endure the slings and arrows of the Senate was reached just after the Senate adjourned. His new strength and self-reliance, therefore, are explainable on the simple ground that nobody remains in Washington to challenge them. I am reminded of the old soak who was thrown out of a saloon. After the proprietor had closed up and departed for the night the unwelcome customer returned, thundered bravely at the door, and shouted: "Now come outside and put me out."

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IT is significant that one of the first acts of this bigger and braver Hoover was to reveal a secret that he had guarded carefully throughout the sixteen months that Congress was in session: to wit, that he is opposed to government operation of Muscle Shoals and heartily approves the scheme to turn that $160,000,000 public property over to private power companies. The manner in which he intervened in a Republican primary campaign in Tennessee in behalf of Representative Carroll Reece makes it fairly clear that he inspired the action by which Reece blocked a compromise in the last session that would have provided for government operation of the power plant and private operation of the fertilizer plant. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that Reece is a political friend and associate of the lamented Claudius Huston, who finally was squeezed out of the Republican national chairmanship for getting caught at the business of collecting funds for the Muscle Shoals lobby and temporarily depositing them in his stock-trading account. When Mr. Hoover was running for the Presidency he made a speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee, in which he said: "There are local instances where the government must enter the business field as a by-product of some great major purpose, such as improvement of navigation, flood control, scientific research, or national defense, but they do not vitiate the general policy to which we should adhere." Subsequently, replying to newspaper requests that he name local instances which were exceptions to the rule, he said: "You may say that means Muscle Shoals," and still later he added: "There is no question about government ownership of Muscle Shoals, as the government already owns both the power and nitrate plants. The major purposes which were advanced for its construction were navigation, scientific research, and national defense"; in other words, for the identical purposes which he had said warranted the government in "entering the business field." But now, it appears, he is taking advantage of his use of the word "ownership" to deny that he ever favored government "operation." One marvels, then, why he saw fit to discuss the subject in such terms, since everybody knew the government owned the plant, and everybody knows the government is not "entering the field of business" when it leases its property to private operators.

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THE truth is that this is a "power administration." That it would be was evident to anyone who had studied Mr. Hoover's record on the power question prior to his Presidential campaign in 1928. For years he had been the darling of the National Electric Light Association, traveling as far as San Francisco to deliver the principal address at one of its sessions. As Secretary of Commerce he trained

a number of bright young men who subsequently landed lucrative jobs with various branches of the power trust. During his Presidential campaign he succeeded in dodging the issue by such characteristically worded statements as that quoted above, but once he was elected the mask was allowed to slip. For Secretary of the Interior, an office which carried with it membership on the Federal Power Commission and authority to apportion Boulder Dam power, he named his old schoolmate Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur. For years Wilbur had been engaged in filling the board of trustees of Leland Stanford University with power magnates, some of them connected with the private companies which later applied to him for a large share of Boulder Dam power. For the Republican chairmanship, Hoover selected Huston, who had long busied himself in behalf of the power companies seeking possession of Boulder Dam. When the time came to appoint a chairman of the reorganized power commission, whom did he select but Lieutenant General Edgar Jadwin, who had done his utmost to turn Cove Creek over to the Electric Bond and Share Company? Of course, Mr. Hoover is opposed to government operation of Muscle Shoals. He is opposed to anything that would reveal the extent of the profits now being made by private power companies. That is one of the reasons he was nominated and elected.

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THE belated ouster of Huston finally was accomplished, it seems, through the deft manipulation of Postmaster General Walter Brown. Just what sort of fire he succeeded in building under the clammy Claudius does not appear on the record, but the retiring chairman did not hesitate to acknowledge the force that broke his grip. His first reported remark after his resignation was "Enter the Ohio Gang again." This alluded also to the plan to make Simeon D. Fess his immediate successor, and in that respect it was an unkind remark, because all the world knows that Simeon is a godly man, even if he does find it expedient in great emergencies to lie to the White House correspondents about what Presidents say to him. The plan to give Simeon the chairmanship and make Robert H. Lucas chairman of the executive committee contemplates that Fess shall do the talking and Lucas the thinking, although there is a feeling in some quarters that the talking might as well be dispensed with. Brown is expected to aspire eventually to the chairmanship. His failure to become candidate now is explained by friends on the ground of his ambition to wipe out the postal deficit before leaving the job. My own guess is that he will wait until after the Blaine committee has concluded its investigation of fraud and favoritism in connection with post-office leases. It is possible that developments before the committee might tend to impair Mr. Brown's future usefulness to the party. He is wise to wait and see. To have two Republican chairmen forced to resign within six months as the result of Senate investigation would be a calamity too great to bear.

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HAM FISH'S "red-herring committee" has terminated its efforts for the summer, after a performance in Chicago in which its conduct was so disgraceful that even the Republican newspapers of that hard-boiled town were provoked to scorn. After listening at length and with obvious pleasure to the testimony of a professional labor-baiter, the committee consented to hear Arthur W. Fisher, an attorney who has made considerable inquiry into repeated instances of police brutality toward local Communists. Fisher was promptly interrupted by Fish and Congressman Nelson of Maine, who questioned him at length in an effort to show that he had been a slacker during the war and that he was benefiting financially from Russian trade with the United States. Perhaps the only reason they did not accuse him outright of bolshevism was because his father was a member of the Cabinet of the late President Taft. After an hour of insult and insinuation, during which they resolutely suppressed his efforts to testify, these Congressional hoodlums climaxed their antics by grabbing their hats and rushing out of the room, leaving the witness on the stand. Aside from giving the committee members a free junket around the country, the aim of this "investigation" is to make political capital for Ham Fish. Ham is consumed by an ambition to get on in politics. Never having possessed any original ideas of his own, he made shift to borrow the worn-out device of saving the Republic from the reds. Ham was a good football player at Princeton, and it seems a pity that sophomores are not required to stay in college until they grow up. If that seems impossible, as in his case, it is all the more reason for keeping them at school.

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OUT in Kansas Henry Allen is doing some terrible sweating, not all of which is due to the heat. No man who ever came to the Senate, unless we except the pious George Wharton Pepper, harbored such a desperate desire to return as that which now agitates Henry. To be able to lift his voice in that hallowed chamber, to be described (in his own paper, at least) as "President Hoover's spokesman," to strut before visiting Kansans, and to reside in a city where decent food and drink are still obtainable—all this constitutes for Henry the final consummation of human hopes and ambitions. But circumstances have played him foul. He is torn between his solicitude for the wheat farmers and his desire to continue standing by President Hoover and the Hoover farm policies against which Kansas farmers are in rebellion. For any other man such a problem would be almost insoluble. It may be too much for Henry, but I doubt it. I have observed him at close range on many occasions, public and private, and it is my firm belief that he has a rubber spine and that all his convictions are mounted on ball bearings. If it is possible to survive by taking both sides of a question or neither, in stentorian tones, Henry will be back, or so I fear.

Pigeons Wading

By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

The shadow of the elm is like a pool
  Of rippling purple, and its small pensioners
Are pigeons wading, dipping in the cool
  Crushed-grape with coral feet. If wind stirs,
The edges ebb and flood, the diamond flecks
  Of sun are lifted and scattered over and over
On the dusty road, on the iridescent necks,
  While the pigeons flutter to the wave's dark cover.

Deer Dance in Taos

By MARY HEATON VORSE

IN Taos, just before spring, is held the deer dance. First, as though incidentally, comes the corn dance. Two rows of women in each of whose hands is a cedar branch dance the corn dance. They weave soft patterns with their feet, clad in the high white buckskin moccasins which Taos women wear. Their skirts are wide and are girded with bright woven girdles. About their necks flow chains of silver and turquoise and of white wampum. Their faces are wide and impassive and a rich color stains their cheeks. Between two lines are the Koshare, the fun-makers. They are nearly naked and their headdresses are of corn husks. The fox tails bob as they dance. The corn dance stops. The deer dance is to begin.

Two women in white buckskin go forth from the pueblo. They carry in each hand ceremonial eagle feathers. This dance is different from all other dances. The women go forth and by their magic force the wild creatures of the forest to follow them back to the pueblo. The shy creatures, doe and buck, fawn and fox and hare, follow in close procession the magic of the white-clad women with the ceremonial feathers. Bewitched, enchanted, the creatures of the forest come following the dancing maidens. And from their muzzles come cries—the bellow of a buck in terror, the cry of a fawn. Round and round they go, padding, picking their way—animals under a terrible enchantment, forced by the magic of the maidens to leave the woods and hills, to leave their hiding-places, their burrows. This is a dance like no other. The hoarse cries of the bewitched creatures who follow, follow the slowly dancing maidens. Round and round they go—following, crying aloud their pain and bewilderment.

Hunters with tiny bows attack the deer and mime their fate. Now and then a hunter seizes a creature—fawn, fox, or rabbit—and runs with him. The animal hangs limp as though dead across the shoulders of the hunter. The hunter must get across the bridge which separates the two parts of the Taos pueblo before a spectator intercepts him. Running swiftly with his burden goes the hunter, dodging and feinting. Only twice during the dance is a hunter successful.

There are various stories current as to the meaning of the deer dance. You will find as many, almost, as there are people. But what you have seen is enough. You have witnessed enchantment, something holy and unholy. You have seen the wild creatures bewitched by women who are themselves under a spell, as with unseeing eyes, with their ceremonial eagle feathers in their hands, they weave patterns decreed by the never-ceasing drum.

The spectator is himself bewitched. Only later does he remember the exquisite rhythms of the dancing creatures—the leap and plunge of the hunter, the swiftness of the men running with the animals across their shoulders, the greater swiftness of the pursuer and rescuer. And amidst the by-play of the hunters the maidens dance, dance, dance to the throbbing drum, dance as if in a dream, leading the lowing horde of creatures.

It is over at last. The rows of women in the corn dance face one another again. The Koshare leap about them. Now the spectators are laughing, the women are laughing. The Koshare, naked, fox tails bobbing, dance in the center between the two rows of women. "They dance something else, the Koshare. They will not let the women dance." The Koshare have interjected their own rhythm, they interrupt and confuse with their soft thudding feet. It is as though you should play one tune to interrupt another. But we, who would at another time be enthralled by the corn dance, have been too much moved by this other less stylized dance, this subtle deer dance which leads the mind into allegory and strange thoughts.

The dances are not over. Tonight in the pueblo there is to be a celebration for the new governor. The governors of the tribes have for insignia of office the gold-headed cane presented to them by Abraham Lincoln.

The pueblo dances for the governor and the new officers, who sit in their houses and receive the various groups who perform before them. The governor has ten assistants. The secretary-treasurer of the tribe has ten. Each group of dancers dances twenty-two times. They stop, incidentally, to dance in the houses of relatives and friends. We go to one of these.

We go first to a house at the entrance of the pueblo. Our host may not drive a car. He can be a passenger but he may not drive on Indian ground. The germinating earth has conceived and is now pregnant, so it might disturb her to drive upon her peaceful body at this moment. The Indians walk lightly upon her. There are two very young children, not older than six, rehearsing their dance. They are dressed in full ceremonial costumes of embroidered buckskin. They wear silver and turquoise ornaments. Their heads are crowned with eagle-feather crowns. The crowns flow down their backs in a handsome line. In each hand, also, they hold eagle feathers. They dance solemnly, almost as if hypnotized. They dance a little stiffly, they have not yet the magnificent rhythm of the accomplished dancers. Now a child has not held the eagle feather in the prescribed manner. The father, with a gesture of unconscious tenderness, puts his arm around the little one and corrects the error. From time to time one of the older men corrects an error of the dancing children, gently, gently. They dance many times, the little girl circling in her eagle-feather crown, her full buckskin skirt. There is something quiet and warm in the house, something very quiet and happy, at once quiet and excited.

We cross the open space over the bridge. We are going to Jim's house. He has been newly elected treasurer. From all directions comes the noise of drumming. Figures slide silently through the darkness. A sense of excitement comes from the incessant throbbing drums. The silent, reserved pueblo is gay tonight. In Jim's house, besides Jim, are two brothers and their wives and his aged father, who is a famous medicine man. We sit on rug-covered mattresses. A bright fire shines on the hearth. A little boy with shining eyes sits beside his mother. The men have wide faces the color of mahogany and wine. They are vital and alert.

One of the women is very beautiful. Both women wear full calico dresses, confined with wide woven girdles, and high buckskin moccasins. Their hair is braided. Men and women wear ornaments of turquoise and silver.

Soon the door opens and the dancers appear. Young girls and youths file in. They are dressed in beautiful costumes, the ancient, elaborate chief's costume. With them come their musicians, the drum and singers. They dance solemnly and elaborately. Like the little children they take too great pains. This is an occasion of terrible importance to them. They are dancing a "very old dance" we are told. It is lovely in its solemn pattern. It is briefly over. The young people dance again. Before they go, the woman of the house pours an earthen bowl full of bread into a sack one of the singers carries. They receive in each house a gift of bread.

There is a knock at the door. There are men in masks, high boots, wide hats. "They make to dance like the Navajos." They are Navajo braves out on a spree. They sing and dance. Their music howls. It is marvelous burlesque. Our handful of spectators rocks. Tonight is a night of gaiety, for laughter, for children. Before our eyes passes the burlesque of other tribes. A Mexican tries to dance an Indian dance. How subtle a performance! The earnest Mexican thinks he dances wonderfully but he does everything just a little wrong. Everything is just a little oblique —like a mirror that is not true. He is never in time, yet he dances earnestly, painstakingly.

One gets a new vision of them, seeing them thus at play, seeing their sly jokes—a gay people behind the veil of the dignity with which they treat us. It is rare good fortune to have had this single glimpse behind the scenes.

There is a knock at the door. A single dancer, stained brick red and spotted with blue, naked but for a magnificent fox skin, dashes in. The dance is beautiful and complicated. It has the swiftness of arrows, the intensity of fire. It is punctuated with cries that pierce the heart with some ancient terror. "He is one of the best dancers. It is the old war dance," we are told. Three times come dancers who dance a war dance naked and spotted, the old unforgotten dance that Taos danced when Taos went to war. In this dance the intense burning core of a people shows itself, beautiful, pure, and terrible.

It is over. We go our way. Drums are still throbbing from all parts of the pueblo. We are tired. We have seen too much. The genius of a people has been played before our eyes. For a moment only Taos has opened the severely closed, the jealously guarded book of its culture for us to decipher—if we can.

"You may look at us," they have seemed to say, "at the calm acceptance of our women, at the vivid tranquillity of our youth, at the venerable wisdom of the aged, at the furious intensity of our anger. Look at the beauty of our ceremonial, the weaving of patterns of beauty. Listen to our laughter. Have you anything to give us? The preoccupation of man is the search of mystery and beauty, his gift above the animals is laughter. Can you add, then, to our culture? Then since you have nothing to add, nothing to give us, let us live. Let us alone. Let us cherish our own secret of life in our kivas. Do not try to pull us apart until we shall have become disintegrated and a people without a soul."

In the Driftway

THIS is the story of a dog named Judge. Judge was medium in size. As for color and texture, he was brown and curly. An ordinary dog, with ordinary gifts. Judge lived on the front porch of a rather large house in a Middle Western city. In front of the front porch was a large lawn; in front of the lawn, and running its entire length, was a white picket fence several feet high. In the fence was a gate at the place where a gate ought to be. And anyone could tell that here was a well-regulated establishment not only because the fence was kept painted but more particularly because the gate clicked shut, neatly and quickly, whenever anyone passed through. Judge was proud of his well-kept house and porch and lawn, but he derived his deepest satisfaction from the white fence with its admirable gate.

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TO the fence Judge owed both his health and his sense of superiority. Whenever an animal, human or otherwise, passed by, Judge with a growl sprang from his place on the porch, cleared the steps with one fine leap, and ran to the end of the fence from which the sound of footsteps came. And from the time the passer-by reached that end of the fence until he had passed beyond the other end, Judge, on his side of the fence, accompanied him, barking madly, defending his porch, his honor, and his lawn. When the intruder had departed, Judge, full of satisfaction and a pleasant fatigue, retired to his porch to sleep like a hero until the next invasion.

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AND so the months and the days passed, and Judge grew full of years and self-confidence. So formidable was he that many women and a few men had been known to cross the street to escape his wrath. The fence was repainted every spring and the gate clicked comfortably shut. It was a day in June, much like any other day in June, when the blow fell. Judge had just had lunch. He had decided to have his second bone on the front porch where he might lie in comfort. There was a light breeze and the gentle sound of swaying branches filled him with exquisite drowsiness. He was almost asleep when he heard the padding of footsteps approaching his domain. Like a flash he leaped from the porch and rushed to the end of the yard. On the other side was a little white nondescript dog. Judge rushed at him and barked loudly through the pickets. The little dog was frightened and increased his speed. And now both of them, each on his side of the fence, were running at full speed, barking wildly. Then, suddenly, they reached the gate—and the gate was open! With one last bark that was almost a sob, Judge toppled over in a dead faint in the center of the place where the gate should have been. Judge's master, emerging from the house at that moment, carried the curly brown body inside. The other dog rushed on.

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EVENTUALLY Judge revived, and the gate was mended. But the Drifter does not care to dwell on the painful soul searchings, on the terrible doubts that must have assailed the heart of Judge thereafter when he heard the mocking click of the gate that had betrayed him.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Boycotting the Negro Barber

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Dabney's article regarding the Negro barber in the South was exceedingly timely. Apparently he is unaware of the fact that there is a move from Atlanta to New Orleans, wherever the white union barbers are concerned, to boycott the Negro shops. An officer in the Mobile barbers' union informed me recently that members of other unions are being requested by the white union barbers not to patronize the Negro hair-clipper. Perhaps this movement extends over a much larger territory than between these two large Southern cities.

There never has been a complaint made, as far as I know, against the skill of the Negro barber, the services he gives, his manner, or the sanitary conditions of his shop. When he operates a shop for white patrons, it is exclusively for white men and women. But—the Negro barber generally charges forty cents in place of the fifty cents asked in shops operated by white union shearers.

Can it be that before long Negro bootblacks, cooks, and nurses will be only memories?

Mobile, Ala., July 15 Merlin N. Hanson

A Big Order, Indeed

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: J. Eads How, a scion of the Eads family of St. Louis and known as the "millionaire hobo," died a few days ago. He named me as his executor and trustee. In his will, which I drew, he asks that the fortune he left be used to produce justice and a classless society throughout the world!

Now this seems to me a pretty big order and a real job, and I wonder if some of the *Nation* readers can give me some idea of how to produce justice and how to usher in a classless society throughout the world. I am interested and want to know.

Cincinnati, July 24 Nicholas Klein

The Legion Does Its Bit

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The American Legion post of this city has taken upon itself the duty of admonishing the board of education not to allow its subordinates to contaminate themselves with Soviet Russian doctrine. It recently adopted a resolution, introduced by E. S. Dobbin, a member of the city council, which runs as follows:

> *Resolved*, That Arthur L. Peterson Post No. 27 of the American Legion, Department of California, views with alarm the trip of Professor Horridge, head of the vocational-training department of Poly High School, to Soviet Russia this summer at the invitation of the Soviet government and returning to work in Long Beach this coming fall to continue his teaching, with the opportunity of instilling into the minds of his pupils principles of government as given him in Russia which are contrary to the fundamentals of the Constitution of the United States.

Dr. Frederick Horridge is director of vocational training of the Long Beach public schools, and not merely of the Polytechnic High School here. He left this city on June 15 for a trip to England, France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Russia to study vocational-training systems. He is making the trip at his own expense. The trip to Russia is intended only as a small part of his program.

Other flag-waving organizations of the city promise to follow suit. Members at the meeting who belong to the United Spanish War Veterans and to the Sons of Union Veterans have asked for copies of the resolution to present to their organizations. These last, as well as others who will no doubt follow the leader, are small fry, but the American Legion here is a force that can scarcely be criticized with impunity.

Just what will come of it I cannot tell, but even though the school system here is of more than average virility, the American Legion has a reputation of being able to accomplish what it sets out to do.

Long Beach, Cal., July 16 Thomas W. Patterson

The Farmer and the Tariff

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What the farmers lack, even more than money or markets, is intelligence. Carl Berg, in your issue of July 23, justifies the latest bandits' tariff by saying that "the average farmer may buy only two sets of machinery during his lifetime, but may raise thirty crops."

The real truth of the matter is that the farmer pays tariff tribute every day of his life. He lives in a house made of protected lumber, uses tools made of protected steel, wears protected clothes, and eats protected food. In short, every time he buys anything he pays tribute. His invisible taxes, paid daily not to the government but to the tariff barons, are many times the taxes of which he complains.

Bradfordwoods, Pa., July 24 William Scott

A Kind Word from Afar

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to indorse from this part of the world all that was said about your paper by Mr. Bernard Rickatson-Hatt in your issue of May 21.

The sane, fair, and illuminating writing about the things of first importance which *The Nation* brings to me every week here in Africa is a boon for which I feel I must express my gratitude. Yours is the best paper in America.

Chipinga, Southern Rhodesia, June 26 Peter Nielsen

Writings of Clarence Darrow

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For some time I have been at work on a biography of Clarence Darrow. The book will deal with all of Mr. Darrow's activities, but will dwell with special emphasis upon the man as a writer and philosopher. For this purpose I should like to see copies of small magazines like the old *Quill*, of Chicago, in which some of his essays first appeared. Copies of his book "Tales from the Courts" and his "Argument in the Wood-Workers' Conspiracy Case" would also be welcomed.

If any of your readers can supply me with these, or with originals of letters or any first-hand material bearing on Darrow's life and activities, I shall be greatly obliged to you and them. Anything sent me will be handled with scrupulous care and returned promptly. Communications should be addressed to me at Box 134, Sterling, Colorado.

Sterling, Colo., June 30 Allen Crandall

Books

The Shadows

By BERT COOKSLEY

So has the olding heartplace come to be
A peaceful house where many shadows are,
Molested never, sleeping quietly,
Cloaking in dusts its patch- and weather-scar.

Shadows grown cool and gray with solitude,
Brothers to silence, friends to weariness;
From porch and room and roof they bar the rude,
The brazen and the loud, and their distress.

The heart has come to love its smoky veil,
The dim and musty comfort shadows bring
As vague as midnight echoes and as frail.
Has grown to love the house where even Spring,

Scattering colors, tiptoes past the gate,
Too bright to enter and too wise to wait.

Heredity or Environment?

The Biological Basis of Human Nature. By H. S. Jennings. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.

NO problem could ultimately be more important in its bearing on the future of mankind than that of the relative roles of heredity and environment, yet its discussion is honeycombed with ignorance, fallacies, and prejudices. Usually we are asked to take our place in one of two camps. We can enlist with the Wiggams, who believe that heredity is everything and environment negligible, or with the Watsons, who stake everything on environment and hold that there are no innate intellectual or emotional differences between one "normal" child and another. Well-heeled conservatives, who like to believe that their position in the world is the result of innate superiority, naturally tend to become hereditarians, or Wiggams. Ardent reformers, on the other hand, believe almost constitutionally that all inferiority is the result of oppression, bad nourishment, or bad training of some kind, and that social regeneration is immediately possible. The Wiggams put their entire dependence on eugenics, the Watsons on education. The problem is thus, as it were, thrown into politics, and becomes the mere football of controversy and rhetoric.

It is from this atmosphere that Professor Jennings, director of the zoological laboratory at Johns Hopkins University, seeks to rescue it. What he finds, broadly speaking, is that both hereditarians and environmentalists are right in what they assert, wrong in what they deny. But the problem is far more involved than the usual discussions indicate. There are first the complications introduced by the fact that human beings are biparental. Heredity, for example, does not mean what it is commonly taken to mean; it does not mean that "like produces like." This is roughly true when speaking of statistical averages: inferior parents will tend to produce inferior offspring, superior parents superior offspring, etc., but there is little assurance regarding what sort of person a particular child will turn out to be. Inferior parents may have a superior child, superior parents a mediocre or inferior child, and so on. Every human being is the product of thousands of pairs of genes, one member of each pair from his father, one from his mother. Each pair plays its part in his final development. Each individual, therefore (unless he is one of a pair of identical twins), begins with an innate constitution that is unique. In turn he gives one gene from each pair of his own genes to his children. In his own constitution may be a defective gene which by itself would produce feeble-mindedness, while the other member of that pair may be a normal gene. As feeble-mindedness is a "recessive" characteristic, the individual will then be himself normal (the good gene doing the work for the defective one), yet he will still be a "carrier" of feeble-mindedness.

It is thus our biparentalism that enormously complicates the problems of eugenics. For it has been calculated that for every actually feeble-minded individual (i. e., one carrying a *pair* of the defective genes) there are thirty normal individuals carrying one of the defective genes. Only about 11 per cent of the feeble-minded in any generation come from the mating of the feeble-minded of the previous generation; the other 89 per cent come from matings among the carrier group. This means that even if we could prevent every present feeble-minded person from mating, we could get rid of only about 11 per cent of the feeble-minded of the next generation; thereafter there would be very little progress in reducing the number of feeble-minded from one generation to the next.

In the face of this Professor Jennings does not believe we can depend very much on eugenics to solve our immediate problems. He does, however, give the eugenic program a certain qualified support. "Even though it may get rid of but a small proportion of the defective genes, every case saved is a gain, is worth while in itself." The two great problems that confront us here are, first, the technical one of learning how to detect the carriers of defective genes as well as the persons actually revealing defects, and, second, the broader social problem of deciding how far and in what directions it is desirable to attempt to carry the eugenic program. Professor Jennings believes no serious question can be raised about the desirability of eliminating insanity and feeble-mindedness. When we come to physical defects, however, we face a real dilemma. In almost any individual we find undesirable qualities bound up with desirable qualities; and we cannot prevent one without preventing the other. Serious physical defects may be accompanied by high intellectual powers, as in consumptives like Stevenson, De Morgan, and Chopin. Professor Jennings admits that "prevention of the production of all gene combinations bearing even seriously defective genes would beyond question result in the loss of certain men of great value to the world." But he holds that "the value of the eugenic aim can be estimated only from its total results, taken in the long run, as compared with the total results of some other line of action."

When Professor Jennings turns to the question of the relative importance of heredity (or genes) and environment he can give no sweeping answer; he believes, indeed, that the question in this general form is almost meaningless. He regards it as at bottom a statistical question, to be answered only by detailed study of particular cases. "It is as clear biologically that environment affects behavior as that constitution does; and biology furnishes no automatic method of determining the relative role of each." Discussion of the problem has been infested with fallacies, half-fallacies, and quarter-fallacies for which Professor Jennings holds the biologists themselves in no small part responsible. The most common fallacy is the assumption "that if a characteristic is affected by the environment it cannot be hereditary; that if it is hereditary, it cannot be influenced by the environment; in other words, that characteristics fall into two mutually exclusive groups in

respect to these matters." This is patently not true. There are already known to be a great number of characteristics that are inherited in typical Mendelian or sex-linked fashion, yet are readily modifiable or improvable by environmental changes. Though a hereditary or genetic basis may exist for a defect or disease, for example, that defect or disease need not actually come into existence. On the negative side, again, environment may produce the most radical influences. Disease may reduce vigor and render accomplishment impossible, bringing the ablest person to the level of the lowest. Far from believing that existing social inequalities are the result of hereditary differences, Professor Jennings is convinced that not until many of these inequalities are eliminated will we truly know heredity's part:

> As a preliminary to the effective work of eugenics other reforms must be carried out, overwork and bad conditions of living done away with, faults of diet, both quantitative and qualitative, corrected; economic ills conquered, grinding poverty abolished. When these things are done, when the human plant is given conditions under which it can unfold its capabilities without stunting, poisoning, and mutilation by the environment, then it will be possible to discover what ills are due primarily to defective genes, and to plan such measures as are possible for their eradication.

That such sweeping social changes are eventually possible even with our present defective innate make-up should be sufficiently indicated by the fact that all great cultural changes, the diversities between the civilization of today and the ancestral barbarism of ten thousand years ago, are, so far as can be judged, the result of changing environment and not of changing genetic constitution.

The present book is the ablest presentation of the great problem of heredity and environment that I have yet encountered. In addition to the fascinating information it contains, and to the intrinsic interest of its subject matter, there is the constant joy of watching an admirable mind at work. Here is a genuine embodiment of the scientific attitude—patient experiment guided by acute reasoning, extreme caution in drawing inferences. Professor Jennings is continually warning against facile generalization: "To generalize will be recognized as the most laborious task in biology, instead of the lightest and simplest."

The one fault I can venture to find with the book is a certain repetitiousness; it insists on some of its points too often and at too great length. But Professor Jennings (whose initials, H. S., one learns from "Who's Who," stand for Herbert Spencer) may have in mind his famous namesake's conviction that "only by varied iteration can alien conceptions be forced on reluctant minds." HENRY HAZLITT

Labor and Religion

Labor Speaks for Itself. A Symposium by Labor Leaders Throughout the World. Edited by Jerome Davis. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IN this book labor leaders ranging from Arthur Henderson to Nicolai Lenin, from William Green to that remarkable Japanese Toyohiko Kagawa say what they think about religion. For the most part they say it interestingly. The first thing that stands out in the symposium is that labor through its leaders says no one thing about religion or even about the church. You have James H. Maurer's whole-souled rebuke of the hypocrisy of the church and Thomas McMahon's dutiful expressions of loyalty to it, the respectful official A. F. of L. statement of friendly relations to the church and the religious atheism of an I. W. W. leader. In general, the writers speak respectfully of Jesus and of Christian ethics. In general, they speak suspiciously of the church. A good many American labor leaders, perhaps subconsciously, recognize that A. F. of L. orthodoxy of creed and practice today is in no position to throw stones at church orthodoxy. And therefore, to their credit be it said, they throw no stones.

The interested reader is likely to draw his own conclusions from these articles. They are valuable as a cross-section of opinion about religion and labor rather than as an adequate philosophy of religion and labor. At least it seems clear that the forces of labor will not and should not be united on any dogmatic opinion about religion. The one thing that labor cannot afford to tolerate is clericalism, whether the clericalism is Catholic or Protestant. NORMAN THOMAS

Western Stuff

The Open Range and Bunk House Philosophy. By Oscar Rush. Privately printed. $1.

The Last Frontier. By Zack T. Sutley. The Macmillan Company. $3.

The Last Rustler. By Lee Sage. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

Six Horses. By Captain William Banning and George Hugh Banning. The Century Company. $4.

HERE, along with a work on stage driving in the West, are three books of rangemen's reminiscences. Next to actors and literary men, pioneers of the West have surely become the most prolific class of autobiographers in America. From that fact one might discourse on the dominance of realism in genuine romance. It is certainly significant of something.

Of the three autobiographers Mr. Oscar Rush, author of "The Open Range and Bunk House Philosophy," alone has perspective and alone conveys an impression of the dewy freshness that was upon the range when antelope played there unmolested by man. Yet his book is a slight thing, paper-backed and privately printed. In it one may see how nature blended with a fair amount of reading forms a point of view that is individual without being arrogant and that plays with serenity and freshness upon airplanes and women as well as upon cowmen and coyotes.

When Zack T. Sutley wrote "The Last Frontier" he was a tired old man. He had roamed far and met all the notabilities of the old West—Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Charlie Goodnight, Buffalo Bill, Jesse James, Wild Bill, Calamity Jane, Liver-Eating Johnson. But there is no evidence of "a devouring eye and a portraying hand" that might have illumined these personalities. Consequently the book is generally dull.

There has long been a place for the revelation of the character of a horse thief. Perhaps "The Last Rustler" is as good a record of its kind as will be offered, though a good deal of the geography is, either intentionally or blunderingly, so confused that certain "rustling" experiences fail to convince. But the self-questioning of the man, his relation to his father, and his code of ethics reveal psychology in a way that very few unsophisticated writers achieve. The style is nervous and there is something epic about the sweep of hostile land and hostile men that the rider, generally alone, rides athwart.

Root and Connelley's "Overland Stage to California" has long been recognized as the fullest depiction of stage-coach days available. For years, however, the book has been out of print. Moreover, it made no pretense of treating the economic and political aspects of the overland stage routes. "Six Horses," by Captain William Banning and his nephew, George H. Banning, is a rarely happy blend. Captain Banning was a stage driver; the other Banning is an effective writer and a thorough

student. While Captain Banning's personal experiences seldom enter the book he is beside the writer all the while to prompt him on the technique of the Yuba Bill tribe.

Some of the most revealing parts of the book show how and why Jefferson Davis, while Secretary of War, selected the impracticable southern route through Texas for the United States government to subsidize and then how the spectacular "pony express"—just as uneconomic—was set up as an advertising agent for the central route. There are vivid pictures of how people slept, ate, and quarreled in stage coaches. The careful history of the Concord coach was something well worth doing. "Six Horses" is a book that will have a permanent demand. As such books should be, it is indexed and it is well illustrated.

J. Frank Dobie

Strindberg

August Strindberg. By V. J. McGill. Brentano's. $4.

CAREFULLY analyzed, the moods of Northern literature may be said to possess a definite range. Its glamor is the flickering light of sentiment which can attach to definite symbols of the hearth and home, of spring wooing and summer mating, and of all growth from the soil a quality that is singularly ecstatic contrasted with its darker tones. The tenderness of this mood is rapt, like an exquisite contemplation of sunset. It is felt in the music of Grieg and in the little tales of Selma Lagerlöf. And since the lyric persuasion in all art is rather a release from heaviness than a definite phase in itself, we can watch its mutations like the brief smile of the April sun between storms.

It is not from an abundant joy in life that writers of the North seek to express themselves, but rather from a yearning toward that joy, which, in a dour land, might seem the simple prerogative of a brighter, more permanent sun. The aspiring mood is consequently both deep and simple; one can best behold the white majesty of the pinnacles from the deep shadow of the valleys; what one touches, seeks, or finds is never perfect; rather perfection lies in the unattainable, and in a vision of things beyond life which is in itself almost a madness.

It was not for nothing that Nietzsche could write to the author of "The Father": "I read your tragedy over twice with deep emotion; it has astonished me beyond all measure to come to a work in which my own conception of love—with war as its means and the deathly hate of the sexes as its fundamental law—is expressed in such a splendid fashion." In all that he loved, hated, and wrote, in all his towering melancholias, his fitful flashes of white sentiment, Strindberg was a product of the North. And as much as with any writer who ever lived, the shadow of his life lies across the pages of over two score plays and half that number of biographical and fictional writings which have become, for the time at least, a part of the world's literary heritage.

Whether he was a tragic figure or not depends on how one regards these things. Dr. McGill, willing to worship his hero, believes that he was. Certainly the furies that drove him were lodged within, but his life was a constant strife with petty things and with a world not altogether to blame for the fact that he was maladjusted to it. The outbursts of scorn, hatred, and disgust that he aroused during his lifetime were as much the result of his delusions of grandeur as they were of the nature of his literary undertakings. His sanity at least survived the effects of four miserable marriages, but his uneasy suspicion and hatred of women were pathological. He left behind him, he believed, in his plays, criticism, and pamphlets, an indictment of the human race. What he really left was the story of his own complicated and furious miseries.

He brought fire and passion to his work where his younger contemporary, Ibsen, brought acumen and a cold appreciation of human motives. Yet Ibsen is played today where Strindberg is almost unknown. His appeal is almost strictly to "those who can stand him" in the sense of sharing his morbid conviction of disaster, for where Ibsen raised an argument he hurled a thunderbolt, and like the figure of legend he was destroyed by what he touched.

Dr. McGill, in his comprehensive and searching biography, has adhered to the best possible method of interpreting the man through his own singularly lucid testaments. In "The Son of a Servant" and "The Confessions of a Fool," Strindberg believed that he had laid himself bare. Whether or not he sought justification in these confessions, the whole of his own life's disasters may be picked from the arguments of his plays. And apart from an almost childish faith in the soundness of the Freudian methods and phraseology, Dr. McGill has piloted his "bedeviled Viking" with considerable skill and conviction.

The greatest mystery of his furious revolts and impassioned denunciations may seem to be that there was no mystery at all. He was to a far greater degree than any other great writer an expression of the North and its violent contrasts. His fury at life was comprehensible and forgivable. But the question of the value of his work is perhaps more of an enigma, and on this Dr. McGill has little light to shed. He was, if we take the contrasts between his tragedies and his dream plays, a very versatile artist. But his preoccupation with a vastly wounded ego led him to miss a whole range in the possibilities of human color and contact. He escaped the fate of two of his contemporaries, Nietzsche and de Maupassant. But his appeal is less than theirs possibly because his bitterness was greater.

Eugene Löhrke

Portrait of an Intellectual

The Confessions of Zeno. By Italo Svevo. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IN Zeno, delightful madman and incomparable sage, we have a notable addition to the great characters of literature. Only he is intensely modern, he is fatally of the twentieth century. To shape his nature the late Italo Svevo lavished upon him all of the contemporary maladies, caricaturing thereby the intellectual man of our times and primarily the European intellectual.

For every man of action, for every man of steel or breaker of airplane records this century produces apparently its little man of nerves whose inward life blots out the whole horizon. Our more brilliant writers—Marcel Proust, André Gide, Thomas Mann, Paul Valéry—have preferred to paint the man of nerves, and under various colors are creating his interesting record upon earth.

For Zeno too, despite many experiences of pity and terror, the cerebral life is paramount. He is the happy neurotic whose adventures have been given a form and direction by the gospels of Freud, so that he may listen to every splash or vibration of his subconscious mind. He is lazy and enthusiastic, introspective and gentle, fanciful and clairvoyant; he is a great hypochondriac, a great philosopher, and above all a great clown. His "Confessions" are the relation of his whole interior or secret life to a psychoanalyst who has promised to cure him of various ailments we are never permitted to forget. Thus the progress of Zeno—whose mind is as naked as if exposed under glass—in the direction of health, release, or merely in an enchanted passage through this "vale of tears" becomes a matter of the highest comedy. Looking back for many years I can recall no work of such ironic intelligence and bubbling humor as this novel of an Italian philosopher's conscience.

In youth Zeno's first violent struggles with himself were devoted to conquering the habit of nicotine. Soon all the walls of his study were tapestried with innumerable dates, large or small, printed or scrawled, all commemorating "my last cigarette." Zeno loved his father and tried hard to aid him in his last hour. But the old man, who had always returned his son's affection, struck him a blow in the face and made a grimace as he died. This dire incident was never to be forgotten, and of course provided much food for the psychoanalyst. Oedipus complex! He became, at any rate, a man of means, mildly engaged in the inherited business but chiefly occupied with his violin and with long, delicious reveries.

Zeno, in time, fell seriously in love with a beautiful young lady, who was like him a native of Trieste. Her name was Ada, and she had two sisters whose names also began with A. Rejected by Ada, Zeno proposed at once to Alberta, who also rejected him. Finally he related his defeats to Augusta, plainest of the three, and she consented to accept his hand. The whole chapter, called The Story of My Marriage, is a superb travesty on romantic love. Nevertheless, our friend Zeno is happily married.

Like his illustrious namesake of ancient Greece, Zeno has little faith in movement or a life of action, and so he remains the passive partner in the business of his father, free to indulge his taste for siestas, fruitful meditations, and amorous experiment. With so much leisure on his hands he soon acquires a handsome and quite charming mistress. Here is another great struggle with his subconscious. He lusts for his mistress but adores his plain wife. He justifies himself to the first by vowing that he cannot love his wife; he appeases his wife by showering her and his children with the most genuine affection. His days thus become a tissue of lies which he analyzes pitilessly. Oscillating between home and "love-nest" is the occasion for the most ingenious moral problems and for absorbing introspection. Other complexities and digressions, like an accompanying music, are provided by the secretly enduring first love for Ada, causing a "complex" of jealousy for her husband, who is his friend and business partner. All such "complexes," occurring in the orthodox Freudian fashion, Zeno analyzes away; and this keeps him delightfully busied through most of his potent life.

For all his naivete or flights of *galimatias* Zeno comes to be respected by those who surround him. From certain aspects he even appears heroic. There is an hour when he leaves his premature retirement and, reentering business, stands in the breach to save the family fortunes. Animated and incredible epoch, charged with all the cross-currents of jealousy, inferiority, or mother complex! Toward the end of his long, serene life Zeno has reached a phase of self-knowledge and wisdom which undeceives him about psychoanalysis. *"What! I wished to run off with my father's wife!"* Psychoanalysis has failed for two reasons: it has not cured the pains in his limbs or in the back of his head which come every time that he tells a lie; it has based itself completely on the false dreams and lies he has narrated to his confessor. In the dark hour of war which falls upon his country in 1915 he has found his health; he feels himself happy and strong among so many lunatic martyrs—since he is beyond the age of military service.

Visions and prophecies surge up for Zeno:

> That melancholy and industrious animal—man—may discover new forces and harness them to his chariot. Some such danger is in the air. The result will be a great abundance—of human beings! Every square yard will be occupied by a man. Who will be able then to cure us of the lack of air and space? The mere thought of it suffocates me. . . . We need something more than psychoanalysis to help us. . . . Perhaps some incredible disaster produced by machines will lead us back to health.

Under the pretext of providing a subject for psychoanalysis "The Confessions of Zeno" differs widely in its procedure from the great rout of novels. There is no "stark realism," no tale of "human-love-and-emotions-that-wrings-the-heart" and holds one in the hammock. The life that fills these puppet-like figures and makes them dance so grotesquely before us is the wisdom and richness of Svevo's mind. His mind approaches his material at a continually surprising tangent. This gives one pause—at a time when the novel as form appears to be in its decline, after the great nineteenth century. Could the novel be revived by becoming even more candidly the personal vehicle of mature and distinctive minds?

Italo Svevo (whose real name was Ettore Schmitz, 1861-1928) was not a professional man of letters. His early writings were unsuccessful. He became silent for a long period of years, like Paul Valéry, while prospering in his career as a merchant of Trieste. There James Joyce met him in 1912 and encouraged him to return to writing. Svevo was by now a man of wide interests and worldly experience; he had a truly mature, philosophical spirit. "The Confessions of Zeno," written during the World War, has beyond its other various beauties the pathos of a last word to life.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Educating—for What?

The American Road to Culture. By George S. Counts. John Day Company. $2.50.

DR. COUNTS has rendered a real service by giving us this brief picture of the state of education in the United States. He maintains that the following ten basic principles imbedded in the faith and practice of the American people are controlling our educational machine: faith in education itself, governmental responsibility, local initiative, individual success, democracy, national solidarity, social conformity, mechanical efficiency, practical utility, and philosophic uncertainty. A chapter is devoted to each one. Dr. Counts feels this opens the way to an understanding of the actual theory that motivates our education. The treatment is stimulating and provocative and the exposition is clear. To anyone vitally interested, it is far too brief. For instance, some basic characteristic of our social order is stated and its relation to education implied, but no detailed analysis is given nor, except in a few instances, are concrete instances cited to demonstrate the general principle. The book thus suffers from one great fault of American education: it fails to furnish adequate illustrative material and is too general.

In spite of its brevity, the concluding chapter, in which the author asserts the absence of social planning, the bankruptcy of our two political parties, the indoctrination now going on in our schools, the absence of academic freedom, and the absence of any philosophy on the part of our school leaders to give positive guidance to our changing social order, is excellent. Would that it might be read by every teacher in America.

The great weakness in the volume is that nowhere does Dr. Counts clearly show the effect of the dominant business ethic on educational practice. To be sure, he hints at the relationship in many places. For instance, he says that the administrative machinery is patterned after business organization and that it is under control of business leaders, but he does not clearly show the interplay of the social forces and the unconscious subservience of education to our business cult.

It is to be doubted whether the ten principles enunciated necessarily cover the ground. Faith in private property is a cornerstone of our entire economic and political structure and is widely reflected in our educational process. Self-interest is also one of the basic principles of our economic life.

Our dominant philosophy is that business must be run for private and personal profit. The individual is out to make as much as he can for himself and his family. What repercussions the private-property concept has had on the educational structure is not adequately stated, if at all. The teacher who questions current property standards jeopardizes his position. Almost never do our high schools give a fair treatment to alternatives to our economic order, such as communism, socialism, workers' control, or the cooperative movement.

This volume is far in advance of most of the theoretical educational treatises that have appeared in recent years. It is one of the best brief social interpretations now available of education in the United States. Dr. Counts does not attempt to suggest how the educational process can be changed to make it more effective. At one point he does say that numerous organized groups are influencing education today and that rather than deny the validity of such forces we should provide channels through which they might find expression. Just what are these groups? How can they be given increased power of control without forcing our education into the mold of things as they are and still further buttressing private property and materialism? We hope that this book may be but the introduction to a second volume by Dr. Counts in which he carries through his analysis with penetrating and constructive suggestions.

JEROME DAVIS

The Great Liberator

Bolívar, the Passionate Warrior. By T. R. Ybarra. Ives Washburn. $4.

THIS biography depicts one of the greatest figures of Hispanic-American history. It was composed by a fellow-countryman and is naturally sympathetic. It presents a picturesque and glowing account of Simón Bolívar's life, with emphasis on his fascinating personality, political notions, and military achievements. Indeed, to Señor Ybarra the figure of the liberator seems so colossal that this conception occasionally induces faults of perspective. Among minor characters of the story the white-haired General Miranda, the precursor of Spanish-American independence, is most inaccurately portrayed. It would be hard to find among the misleading sketches of Miranda that have found their way into print a worse farrago of fact and fiction than that which is furnished in Señor Ybarra's book. Ybarra mistakenly enrols Miranda as a soldier under Rochambeau in the American Revolution, declares with unseemly chuckles that Miranda's success with the Russian Messalina, Catherine II, "to this day brings malicious satisfaction to Venezuelans," and erroneously asserts that the aged promoter of Spanish-American liberty and the youthful firebrand Bolívar returned to their native land together. The best part of the book describes Bolívar's strenuous campaigns which culminated in the victories over the Spaniards at Boyacá and Carabobo that insured the liberation of modern Colombia and Venezuela—the regions that were temporarily welded into a state that became known as "Great Colombia." The account of Bolívar's dramatic and mysterious interview with General San Martín at Guayaquil does scant justice to the Argentine hero of the emancipatory movement. An appreciative description is, however, given of the military achievements of General Sucre, the chief lieutenant of Bolívar, who decisively defeated the royalists at Ayacucho—Spain's Armageddon on the American continent. In the suggestive narrative of Bolívar's last years hints are given of his liaison with a mistress called Manuela Saenz or Mrs. Thorne, who was the wife of an Englishman.

Apparently no considerable use has been made of the large mass of inedited manuscripts that have never been properly utilized by any biographer of the great liberator. Yet Ybarra often adds piquancy to his story by quotations from printed sources. The book contains a dozen illustrations, some of them poorly executed; the most interesting is a portrait of Bolívar which was presumably painted by an American artist shortly after the battle of Carabobo but which was perhaps merely copied from another picture. A little more than a page is occupied by a faulty list of books used by the biographer which is not at all commensurate with the genuine importance of his theme. The volume lacks an index. Because of its movement, sympathy, and local color this biography appeals to the general reader, while mistakes due to hero worship and imperfect knowledge of the field render it less attractive to students of Hispanic-American history.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

The Fires Die Down

The Story of the Red Man. By Flora Warren Seymour. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

UNDER an ambitious title Miss Seymour undertakes to give an account of post-Columbian native North America. Even thus limited it is an intricate task for which the author appears to have been inadequately equipped. She is sympathetic, but she lacks the training in historical and anthropological research that might perhaps have insured a really fresh, comprehensive, and sound book instead of merely a chatty one. Hence, although begun brightly enough, the story of the red man becomes ultimately a monotonous and confusing serial of Indian wars and government policies. It moves geographically from northwest to southwest down the continent and coincidentally with North American conquest. The line of march might have been a lucid guide through the different native cultures to be found in North America—an indispensable description if light is to be cast upon the red man's reactions and attitude toward the whites.

Miss Seymour's book has an air of intimacy with Indians, of a story told from the inside, as it were, which is not justified to an ethnologist or to any student of North America who is aware of the significant, fascinating, and even fundamental variations between one Indian group and another. For a story of red men, Miss Seymour mistakenly emphasizes much more the influence of the difference between British and American, and colonial American at that, than the difference between Iroquois and Pueblo, which is far greater. Yet occasionally she penetrates beyond the picturesque exploits of heroes, red and white, to the essential phenomena of conquest and change.

> Perhaps most of all he [the Indian] resented his own growing dependence upon the white man. But this sharing of the country had become a necessity. The red man wanted the gun and the knife, the cloth and the beads, the flour and sugar and whiskey. He wanted fiercely, indeed, his old independence and untrammeled range, but he by no means wished to go back to the Stone Age as the price of the ancient freedom.

Miss Seymour might have gone on to tell, as vividly as she relates careers, of the remarkable change of the Navajos from a hunting to a pastoral people because of the white man's sheep, and of how this change affected their way of living, their behavior, their very kinships; of how, too, the plains tribes shifted and changed even before they saw the whites, and altered many of their ways because of the horse; and of the new religions that have grown up among many North American groups not directly under the influence of missionaries, but as an aboriginal product assimilating the seepage of the white man's beliefs.

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These are things as interesting to the average reader, very often, as a hero, particularly if there are so many heroes that no one of them sticks in the memory; and as valuable, if not more so, to the students of government policies toward the Indian. Miss Seymour touches upon them casually, fragmentarily, as if unaware of their importance. She employs them a little ornamentally, indeed. Her entire style is casual, and if at first this is pleasing, the same tone and the same angle of focus through 400 pages leave the impression that the book is superficial.

In the last two chapters the author destroys much of the reader's interest and good faith by a too amiable apologia of official government boons granted the Indian. One feels vaguely a propaganda for a policy which, incidentally, is now no longer official and is at all events controversial. Miss Seymour paints a pretty picture of the red man at school, learning English, and of the red man at home, Americanized by having adopted some hygienic practices. She ends with a school children's memorial ceremony to the Indian's past.

ANITA BRENNER

Society and Socialism

Life's Ebb and Flow. By Frances, Countess of Warwick. William Morrow and Company. $5.

THIS entertaining account of "myself," beginning with the time when "myself" was tutored by "darling Miss Blake, who adored King Edward," continuing with glowing description of later social triumphs, and ending with "passionate sympathy for the under-dog," has more reason for being than some of the recent reminiscences of titled ladies. The Countess of Warwick, now a great-grandmother, has been not only a famous beauty and brilliant society leader but also a woman of advanced modern ideas who has commanded the friendship of men like Cecil Rhodes and W. F. Stead as well as of statesmen, crowned heads, artists, authors, and actors. She has devoted the latter part of her life to the social betterment of England.

As a girl she inherited a large fortune and Easton Lodge, the family estate, from her grandfather, Viscount Maynard, which made some of the expectant male heirs so angry that they "threw pats of butter at the Viscount's picture, when the will was read." She married Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, at the age of eighteen. Several chapters are filled with descriptions of her clothes, beauty, social successes, and lovers, told with a naive egotism that may perhaps be forgiven in a great-grandmother. She quotes the following about herself:

> Lady Brooke made a great sensation at the second drawing-room of the season. Even those who did not know her were talking of the "lovely lady with the splendid purple-grape-trimmed robes," her pale proud face surmounted by a low coronet of diamonds and a veil of pearls on white falling from the feathers in her hair. She carried the loveliest orchids, apple green, white, and mauve, with purple tips to match her frock.

The many personal letters which are included give amusing sidelights on "high" society.

After a great ball at Warwick Castle Robert Blatchford, the editor of the *Clarion,* a Socialist paper in London, in a personal interview convinced her of the folly and uselessness of extravagant entertaining combined with patronizing benevolence. She realized that mere personal effort to help the poor was futile and that bigger and more fundamental means were necessary. "To ally myself with political socialism seemed the only practical step to take."

She has learned to detest war and deplores the "horrid

cruelty of hunting wild animals." She has been a lover of horses and an expert horsewoman. She established a sanctuary at Easton Lodge for wild birds and animals in memory of W. H. Hudson. Her socialistic enterprises have evidently depleted her income; Warwick Castle is now let to Americans and she offered Easton Lodge to the Labor Party for a Labor college, but the offer was declined because of the cost of upkeep. Her long friendship for Edward VII, whom she greatly admired, is well known. "He was a thwarted man for many years, a practical mind bored by inaction."

The charm of the book lies in the vivacity and human sympathy with which Lady Warwick describes her many and varied experiences and her keen zest for living. Her socialism has been criticized and laughed at by friends and foes, but conditions in England are better as a result of her efforts to improve education, poor-houses, and living conditions among the poor. That the aristocracy of England can no longer devote itself to balls and fox-hunting regardless of the poverty and sufferings of the proletariat is made quite plain in this diverting but earnest narrative. LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

Books in Brief

Sinners in Summertime. By Sigurd Hoel. Translated from the Norwegian by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier. Coward-McCann. $1.50.

This story of a group of the younger generation of Norwegian intellectuals is vague, monotonous, and shallow. But it contains some amusing things. It is intended to be a light tale of heavy emotions, but too often it is the tale which tends to grow heavy while the emotions grow silly. Somehow one feels that the Norse don't do this sort of thing very well. Still, Floyd Dell recommends the book with enthusiasm. The story is about a group of very young men and women who go to spend a summer on an island. They know that love affairs will follow. Some have already begun. But they believe that among intelligent and uninhibited young people there need be no occasion for the more violent and unreasonable passions, no jealousy, no suicides, no duels, no heartbreak. It turns out, of course, that they are all too human after all.

Long Hunt. By James Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

James Boyd, in his historical novels, is not concerned with great figures or events or with any scholarly thesis. He lays his stories in the backwash or on the outskirts of a historical period, where he recreates realistic towns and homely, truthful characters. His latest book deals with the early years of the last century, and is laid chiefly in Tennessee. Its characters are hunters, traders, and Indians, and newcomers among the rapidly increasing hordes of settlers from the East. Mr. Boyd has drawn some extraordinarily fine pictures of pioneer life, and both the pictures and the speech seem true. As a novel this is a carefully worked-out study of a simple and valiant man in relation to an emotional upset against which he has no weapons.

The Unknown Washington. By John Corbin. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

The title of this book is catchy but misleading. Its subject is not biographical but constitutional. The volume is taken up with an analysis and history of the Constitution of the United States, in the course of which an attempt is made to show that the influence of Washington in the formation of it was far greater than has hitherto been thought—indeed, almost paramount. In order to prove that he is right, the author lays about him with considerable asperity to prove that everyone else has been wrong. There is scarcely a historian of any sort or

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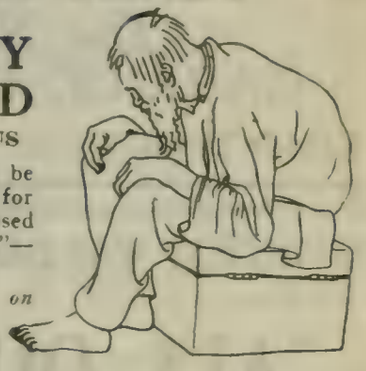
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THE NATION'S Index to Vol. CXXX
(Jan.-June, 1930)

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

period who does not find the author's tongue stuck out at him—Henry Adams, Bushnell Hart, Edward Channing, McMaster, Woodrow Wilson, James Truslow Adams, Claude Bowers, J. S. Bassett, Charles Warren, John Fiske, Charles Beard, Vernon Parrington, Walter Bagehot, indeed, everyone who has not seen the light as it has appeared to Mr. Corbin when writing his first historical work. One is tempted to repeat the old admonition: "I beseech thee, by the bowels of Christ, to bethink thee that thou mayest be wrong!" The book, however, though much too diffuse and written with journalistic cocksureness, is interesting and suggestive. The main thesis as indicated by the title and the only really novel part of the text is not proved, and the Q. E. D. is unconvincing. Moreover, it would be much easier to appraise had it not been imbedded in such a mass of general discussion, in which Washington often disappears almost entirely for whole chapters at a time. Mr. Corbin is engaged in two fights—one for his view of the genesis and nature of the Constitution as a whole, and another for his view of Washington as prime thinker. In both he has given expression to points of view that are worth consideration, even if we cannot all be expected to salaam and accept Mr. Corbin as the annunciator of the one final and irrefragable truth. The book is worth a careful reading, and the author's attitude a careful revising.

New Musical Resources. By Henry Cowell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Some of the principles set forth here have been exemplified by Mr. Cowell with his own compositions on the concert stage for more than a decade. In fact, the first draft of this book was written in 1919, and in the interim other composers have already made use of means, such as dissonant counterpoint, which Mr. Cowell had foreseen as a logical development. The new musical resources that he discusses are all based on the series of overtones. He shows how harmony has grown historically by the successive adoption of overtones, and points out that the future development of music will inevitably proceed still farther along this series. His analysis of rhythm is subtle, and he makes many pregnant suggestions for the use of chords of rhythm and rhythmic counterpoint. The last section of the book explains the tone clusters which are a characteristic of his own music.

America Challenged. By Lewis F. Carr. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Here is the farm problem put up to the man in Wall Street with the aid of sundry illustrated charts and tables borrowed from the National Industrial Conference Board. Mr. Carr is primarily concerned with "the American family farm . . . the cradle of much that is best in American life." He wants a remedy that will prevent this small unit from disintegrating; he does not want to see farming turned into a capitalistic business. The first part of the book is devoted to proving, by means of an indiscriminate use of the simple arithmetic average, that family farming does not pay. In Conjecture he discusses farm relief. The McNary-Haugen plan is advocated for the staple crops which have an export market, cooperation for dairying and truck gardening, and cooperation plus a method of controlling and disposing of surpluses for potatoes and tobacco. The gist of the program is to raise the prices of farm products in order to cover the farmer's swollen costs. Since industry is protected, it is only fair to protect agriculture also, runs the argument. To bring the two to the same level by reducing or removing tariffs on manufactured goods is not considered at all, for Mr. Carr is writing for the American business man, who surely has no logical reason for refusing to extend a corner of his magic cloak, protection, to his poor relations back on the farm.

The Terror in Western Samoa

THE following article, which we reprint from the English *New Leader* of July 4, contains serious charges against the New Zealand administration of Western Samoa under a mandate from the League of Nations. The article, which was written by John Paton, is accompanied by the following editorial note concerning the source of information: "We are indebted for the facts on which this article is based to A. W. Page, M.A., of New Zealand, an official of the War Resisters' International."

The record of tyranny, persecution, and callous brutality, culminating in the cold-blooded shooting last December of native chiefs, which stains the New Zealand administration of Western Samoa, is as vile as anything known in the history of modern imperialism. Here is a civilized and cultured population of about 40,000 souls, of fine physical and mental development (and of which, it is stated, less than 1 per cent is illiterate), living in a country readers of R. L. Stevenson know to be an earthly paradise, being hunted and harried like wild beasts by their New Zealand rulers.

The real source of the trouble appears to lie in the fact that the New Zealand administration has been attempting to force on the Samoans ideas of Western "civilization," particularly with regard to the necessity for regular habits of work. An early administrator of Polynesia, Sir John Thurston, has stated: "No Polynesian will ever work according to our ideas of work. He does not consider it the most important thing in life." But the government of New Zealand, in its extreme solicitude for the progress of the Samoans, has decreed that they shall be compelled to work even at the muzzle of the gun! Native traditions, customs, and rights must be trampled underfoot in order to secure for the Samoan the privilege of his white brother—to sweat as a wage slave for his white masters. To secure this, all modern "civilizing" influences, including warships, seaplanes, and armed police, have been pressed into service, with the result that about 38,000 of the population of 40,000 have been driven to a life of outlawry in the bush.

The responsibility for what is happening is shared by the British government for these reasons:

1. The mandate to administer Western Samoa was conferred upon *His Britannic Majesty* to be exercised on *his behalf* by the government of New Zealand.

2. A solemn covenant, agreed to by England along with the other Allied Powers, declared that mandated territories are to be administered in accordance with the principle that the *well-being and development of their peoples form a sacred trust of civilization.*

3. England, along with the United States and Germany, guaranteed the autonomy of Samoa in the Berlin Treaty of 1889, a treaty which no subsequent event has annulled.

The starting-point of the troubles is to be found in the epidemic of pneumonic influenza which swept the island in 1918 and decimated the population, killing 9,000 people—more than a quarter of the entire population. In response to the demands for an investigation, the New Zealand government appointed a commission of inquiry, which reported as follows:

1. The influenza was introduced from New Zealand by the s.s. Talune, which, owing to false statements on the part of the captain and to laxity on the part of the health authorities, was allowed to berth and land passengers stricken with the disease.

2. At Pago Pago, in American Samoa, only ten hours' steam from Apia, there was a nationalized medical service with a large staff and up-to-date equipment. Yet not only was a wireless message from the American governor offering assistance ignored by the New Zealand administrator of Samoa, but all wireless communication with Pago Pago was shut down. Help was finally obtained from Australia, but not till nearly four weeks after the introduction of the disease, when its worst ravages were over.

3. In all, more than 9,000 people, about one-quarter of the entire population, died. *In American Samoa alongside, where quarantine regulations were strictly enforced, there was no epidemic.*

This is a sufficiently striking commentary on the inefficiency of the administration with which the Samoans have been saddled and for which they are compelled to maintain a bureaucracy which is bleeding the island white.

In 1928 the New Zealand government, at the request of the newly appointed administrator, set up a commission to inquire into the finances and public services of the territory, and in its report it revealed an amazing story of incompetence, extravagance, and actual corruption. Under the German regime the cost of administration was low and easily met by a light tax. Under New Zealand administration, in spite of greatly increased taxation and free grants from New Zealand of £212,000 up to September, 1928, a national debt has been created for the first time (the blessings of our civilization!), amounting to £173,200 in 1928, and imposing an annual burden of £12,500 for sinking fund and interest. Since the average earnings of the Samoan are about £8 a year, this debt charge, together with the other costs of administration, absorbs the total yearly income of about 40 per cent of the entire population.* . . .

The chief method of government is by "ordinance." The administrator "may make laws (to be known as ordinances) for the peace, order, and good government of the territory," and has the same power to levy taxes and tolls. An ordinance passed comes into force at once and does not need the sanction of the New Zealand Parliament. Thus, the Samoans are completely at the mercy of foreign legislators in a foreign country, usually in complete ignorance of the territories for which they are legislating.

All four administrators appointed by New Zealand have been military officers. Since 1924 the policy of banishment and imprisonment of all opponents of the government has been in full swing, and as a consequence the island has been in a state of "constant unrest." As might have been expected, the result of the oppression has been the creation of a powerful Samoan organization to protect native rights, called the Mau, of which practically the entire population are members. It is against this organization that the chief efforts of the administrator are now directed. The tragic killing of Chief Tamasese, a Samoan of royal descent, was preceded by a series of persecutions, by banishments, imprisonments, and fines for offenses against the oppressive ordinances, which are quite typical of the methods of the administration.

On December 28, 1929, armed police attempted to arrest a Samoan for non-payment of taxes. They chose a moment when he was taking part in a procession arranged to welcome

*The total revenue collected in Western Samoa for the year ended March 31, 1928, was £126,038.—Editor The Nation.

back a white man who was returning after two years' banishment imposed on him by the administrator. As might have been foreseen, there was immediate trouble, and a force of armed police intervened. Three Samoan high chiefs, Tamasese, Faumuina, and Tui, rushed to the scene and appealed to their followers to keep the peace. At that moment there was a burst of rifle and machine-gun fire which fatally wounded Tamasese and killed some others. It has been alleged by eyewitnesses that the massacre was the result of an ambush deliberately planned by the police with the knowledge and approval of the administrator.

Subsequently the Mau was declared a "seditious body" and its members were proscribed. Nearly the whole population are members of the proscribed organization and have taken to the bush. Fully armed marines, sailors, and military police, with the usual paraphernalia of armed motor lorries, launches, and a war plane, are now engaged in "rounding them up."

These Samoans are not asking for national independence, but merely for a change of governors, and sufficient has been written to show that this is not without reason!

They sent a petition to the King at the end of last year, which prays:

> that Your Majesty may be graciously pleased to accede to the prayer of your petitioners and to allow the government of Western Samoa under the mandate to be transferred from the government of New Zealand to the sole and direct control of Your Majesty under Your Majesty's Colonial Office.

It seems such a reasonable request in the circumstances. Dare we hope that our Labor Government will hearken to it?

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, will soon publish "The Soviets in World Affairs."

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

MARY HEATON VORSE is author of "Men and Steel" and other books.

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J. FRANK DOBIE is author of "A Vaquero of the Brush Country."

EUGENE LÖHRKE is editor of "Armageddon: The World War in Literature."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is author of "Portrait of the Artist as American."

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WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON is author of "The Life of Miranda."

ANITA BRENNER is author of "Idols Behind Altars."

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 191
EDITORIALS:
Leadership in Politics 194
The Great Drought 195
Fame and Privacy 195
How We Grow 196
THE PRESS TODAY: X. HUGENBERG AND THE GERMAN DAILIES. By Oswald Garrison Villard 197
MASSACHUSETTS—THREE HUNDRED YEARS. By Henry Raymond Mussey 199
THE JEWS—A NATION TRAPPED. By William Zukerman 200
A FISH OUT OF CONGRESS. By Emanuel Blum 202
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 203
CORRESPONDENCE 204
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 204
BOOKS AND FILMS:
No More This Home. By Genevieve Taggard 205
Below the Babbittry. By Henry Hazlitt 205
A Great American. By Henry Raymond Mussey 206
The Rise of Carl Schurz. By Oswald Garrison Villard 206
Mr. Dobrée's Criticism. By Florence Codman 207
The New Architecture. By Douglas Haskell 208
Books in Brief 208
Films: Ingredients. By Alexander Bakshy 209

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WELL, NOT HAVING HEARD of or from them for some weeks, we were just on the point of advertising in the Washington newspapers for the Hoover Happiness Boys when up bobbed that charming cooptimist, Julius H. Barnes himself. And what do you think? Why, the dear old chap announced that "the world-wide economic depression, with unemployment and stagnant surpluses of commodities, will come to an end upon a manifestation of revived confidence which will release 'idle reserves of capital' awaiting investment the world over." Now we submit that is just the thrilling word that the whole world has been waiting for. It was, perhaps, a little bit of a slip for him to admit that there is unemployment, but waiving that we think that after hearing from Julius, Prosperity will now stick its head right around the corner of the street. Why not? "Unreasoned pessimism is not based on facts," says Julius, "and confidence, patience, and good judgment should be measured against it." Can you deny that? To set the example himself, he insists that Americans abroad should tell the foreigners they meet everywhere that "the first note of renewed business is probably to be expected from the United States." No, not "probably," dear Julius, *certainly*.

NO ONE WILL, however, hereafter count Claudius H. Huston, lately chairman of the Republican National Committee by grace of Herbert Hoover, as being among the Happiness Boys. Nor will Herbert Hoover himself be tempted to say of his ex-chairman that nothing became him in all his political life like the leaving of it, for Claudius kept everybody in fearful suspense until the final hour struck on the fatal seventh of August. On Wednesday the New York *Times* reported from Washington that Claudius would fire a bomb at his dear friend, the Great Engineer. On Thursday morning it was sure that he would go out as peacefully as a lamb. But Thursday afternoon Claudius issued a statement which for naive and unconcealed bitterness and anger has rarely been equaled. Every charge made against him had, he declared, been triumphantly answered. Still, *some* people had insisted that he retire, why he could not understand. But rather than "be accused of imposing any burdens personal to me upon the party during the coming Senatorial and Congressional campaign" he had reached the conclusion that he should tender his resignation. So here is honest virtue triumphant in its hour of retirement to private life. And the Great Engineer? As he reads over this statement and thinks how it was he that urged the noble Claudius out of office, surely there must be remorse in the White House. Indeed, uneasy will rest the head that wears the crown there, we fancy, until the very hour of the election, lest Claudius strike again. However, the future is secure. As long as Simeon Fess, sage of Yellow Springs, Ohio, is chairman of the Republican National Committee its conduct will be safe and sound and stupid beyond words —wholly safe and sound and entirely satisfactory to big business and the Methodist church.

THERE ARE STILL NO SIGNS that we are reaching the end of the current business depression. The only advance in commodity prices has been in cotton, corn, wheat, and other products affected by the recent drought; but a price advance as the result of a crop disaster, though it may relatively benefit individual farmers, can never be welcomed by the country as a whole. It must not be forgotten that a week before the effects of the drought were widely known both wheat and cotton had broken to new low prices for the season, the latter touching a figure reached only on one day since 1921. At the end of July American commodity prices as a whole had fallen 13 or 14 per cent in twelve months; and this fall in commodity prices has been world-wide, reaching 13 to 17 per cent on different calculations, for example, in England. The net operating income of the country's railroads in June fell off 35 per cent compared with June of last year. Department-store sales in July were 9 per cent lower than a year ago. The country's steel output is running at only 54 per cent of capacity compared with 90 per cent a year ago—much the lowest midsummer rate since 1924. A hopeful factor in the situation is that merchants are not carrying huge frozen inventories as they were in 1921, nor are the large employers talking of sharp wage cuts as they were then—though the statistics of the Labor Bureau show a decline in employment of 13 per cent in June from June a year ago, while per capita weekly earnings in manufacturing industries have fallen 5 per cent in the same period.

THE ANTHRACITE-COAL AGREEMENT, the formal signing of which at Scranton, Pennsylvania, took on something of the form of a public celebration, will, it is hoped, insure peace in the anthracite-coal industry for the next five and a half years. The negotiations between representatives of the United Mine Workers and the operators have been going on for several months, and the outcome appears to be a victory for John L. Lewis, international president of the union. The miners do not gain any increase in wages, working conditions are not materially changed, and contract mining has not been abolished. There are to be no wage reductions, however; a modified form of check-off under which the companies will collect union dues for such employees as request it is recognized; and provision is made for the consideration of any controversies under the agreement by a joint committee of six operators and six union men. Mr. Lewis, who of course praised the agreement, reminded the delegates that a capital investment of more than a billion dollars and a pay roll of $300,000,000 annually were involved. In a letter of congratulation read by Secretary of Labor Davis at the celebration, Mr. Hoover praised the "spirit of joint relationship and cooperation between management and men" which the settlement embodied. Washington reports hint that an attempt to stabilize the bituminous-coal industry may be next in order.

THE NOMINATION of Congressman Cordell Hull of Tennessee for United States Senator advances an ardent and sincere advocate of tariff reform. Should he reach the Senate, as there is likelihood that he will, there would be one member of the upper house to be counted on to speak against the abandonment by his party of the historic Democratic policy of opposing protection as protection and favoring it only for purposes of creating revenue. It is, of course, a disappointment to us that John R. Neal, the hero of the Scopes case, was unsuccessful in his effort to win the nomination for the vacant short term in the Senate. Dr. Neal is a man worth watching. He has grown steadily in the estimation of those who know him and it is evident that he is determined to be a leader against the reactionary tendencies which found their expression in the anti-evolution legislation he was so ready to defy. We shall hope that there are political honors still in store for him. Meanwhile we trust that if Mr. Hull reaches the Senate he will make himself the foremost spokesman of those who believe that protection is not only a snare and a delusion, but that it is today inflicting a grievous injury upon our economic life. There is opportunity for such a man.

UNEMPLOYMENT IS WORLD-WIDE. Great Britain reports 2,000,000 persons out of work, Germany 2,757,000, Hungary 400,000, Austria 450,000, Italy 322,000—a total of nearly 6,000,000 in these five countries alone. France, with a paltry 20,000 unemployed, is the envy of her neighbors. Truly enough does Henry Ford say: "The problem challenging us now is how to control industry so that workmen may have steady employment." The motor-car industry, he suggests, may come to a ten-month industrial year. Mr. Ford is looking in the right direction, and we should all do well to look sharp in that same direction. The prevention of unemployment involves the adjustment of production to consumption, the organization and control of industry to that end, and a readiness to take a larger part of the gains of industrial progress in the form of increased leisure, not more goods. In an intelligent society with the resources of modern machinery and power, why should not the worker enjoy the benefits of a long vacation each year instead of being kept at work making surplus goods to throw himself out of a job?

AN IMPORTANT STEP toward freer trade in Europe is the new agricultural exchange agreement between Jugoslavia and Rumania under which frontier barriers and hindrances are to be reduced to a minimum and the food exports of both countries are to be apportioned so that excess crops may be taken care of as quickly and efficiently as possible. But not content with this plan to handle the agriculture of both countries as if they were one, the governments are already in negotiation with Poland, Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia to enter the association. With this important group lined up, or practically so, French economists are already urging that their country and the other Western European Powers either join this cartel or organize one of their own to work in closest harmony with the one already founded. This is a really remarkable development. If European international cooperation in the exchange of food products can take the place of the usual stupid process of slapping on tariffs to hinder and not help further economic adjustment, Europe will be well started on the road toward freer trade and tariff sanity. If it is possible to handle the crops of Europe as a whole, there will be plenty to ask why its industrial products should not also be marketed without frontier barriers and with some appreciation of general European needs and financial problems. This may lie far in the future. None the less, it is refreshing to see how one happening after another points steadily in the direction of a European customs union. Something worth while is certain to come out of it all.

ITALY DOES NOT FEAR Russia, apparently, for not only has it accorded diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Government, as have most other European states, but it has just concluded a commercial treaty from which both countries expect considerable profit. Under the agreement, it is stated, the Italian government undertakes to guarantee credits on Russian orders to the amount of 75 per cent. Russian purchases in Italy have hitherto been small, but they have increased appreciably during the past year and the new treaty is expected to double them, Italy offering a favorable market for Russian oil, coal, timber, and mineral products. Incidentally, any increase in the exportation of Italian products will help the unemployment situation. The agreement is further interesting because it seems to confirm the impression that Mussolini is particularly bent upon developing Italian relations with Eastern Europe and the countries of the Near East, and because it provides Russia with a trade outlet which may go some way toward offsetting any restrictions which the United States may impose. After a time, perhaps, it may dawn upon the Washington official mind that the trade agreements which European countries are concluding with one another, such as this Italo-Russian treaty and the recent treaty between Great Britain and Rumania, together with the nitrate, automobile, and other cartels that are being formed or projected, are important steps toward

the economic independence of Europe which American tariff policy directly encourages, but from which American trade with Europe must ultimately suffer.

A FORMIDABLE STRIKE at Lille, Roubaix, and other textile centers of northern France has been the outcome of the new social-insurance law lately enacted for the benefit of the workers. A similar strike of large proportions has also been in progress at Rouen. In the northern cities workers to the number of 150,000 have quit work, refusing to pay their part of the required contribution under the law and demanding increased wages to meet a sharp advance in the cost of living, particularly in the prices of bread and wine. The employers, on their part, have pleaded foreign competition as a reason for refusing a wage increase, but are themselves accused by the government of taking advantage of the contribution which they are required to make to the insurance fund—at the most about 5 per cent—to raise prices, the increase in some cases reaching to 40 per cent. Most of the workers are Socialists, but a Communist minority, bent, it is said, upon bringing on a general strike, have stirred up a good deal of disorder, and attacks have been made upon Belgian workers who regularly cross the frontier daily by the thousand to work in the mills. The extraordinary rise in the price of food is laid to speculators, and the government has sought to cope with it by increasing from 4 to 10 per cent the amount of foreign flour that may be used in bread.

THE LYNCHING IN MARION, INDIANA, of two Negroes who had confessed to the murder of a white man and an attempted criminal assault upon his fiancée is without the possibility of an excuse. The three miscreants were in jail. They were certain to be convicted and executed because of their confessions, but the mob would not wait. There was the usual feeble resistance by the sheriff, who asserts that he was afraid to fire on the mob lest he shoot some of the women and children who were onlookers, and so the mob battered its way into the jail, taking, however, only two of the criminals. The bodies of these men were not cut down for many hours, but hung in the public square to the disgrace and the demoralization of the town. There was delay even in sending in the troops, which were not ordered to Marion until the governor had received earnest appeals from the Negro community for protection. Undoubtedly the Ku Klux Klan spirit which still survives in Indiana had something to do with the lynching; the original lynching party came, sadly enough, from a nearby Quaker community. The year 1930 is making a bad record for itself for such violations of justice. And in Marion, as elsewhere, it is announced that it will be impossible to prosecute the members of the mob. No wonder that the demand for a federal anti-lynching law continues to grow.

A "CAUCASIAN CRUSADE," with the notorious William Joseph Simmons and Congressman Robert Ramspeck of Georgia among its sponsors and Atlanta as its headquarters, is the latest progeny of Ku Kluxism to be spawned in the sunny South. The invitation to enrol exudes all the old hokum about perpetuating "the white man's distinctive ideals, social supremacy, and economic interest," "courageously and effectively" opposing "the rapidly rising tide of 'racial' and 'alien' political, social, and industrial conquest, activities, and influence in America," and counteracting "the mischievous machinations of the subtle but fast multiplying mongrelizing movements now so active in our midst." The recipient of the invitation, if he can qualify as "a real, red-blooded white American inside and out" (bring on the X-rays and blood tests), is besought to answer and "quietly mail" such questions as "are you a sovereign, upright white man of true blood?" and "are your sympathies and sentiments wholly favorable to the full maintenance of white supremacy in all things?" By way of giving the affair an appearance of respectability, the sucker is also asked if he is a man of "acceptable reputation and lawful occupation." The financial obligation and, of course, the commission for the promoters and officers-to-be are not stated, but the former will doubtless be made known in due time.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP at its worst! An Associated Press dispatch from Colby, Kansas, reports:

> Colby citizens will have to worry along another year with no municipal taxes to grow indignant over. For the third successive year the City Council voted to let the municipal water plant wash away the city's bills. During two years earnings of the plant have paid administration bills, provided $200,000 for pavements, paid for new equipment, and placed a balance of $45,000 in the city treasury.

We know nothing about this nefarious enterprise except what appears in this dispatch, but it looks like outright bolshevism and ought to be stopped. Cannot the public-relations committees of the esteemed National Electric Light Association protect us against such pernicious propaganda?

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK has again spoken out admirably in regard to war, this time to students in the Columbia summer school, declaring that "an intelligent patriotism must detach itself from the support of war"; that "like mother-love patriotism is devastating when wrongly used"; and that "war is against everything Jesus stood for." Among the many things for which he hates war are "the lies it lives on and propagates, the undying hatreds it arouses, the dictatorships it puts in the place of democracy, and the starvation that stalks after it." Finally, he took as his precept Earl Haig's declaration that "it is the business of the churches to make my business impossible." These are excellent sentiments. Mr. Fosdick has often expressed them and seems to be voicing them with greater and greater earnestness. But they are not enough; the church is not moving fast enough in making the business of the generals and admirals impossible. Recently at the international gathering of Congregationalists in England two clergymen, one of them an American, stressed this point at length, the American declaring that the failure of the church to take an absolutely unequivocal stand against war is more than anything else causing the decay of the Protestant organizations. No matter what the consequences, as long as any church refuses to take the extreme position it is unfaithful to Jesus for the very reason that Mr. Fosdick has given. There can and must be no compromise along this line if the Church of Christ is to justify its name and retain the adherence of any men of intellectual integrity.

Leadership in Politics

THANK God for Senator Norris! Quite irrespective of the outcome in the Nebraska primary that is being held as we go to press, Senator Norris is one of the men who make it possible to have hope for the future of American politics. No finer tribute has been paid to a public man in a long time than that given him by the New York *Times,* which is opposed to practically all the policies for which he stands. An anti-Norris statement circulated during the primary campaign declared: "Nebraska Senators should be of the kind that can be relied on in every crisis." The *Times* lightly commented: "Whereas George Norris can be counted on to do exactly what George Norris is convinced that he ought to do in every crisis; and political life is just one series of crises after another." It is a perfect summary of the career of this extraordinary man, a man of rugged honesty and simplicity, of utter fearlessness, of bulldog tenacity, of unfailing and laborious devotion to the public interest. In Washington, as in Nebraska, Senator Norris is an institution. When an inquirer in the capital asks for the real truth about any public situation, the reply is "Go ask George Norris." Through weariness and discouragement and failure and desertion he has never wavered, welcoming allies when they came, but fighting if need be alone, and doing "exactly what George Norris is convinced he ought to do in every crisis." He is a magnificent figure, but in the midst of the present campaign it is worth recalling that he has been also a great popular leader; for present conditions in American politics cry aloud for independent leaders.

Political life concerns itself on the one hand with the promotion of public policies and on the other with the practical control of political machinery and offices. In actual operation, the latter object, instead of being a means to the former, too often becomes an end in itself, an end pursued for the private benefit of the political leader and those who support him, so that "politician," unfortunately, has become a term of reproach, and justifiably so. At the present time the Republican and the Democratic Party alike, in most of the States and in the nation, separated by no fundamental differences of political or economic philosophy, have become organizations for getting and enjoying the perquisites of office, and passing on the benefits of political power to those who pay the bills, like the oil and power interests in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover regime. Public policies, political and economic principles under such circumstances become little more than a shop-front behind which the real work of buying and selling goes on. Party organization, made powerful by the economic resources thus put at its disposal, holds the power of life and death over the individual politician, the very condition of whose continued political existence is his ability to get reelected. Under such circumstances only a man of extraordinary character and resourcefulness is able to assert even a moderate degree of independence.

This whole question of the responsibility of an elected representative to his constituents and to his party has recently had interesting illustration. For example, a few weeks ago Senators Walsh of Montana and Jones of Washington, both prominent drys, indicated their willingness in respect to the prohibition question to follow the instructions of their constituents as expressed in a referendum, irrespective of their own particular views. On the other hand, in party as in all other matters Senator Norris has asserted to the full the right of individual judgment, going so far as to support the Democratic candidate in the last Presidential election, and in the present Republican primary continuing to oppose President Hoover. It is small wonder that the party regulars have made a tremendous effort to drive him out. How is responsible party government to be maintained if the individual member is to refuse the responsibilities of membership? Who is right in a contest of this character?

We do not believe that there is any universal answer to this question. Just to the extent that parties really stand for definite policies publicly advocated and make their other activities incidental to those legitimate and essential ends, to that extent they may reasonably exact obedience from their members as a means of carrying out their policies. Party loyalty under such conditions is, broadly speaking, a virtue on the part of those who accept the principles of the party. If a leader, then, is unable to carry the party with him, his alternative is to get out unless he is willing to wait for the party to catch up with him. It is discipline of this kind that parties properly maintain when politics deals with real issues. As politics becomes a matter of loaves and fishes, however, the situation changes. Regularity becomes a vice rather than a virtue because it becomes simply a means of getting a share of the loaves and fishes. Leaders sometimes remain without reproach in a party with some of whose alleged principles they may actually be in violent conflict. Such a situation has existed notoriously in the Republican Party for a quarter of a century. As long as a man stays in such an organization his only salvation lies in asserting the right of individual judgment, and as long as we are tied up with a two-party system independent men are bound to make just this choice. The present confusion, however, showing clearly as it does the demoralization of the historic parties, only emphasizes anew the need for an intelligently progressive party to which a leader of character and intelligence can give adhesion without finding it necessary to repudiate entirely the actions of his party associates.

Politics is to be lifted out of the present morass only as people are brought to see that there are real issues on which it is possible to accomplish something by political action. The formulation of those issues is the great task of politics today. For a good many years political campaigns have been simply contests in promising more prosperity of the type that we enjoyed up to 1929. Today people are beginning to realize that we must have something more than a further hasty and undirected rush to turn out more goods. Our social and economic program must contemplate an intelligent organization of production and a sane distribution of the product, joined with the protection of the body of the people against the accidents of industrial fluctuation, for which they are not responsible. The present task of political leadership is to formulate such a program, not to win this fall's elections.

The Great Drought

THE spectacle of politicians and representatives of farmers' organizations hurrying to Washington to beg Mr. Hoover to do something about the drought may at first sight appear a bit amusing. It suggests the naive faith of a primitive people in a Great Father in whose hands are the times, the seasons, and the fate of men. Yet it was obviously a perfectly natural and sensible thing to do. Mr. Hoover, of course, is not responsible for the drought, and rain-making is not one of his constitutional functions. The responsibility cannot be laid at the door of Mr. Legge and his Farm Board, nor piled upon the farmers who sowed or planted too much wheat or corn and have seen it wither before their eyes. The drought is one of those unpredictable and inescapable visitations which the law, with a curious mixture of superstition and disrespect, speaks of as an act of God, and its weight falls without discrimination upon Republicans and Democrats, saints and sinners, the wise, the foolish, and the people who just are. But a drought which affects a dozen States and a million families is a national calamity, and one turns naturally to Washington to learn how great the calamity is and what may best be done about it.

So much has been said about the drought and such dire predictions have been made of its disastrous consequences that it is not easy for either the immediate sufferers or people at a distance to see the situation clearly and as a whole. Mr. Hoover is not a man to be stampeded by a national disaster, and his attitude toward the present crisis seems to us to have been eminently sensible. The first thing to do was to ascertain the facts. The extent and severity of the drought, the actual or probable loss, the available resources of States, counties, and federal agencies for the mobilization of relief, the attitude of the banks, the railways, and commercial or industrial organizations—all these are factors for the federal government to consider in determining what policy to pursue. Mr. Hoover has done a wise thing in calling for the fullest and most detailed information that can be had, and in summoning into conference the governors of the States particularly affected. If the federal government is to take the lead, as apparently it must, it is evidently Mr. Hoover's intention that it shall lead in cooperation and not play a lone hand.

A reading of the report which the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hyde, submitted to Mr. Hoover on August 8 and of the statement which Mr. Hoover issued the same day might suggest that the extent and seriousness of the drought have been overestimated. It is a relief to know that there is no danger of a shortage of food for human beings, that only about 12 per cent of the domestic animals in the country are in the areas where the drought is most acute, and that not all farmers who have suffered loss have suffered equally. A really grave danger, on the other hand, lies in the injury to corn, wheat, and forage crops, the consequent shortage of feed for cattle and domestic animals, and the likelihood that great numbers of cattle and hogs will be thrown upon the market because of the impossibility of feeding them. There is also danger that the effects of the drought may carry over into next year through the loss of new seedings of grass and clover in pastures, and a rise in the price of dairy products seems inevitable. As Mr. Hyde said on August 9, "The farmer will feel the first and direct effects of the drought, but every man, woman, and child in America will suffer the indirect consequences in some degree."

What can be done will depend upon the information which Mr. Hoover receives and the extent and kind of State and local cooperation upon which he can count. The Farm Board has still some millions of dollars available for loans through cooperative societies, and bank loans can be had wherever reasonable security can be offered. An elaborate machinery of federal land banks, joint-stock land banks, and intermediate credit banks, specially designed to aid agriculture, has been set up in recent years and should be able to afford substantial help. Western railways have already been authorized to lower their rates on grain, live stock, and other commodities, and the American Red Cross stands ready to lend a hand if its special services are needed. Altogether, while the situation is, as Mr. Hoover declared, "one to cause a great deal of concern," it is not one over which the country should become panicky. The task of coping with the disaster is doubtless formidable, but so also are the resources of the United States, and there need be no fear that those resources will not be promptly and effectively used.

Fame and Privacy

MARLEN PEW, the editor of *Editor and Publisher,* has printed in his journal the substance of a remarkable talk he recently had with Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in regard to the treatment of the latter at the hands of the press. We must say that the Colonel's views as quoted by Mr. Pew raise him still higher in our respect and admiration, something that we had hardly felt possible in view of his great modesty, his dignity, and his refusal to let himself be ruined by the unparalleled publicity and popularity which have been his.

The reason for the talk was that Colonel Lindbergh has refused to have anything more to do with five New York newspapers—not named in this interview—which have so outrageously invaded the privacy of himself and his wife that he can no longer with self-respect "cooperate with them." He called their practices "contemptible," reports Mr. Pew, "and thought them to be a 'social drag,' 'nonconstructive,' and 'a waste of time.'" Being a normal and sensible human being, the Colonel "minced no words in condemning newspapers which in his view cater to morbid curiosity and are concerned with private gossip to the exclusion of matters in the realm of 'things, ideas, and ideals.'" Some of the insults and annoyances to which this young man and his wife have been subjected he related to Mr. Pew; they are gross and scandalous enough to justify the Colonel's resort to any measures of self-protection. For example, he told of reporters who followed him and Mrs. Lindbergh on their honeymoon and "for eight straight hours circled about our boat at anchor in a New England harbor, in a noisy motor boat, and occasionally called across the water to us that if we would pose for one picture they would go away." He can certainly not be charged with overstatement when he declared this procedure "particularly mean and un-

worthy." He resented, too, being obliged to keep a guard constantly on duty at his wife's home, and related an incident in which a reporter had offered a servant $2,000 to "betray the secrets of the household." Naturally he resented most deeply the publication last winter of the fact that his wife was an expectant mother; this was harped upon without let-up until their child was born.

Throughout his article Mr. Pew leans over backward in defense of the journalists. No one, he thinks, could extenuate certain of the incidents which Colonel Lindbergh cited, but on the other hand his chief conclusion is that his fellow-newspapermen should see in the Colonel "less of the showman and more of the scientist." With all respect to Mr. Pew, we cannot understand the absence of a single ringing phrase of indignation at the hounding of Colonel Lindbergh. The Colonel stated that he made the complaint and took his stand against the five New York newspapers not because of any personal hurt but as a matter of principle, and that his position is that "of a citizen complaining in the general public interest." That is a very fine stand, but the Colonel is so far from being misunderstood by the public that he could safely have placed his complaint on personal grounds, had he so desired. It was right and manly of him to speak out, and it is a disgrace to the newspaper profession that it has not risen to protect him against a harassment which would make many another man deliberately quit his native land to seek asylum in some journalistically more civilized country. However much Mr. Pew may seek to deprecate the force of Colonel Lindbergh's indictment by stressing the fact that he is a national hero, and that the public curiosity about him is not mere idle curiosity but a genuinely affectionate desire on the part of plain people to share in the life and progress of one whom they consider peculiarly their own, it still remains true that in no other country on earth would the representatives of the press dare to stoop to such infamous practices.

Once more, as we so often have done, we should like to ask the American Society of Newspaper Editors what justification it has for existing when in the face of this monstrous persecution of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh no voice has yet been raised by it or any of its members in any of its sessions against this degrading of their profession. The society has adopted a code one article of which reads: "A newspaper should not invade private rights or feelings without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity." If the men who run our great dailies were merely good sportsmen they would have agreed long ago to join together to insure to Colonel Lindbergh his constitutional right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness unmolested by camera men or reporters so devoid of self-respect and breeding as to do the things they are guilty of. It is idle to talk of covering this case by law. We should be the last to advocate another statute to control the profession to which we belong. But we cannot see why the decent men in it, especially the newspaper owners, who so often rank as our great captains of industry, as philanthropists, and are so often distinguished by our universities with degrees of honor, cannot see that here is the clearest case they could possibly have to strike a blow for the integrity of their business. Nothing could raise it more quickly in popular regard than an agreement to respect the private lives of prominent men and women.

How We Grow

THE official preliminary census figures place our present population at slightly less than 123,000,000—17,000,000 more than in 1920. That this is the largest numerical increase in our population in any decade was only to be expected. More interesting is the percentage of increase (16.1), which, with the exception of the 14.9 per cent increase in the decade from 1910 to 1920, is the smallest in our census history. Our rate of population growth, indeed, continues to decline steadily. In the decade ending in 1880 it was 30.1 per cent; in that of 1890, 25.5 per cent; in that of 1900, 20.7 per cent.

Perhaps of more immediate significance than these figures are those showing the way in which our added population is distributing itself. California, with an increase of 64.6 per cent in the last decade, shows the largest percentage gain of any State, followed by Florida, which gained 51.4 per cent. No doubt this great growth in our two leading "playground" States reflects the rise of a leisure class able to retire and build Spanish houses in the sections famous for their climate and scenic beauty. But most of the people of these States are still compelled to earn their living, and a large part of the California gain is the result of the growth in the single city of Los Angeles, which has more than twice the population it had ten years ago.

Once more the detailed figures reveal the drift of population from the farms to the cities, from agriculture to industry. The third-largest gain of any State was made by Michigan, whose increase of 31.3 per cent is mainly to be attributed to the growth of the automobile center, Detroit. But the picture is more striking from the agricultural side. As the population growth for the nation as a whole is 16.1 per cent, any State with less than that increase is showing a relative loss. A great agricultural State like Kansas shows only a 6.4 per cent increase; Iowa but 2.7 per cent; Indiana and Wisconsin no more than 10 per cent; Minnesota 7.2 per cent; Missouri 6.3 per cent; Idaho 1.3 per cent; while Montana shows an actual loss of 2.8 per cent.

All this, of course, is no more than the continuance of a tendency that has been effective since the beginning of our life as a nation. In 1840 more than 90 per cent of our population was still rural. Even by 1880, though industrialization was advancing rapidly, only a third of our people lived in cities and towns of more than 2,500 population. By 1920 the urban population was already greater than the rural, reaching 51.4 per cent, and it is now estimated to be in excess of 57 per cent. But the industrial dominance is much greater than even these figures imply. The actual farm population has been estimated by Dr. C. J. Galpin of the Department of Agriculture to be about 27,000,000, or only a little more than a fifth of our national population.

With the growth and enormous opportunities of modern industry, this drift from the farms would have been inevitable in any case, but its pace has been accelerated by our high-tariff policy. Whatever justification the "protection-for-infant-industry" slogan may once have had has long ceased. It is agriculture that is the infant now, industry the giant.

The Press Today

X. Hugenberg and the German Dailies*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HOW far have the currents which in the American press have produced such profound changes in the last two decades been reflected abroad? Is the control of the press and of public opinion beyond seas coming into the hands of a few persons? Is there elsewhere a tendency toward consolidation of dailies and a decrease in their total number? Is the profession abroad being metamorphosed into a business and becoming more and more allied with other great capitalistic enterprises?

If one studies conditions in Great Britain the answer is unqualifiedly yes. The tremendous power exercised by the rich and conservative Rothermere, Beaverbrook, and Berry Brothers groups of dailies is well known; they are at times really a menace to government. More and more dailies gradually fall into the hands of two of these groups. It is here that the parallel with developments in the United States is closest. It goes far to prove that the transformation we are witnessing in the United States is likely to be found wherever, under similar conditions, modern capitalism piles up greater and greater aggregations of corporate wealth and the owners thereof see greater and greater need for safeguarding and defending their vast stakes in the existing order of society.

In Germany the tendency is not so clear. Certain developments seem to point in the same direction, notably the rise of the Hugenberg press. But as yet the trends are not so marked as in the Anglo-Saxon countries. It is still possible to found political journals and to keep them alive indefinitely. The day of individual ownership is not yet really waning. Indeed, the total number of journals in Germany has lately increased. This is due in a measure to the large number of political parties and their need of organs to propagate their views. In a greater degree, however, the increase is attributable to a natural recovery from a heavy mortality in the inflation period. In 1885, at the height of Bismarck's power, there were all told in Germany 3,069 news or political journals of all descriptions. By 1906 this figure had risen to 4,183; the outbreak of the World War eight years later found only 40 more papers to chronicle the dread news of the various declarations of hostilities. Eleven years later, in 1925, there were left but 3,152. Of those that had disappeared 87 had been published in Alsace-Lorraine and more than 200 in the lost portions of eastern Germany. Inflation and war impoverishment accounted for the rest. Then, however, the tide clearly turned. A year later there were 3,257 news journals, and in 1928, the last year for which I have official figures, 3,356.

Of these 3,356, 2,139 were dailies appearing six days in the week, the others being newspapers published on Mondays (when the regular dailies do not appear) or other journals of a special character. It is interesting to note that this figure of 2,139 dailies for approximately 60,000,000 Germans is larger than the number of dailies in the United States today. There is one newspaper to every 18,219 inhabitants. In Berlin alone the total printing is 3,750,000 copies on each regular press day, or one copy for every inhabitant of that capital who is capable of reading the news of the day. There are 1,894 German communities in which dailies are published; three-quarters of all the newspapers appear in rural communities or small towns whose population is not above 20,000 persons. In only 94 cities are there as many as 3 papers, while only 88 possess 4 or more publications of this type. Berlin leads, of course, with 148 newspapers, of which no less than 93 were published six times a week in 1928. Of the 3,257 newspapers 78 were owned by stock companies and 389 by limited-liability companies; 2,481 belonged to individuals or families, and the ownership of the remainder is credited to cooperative associations, societies, foundations, the government, and other types of owners.

Politically, it is interesting to note that whereas in 1898 24.1 per cent of the German dailies represented the extreme political Right, that figure had risen to 30.3 per cent in 1928. It is still more significant of recent political happenings that the liberal press has decreased during the same period from 19.5 per cent to 4.35 per cent—it is gradually being ground to pieces between the upper millstone of reactionary conservatism and the lower one of radicalism. The Catholic, or Center, newspapers in the same period have risen from 9.5 to 11.3 per cent, the Social-Democratic from 1.6 to 5.1. The remainder are Communist, or representative of minor parties, or call themselves independent of party affiliations. The Social-Democratic press, which counted 94 newspapers in 1914, boasted of 184 in 1927, but it is to be noted that the once powerful Social-Democratic *Vorwärts* has shown a very heavy loss in circulation. There are four Communist dailies in Berlin. Details of their growth and circulation do not seem to be obtainable, but it is generally felt that they are not of great importance as yet. All four have been established since 1918. Finally, it is worth adding as showing the intense intellectual life of Berlin that there were in 1928 no fewer than 2,385 magazines published there, of which 50 were in foreign languages—including 17 in Russian, 13 in Spanish, 10 in English, and 5 in the French language. The number of these magazines almost doubled between 1923 and 1928.

When we come to the concentration of ownership the outstanding figure is of course Alfred Hugenberg, business man and politician, who during the war was chairman of the board of directors of the Krupp works. He entered journalism because the great industrial magnates of the country had become alarmed at the growing power of the Socialist and Democratic press. He now owns the leading news service, the leading moving-picture company, one of the lead-

* This is the concluding article in the series on The Press Today.—Editor The Nation.

ing advertising agencies, and a long string of newspapers. He supplies no fewer than 1,600 journals with telegraphic news and even with editorial matter, which is purchased by some of the smaller papers that were so crippled during the war as to be unable to have adequate editorial staffs of their own. As *The Nation* has already pointed out, in ten years Hugenberg has achieved a most alarming influence in five different fields—the movies, advertising and propaganda, national and international telegraphic service, the press of the capital, and that of the provinces. His indirect control of many of the newspapers he supplies with advertising and news cannot be questioned. Some have had to mortgage their plants to him. Others buy supplies from him. All hope for advertising from Haasenstein and Vogler, Daube and Company, and the "A. L. A."—the Allgemeine-Anzeigen Company—his three advertising companies.

Hugenberg's Berlin journals are four in number—the *Lokal-Anzeiger,* with a circulation of 225,000, *Der Tag* (80,000), *Der Montag* (130,000), and the *Berliner Nachtausgabe,* an illustrated boulevard paper which prints two or three editions each evening and sells about 170,000 copies. In addition the Hugenberg Trust owns nine weeklies and monthlies and six trade journals, of which one, *Die Exportwoche,* appears also in English, Spanish, French, Portuguese, and Italian editions. Moreover, it publishes many important directories and trade lists and a general line of books. The Hugenberg Telegraphen Union, or news service, feeds, as already stated, 1,600 papers. It has 90 editors, between 500 and 600 other employees, and 2,000 correspondents.

When it comes to stating facts as to Hugenberg's control of the provincial press, the task is immensely difficult because there are Hugenberg companies and companies, all more or less involved. Thus, in 1917 (that is, during the war) there was founded the "Vera" publication house, with a capital of 4,000,000 marks, for the purpose of giving advice and technical aid to newspaper owners in all departments of newspaper management. In 1922 another step was taken —the creation of a loan company (Mutuum Darlehns A. G.) for the purpose of making loans to newspapers and participating in their ownership. These two companies are united through mutual officers and by contracts. A majority of the shares of each company is owned by the "Dachgesellschaft" of the Hugenberg Trust. Curiously enough, anybody who wishes to contribute to the support of any paper but also desires to conceal his connection with the transaction can pay in to the "Mutuum" the sum he offers and have it applied to the uses of the daily by way of both "Mutuum" and "Vera." He can become a stockholder in the "Vera" or make a regular contract with it covering the use of the sums paid in. A year ago "Mutuum" had made loans to fourteen dailies in Munich, Stuttgart, and other cities.

I know of no other similar device to make it easy for malefactors of great wealth to get their talons into distressed dailies and yet conceal their activities. How clumsy and puerile in contrast with this appears the open and callous purchasing of newspaper shares or the loaning of money by our American International Paper and Pulp Company, which had so hastily to regurgitate when the spotlight of publicity fell upon these transactions! Finally be it noted that there is still another company, the "Alterum," which renders the same service as the "Mutuum" to non-political publishers or publishing houses. On top of everything else is the Hugenberg Trust itself, an organization of twelve persons in a non-profit-making or public-welfare corporation which controls all the Hugenberg concerns. Their joint property is used by the trust and the surplus profits are plowed back into the several businesses in order to expand them further. No individual or juristic person can claim the property of this trust (Wirtschaftsvereinigung) or demand a share of its profits. All of which would seem to call for the wits of a Philadelphia lawyer to understand and to operate.

Two other large Berlin publishers compete with the Hugenberg interests. The Ullstein publishing house, founded in 1877, owns five dailies—the *Vossische Zeitung* (70,960 circulation), long familiarly known as "Tante [Aunt] Voss"; the *Morgenpost,* with 615,730 readers; *B. Z. am Mittag* (192,130), the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (51,980), and the new *Tempo,* which rejoiced in 100,940 purchasers in 1929. There is also an Ullstein Monday paper, the *Montagspost,* and two weeklies, the *Gruene Post,* with a circulation of 985,150, and the *Berliner Illustrierte* with no less than 1,883,000 purchasers. Ullstein has its own news agency comprising 46 chief correspondents in Germany and 36 abroad, with 152 subcorrespondents in the republic.

Next comes the Verlag Rudolf Mosse, which owns the *Morgenzeitung,* the *Volkszeitung,* and the famous *Berliner Tageblatt,* whose distinguished editor is Theodor Wolff. The circulation of the *Tageblatt* has gone as high as 200,000. The Mosse Verlag has not gone in for trade journals or for weeklies and monthlies, but it publishes books and the highly important national address book. Its advertising agency was formerly the most influential in Germany; it frequently leased the advertising rights of a number of magazines and dailies, paying their proprietors a lump sum and making its profits by what it could clear above the royalties. The *Tageblatt* has suffered somewhat by the hardships of the past sixteen years; but its prestige as a great news daily with admirable special correspondence from all over the world is undimmed. The *Frankfurter Zeitung,* the greatest daily in South Germany, has also paid a price; it suffers because, unlike the big and more serious Berlin dailies, it is without a popular satellite (as the *Tageblatt* has its *Volkszeitung*), and because of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, in which it had a rich field of influence. It is still distinctive in that it is without an editor-in-chief; it is conducted cooperatively by its board of editors, under which form of management it has long been one of the foremost and most erudite journals in the entire world, especially noted for its financial news and comments. The "Frankfurter" is not, however, one of the oldest dailies. Nine of these date back to the seventeenth century, the eldest, the *Augsburger Abendzeitung,* having been founded in 1609, eleven years before the voyage of the Mayflower.

Time will speedily show whether the evolution of German capitalism into great cartels or trusts or monopolies closely akin to the government trusts in Russia, which is being rapidly furthered by the economic situation and especially by the reparations burdens, will not similarly drive the dailies into greater and greater combinations. It is reassuring that despite the enormous influence exerted by Hugenberg through his newspapers, his 170 movie houses, his news reels, and his news and editorial services, he has made no headway politically but has indeed lost ground.

Massachusetts—Three Hundred Years

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

MASSACHUSETTS has been observing its tercentenary. All through the hot days of the summer the old Bay State, with all the paraphernalia of drums and banners and processions and pageants, with music and resounding oratory and civic rejoicing, has been celebrating the completion on this continent of three hundred years of ordered civil liberty under the law. It is an impressive spectacle, and the hearts of Massachusetts men and women swell with justifiable pride as they realize that they are inheritors of a noble tradition and are part of a great civic experiment still in process.

On August 22 Massachusetts observes another anniversary. Three years ago the Commonwealth, acting through all the agencies by law established, put to death two Italian workingmen, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. The anniversary falls strangely in this tercentenary year. No one who lived through the dreadful days of August, 1927, in even indirect contact with that tragedy can ever forget the ghastly horror of it all. But the passions of those days have cooled. It is no longer a time either for shrill denunciation or for impassioned defense of the men who sent those two humble Italians to their death. Rather is it a time for thoughtful question. What does civil liberty actually mean today in Massachusetts, its classic American home? Who enjoys it, and under what conditions? Can it or can it not be extended in fact to all the people? If so, how can this condition be brought about? Questions like these call imperatively for answer in this tercentenary year when our whole democratic theory is being flatly challenged by communism and fascism. There is nothing sacrosanct about American institutions, despite the Constitution-worship that has been so sedulously cultivated among the unthinking in recent years. If our democracy cannot show its faith by its works, then that faith will die, and will deserve to die. But most of us believe that it merits a better fate.

Ideally, civil liberty means the guaranty to every citizen of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—the right to be secure in person against violence and lawlessness, private or official, the right to possess and enjoy property. What did it actually mean to the good shoemaker and the poor fish-peddler? In practice nothing, if we are right who believe that they were unjustly deprived of the most fundamental of all rights, the right to life itself. What is the ground of our conviction?

It is not that they were deprived of any of the forms of law. Let it be granted that their trial was fair, that Judge Thayer, the jurymen, the judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, President Lowell, President Stratton, Judge Grant, and Governor Fuller himself all did their best to divest themselves of prejudice and to judge the case as a trial for murder and nothing else. Few of those who believe that Sacco and Vanzetti went to their death innocent of the crime with which they were charged will perhaps concede so much, but let it be granted for the sake of argument. Even so, did they enjoy the substance as opposed to the forms of civil liberty? Thoughtful men by the thousand answer the question with a flat no.

Those of us who answer thus believe that it would have been impossible for any alien radical to get a fair trial on a murder charge in Massachusetts in 1920, not because courts and juries had any wish to be unfair, but because aliens and radicals stood outside the charmed circle of understood persons and because courts and juries were afraid. Sacco and Vanzetti were foreigners, men with dark skins and black eyes and a strange tongue, men who had been little in school, who worked with their hands, who had ways odd and uncouth, and who, in addition, held ideas unfamiliar and subversive, gained God knows where. Not only so, but their friends and acquaintances were men of the same sort. Can we wonder that their testimony carried little weight with Massachusetts judges and jurymen and university presidents suffering in the beginning from the fear of a violent social upheaval and later from a belief that the case of these men had become somehow identified with an attack on the very institutions of the Commonwealth?

During three centuries rulership in Massachusetts, despite the tradition of democracy, has rested in the hands of a relatively small governing class embracing chiefly the brains and wealth of the community. It derives from the clergy and property-holders of the seventeenth century, and descends to the financial and industrial rulers of today, with the professional classes who largely do their thinking for them, and the great body of employees and substantial citizens of small property who take their ideas uncritically from their "betters." It is because the law in Massachusetts is made and administered by and for this traditionally "American" group, great numbers of us believe, and not because they killed Berardi, that Sacco and Vanzetti are in their graves today.

If we are right, then the alien, the radical, the dissentient, the outlandish man of whatever sort who lacks economic and social standing is extremely likely under the forms of law to be practically deprived of those advantages whose supposedly universal enjoyment Massachusetts celebrates this year. He is deprived of them, not because the ruling group wish to deprive him, but because they lack the understanding, the sympathy, the imagination to bring him effectively within their group, to whom alone the guaranties and immunities of citizenship practically extend. Unable to include him, they fear and distrust him, and pass over quickly to repression.

This lack of understanding and toleration is no new thing, though it may take new forms. But from the days of Anne Hutchinson and the Quakers, down through the revolutionary years when it was unsafe not to be a patriot, continuing during the times when Boston was mobbing William Lloyd Garrison, building at night a two-noose scaffold before his house, and threatening to hang Wendell Phillips, and so on to the bitter August days when they were putting Sacco and Vanzetti to death—through three hundred years the rulers of Massachusetts have been sternly

intolerant of fundamental dissent. Hospitable to non-essential heresies, they have often furnished interested audiences for the wildest religious, social, and even economic vagaries. Serious dissent from their social, political, and economic system, however, they have stamped out with a heel of iron. Along with plain disturbers of the peace, accordingly, they have stoned their prophets and crucified their saviors. Massachusetts may well reflect that the executions of August 22, 1927, were but one incident of three centuries of fundamental intolerance.

That intolerance in our day has sent its roots deep down into our existing property system, and woe to him who would shake or even amend that system. For generations the ruling group have been its beneficiaries, and by means of the political and social system into which it is built and by which it is supported they control the life of the Commonwealth. To some extent their power has been shared with the later comers, notably the Irish, with their political genius, but by and large the economic and social newcomers are the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They tend the looms and weed the onion beds, and the rulers of Massachusetts look on them with concern as possible elements of danger in a scheme of life that, for the sake of all concerned, ought not to be disturbed. It was this fear and distrust, so it seems to many of us, that were responsible for the Sacco-Vanzetti execution. If we are right, then the charge that Massachusetts is a class state is in so far true, and her tercentenary in so far is the celebration of a fiction.

Must Massachusetts, then, must the United States accept the Communist thesis that our democratic state is necessarily the property of the rich and powerful, with the corollary that the only hope for the unprivileged is the overthrow of that state and the substitution of a workers' state? If the prevailing temper of Massachusetts, as it was evidenced by the Sacco-Vanzetti case, is to continue dominant in American life, then I at least can see no escape from some such conclusion. The very lack of understanding, the distrust and fear, and the resulting repression that necessarily characterizes such a government are in themselves the best evidence of the truth of the criticism. Along that road lies no peace, but only ceaseless struggle ending in cataclysm. It is that possibility that the people of Massachusetts should contemplate in this tercentenary year.

If they choose the other path, then they must realize that it means deep-going change, and no social change is ever accomplished without difficulty. Massachusetts cannot be just to all her people without disturbing the privileges that some of them now enjoy. Will she be great enough and bold enough to make that choice? To make it will require courage and vision and faith, faith in men of all sorts and kinds as against men simply of our own kind. Massachusetts has great advantages in her wealth, her educated citizenry, her tradition of ordered civil liberty. Can she become possessed of a consuming passion for justice and for opportunity for the least of her citizens and move bravely forward in the new courses called for by the new conditions? Shall her mills and her shops and her counting-houses be the gods of Massachusetts or shall her dreams be increasingly fixed on her rich treasures of human life? On the answer hangs much for the future of democracy in America.

The Jews—A Nation Trapped

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

THE Jewish world is stirred to its depths. From the Baltic to the Pacific it reverberates with protests and resounds with denunciations. In Warsaw and in New York, in Bucharest and in Paris, in Tel-Aviv and in London men assemble at big meetings, demonstrate in the streets, or express their indignation by a stoppage of work. In hundreds of towns in Poland and the Americas, in the Balkans and in South Africa, in the Baltic states and in Australia, wherever Jews live, the air is filled with cries of anger and resentment mingled with despair. The whole of that unique, invisible empire of people without any one country, yet scattered over every land upon the face of the earth is in upheaval.

What is the cause of this commotion? Nominally, the protest is against the action of the British government in suspending Jewish immigration into Palestine and the blow which this action has dealt the entire project of the establishment of a Jewish national home. But anyone who is more than superficially acquainted with Jewish life as a whole, and not alone with some single manifestation of it, knows that this does not tell the complete story. No action of such a kind could arouse a people inured to suffering and accustomed to disappointment. The Jewish national aspirations in Palestine are not by any means universally shared by the Jewish people. Something more real and fundamental than a blow to the establishment of the Jewish national home was necessary to arouse the Jewish world, something vital, going to the very roots of the economic existence of the people.

The war broke up the huge Czarist empire into a number of small states, each with a large Jewish population. These, if they are not now being made openly the objects of pogroms or political discrimination, are being economically exterminated in the literal sense of the word. Most of these new states are at present experiencing a severe economic crisis. Even if they have lived in these countries for more than a thousand years the Jews are still considered aliens there, and when food is scarce it is given first to the native sons. The governments are doing what they can to relieve their "own people." The "alien" Jews are left to perish. Only the "ungodly" and "immoral" Soviet Government has recognized that these people are a part of the state and is making an effort to relieve their suffering by settling them on the land and inducting them into industry. The rest of the highly moral, Christian governments consider that it is enough if the Jews are no longer subjected to the massacre and pillage which marked the first years of the existence of their states.

The situation of the Jews in these countries can hardly be visualized in Western lands. Here is a people finding

the economic ground cut from under its feet. Jews are eliminated from middle-class occupations and at the same time are deprived of the right of being workingmen. State cooperatives ruthlessly eliminate the small Jewish shopkeeper and artisan, and government monopolies eject Jewish workingmen from shops and factories where they have worked for generations. Industries built up by Jewish work and effort are not infrequently cleared of Jews, and even in cases where the Jews retain ownership they are sometimes not allowed to engage Jewish workingmen. Jews are, of course, also barred from municipal and government positions and their membership in the professions is limited by the restrictions placed on university admissions. Small Jewish business men are refused credits by government banks and the bigger men in many cases are being ruined by the heavy burden of taxation levied on the urban Jewish population in order to relieve the native peasantry. The result is terrible to contemplate. Entire villages subsist on the slender relief funds sent from overseas. But for the staggering effort of Jewish philanthropy in the United States, East European Jewry would have gone through horrors similar to those of the Volga famine, and even with that aid the conditions are those of slow starvation and physical deterioration. If a real League of Nations existed the plight of these seven million Jews of Eastern Europe would constitute one of its main problems.

There is only one way out from this frightful situation. The Jews must leave Eastern Europe for less thickly populated and more civilized countries where economic opportunities are greater and national prejudices are not so overpowering. If the free and unrestricted immigration of pre-war days had prevailed after the war the world would have heard very little of Zionism and of the Jewish problem as a whole. But among the greater blessings of the post-war period restriction or complete stoppage of immigration, visas, and quotas occupy prominent positions. Only the very fortunate can ever hope now to enter the United States or Canada. Australia and South Africa have altogether barred their doors. The South American republics follow the example of the northern continent. The New World, like the Old, has little welcome for the Jew.

Palestine was one of the few countries left which still afforded an outlet for a small percentage of the millions of Jews struggling for very life in Eastern Europe. Palestine has yet another attraction for the Jewish immigrant, offered him by no other country except the Soviet Union—the prospect of agricultural colonization. The country is not all shipshape and ready for the immigrant. It has still to be reclaimed from the wilderness, and it is just this fact that makes so powerful an appeal to modern Jewish youth imbued with the great social ideals of labor and productive work. Jewish youth wishes to abandon the age-old, sterile occupations into which Jews were forced by centuries of persecution and oppression. There is in many cases a pathetic longing for the soil which is finding expression in the powerful back-to-the-land movement among the Jews of Eastern Europe; there is a tremendous urge to do pioneer work of every description. Nowhere in the world, outside Soviet Russia perhaps, will one meet with greater contempt for the petty middle-class occupations than one finds now among the Jewish youth. Shopkeeping, small business, peddling, buying and selling are by no one despised more intensely than by the young Jews of today. The truly remarkable Jewish "pioneer" movement which is responsible for the great Jewish achievements in Palestine is really not a Zionist institution at all. It became affiliated with modern Zionism because Palestine is the only country apart from Russia where the ideals of productive and pioneer work for Jews stand a chance now of realization. It is a product of Eastern Europe, not of Palestine. It is the organized, social expression of the hope of the Jewish youth deprived of work, condemned to idleness and sterility in Eastern Europe, and striving for honest, healthy labor. Throughout Poland, Galicia, the Baltic states, Rumania, Bessarabia, Hungary, Austria, and even Germany, thousands of Jewish youths are waiting expectant for the call to reclaim a land from the desert.

And suddenly this suspension order of the British Labor Government cuts off one of the very few remaining outlets for emigration. The only opportunity that was left for productive pioneer work is gone. What wonder that a cry so pitiful and heartrending is raised? It is not because of Zionism, the failure of the national home, or the blow to the idea of the Jewish state. Would that the Labor Government had revoked the Balfour Declaration and left immigration and colonization free! That would not have raised a fraction of the storm which has been raised by its present action. Jewish immigration into Palestine means both less and infinitely more than the revival of a Jewish state. It means the freedom, hope, and self-respect of a nation. Post-war Zionism is not a national problem alone. It is merely the Jewish aspect of the greatest general problem of our age, the problem of the shifting of the world population. It is economics through and through, and whatever spiritual aspect it presents is more social and humanitarian than national.

The greatest error one can make about present-day Zionism is to look at it from the point of view of Palestine alone, for the question does not begin and end with Palestine. It has as much to do with Poland, Rumania, and the rest of Eastern Europe, nay, with the whole world, as with Palestine. It affects every country with a Jewish population. Jews in the post-war period go to Palestine not because it is a luxury or because of some sentimental ideal of establishing a Jewish national home, but because they are driven from most places and barred from others. They run to Palestine for the same reason that any escaped prisoner runs for freedom.

The world must realize that it cannot have it both ways with the Jews. It cannot bait and hunt them in Europe, bar them from America, Africa, and Australia, and then on top of it all cut off their last avenue of escape in Asia. They must have a place somewhere. Even in a world brutalized as ours is today a nation of millions of people cannot be trapped like a wild animal. If Poland exterminates her Jews, Rumania exposes them to pogroms, Hungary discriminates against them, Germany baits them, the United States imposes quotas on them, South Africa bars her gates against them, surely the problem cannot be solved by suspending their immigration into Palestine as well. This is the true reason for the present Jewish outburst. It is not directed against Great Britain alone, nor is it an uprising of the Jews in defense of their national home. It is a protest against the entire world.

A Fish Out of Congress

By EMANUEL BLUM

THE Fish committee was examining witnesses: Grover Whalen, at his best when about to be photographed, uttered rich laughter, that bright cheerio so characteristic of the man. The camera man gave a signal. A flash! Thank you, gentlemen.

Commissioner Whalen would like to read a statement to the committee. Why certainly, Commissioner; of course, Commissioner; anything you say, Commissioner. He reads his statement. A few questions.

"Did you carry on the investigation establishing the authenticity of the documents yourself?" "No, I did not. It was done by Inspector Lyons of the Bomb Squad and by his undercover men." Whalen, having nothing to hide, would be glad to have these men subpoenaed before the committee. He would ask only one thing—that they be allowed to appear before the committee in secret executive session.

"Why in secret session?" asks a committee member. Whalen begins to say something. It wouldn't be safe, did he say? His policemen wouldn't be safe? "You mean," asks Representative Bachman of Virginia naively, "their lives wouldn't be safe if they testified what they knew before this committee? They would jeopardize their personal safety?" Whalen seemed to breathe more easily. He could now say, "Not only they, but also their wives and children; the safety of their families would be placed in jeopardy."

Mr. Bachman asks another question: "Now about this printer, Max Wagner, who is supposed to have printed these documents . . . what did you do to investigate him and the reports that he forged these papers?" Whalen moved uncomfortably in his chair. Curiously enough, Wagner had not been mentioned in the report.

"Why, this man Wagner," said Mr. Whalen, "he got thirty days for being in possession of dirty pictures. He got mixed up with a girl. A man like that can't be believed. Too unreliable." "Well, did you question him?" "No, we didn't think it worth while to question a man with a record like that." The economic relations between two countries were involved, yet they didn't think it worth while to question the man who admitted printing the incriminating documents! And why? Because the man had possessed dirty photographs and had been mixed up with a girl. Did the committee bully and cross-examine Mr. Whalen? They did not. With other witnesses they had proved themselves quite capable of doing so, but they were very kind to Mr. Whalen.

Their treatment next day of Peter A. Bogdanov, chairman of the board of the Amtorg Trading Company, was very different. He testified through an interpreter—a fact which was regarded with great suspicion by Mr. Fish, who at one point asked impatiently whether it was the habit of the Russian government to send over men who spoke Russian and not English. Sometimes the questioners stopped the witness in the middle of his Russian speeches. It seemed too long. Are there no words for "yes" and "no" in Russian?

An example of Fish's cross-examining technique and the pertinence of his inquiries was his questioning of Mr. Bogdanov concerning political prisoners in Siberia at the present time. He asked how many there were. "I don't know," said Bogdanov. "Well, are there more than there were under the Czar?" persisted Fish. "I don't know."

"How many political prisoners were there in Siberia under the Czar?" "I don't know." "Weren't you a prisoner under the Czar?" a little belligerently. "Yes, I was."

"What! You were a prisoner under the Czar and you don't know how many political prisoners there were in Siberia?" Bogdanov catches the outraged expression as he listens to the translations. His face beams as he replies in Russian. Ohsol, his interpreter, chuckles and translates: "He says that the Czar didn't send him to Siberia to count the number of prisoners."

But Fish is indefatigable; he is out to get the truth. He repeats the question. "You mean to tell this committee that you were a prisoner under the Czar and don't know how many prisoners there were?" Bogdanov answers: "I was an expert at sitting in prison, not on prison statistics." And so they played medicine ball with a man who is in charge of trade worth about $100,000,000 a year to the United States.

The questioning goes on. "Who is Comrade Liza?" and "Do you know the employees of your company?" "I know some of them." There follows a scolding by Fish because Mr. Bogdanov does not know more of them, because he does not know how many photostat rooms there are at the Amtorg. What kind of a president of Amtorg is he anyway, not to know anything? Does he know the average wage of a coal miner in Russia? No, he doesn't. "Well," says Fish, "that's your field. You ought to know that." Does he know the average wage of a textile worker in Russia? He doesn't know that either. "You ought to know that," Fish hammers home, "that's economics, that's your field."

"Do the Communists believe in the overthrow of capitalist governments?" asks Fish. "I'm not an expert on political questions," pleads Bogdanov. He explains that anything he would offer would be mere hearsay. Fish insists. "I think," says Bogdanov, "that I read something to that effect in Bukharin, but I'm not sure." There is another question about Comrade Liza. Bogdanov, wishing to be helpful, says, "Maybe you could give me the lady's family name?"

When he is questioned concerning some detail in the production of the documents he says simply, "I don't know because I did not make them."

Representative Nelson of Maine takes a hand. "Do you think it's a good thing for this country to have you dump 100,000 tons of coal here every year?" he asked. "Yes," answered Bogdanov, "we offer you a very fine quality of coal that you have not got here. We do not undersell you. We simply sell a finer grade of coal that is of great advantage to you in your industries." "Well," said Nelson, rising to go to lunch, "that's a fine advertisement for your coal."

The most competent witness before the committee, from a heroic-dramatic standpoint, was Spivak, reporter for the evening *Graphic*. He kept jumping over the traps set for him by the preliminary questions of the committee. In particular, they were after him about a reference to Secretary Stimson which appeared in the *Graphic*. He admitted the statement was inaccurate, but he said that it was not his, that he had telephoned the story in and the rewrite man had embellished it a bit.

"I should like to read my statement concerning the Whalen documents, proving them to be forgeries," said Spivak. "I don't want to hear it," thundered Nelson. He was mad as hops. But, after all, he had to explain. "A man of your intelligence oughtn't to have to read his statement. Tell us about it." "May I use my written statement as notes?" "Yes."

He proceeded. He told how he and his editor did not wish to spring their story on Whalen without letting him in on it, because they did not wish to "make a fool of Mr. Whalen" in Washington. "Why didn't you wish to make a fool of Mr. Whalen?" Fish wanted to know. "Not I," replied Spivak, "it was my editor who didn't."

He and his editor tried to see Whalen; they stayed up all night outside his hotel. "But he wouldn't see us," said Spivak. Finally, word came down that they should wait for him; he would see them at about six. But Mr. Whalen didn't show up. Spivak, according to his own story, saw Whalen going off to the station in a taxi. There was nothing left to do, presumably, but to make a fool of Whalen.

Perhaps we had better pass over the tedious metaphysical discussions between Duns Scotus Fish and Peter Bogdanov on the definition of "control of government" and the relationship between the Communist Party and the Soviet state. We will give only one excerpt.

"Perhaps if you would tell me what you mean by 'control', I could explain better," said Bogdanov after being hounded about the Communist Party and the Soviet state. "Control!" bawled Fish, "I mean control. Control of the government!"

It took about an hour to swear Bogdanov in because he wished to "affirm" that he would tell the truth. It took less time on the last day to swear in a young Negro, probably because it was almost six and everybody wanted to go home.

"You must give a reason why you wish to affirm and not swear," said the Grand Inquisitor.

"Because," came the answer, "there's no sense in swearing to a God who doesn't exist."

The Representative from Mississippi, who had not peeped during the whole investigation, looked electrified. But Fish was master of the situation, as always. That was no reason, he said. The committee couldn't regard that as a reason, could it? No, it couldn't.

It was late, so they helped him out. "You mean you have conscientious scruples?" "Yes." Now, *there* was a reason.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I'll tell the truth, and nothing but the truth," said the young Negro. "As to the whole truth, that depends upon whether the committee cares to hear it."

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter occasionally comes to visit his friends of the *Nation* staff in their offices on Vesey Street he never fails to pause for a moment in St. Paul's churchyard, upon which the editorial offices front. It is not only that here stands a noble church in which Washington worshiped when he was President and was residing in the then fashionable Wall Street section. It is not merely that here is an oasis in a wilderness of skyscrapers reaching ever nearer to the stars. Nor does the Drifter yield to the conventional thought that paths of financial glory also lead but to the grave. What fascinates him is the historical aspect of it all—that here is a precious bit of New York which still is about as Washington once saw it, about as it was when they brought the ill-fated but gallant General Montgomery's body back from Quebec and placed the memorial to him on the front of the church, past which pace daily at least twice one hundred thousand feet.

* * * * *

THERE is one grave before which the Drifter always stops. The inscription reads thus:

> Here Lyes the Body of
> James Davis Late Smith to
> the Royal Artillery Who
> Departed this Life 17th Day of
> December 1769 Aged 39 yrs.
>
> Behold And See As you Pass By
> As You Are Now So Once Was I

Here is a direct link with the days when New York was still a colony; when the red coats, of whom James Davis was one, still paraded the streets in all their carmine glory—even wearing their heavy woolen regimentals with the thermometer at just such heights as it has been standing at of late. The Drifter knows of nothing else in the metropolis that so recalls the days before the upstart George Washington had begun to undermine his King and forget his loyalty to the Crown. But the Drifter trembles every time he reads the headstone of James Davis who was once even as he, for it shows more and more the ravages of time. Many other sandstone headstones in this churchyard are falling apart—a portion of the inscription of that next to the smith of the Royal Artillery has split off. Others are illegible. Why does not the rich Trinity Corporation which only last summer spent many thousands of dollars in restoring exquisitely and authentically the church itself cover these historic monuments by panes of glass? Trinity has its millions; the cost would not exceed one or two hundred dollars. Yet the corporation remains cold and indifferent. Plainly it feels no responsibility for the upkeep of any of the graves. That is for the families of the dead. And when there is no longer a family? Why, then there is nothing to be done. The Drifter is sure that if the money is the stumbling-block it would be forthcoming at once in public gifts; the difficulty lies elsewhere. Perhaps these lines may help to preserve the stone of the red-coated smith. The Drifter's colleagues hope so. Meanwhile it is their jest that as they look and write they see beyond the grave. Sometimes they do—or so thinks

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Judge Manton's Decision

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial Aliens and Citizenship in the issue of July 16 was a great relief because it criticized Judge Manton's illiberal distinction between objectors to war on religious and on purely humane, conscientious grounds. Your analysis of the similarity of the Schwimmer, Macintosh, and Bland cases is the more gratifying because a statement of the Civil Liberties Union on these cases acclaimed Judge Manton's decision.

It seems impossible to hail as liberal a court which grants citizenship to religious objectors to war and at the same time approves of the denial of citizenship to Mme Schwimmer because her objection to bearing arms was not supported by any religious belief. Judge Manton's decision is decidedly illiberal and against the best American standards and ideals, which are based on the broadest tolerance in the matter of religious beliefs or unbeliefs.

New York, July 20 Elizabeth Black

The Philadelphia *Record*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A propos of Oswald Garrison Villard's recognition, in his articles on the American press, of the unique service the Philadelphia *Record* is rendering to liberal causes in the Quaker City, a recent instance seems to me noteworthy. Social experiments in the industrial field have difficulty in making the front page in competition with racier experiments and the lure of sensational crimes. But on July 12 the *Record* gave front-page double-column space to a news story from Indianapolis with the headlines: Hapgood Workers Given Stock Control of Rich but Bossless Factory; Employees Receive 51 Per Cent of Concern's Holdings with Right to Run Things; Wages Based on Actual Needs. Then in 350 words followed the story of Norman Hapgood, who with his two brothers, William P. and Hutchins, inherited the Columbia Conserve Company in 1917. The company made a contract with its 150 employees as a group by which, out of accumulated profits, stock of the company was bought and given outright to them. Eventually, says the story, they will own all the stock. They have a weekly council at which business plans are adopted. A married worker receives 50 per cent more wages than one single and $2 a week for each child up to three children. There are no bosses, but leaders instead. They now have the power to discharge the president, William P. Hapgood, whose son Powers is not unknown in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts for his insistence upon the rights of the individual.

In recognizing that this was first-page news the *Record* stamped itself a truly liberal paper, cognizant of the vital economic problems with which our day must grapple. Though not in accord with all its policies, I feel it merits the attention of all forward-looking Pennsylvanians, especially since the *Record*, independent and wet, has espoused from the first the cause of Gifford Pinchot, Republican and dry, against the extraordinary attempt of the Philadelphia machine to steal from him the Republican nomination for Governor on the mere technicality that perforation of ballots ordered by the court of Luzerne County to prevent fraud are a mutilation of the ballot.

Philadelphia, July 16 Charles T. Sempers

Sacco-Vanzetti Memorials In New York

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Sacco-Vanzetti National League will hold a memorial meeting on Friday evening, August 22, at 8:30, at the Town Hall, 123 West Forty-third Street.

Heywood Broun, W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of the *Crisis*, and Henry T. Hunt, former mayor of Cincinnati and chairman of the National Mooney-Billings Committee, will speak. A film of the funeral procession will be shown for the first time. Robert Morss Lovett, chairman of the Sacco-Vanzetti National League, will preside.

This is an open meeting and all those who wish to honor and to keep alive the memory of "the good shoemaker and the poor fish-peddler" are invited to attend.

New York, August 9 Margaret Steer Huntley

In Boston

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On Friday, August 22, at 8:30 p.m. there will be a Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting at the Old South Meeting House, Boston. The speakers will be Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Leonard Abbott, of the staff of the "Encyclopedia of Social Sciences," Alice Stone Blackwell, of Boston, to whom Vanzetti wrote many of his most thoughtful letters while in prison, Paul U. Kellogg, editor of the *Survey*, chairman, and Gardner Jackson of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

Lewis Mumford and others who see in the tragedy of Sacco and Vanzetti a symbol of high potential value in our thinking and actions in the search for justice have expressed the hope that they also will be able to be present to participate.

The meeting, which will be held within the walls of a building made sacred by the events that took place in it during the American Revolution, has an added significance this year because it comes in the midst of the tercentenary celebration of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. We invite all persons interested in the course of American justice to attend.

The Memorial Committee arranging the meeting consists of Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, Catharine S. Huntington, Creighton J. Hill, Reuben L. Lurie, Aldino Felicani, and myself.

Boston, August 7 Gardner Jackson

Contributors to This Issue

William Zukerman is a London journalist and manager of the European bureau of a New York Jewish daily.

Emanuel Blum has taught in various modern schools. At present he is a teacher at the Walden School, New York City.

Genevieve Taggard is the author of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson."

Douglas Haskell is associate editor of the *Architectural Record*.

Books and Films

No More This Home

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Weep, weep, and fasten the gate.
The moon is a laggard,—the straight
Lines from the stars, the star-threads
Streak the elms, the bowed leaf-heads.

I wait, and my love, he is late,
Broken apart with some grief,
Walking the mold of the leaf,
Treading as the stricken treads.

No more this home . . . nor these doors
To open, to startle, to shut,
Announcing our anger—to cut
The air back and forth like our wills.

Seal the door-sills.

Below the Babbittry

Youth Dares All. Anonymous. The Macaulay Company. $2.

THE anonymous author of "Youth Dares All" has produced the most brilliantly humorous picaresque novel of American life that has come this way in a long time. Its hero, Eddie Law, is at once a living character, finely realized, and a walking embodiment of a huge slice of our national *mores*. Just as Babbitt is a caricature of the middle-class American, so Eddie Law is a broader caricature of the lower-class American (if such a being may be admitted to exist in this great democracy). Objectively considered, this Eddie Law is a small-town loafer, a sharper, a lecher, a coward, and a cad; but this is (ostensibly) an autobiographical narrative; Eddie Law tells it himself, with his own grandiloquent illiteracy, and to himself he is always the glamorous adventurer, honest, ambitious, industrious, and pure, and his career a romantic saga.

The reader, then, finds himself really following two stories—the first, that of Eddie Law as seen by himself, and the second, that of Eddie Law as he really is. Eddie sings the melody while the (by no means harmonizing) accompaniment is easily heard between the lines. Thus, the two notes—the subjective treble and the simultaneous objective bass—are struck most distinctly and obviously on the first page:

> Not that I was a rogue or anything like that; say—nothing of the kind; I want to spike that rumor here and now; but a fellow like me, always drifting from job to job, is bound to run into mischief sometimes; generally just for the fun of it, as, for instance, only recently, when I was accused of joy-riding in a car intrusted to my care, which I stoutly denied while the other party insisted on it; which merely came down to a matter of opinion before the law.

Or, a little later:

> Then I left him, and I guess he's rotting in jail now if he isn't dead (for Evil never pays). But I managed, before departing, to catch his horse, and I sold it in the village for five dollars.

Here the anonymous author lays his strokes on pretty broadly, but this obviousness at the beginning makes it possible for him to convey his double story with increasing subtlety once the reader knows his Eddie Law. We come in time to guess rather shrewdly when Eddie is merely distorting and when he is resorting to downright fabrication. The narrative is admirably managed and absorbing; it is full of delicious episodes and characters—the bootlegger Bunny Holden, and that travesty on the "unprohibited" woman, Mary Hatteras. But perhaps the major part of the humor springs from the constant contrast between each incident as it appears to Eddie and the reader's perception of what it must really have been. Eddie sees every situation through a thick sentimental haze of self-justification, moral platitudes, stereotyped phrases, advertising cant, and scraps of movie subtitles. His bullet-proof vanity finally turns him into an intolerable hypocrite and prig. And I have a suspicion that he is far more typical of the American hobo (though he never once thinks of himself as one) than the knowingly hard-boiled or radical Jim Tullys and Harry Kemps.

We first meet him when he stays one night at the village of Gardiner, and falls in love with the boarding-house keeper's daughter, Elsie Hubbard. He decides that she shall be his "guiding star," so he asks her to wait two years for him to make his mark and return to marry her. He drifts from town to town, job to job, mines, farms, lumber camps, Alaska (maybe), New York, in despair of getting anything suitable to his "character." For, as he reminds the reader constantly, "I couldn't afford to lose weight in manual labor—not while I had brains." He is often reduced, however, to this degradation, as when he works for the Dutch farmer Hammerschlager, seduces his daughter, and is sent to jail, "an everlasting blot on the scales of Blind Justice." But his most glamorous adventures come when he gets into the employ of the gentleman-farmer John Sumner, and becomes the pal of Bunny Holden, "who had sufficient pull and grit to get on in this world without a stroke of work . . . all of which I admired with the deepest respect: he had succeeded, where so many, so many failed." It is in Sumner's library, too, that he is inspired by coming upon the autobiography of Harry Bok, a man who "had been a great comedian in his day and had come to be an important man of affairs in the Republic." This remarkable book made "even the straight roads seem glamorous." Eddie occasionally sins after that, it is true, but after each sin he learns again that "vice never pays, which one can't learn too often."

Finally, after seven years, he achieves a sort of success selling swamp lands, and he is ready to come back (though the reader is unable to see why he couldn't have done so a dozen times before) to his "guiding star," Elsie of Gardiner. Elsie is still waiting for him at her home, and after a few days of making love to her in the woods and fields he is ready to marry her. But to clear her conscience she confesses to her Eddie that she has sinned once or twice in those seven years of waiting; later she confides to him that she will soon be bearing his child:

> Then, suddenly, a light broke on me, and I saw everything clearly: I thought I no longer had a right to trespass on the hospitality of these good people unless I intended to marry the lovely girl who was bearing my child. . . .
>
> Early in the fresh dawn, like the Arab, I stole secretly downstairs and opened the back door—and went outside. And behind me I left nobody surprised, nobody disturbed, nobody pained! *nobody even awakened!* I alone bore the brunt of it all, as I hurried toward the road out of town, instinctively taking to the road again.

HENRY HAZLITT

A Great American

Eugene V. Debs. By McAlister Coleman. Greenberg. $3.50.
That Man Debs and His Life Work. By Floy Ruth Painter, Ph.D. Bloomington: Indiana University. $2.19.

"A MAN unafraid"—it is thus that McAlister Coleman truly represents Eugene V. Debs in this interesting book. It is no "impartial" study, no cool, documented, scientific biography; rather, a sympathetic, enthusiastic account of a great American whose extraordinary courage was the outgrowth of an unfailing humanness. I saw him only once, in Washington early on Christmas morning of 1921, the day after the prison gates of Atlanta had swung open to release him. Characteristically enough, his very first movement was to pat the head of the eleven-year-old boy at my side, in a gesture that brought tears to one's eyes and conveyed to one's heart a swift impression of another who blessed little children. He turned to Mary La Follette with a message of gratitude to the father who had kept faith during the war, and whose task during that time, he said simply, was so much harder than his own because Senator La Follette had to bear amid a storm of obloquy the heavy responsibilities of public office, while he himself had only to stay quietly in jail. By that time the newspapermen were arriving, and his whole attention turned to explaining to them how it happened that the boys got shut up in Atlanta, and what must be done if Atlanta was to help make them better, not worse, men.

It is just this utterly human Debs that McAlister Coleman has pictured in his book, a Debs whose heart was big enough to embrace all men everywhere, a Debs who hated sham and greed and cruelty of every kind, a Debs whose generosity and sympathy for the under-dog were matched only by his courage in fighting every human oppressor. In Mr. Coleman's book we get a vivid picture of the unusual, freethinking Middle Western home into which Debs was born on November 5, 1855; of the boy's early experiences in the Vandalia paintshop at Terre Haute, and in the cab of the freight engine running down to Indianapolis; of his work as a grocery clerk and, for a brief time, as a member of the State legislature; of his early activities in organizing the firemen, his rapid rise in their organization, and his characteristic resignation when he found himself opposed to their conservative policies. There is a swift-moving story of the historic Great Northern strike in which Debs, by sheer power of personality and organizing ability, actually whipped the redoubtable Jim Hill. There is an understanding account of this remarkable agitator's part in the great Chicago railroad strike of 1894, the "Debs rebellion" that made such notable labor history and landed its leader in Woodstock jail. We know today how well justified was the revolt in which Debs was obliged to play the leading role, we know how dangerous is the injunction power that he so calmly defied, we know how completely Governor Altgeld was right and President Cleveland was wrong—but the strike was broken.

When Judge Grosscup sent Eugene Debs to Woodstock jail he finished the process of making him a Socialist, for he gave him time to read and think. The latter half of Mr. Coleman's book is taken up with the record of Debs's life and work as a Socialist, in the course of which he carried on four active campaigns as Presidential candidate, in addition to the spectacular race of 1920 from behind the bars in Atlanta. His work is well known by students of radical movements in this country, and Mr. Coleman has told the story with spirit and appreciation. Debs's calm, unterrified opposition to the war and his cheerful acceptance of the penalty of such opposition will forever remain as one of the great features of American participation in that struggle. His was a spirit too noble to be overwhelmed by hatred, too penetrating to be deceived by lies. He was an "agitator" with a great heart—and McAlister Coleman has told his story with unfailing sympathy and appreciation.

Dr. Painter's book is unusually awful, even for a doctor's thesis. It contains a good deal of information about Debs and a bibliography.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

The Rise of Carl Schurz

The Americanization of Carl Schurz. By Chester Verne Easum. University of Chicago Press. $3.50.

MR. EASUM has done a thoughtful and careful study of the career of Carl Schurz from the time of his arrival in the United States until his commissioning as a major general. He has thrown considerable light on the phenomenal rise in Wisconsin of the German-born American who scaled greater heights in our political and military life than any other foreign-born citizen save Alexander Hamilton. Prefacing his study with a concise sketch of Schurz's career in Germany as a student and revolutionist, Mr. Easum has devoted most of his attention to the Carl Schurz of Watertown, Wisconsin, and the amazing speed with which he became a State and national figure—a speed so great that he was nearly elected State Senator more than a year before he could become a naturalized citizen and was barely defeated for the lieutenant-governorship a year later, just before he received his final naturalization papers. Mr. Easum has made free use of the rich Schurz manuscript collections in the Library of Congress and the Wisconsin Historical Society, which have, however, by no means been exhausted. Indeed, Schurz's expressed wish, that his personal family letters be not quoted extensively, is still holding off students from publishing a treasure trove of extraordinarily rich and interesting material—a ban that ought to be lifted now that the General's immediate family is, tragically enough, entirely extinct.

On one point of great interest to the student of the life of Schurz Mr. Easum has unfortunately not been able to find any authentic information, and that is how Schurz lived during the first five years of his stay in this country. He had no means when he arrived here and no knowledge of English. It was some years before he became available as a lecturer. Yet though he had only been a poorly paid teacher of languages in England during his brief stay in that country, he was able to marry and to leave. He brought his wife over to America with him, spent at least three years in traveling around the country and studying it, bought a farm, moved his father and mother and sisters here, and made several trips to Europe. It is true that his wife belonged to a family of considerable means. It is also possible that he came here as a paid agent of the German revolutionary group which had various impossible aims in America, such as the founding of an entirely German state, the influencing of the United States government to act in some way against the German despotism of that day, and similarly fantastic schemes. Schurz was himself interested in the formation of a secret society (without, however, the usual regalia and absurdities of such an organization) for the purpose of influencing the politicians of Washington, whom he speedily came to know and size up with extraordinary accuracy. Still there is no adequate explanation of where his means came from during the first five years of his life here.

It is altogether an amazing story—the rapidity of the transformation of Schurz, the German revolutionary who did not know exactly what he wanted or whither he was aiming when he arrived here, into one of the most loyal of Americans.

Yet the title of the book is distinctly misleading in a sense. It does not seem to me that the melting-pot deserves credit for the rise of Schurz. He was naturally intended to be an American, and his talents, character, and cast of mind were such that he really needed little or no Americanization, as we generally use that term. Very few men rise to distinction so easily and quickly. Still fewer achieve fame when they are transferred to foreign soil at the age of twenty-three. Less than nine years later Schurz was the minister plenipotentiary of the United States at Madrid, and ten years from the date of his arrival he was a successful brigadier general of volunteers in the Army of the Potomac. The truth is that he was so endowed by nature that he must have risen to distinction wherever fate might have placed him. It was Lincoln who on hearing him in Springfield, Illinois, where he made first a German speech and immediately thereafter an English one, exclaimed: "You're an awful fellow and I understand your power now." That power made him a great national force and a great American.

The later period of Schurz's life has been pretty well covered; his reminiscences remain still the best source for any study of his career. But Mr. Easum has brought out a good many details of Schurz's work in Watertown, Wisconsin, which are not so well known. It is interesting to note, for instance, how he began at the bottom politically, serving as commissioner of public improvements, notary public—a position of considerably more importance then than now—a member of the common council, alderman, and supervisor. Mr. Easum has also made a most useful study of the relations of the Forty-eighters to the other German immigrants. There was considerable friction between the two groups. The men of the elder immigration often bitterly resented the arrival of the intellectuals, especially as many, like Schurz, became radical on the slavery issue and went into the newfangled Republican Party. All in all this is a useful and well-worth-while study, especially as Mr. Easum has judged Schurz both judicially and critically.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Mr. Dobrée's Criticism

The Lamp and the Lute. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford University Press. $2.

BY interest and method Mr. Dobrée belongs to that group of metaphysical critics of which Herbert Read and T. S. Eliot are the most prominent members, but here the association ends. Mr. Dobrée, while endeavoring to denote and consider a writer's theory of life—a purely metaphysical endeavor—refuses to be caught in the marsh of philosophical systems and religio-political dogmas; refuses, in fact, to become a philosopher.

> Because [he writes] a sick man desires health, and sees the necessity for it, it does not follow that he can attain it. Many, myself included, are in the position of the sick man (though not too unhappy about it, and by no means bedridden), and, moreover, are not prepared to pay the price our cure would require.

Applied to literature this statement, so far as "The Lamp and the Lute" is concerned, causes criticism to cease with analysis, to stop before evaluation. The attempt to divorce this method from its background and to use it as an instrument only makes Mr. Dobrée's very indefinite results doubly disappointing.

The essay on Ibsen is the finest study in the book, and ably shows that literary criticism may be written without turning the critic into either a metaphysicist or an impressionist. It is highly discerning, and in its inspection of Ibsen's intuitions and realism it is original. Unfortunately, this originality gradually disappears in the following five essays, until the comments on D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot are nothing but restatements of opinions already familiar to any general reader. The retreat of Mr. Dobrée's originality helps, of course, to stress the contention of both Mr. Read and Mr. Eliot that responsible criticism depends on preestablished values. On the other hand, Mr. Dobrée's success with Ibsen would seem to refute this argument, and to demonstrate that where a critic has some new distinction to offer, estimates or classifications are not necessary.

The chief reason to lament Mr. Dobrée's failure is his lost opportunity to deal convincingly with present-day writers. The metaphysical critics have so conspicuously refused to attend to their contemporaries that to have one of their associates try and fail only adds to the distance between them and what many believe to be the truly representative currents of thought of the time.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The New Architecture

Modern Architecture. By Henry-Russell Hitchcock, Jr. Brewer and Warren. $5.

WHAT century ever produced a worse average of architecture than the nineteenth? And what century could possibly be of greater interest to us in the twentieth? Mr. Hitchcock's book is the first in English to give account, and satisfactory account, of the great romantic confusion which reduced architecture to "the least of the visual arts," and then of the steady upward climb which today brings it "nearer to being the most important."

The story begins with the "ruins" and "fabricks" of the romantics, their literary revivals of the antique, and their almost total loss of craftsmanship and structural engineering (which, after all, had yielded no great innovations for two centuries). It continues through the beginnings of a new rationality (awkwardly termed the "new tradition"), the age of the American Richardson, the Dutch Cuijpers, the Austrian Wagner, when the confusion of antique and remote tongues was smelted together again into something like an architectural language, the various borrowed features being freely applied side by side in modified form, with orderly and craftsman-like effects, on a rational plan. At this period architecture and engineering ran once more hand in hand. The book ends on the "new pioneers" (again an absurd term), with the reintegration strict and fully organized, with engineering (that is, building) and architecture *one,* a new beginning, the forms deriving from more complicated functions and from the suggestions thrown out by steamers, airplanes, and—also important—the experiments of modern abstract painting.

This is a very rough summary of a far more intricate book. In confining himself strictly to architecture as a "visual art," Mr. Hitchcock performs a needed service for the newest men, in whose psychology, indeed, he himself is soaked. They are not engaged, as is too often charged, in reducing an art to the level of "utilitarian" machinery, but rather of glorifying the "technical" idea, of raising technology, if you please, to an art. The psychological problems involved in designing a "machine for living in" are new, complex, and exciting; and since he is in sympathy Mr. Hitchcock analyzes them acutely.

Nevertheless, the machine "aesthetic" is based on a more-than-visual machine fact. How did the building itself become so nearly mechanical as to crystallize that way? We need a supplementary history which does not take so for granted the sudden, almost overwhelming growth (beginning concurrently with romanticism, about 1750) of engineering, industrialism, and even democracy. Then we might come to different con-

clusions as to the prospect that the present manner may last a century. It might seem rather to be the aesthetic equivalent of mechanistic physics and philosophy, occurring belatedly owing to the drag between different sciences and arts which Whitehead has pointed out. But even the atom is now considered less a mechanism than the thing a machine is always striving to become—an organism. And in architecture the "organic" ideal has already been finely laid down, in theory and practice, by the American Frank Lloyd Wright, who seems to cause Mr. Hitchcock excessive annoyance and difficulty because he does not fit the "new-tradition" box in which he has been placed. I venture the suggestion that Europe still has much to learn here, and that meanwhile we need not be too hasty about knuckling down.

However, these are things the reader may prefer to decide for himself. The book will give or lead to all the materials. It is encyclopedic, often acute, thorough. It is our first noteworthy volume on contemporary architecture since Mr. Mumford's "Sticks and Stones." The reader will be greatly helped if he will take the author's advice and study the text in conjunction with the proper Propyläen Verlag volumes with their fine collection of plates. DOUGLAS HASKELL

Books in Brief

American Girl. By John R. Tunis. Brewer and Warren. $2.

A vigorous novelistic exposé by a well-known feature sports writer of the shameful professionalism current in amateur tennis circles. "American Girl" is the serio-comic story of Florence Farley, who, beginning as a child prodigy with a "natural stroke," develops into the greatest woman tennis player the world has ever seen—but sacrifices both love and honesty to retain her dubiously triumphant title of world champion. In her climb to fame and glory the redoubtable Florence learns the financial significance of ghost-written articles, cosmetic indorsements, movie contracts, prepaid hotel bills, spurious interviews, and a baccalaureate degree granted in absentia without the irritation of final examinations; in fact, all of the political chicanery that is rapidly making tennis one of America's leading industries. Mr. Tunis describes the inner workings of our tennis tournaments in a series of excellent satiric pictures.

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham. By H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.

Graced with few of the qualities of the unforgettable Mr. Polly save a sense of continuous bewilderment, Mr. Parham is not content with being "tolerant, broad-minded, and deliberately quite modern." He is also a stubbornly reactionary Anglophile determined to maintain the staid historical forms against the subversive inroads of skepticism, nihilism, and the incoherent enterprise of contemporary society. His most weighty remarks are generally addressed to the mirror. But when he attends a metapsychical seance and becomes imbued with the Master Spirit, the usually meek Mr. Parham begins to put some of his ideas into action, with ruinous results. He plunges humanity into a second world war, he rearranges destiny, he advocates rationality as a universal specific, and he makes valiant efforts to eradicate the malignant innovations of this age of unrest. The book is a feebly farcical political satire. Even the expected Wellsian doses of pleasant erudition, incisive portraiture, occasional brilliancies, and ironic analyses do not rescue it from the shoals of dulness. Protracted, jerky, and premeditatedly clever, "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" exhumes a cruelly mangled Mr. Polly only to bury him again with indecent haste.

The Metropolis of Tomorrow. By Hugh Ferriss. Ives Washburn. $7.50.

Hugh Ferriss can draw skyscrapers like mountains. He has compiled a book of them called "The Metropolis of Tomorrow." While he has at least learned that between mountains there must be plains, his procedure of pictures first is wrong end to; and the buttery text always becomes vague and evasive at the precise point where the author might be held responsible. The tall building remains a first-rate American invention; for studies of its proper use we need not always go abroad to such as Le Corbusier; but at home instead of Hugh Ferriss one might consult Henry Wright. See for example his exact, humane, and infinitely more imaginative article in the March *Architectural Record* on The Place of the Apartment in the Modern Community.

Decorative Art, 1930. Edited by C. Geoffrey Holme and S. B. Wainwright. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.

The yearbook of the *Studio* is still the finest compilation of contemporary applied art. Its volumes are invaluable to the historian. The material is catholic and extensive. The only defect is an introduction in the current volume by Le Corbusier, which is tiresome. He prescribes his pillar system, flat roofs, etc., as nostrums; and in current European building they are becoming silly clichés. Five years ago he seemed to promise to be a great leader; now——.

The Makers of the Unwritten Constitution. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Professor Munro's book comprises four lectures delivered at Lafayette College last year on the Fred Morgan Kirby Foundation, and a thirty-two-page introduction sketching the growth of the unwritten development of the Constitution. The lectures treat the work of Alexander Hamilton in establishing the economic supremacy of the federal government, of John Marshall in cementing the achievement of nationalism, of Andrew Jackson in democratizing the Constitution, and of Woodrow Wilson in accentuating Presidential leadership. One does not look for novelty or profundity in lectures prepared for popular audiences, but what Professor Munro has to say is, as always, sound, balanced, and well put. The characterization of Wilson as one who "gave new significance to executive leadership, virtually dictated the laws of the land, became the idol of oppressed nationalities everywhere, and showed the world that the President of the United States is 'at liberty to be as big a man as he can'" is not necessarily, of course, unstinted praise.

Fourteen Years of European Investments, 1914-1928. By S. Stern. The Bankers' Publishing Company. $5.

Under the form of an inquiry into the probable fortunes of a hypothetical American who in January, 1914, had invested $25,000 in selected stocks and bonds of thirteen important European countries and an equal total amount in Canadian and United States securities, and who had left the investment untouched irrespective of events until April, 1928, the vice-president of the former Equitable Trust Company of New York has here brought together a vast amount of statistical and other data regarding American foreign trade and the part which American capital plays or may play in the development of foreign countries and in international finance generally. The detailed results of the inquiry will, of course, appeal chiefly to the specialist, but what Mr. Stern has to say about the relation of American foreign loans to foreign debt payments to the United States, the desirability of a reserve in the form of American investments abroad to facilitate the settlement of our own foreign accounts and protect the gold reserve, and the necessity of foreign borrowing to pay debts if merchandise exports cannot be increased has value for the layman as well as for the financier.

Films

Ingredients

EXCITING physical action, suspense and surprise in the plot, and characters that look "different"—these ingredients of a good Hollywood movie are most efficient when they are served together in a well-balanced mixture. Thus the three films under review, "The Dawn Patrol" (Winter Garden), "Manslaughter" (Rivoli), and "Grumpy" (Paramount), would probably be vastly more entertaining if the qualities they severally represent were joined in a single picture. As they are, they provide excellent illustration of the inadequacy of one-sided growth.

"The Dawn Patrol," for instance, is based mainly on the physical thrill of aerial warfare. Although following in the trail of several other pictures, it succeeds in contriving a number of scenes of aerial bombardment and fighting that are undeniably exciting. But it must have been clear to the producers that this was not enough, for a considerable part of the picture is used in building up a situation that is supposed to invest the fighting episodes with dramatic significance. We are introduced to the life of a group of flying officers on a section of the British front where the daily flying operations were inevitably accompanied by the loss of a few men. Resentment against this seemingly deliberate slaughter would flare up now and again, and bitter words would be exchanged between those issuing the orders and those obliged to carry them out. But the war went on, and so did the daily sacrifice of the fliers.

One notices the similarity of the theme to that of "Journey's End," as well as a few resemblances in the minor episodes in the two pictures. The similarity in itself need not be counted as a sin in "The Dawn Patrol"—although the Cockney orderly is becoming something of a bore. A far more important defect is that the film never succeeds in shaping its plot—the little that it has—into anything psychologically convincing. The conflicts among the officers seem to be forced and deliberate; nor is the lack of motivation compensated for by any arresting character portraiture. On the contrary, most of the characters are utterly colorless, as is also the acting, with the notable exception of the minor part of Phipps, which is played by Edmund Breon with great subtlety.

In "Manslaughter" there is little physical action; nor is any attempt made in it to suggest a more profound reading of character than is to be found in the archness of a society girl or the zeal for rectitude of an honest lawyer. On the other hand, although its "dramatic struggle of beauty and wealth against the law" is no more exciting than it reads, it is handled by Mr. George Abbott, who directed the picture, with such suave deftness that one almost accepts the story at its face value. At all events, it has a visual swing about it that makes watching it a pleasure for the eye. The attempt to superimpose sounds and to externalize the auditory sensations of the heroine deserves notice, although, as in "Blackmail," it fails of effect owing to the abrupt change of the style.

Characterization as practically the sole ingredient of the film to the exclusion of physical movement and any serious plot is exemplified by "Grumpy," in which Mr. Cyril Maude recreates for the screen his famous portrait of a freakish old gentleman turned Sherlock Holmes. In spite of its pronounced theatrical quality this is a delightful and highly entertaining performance. But apart from Mr. Maude the picture is rather poor. The developments of its very slight plot are treated with a heavy hand, and the supporting cast is mediocre. But Mr. Maude is real good fun. ALEXANDER BAKSHY

□ SHOPPERS' CORNER □

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 211
EDITORIALS:
The "New Tammany" Again 214
Is It Another War? 215
Tom Thumb Golf 215
The Poor Old Theater 216
COMMUNISM IN CHINA. By Maxwell S. Stewart 217
ORCHARD. By Glenn Ward Dresbach 218
THE PACKERS' PLEA. By Robert V. Begley 219
HOMICIDE ON WHEELS. By Carl Dreher 221
THE PROFITS OF WAR. By Forrest Revere Black 222
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 223
CORRESPONDENCE 224
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 224
BOOKS:
Now Must the Mind Write. By Eda Lou Walton 225
The Classical Canons. By Henry Hazlitt 225
Bloodless Biography. By Eugene Löhrke 226
Mr. Masters on a Spree. By Horace Gregory 226
The New Criminology. By William Seagle 227
Histories of the Jews. By Isidor Schneider 228
Books in Brief 228

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DROUGHT RELIEF goes on apace, as far at least as organization is concerned. The governors who met in conference with Mr. Hoover have approved an elaborate scheme of State and county committees, with a federal committee to coordinate the work of the government and the States. The Red Cross, in addition to being represented on all of these committees, is to have a committee of its own in every county where its help is needed, and $5,000,000 has been allotted as its preliminary contribution to relief. The railways have been authorized to reduce their rates on food, feed, and live stock, although it does not appear that the government intends to reimburse them for what is virtually an enforced contribution. Further to relieve the unemployment or loss of income due to failure of crops, federal road funds to the amount of $121,875,000 have been apportioned to the States in advance of corresponding appropriations required by law from the States themselves. Mr. Hoover has also announced his intention to get after the food profiteers. Now that rains have fallen in the drought areas, it appears that the extent of the disaster may have been somewhat exaggerated, but the need of relief is still great.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE during July fell to the lowest point in nearly ten years. Exports amounted to only $269,000,000, and imports to $219,000,000, a decline in each case of about 30 per cent from 1929. There was an outflow of $42,500,000 in gold during the month, against an inflow of nearly $35,000,000 in July of last year. The seven months ending with July, however, have seen an increase of nearly $202,000,000 in our gold stock. The finance specialist of the Commerce Department ascribes the present large gold exports to increased American lending abroad. The steadily shrinking totals of foreign trade reflect the world-wide business depression, and are not limited to the United States. In part they are due to the decline of prices, but in part to a fall in the actual volume of goods handled. It is accordingly unfair to attribute the lessening of our trade chiefly to the new tariff, as some of its partisan critics have done; but nothing could illustrate more clearly than these figures the folly of hobbling trade further at a time when everything possible should be done to stimulate business.

SENATOR NORRIS won handsomely in the Nebraska Republican primary, despite the fierce opposition of the power interests and the supporters of President Hoover. He will be opposed in November by the fairly conservative and regular ex-Senator Hitchcock, and the campaign is likely to see much breaking of party lines. There is every reason to expect, however, that when the Muscle Shoals spoilers again rush to the attack in December, not only will they find Horatius Norris standing as usual at the bridge, but they will find him under orders from the people of Nebraska to stand there six years more, if necessary. The Kansas Republicans have nominated Senator Allen, now holding office by appointment, on a platform of Hoover regularity, over the opposition of organized labor, which was against him as the author of the Kansas industrial-court law, and that of the Negroes, who opposed him because of his support of Judge Parker. Negro leaders opposed to Senator Allen express themselves, however, as well satisfied with the results they obtained among the voters of their race.

IT IS A PITY that the unemployment census has been handled in a way to invite destructive criticism of its findings. During past months we have had frequent occasion to criticize the unemployment figures given out by the Department of Labor, and we shared the hope that the census count might throw a clearer light on the situation. Unhappily, the public handling of the results obtained by the Census Bureau, like the earlier outgivings of the Department of Labor, has disclosed a tendency to minimize the facts of unemployment. The latest critic of the census findings is Professor Charles E. Persons, a well-known economist engaged in the unemployment census from November to April, when, as he says, "I quit the service when I found that efforts were being made to reduce the number of unemployed to the number of jobless workers." (The unemployed include not only workers entirely without jobs, but also those who are at present laid off and are expecting reemployment.) Professor Persons holds that the actual number of jobless is nearer 3,000,000 than 2,000,000, the approximate number announced by Secretary Lamont on June 26, and his own guess at the total number unemployed is approximately 5,000,000. (This figure, of course, would include the

3,000,000 jobless.) The unhappy fact is that the Census Bureau has done little to answer satisfactorily the question we are all asking, namely, how many people are out of work. Such an answer we shall not get until we have a nation-wide system of reporting.

AFTER A LONG DELAY, Governor Roosevelt of New York has appointed the commission provided by the legislation of last winter to prepare a plan "for the development and operation of the water-power resources of the State on the St. Lawrence by trustees." The commissioners, it will be recalled, are to follow the plan of public development unless they conclude that it is not feasible or practical, and it is pointed out in the press that three members of the commission, Representative Frederick M. Davenport, Mr. Julius Henry Cohen, and ex-Lieutenant Governor Thomas F. Conway, are already committed in principle to the Smith-Roosevelt plan. Professor Robert M. Haig, of Columbia University, the chairman of the commission, enjoys an enviable reputation as an able and fair-minded student of public affairs, and Mr. Samuel Fuller brings valuable banking experience to the commission, while Mr. Cohen has been one of the chief advisers of Governor Smith and Governor Roosevelt in water-power matters. Altogether, it appears to be a working commission, and friends of public ownership and operation certainly cannot complain that their ideas will not receive friendly consideration.

THE FINING and sentencing to prison for three months of two young women, Ailene Holmes and Mabel Husa, directors of the International Workers' Relief Camp at Van Etten, New York, for "insulting the American flag" is the direct result of the baiting of that camp by members of the American Legion and the Patriotic Order of America. The offense was that when a member of the Legion and Mrs. Daisy Felt of the Patriotic Order offered to present to the camp an American flag, the offer

> . . . was spurned and that the defendants had led the seventy children at the International Workers' Relief Camp in cheers against the flag and had hoisted a red flag over the American national emblem when it was raised on a pole across the road from the camp.

This wickedness the defendants denied; their denial availed them not in a community which had been aroused to the point of a mob attack upon the children and their teachers, compelling their defense by the police. This is a genuine triumph for the Fish committee, whose visits to other such camps unquestionably drew public attention to this one. How incredible it all seems! Does any sane and loyal American really believe that our great American flag can be harmed by such acts as those attributed to the Communists—assuming that the charges are true? If we are asked which of the two acts at Van Etten is more dangerous and humiliating, we submit that it is the persecution of the Communists by these self-appointed censors and not the childish bad manners of the Communists.

HAITI ONCE MORE brings disturbing news. The Cabinet of President Roy resigned on August 14 in protest against the proposed appointment of Carl Colvin as director of the Service Technique, announced from Washington by the State Department in July. Feeling in Haiti is very strong against the expensive Service Technique, with its American personnel, and it was the ill-advised action of its former head, Dr. Freeman, it will be recalled, that gave rise to the disorders of last December leading up to the appointment of the Forbes Commission. The Department of State attributes the present crisis to internal Haitian political agitation and bluntly insists on the Colvin appointment, but it is impossible to disguise the seriousness of a situation in which friction between the Haitian government and the Occupation has reached a point causing the resignation of the Cabinet. The appointment of Mr. Dana C. Munro, of the Latin-American division of the State Department, as Minister to Haiti, cannot be said to offer great promise for a more understanding treatment of the questions constantly arising, and the return of General Russell to Haiti in September to supervise the coming election is almost certain to increase anti-American feeling yet farther, while the disbanding of the Forbes Commission, which has been bowed out with thanks, suggests that the Haitians may hope for no further official help from that quarter. The problems of withdrawal following our blundering fifteen-year adventure in Haiti are difficult enough, but why fritter away the good-will evoked by the Forbes Commission?

NO TAX ON FOOD has long been a slogan of British housewives, and as most British women now have a vote they may be expected to resent at the polls any attempt to give the tax-gatherer access to their kitchens. The question is not so easy, however, now that protection sentiment is running strongly among the Conservatives and spreading dissension in the Labor Party, and the Government has lately added a further complication. A recent commercial treaty with Rumania provides for the admission into Rumania of British manufactures of all kinds at the lowest rates of the present or any future tariff, as long as Rumanian raw foodstuffs are admitted into the United Kingdom free of duty. On the other hand, the committee which is arranging the program of the Imperial Conference has before it a proposal, emanating from its economic advisory staff, for a general tariff of 10 per cent on British imports, nominally for "revenue purposes" and for a limited period, with rebates on imports from the dominions. As the Rumanian concession would end if duties were imposed upon food, the treaty and the proposed tariff would seem to be a good deal at odds. The dominions would like to see the food supply of the United Kingdom drawn wholly from the Empire, and the United Kingdom would like to have the dominions buy heavily of British manufactured goods, but Canada and Australia are also bent upon protecting their own manufactures and raw materials, and neither they nor the other dominions are willing to grant free trade in food among themselves.

THE POLITICS OF OIL have long had many and intricate ramifications. The Turks, who for some time have been absorbed with the political and social reorganization of their new state, have lately found themselves obliged to repel a serious inroad of the half-civilized Kurds, and in order to get at the Kurds in the mountainous region which they occupy have threatened, so it is reported, to cross Persian territory whether Persia consents or not. Persia, naturally, is much exercised over this affront to its sov-

ereignty, and there is talk of bringing the matter before the League of Nations, of which body, thanks to the spirit of brotherly love which prevails at Geneva, Turkey is not a member. The Turkish government, on the other hand, has intimated that there is more to the Kurdish affair than appears on the surface, and that a certain European Power which it has not named is back of the outbreak, with the control of Mosul oil as the principal objective. As Great Britain, thanks to the stalwart aid of the League, has the chief grip on the Mosul oil deposits, one cannot help wondering if the Turkish intimation squints in the direction of Downing Street and the British Foreign Office. Turkey, it will be remembered, kicked out of doors the Sèvres treaty which the Allies tried to impose upon it, and refused to have anything to do with the Lausanne treaty until that treaty was framed to suit it. If the Turks really have any documents about Mosul oil they ought to publish them and let the world know whose game the Kurds are playing.

Nationalism under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi in India is not the struggle of a people for liberty and political unity, generally termed nationalism, but a contest between reactionary Hinduism and modern Western ideas as exemplified by British rule.

THUS LORD MESTON, former British representative of India in the Imperial War Cabinet, and from 1912 to 1918 governor of the provinces of Agra and Oudh, speaking before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown. He brushed aside the "mottoes about freedom being the birthright of men" (in the land which counts the Declaration of Independence as the charter of its liberties) and "many of the other passports of ordinary democracy." These he cynically described as "useful texts for fervent oratory to impress an outer world," only to explain that behind it all was "the insurmountable aversion of an ancient theocracy from our modern ideals of liberty and equality." This defense is coupled with regret that Hindu propaganda in the United States should so completely blanket the British presentation of its side of the case. There we must disagree with the noble lord of Dunottar. It is the British propaganda which blinds people here. But it assuredly will not be helped by his avowal that democracy and liberty are words applying only to Anglo-Saxons, nor by his assertion that Gandhi is "the foe of real progress" in India. Meanwhile, Gandhi stands fast. Nothing definite has come of the prison conferences there, and in a remarkable uncensored article, published August 18, Webb Miller, of the United Press, reports that "British trade in India is being slowly strangled to death," and is "suffering progressive paralyzation. Mills are closing, ships are lying idle, large orders are being canceled, huge stocks are encumbering warehouses, profits are evaporating."

THE FAMINE IN CHINA has already killed 5,000,000 people, according to Mr. Grover Clark, former editor of the Peking *Leader,* and at least another 2,000,000 will be dead before the next crops come in. Yet American business interests have been unwilling to set up a Chinese credit for the purchase of food supplies, and last September the central committee of the American Red Cross decided against entering upon famine relief in China, largely on the grounds that the famine is not a natural calamity but the result of internal political dissensions, and that the existing political disorder renders relief from the outside impracticable. In regard to the first contention, the fact is that for three consecutive seasons very small crops or no crops at all have been harvested in China's vast northwest owing to the scarcity of rainfall. As for the second, the China International Famine Relief Commission stated last November that "in its actual administration of relief the . . . commission has received the cooperation of the Chinese authorities to the fullest extent." Relief will be urgently needed until the fall harvest, and later if the drought should continue. And, for the future, prevention is possible in the shape of projects that would harness the rivers in time of flood and permit irrigation in time of drought. The China International Famine Relief Commission has the plans and personnel for such a program, and past experience indicates that the Chinese would redouble their efforts if the initial funds were provided. Contributions should be sent to: China Famine Relief, 205 East Forty-second St., New York.

JOHN S. SUMNER is making trouble again. This time he has seized upon the republication by Simon and Schuster of Arthur Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming." He has filed a complaint and carried off nearly 500 copies of the book. Now, "Casanova's Homecoming" was published several years ago without any successful interference, a city magistrate having held it to be "a distinct contribution to the literature of the present day." Already it ranks as a classic and it was republished largely because the original edition was exhausted. We cannot imagine a book less open to the usual charges of obscenity than this nor one more calculated to fill the reader with loathing for the life that Casanova led. Even at the moment of his triumph over the woman he persecuted, the author represents Casanova as a base and horrible old man revolting in his personality and his acts. In no other country, we believe, would such a prosecution be permitted, but then in no other country would a society like Mr. Sumner's be given a quasi-official status—or one that appears to officials to smack of authority. That so reputable a firm should be compelled to go to the expense and bother of defending itself against so baseless a charge is the height of injustice. At least the legislature should see to it that whenever one of Mr. Sumner's prosecutions fail, as this one surely will, he and his society could be held for damages.

WHERE, OH WHERE is the sea serpent? All through the hot, dry days of July and August we have looked in vain for his appearance, and have finally been rewarded by nothing better than a giant octopus snatching a bathing slipper off the foot of an American girl swimming alone in the Sea of Marmora, and a 6,000-pound baby finback whale towing a fifty-foot boat about for four hours off Montauk Point. Now a giant Turkish octopus is all right in his way, though we submit that he will find an American girl's bathing slipper a wholly unsatisfactory and inadequate meal, and we have no objection to a three-months-old three-ton baby whale as such; but the two of them together constitute no substitute for the sea serpents that always used to appear off our coasts in the good old summertime. Now that the tariff is out of the way and the drought is relieved, can we not have a commission for the preservation and promotion of sea serpents?

The "New Tammany" Again

NEW YORK has been treated this spring and summer to a series of scandals remarkable only for the fact that those chiefly discredited this time are judicial officials. One magistrate has just been sentenced to seven years in jail for misuse of the mails in a stock swindle. Another, Magistrate Ewald, has barely escaped indictment for a transaction which pointed toward his purchase of his judicial office. Still another has been driven out of public life. Others are suspect. Curiously enough, in the case of Magistrate Ewald, a Tammany district attorney cited the ex-boss of Tammany Hall, Mr. Olvany, and no less a person than Mayor Walker himself for cross-questioning as to whether Mr. Ewald had paid for his office. After putting some questions—not too searching, or too rough or unkind or inquisitive—the district attorney turned the case over to the grand jury, which refused to indict. Public protest, however, against the grand jury's failure to act has now compelled the district attorney to recede and the governor to look into the case.

Now while it may be novel to have a Tammany district attorney cross-examining a Tammany mayor as to whether or not one of his appointees purchased his judicial office, it is not surprising that there has been a suspicion that the charge was true, for this very practice has been common enough in the past. Investigations undertaken by the legislature have again and again revealed this very thing. It was hardly surprising therefore that when it appeared that the wife of the magistrate in question had loaned $10,000 through a Tammany henchman to a Tammany district leader, in order to aid the latter to buy a summer residence, just when the judge became a judge, suspicious and unkind persons of long memories should have recalled the case of one police inspector, long the czar of the "Tenderloin" district in New York, who developed a penchant for buying lots in Japan out of his slender salary. These busybodies remembered, too, that a certain judge, later a well-known ambassador, admitted to an investigating committee that he had put $50,000 into a Tammany campaign fund about the time he got his judgeship; subsequently he put $13,000 into his party's national war chest and drew out the plum of a first-class embassy.

Scandals are endemic in any organization which is held together by the cohesive power of public plunder. It is certainly not without precedent that the versatile mayor of the metropolis has had to summon the heads and chief officials of two of his departments and give them a vigorous berating—a good stage play to put himself in right with the community if it accomplishes nothing else. The truth is, of course, that Tammany is and remains Tammany. All the talk about there being a "new Tammany," purged of its sins by a noble Al Smith, was bosh and nothing else. We said at the time, and we repeat it now, that if there is any difference between the new and the old Tammany it is that the present organization is out for bigger victims and larger spoils. It no longer looks to the prostitute, the petty gambler, and the saloon-keeper for its revenue. It finds easier and better ways. So we have the huge sewer scandals in the Borough of Queens and the amazingly interesting appearance of a simple and modest veterinarian, Dr. W. F. Doyle, whose expert knowledge of animal diseases gave him such great influence over the Board of Standards and Appeals that everyone who wished buildings exempted from the zoning laws or some other burdensome regulation ran at once to the doughty "vet" for aid. Help was never denied—provided the retaining fee was big enough. It usually was. Indeed, on one day alone, witnesses who had through his kind offices been relieved of zoning restrictions or fire orders and obtained garages or filling stations in forbidden territory testified that they had paid him no less than $77,145. For the years 1927, 1928, and 1929 he received considerably more than $364,062 in fees, which is, of course, much more worth while than treating spavins or distemper.

While revelations like these are almost as regular as the movement of the planets, the question again suggests itself as to what New York is going to do about it. The city has made marvelous progress in many ways, such as in the development of its parks and its social services. It is infinitely more farsighted than it used to be; it plans decades ahead for future wants. Still the waste and extravagance, the graft and corruption go on. The city grows more and more beautiful; inwardly its very heart is being corroded, while the taxes wrung from the city's inhabitants are very far indeed from producing a hundred cents of value for the dollar. And still there is no determined effort on the part of the citizenry to bring about a scientific administration of the second-greatest city in the world, an administration free from the everlasting curse of politics. Other cities, like Cincinnati and Cleveland, may have their city managers; the former has just done itself the honor to call Dr. Clarence A. Dykstra from Los Angeles to direct the affairs of that city with a completely free hand. But no one in New York advocates a similar development—not the Bar Association, nor the Chamber of Commerce, nor the Board of Trade, nor the Merchants' Association.

We are aware, of course, that there will be those to say that any such change would carry with it the terrible admission that democracy is a failure. Yet Cincinnati, for example, still has a mayor who presides over the common council and duly receives the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. The point, after all, is that city administration has reached such complexity and, as in the case of New York, such vastness that it should always be the business of trained experts. At the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia last week Mr. Will Durant brought up anew the suggestion that public officials should attend schools of administration before becoming eligible for office. That may or may not be a practical suggestion. Certainly the hour more than ever calls for the establishment of the principle that civic administration should be as much a career in the United States as it is, for example, in Germany. We cannot despair of New York or any other American city when so many municipalities have turned to the city manager, and with success. We hope that despite corrupt politicians and business men the largest cities will follow suit.

Is It Another War?

NO intelligent person has a right to feel surprised at the prediction made the other day by an English speaker at the Williamstown Institute of Politics that another big war is to be looked for between 1935 and 1940. Ever since the Allies forced upon Germany and the other defeated Powers the hateful peace terms of 1919, it has been clear to everybody who cared to see that unless the wrongs then inflicted were redressed and the forces of vengeance which the treaties let loose and magnified were destroyed, it was only a question of time when the world would again be at war. Professor C. Delisle Burns may or may not be right in indicating a date; the precise date does not matter. The important thing is to realize that another war is preparing, and that nothing short of herculean effort by the friends of peace can prevent its arrival.

What, in substance, are the conditions that are breeding war? The essence of the political situation in Europe today is the existence, as the direct result of the peace treaties, of territorial and political arrangements which can be maintained only by force. The most obvious evidences of this fact are the offensive and defensive alliances which France has industriously built up with the new states of Eastern Europe, and the Little Entente which certain of those states have formed among themselves. Only by standing together can France and the succession states hope to retain the political control over Germany and Austria which they wrested from the Peace Conference. How unnatural is their position and how great their fear that they may lose it appear clearly enough in the extreme irritation occasioned in France by the recent intimation by Italy and Germany that the peace treaties must be revised, and the heated resentment of France and Poland over some indiscreet remarks of a German minister, Herr Treviranus.

Hence the extraordinary spectacle of loud or fervent professions of peace balanced by systematic preparations for war. In spite of the League of Nations, in spite of Locarno and the Paris anti-war pact, the nations that fought Germany in 1914-18, or that profited by the defeat of Germany and Austria in those years, are getting ready to fight again. Armies and navies, air forces, land and seacoast defenses, chemical warfare, the organization of industry for the production of war materials, the formulation of plans of campaign—all these familiar incidents of "preparedness" are being more sedulously attended to today than at any time since the World War armies were demobilized, especially in the United States. It is idle to protest that this intense activity and huge financial outlay are designed only to meet the needs of national or international police or the aggression of some nation that may lose its head and run amuck. What is going on is deliberate preparation for war, and for a war whose justification will be found in the necessity of maintaining by force a treaty arrangement which could not otherwise last a year.

What, if anything, can be done to fend off the catastrophe? There is little to be hoped for in declarations of good intentions. No more solemn renunciation of war has been or can be made than that contained in the Kellogg-Briand anti-war pact, yet that pact is being openly flouted by every important nation that subscribed to it. Nothing is to be gained by affecting to see a dawning millennium in the conclusion of treaties whose underlying purpose, once they are scrutinized, is only to make an unholy peace more secure. Of all the agencies ever set up for the cultivation of international good-will the League of Nations has proved itself one of the feeblest, and the World Court can only sanctify what the Paris negotiators decreed.

The possibility of averting another war lies in other directions. Much may be done by unsparing exposure of the forces, especially the political forces, that are working for war. A generation ago the ambitions of imperial Germany were the greatest single menace to world peace. Today that role is played by France and its allies, and by Italy with its plans for combating France in Eastern Europe. There must be unyielding resistance to every legislative or executive action that looks toward an increase of armaments or industrial organization for war. There must be insistence, wherever and whenever a plea for justice can be heard, that the peace treaties shall, as soon as possible, be revised. Not all the wrongs of the peace can now be righted, but many of them can, and until they are the world will try in vain to build a stable peace on injustice or to make vengeance and plunder, if they are well stuck to, comport with international fellowship. It will be no light task to accomplish any of these things; nothing but concerted effort can make an effective impression upon any of them; but unless they are accomplished we cannot hope to escape another war.

Tom Thumb Golf

THE rise of Tom Thumb golf, the latest device for taking the American mind off its troubles, took place imperceptibly and with great rapidity. It originated, no doubt, in the country club, where members from time immemorial have practiced their drives or their putting in that long pre-dinner hour when the sun is not quite gone but is too low to permit of an eighteen-hole or even a nine-hole round. As Tom Thumb golf, the game is said to have started in Los Angeles, where it immediately and inevitably contracted elephantiasis americana. Reports have it that there are now nearly a thousand miniature courses in operation or under construction in and about Los Angeles—though, incidentally, it should be remembered that the vacant lots of Los Angeles may lie anywhere between San Francisco on the north and San Diego on the south, the realtors of Los Angeles being men of vision if nothing else.

From Los Angeles miniature golf jumped to Florida, and came north this spring with the polo ponies and other regalia of fashion. But it has long since spread down to the lower regions of society, and the golf ball, formerly protected from *hoi polloi* by tight wrappings of exclusive country clubs and expensive paraphernalia, hobnobs familiarly with green-and-white sport shoes from Fourteenth Street as with the highest-priced golf leathers from Oxford Street.

In New York, where vacant lots are scarce, miniature golf has gone indoors and it is rumored that a movie theater is shortly to be transformed into a course. It is further reported that the little game has already been groomed into a big racket by certain enterprising elements. Just what form

of protection a racketeer could sell to a Tom Thumb proprietor is hard to imagine, though with time and trouble one might put dynamite into the golf balls. In Denver and in one of the New Jersey towns multiplication of Tom Thumb courses has been somewhat slowed up by the infliction of a yearly license fee of $50. In another Jersey town a minister attempted to prevent by law the laying out of a course near his church, pleading that he did not wish profanity, which he considered as much a part of the game as the putter, within hearing of his pulpit. Whether he succeeded we have not yet heard. We suspect that he failed.

There are others who view with alarm the spread of miniature golf. The devotees of baseball see in it another threat to the popularity of what was once the national sport. They say that the small-town American boy, the raw material from which big-league stars are fashioned, is no longer catching flies and breaking the neighbors' windows; that what corner lots have not been given over to bunkers and artificial-grass production boast no third base, while tall weeds grow where once the outfield stood. The boys are caddying on the local links and picking up the virus of golf. This miniature epidemic will finish baseball and establish golf as the new national sport.

Be that as it may, we suspect that spectator attendance at the country's ball parks has fallen off this summer in favor of the Tom Thumb course around the corner. For there one may not only be a fence watcher for nothing and without blame, but may even play oneself at not much expense. Besides, the sport goes on from early morning until late at night. And when the pseudo-Klieg lights are playing full upon the humble householder from Hackensack, he may not only experience that comfortable country-club feeling superinduced by drooping plus fours and prehistoric posture; he may also be able to capture the illusion that he is John Barrymore at work.

One school of thought calls the miniature game a fad; still another holds that it is a step back toward Victorianism and croquet, both of which have already been taken into the side yard by some of the intelligentsia. If this is true, may we look forward to that long-wished-for depopulation of the city, not for the reason that one must cultivate one's garden, but because one must have one's nine holes before breakfast?

The reasons projected for the rise of Tom Thumb golf are many and varied. The search for superiority is one. Golf is a gentleman's game—and who does not crave at least the accouterments of gentlemanliness? But golf links require many acres of rolling turf, and rolling turf is very scarce and beyond hope expensive. Aside from the expense of country-club dues there is the matter of the size of the American city. In Westchester County, for instance, there are fifty-eight private and public golf courses. But in the metropolitan area there are almost nine and a half million people.

Whatever the reason, the little golf links are with us, heart-shaped numbers, hazardous papier mache rocks, composition grass, and all. Whether they will constitute only a temporary form of farm relief or a permanent addition to our world of sport remains to be seen. In conclusion we pass on the tale of a traveler lately returned from Long Island who says that he saw a Tom Thumb "gardener" with real hose and real water sprinkling the false grass!

The Poor Old Theater

THE talkies and the stage are now so nearly alike in their requirements that actors and actresses move rapidly in both directions. Former screen favorites planning to act on the stage this fall are Mary Pickford, Colleen Moore, Lya de Putti, Vilma Banky, and Rod La Rocque. As salaries in the talkies are so much higher, it is safe to assume that most of those returning to the legitimate drama have been obliged to take the step because of waning screen popularity. A few are foreign actors and actresses imported during the era of the silent pictures, and now suddenly obliged to try to cure themselves of their foreign accent.

Perhaps this emphasizes the element of truth in George Bernard Shaw's recent lament that "the poor old theater is done for" and may survive only "as a place where people are taught to act." That the poor old theater is completely done for we cannot believe; the reports of its death have been exaggerated too often. But it is at least clear by now that the threat of the talkies is both a real and a growing one. A year or more ago those critics who maintained that the talking pictures were even more puerile on the average than their silent predecessors could show a good deal of plausible evidence to support their contention, but since that time there has been remarkable improvement both in technical resources and in the use of those resources by directors. It is true that the stage still has advantages (that of the direct contact of the actor with his audience is one which the talkies will never capture), but the talkies, on their side, already have great technical superiorities over the stage. They have, to begin with, nearly every advantage the silent pictures had—of unlimited outdoor action, real galloping horses, speeding locomotives, automobiles, airplanes, ships, mob and battle scenes, natural scenery instantaneously shiftable, unusual "angles," enlargement and selection of physical detail—plus not only the voice and natural sounds as on the stage, but the free manipulation of sounds—to portray, for example, the mental state of a character. As the public can see the talkies for approximately one-fifth of what it pays for orchestra seats on Broadway, the future of the ordinary commercial theater does not seem particularly bright.

Two factors, it is true, seriously limit the competition of the talkies with the stage, as they limited that of the silent screen. The first of these is the commercial need to reach the lowest common intellectual denominator of a great mass audience; the second is a drastic and stupid censorship. Yet the recent appearance of "All Quiet," "Journey's End," "The Love Parade," "The Man from Blankley's," and "Holiday" shows that it is possible for intelligent or sophisticated pictures to emerge even under these conditions. And the intellectual level of the average stage play, it should not be forgotten, is not distressingly high. If the legitimate stage is to survive (as we think it will), it will have to appeal to a more intelligent audience than the talkies and it will have to take much greater commercial risks. In brief, it will have to become "experimental," to bear much the same relation to the talkies as such an institution as the Theater Guild was originally intended to bear to the ordinary commercial theater on Broadway.

Communism in China

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

Shanghai, July 15

THERE is now in China, as the outside world knows, a widespread, well-organized revolt against the military dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek. This is being conducted under the combined leadership of General Yen Hsi-shan, who has been for eighteen years governor of the "model province" of Shansi; Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called Christian general; and General Chang Fa-kwei, who is commander of the famous "iron army" and who is himself allied with the "Kwangsi clique" who have been trying desperately to gain control of Canton during the past year.

But in the midst of the intrigue and struggle between rival military cliques there has been under way among the people a far more significant movement, which has virtually escaped the attention of writers both here and abroad. Communism, which was apparently dealt its deathblow three years ago, has reappeared greatly strengthened by the internal discord of the war lords, and today no less than one-twentieth of the people of China rule themselves through local organizations resembling soviets. This revolution has consisted primarily of local peasant revolts in isolated sections of the country, but today there is a strong red army, which is said to number 100,000 men, well intrenched throughout the regions of the middle Yangtze in the very heart of China. This new movement, unlike the revolution of 1927, appears to be indigenous in character, for although the tactics are much the same as those used in the Russian Revolution, there has been apparently no active Russian aid in the present effort. The absence of Russian aid is to be ascribed probably not to lack of interest but to the fact that during the recent Sino-Soviet difficulties all Russian citizens were either withdrawn from the country or requested to leave. It may be that the forced withdrawal of the Soviet advisers has done more than anything else to strengthen the movement, for the Chinese are notably suspicious of foreigners in politics.

These peasant revolts are by no means a new phenomenon in China. It has been said that every revolution in China's three thousand years has been an agrarian revolution. The peasants were the backbone of the Nationalist upheaval in 1927, and it was only after they had been disarmed and scattered that Chiang Kai-shek was able to stage the coup d'etat by which he wrested control of the central government from the civilian groups which were in power at Hankow. Later in 1927 a number of violent agrarian outbreaks, which were put down with great bloodshed, occurred throughout South China. However, in isolated cases the revolutionists were able to organize, even at that time, relatively stable local soviets, which in some few cases have persisted down to the present time. These peasant revolts have been breaking out with increasing frequency throughout the country. Gradually the isolated sections in which they have occurred, particularly in South and Central China, have been brought under a semblance of centralized control, until today a large part of eight provinces has fallen under soviet rule.

The Chinese farmer is probably the most law-abiding man on earth, but he has definitely fixed ideas as to how much taxation and how much looting he ought to put up with before banding together with his fellows against his enemies. The Communists have been quick to utilize the seething discontent of the peasants and have transformed disorganized upheavals into organized revolts of a definitely revolutionary character.

So well, indeed, has the organization progressed that the first All-China Soviet Congress was held in Shanghai on May 1, 1930. It was attended by fifty-four delegates from the soviet districts and from Communist organizations throughout the country. There were eleven representatives from district soviets which are actively functioning in sections of Kwangsi, Kwantung, West Fukien, East Hupeh, West Hupeh, North Fukien, Southwest Kiangsi, South Anwei, also in a district where the three provinces of Hunan, Hupeh, and Kiangsi join, and a district along the border of Hupeh and Honan. There were likewise seven representatives from districts which were planning to rise in the provinces of Kiangsu, Anwei, Honan, Chekiang, and Kiangsi. There were eighteen representatives from the more militant trade unions, and seven from the red army—one delegate from each of seven of the nine army corps. The others were divided among such revolutionary organizations as the League of Communist Youth, the Chinese League of Left-Wing Writers, and the Anti-Imperialist League. It is significant that one of the delegates was only sixteen years of age; the oldest one was only forty-eight.

The congress discussed such practical issues as what should be the task of these soviet districts in view of the present political situation in China. It passed a temporary land law. An ad interim code of labor laws was drawn up and regulations were passed for the guidance of all soviet organizations. The task and tactics of the red army were formally debated and decided upon. A political platform was drawn up embodying ten points, including the following: overthrow of imperialism and the socialization of all banks, factories, and railways; destruction of militarism in China; seizure of land from the landlords without compensation and the introduction of collective farming; abolition of all taxation except a single tax on land; freedom of press and speech and the full right of assembly; the right of self-determination for the minor nationalities included within the Republic of China.

The strength of the Communist movement does not lie entirely with the peasants. There is the red army referred to above, numbering approximately 100,000 men, which is reputed to be a reasonably effective body. There are said to be 5,000,000 workers in the red trade unions which are dominated by Communist leadership. In the city of Shanghai alone I could name no less than nineteen proletarian magazines and periodicals which are published regularly by left-wing organizations.

The strength of the Communists in the cities has been greatly enhanced by the fact that the price of rice has risen to the unheard of figure of $23 a picul—almost twice the

normal price. Wages have not gone up proportionately. Moreover, China has probably been hit harder by the phenomenal fall in the value of the silver dollar than she has by all the civil wars and revolutions she has passed through. Within the short period of one year the silver dollar, the national currency of China, has depreciated to little more than half its former value in terms of the currencies on a gold basis. In addition to the suffering resulting from high prices and depreciation of the currency, taxes have been further increased and customs rates have been raised in order to pay for the civil warfare.

As a result of the civil strife the government has seemed to lose its grip, and although formerly thousands were executed upon even the slightest suspicion of Communist sympathies, today the radicals seem to be working more or less openly with impunity. Just today the Anti-Imperialist League, a strong proletarian organization, held a big demonstration on Nanking Road, Shanghai, on the very site of the famous massacre of May 30, 1925. The writer happened to be on the street when two large groups of students, both girls and boys, suddenly appeared shouting slogans at the top of their voices and distributing handbills. No sooner had they put in their appearance than they were charged by a group of armed policemen twice their number, who dispersed them after arresting several of the participants. For a few minutes, however, it looked almost like a repetition of the incident of five years ago, on which occasion the police fired into the mob and killed several students, thereby igniting the Nationalist revolution.

According to the press reports, agitators staged simultaneous demonstrations in two other places on Nanking Road, and altogether twenty-four of them were arrested by the police, while several hundred participated in the demonstration. Indirectly this affair is the outgrowth of the profound labor unrest which has gripped Shanghai as the result of the increasing cost of living coupled with the fact that a number of the largest cotton mills have been compelled to work on a half-time basis only. However, it is significant that today's agitation was directed chiefly against the rival Chinese war lords rather than against the foreign mill-owners. The following is a free translation of a typical example of the leaflets distributed:

> Workers, strike! Peasants, rise in revolt! Soldiers, mutiny! Down with the Militarists! Oppose the second World War! Down with the imperialistic Kuomintang! Down with the northern "Reorganizationists!" Support Soviet Russia!

Another reads:

> Revolt! Organize Soviets! Take over the land from the landlords! Organize a "Ready-to-Die" Corps among the youth! Oppose rent and loans! Distribute food equally! Join the Red Army!

The Communist movement which I have described has as yet enlisted the support of only a small minority of the Chinese people—it could be suppressed in a very brief time if the various militarists would stop quarreling among themselves long enough to attend to the matter. And yet there seems to be no other promise of unity. There has been a progressive disintegration in China ever since the 1927 revolution. The Kuomintang, the Nationalist Party, seems to have very little power today, and the left wing of that party under the revolutionary leader Wang Ching-wei has failed to find any support which would enable it to return to power. The civilian leaders of the Nationalist revolution, Eugene Chen, Madame Sun Yat-sen, and Wang Ching-wei, are not only out of power, but are scattered over the earth.

Paradoxically enough, the gloom which has hung over the country since the failure of the 1927 revolution seems to be lifting now, and there is a widespread feeling that out of the chaos there will yet come some sort of stability. Throughout the twenty years of anarchy which have followed the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty there has been a steady change in the social and economic basis of Chinese society. A modernization of outlook and habits has taken place among millions in the great cities and points of cultural contact. This process of growth and development has been hindered but not greatly retarded by political chaos, and there is every reason for feeling that sooner or later political stability also will be achieved. How or when that will come it is impossible to say, but in view of the lack of alternatives, the significance of the gradually spreading soviet movement must not be overlooked. The very fact that twenty million peasants have held the rule in their own hands, even temporarily, is bound to influence greatly the future development of China—whether for better or for worse only time can tell.

Much will depend upon the attitude of the foreign Powers. One hears the not unlikely rumor that the Powers are not unfavorable to Nanking's suggestion of joint military action against the soviet armies. In fact, the French have already cooperated with the Chinese government in suppressing an agrarian outbreak near the Indo-China border. American and British gunboats have exchanged fire with the red armies on the upper Yangtze 700 miles in the interior of China. But the outcome of such an intervention is questionable. There is no doubt that in a straight military engagement the Powers could crush any army the Communists could muster, but it is very unlikely that the reds would allow themselves to be brought into an open encounter. Instead, their tactics to date have been those of guerilla warfare coupled with the judicious use of the strike and boycott. Moreover, the writer is inclined to believe that even though the Powers were invited by Nanking, intervention would be followed by such intense anti-foreign feeling that the results might be directly opposite to those desired.

Orchard

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Earth could not hold all richness that was there—
Although the cheeks of hiding apples flushed
Deep down in billowed grasses. On the air
The warm spiced breath of fruit and juices crushed
From mint by secret weight had joined the gold
Late sunlight dusted through the glow of trees . . .
His baskets were so full some apples rolled
Back to the taverns of convivial bees.

The drifting milkweed floss had tried to stay
A little longer—on the thorns it clung.
And cobwebs brushed him as he turned away
To jestful smoke of apple wood that hung
Above his chimney and the crimson leaves
That fell where swallows darted from his eaves.

The Packers' Plea

By ROBERT V. BEGLEY

THE petitions of Swift and Company and Armour and Company which are now pending in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, asking for modification of a decree which they consented to in 1920 are a matter of large public importance. This decree virtually required the packers to confine their activities to the meat-packing business; it required them to dispose of their interests in the public stockyards, stockyards terminal railways, and newspapers, and to keep out of the retail meat and grocery fields.

In the ten years which have elapsed since the decree was filed, practically nothing has been done toward carrying out its provisions. During the first four years of its existence some efforts were made in that direction. In 1924 the packers instituted proceedings to have the decree vacated. This litigation was ended in March, 1928, when the Supreme Court of the United States held the decree to be in all respects valid and binding.

The petitions for modification emphasize the fact that the packers are enjoined from engaging in a perfectly legitimate business and are thus deprived of rights which all other citizens possess. It is inferred that this is discrimination. As an inducement for removing the restrictions, it is suggested that no abuse can result from the packers' ownership of the stockyards and stockyards terminal railways because of the "complete and efficacious supervision and control" now exercised by the Secretary of Agriculture under the Packers and Stockyards Act. It is also asserted that the packers cannot survive, and that posterity will be deprived of the many delectable delicacies they dispense, unless they are permitted to compete with the chain stores in the retail meat and grocery fields. As a final inducement, it is urged that both producers and consumers will benefit if the packers are permitted to operate retail meat markets.

The present proceeding is decidedly anomalous. It presents a curious blending of public and private interest. Although it is addressed to the judicial power, there is nothing to litigate and nothing to adjudicate. In so far as private-property rights of the petitioners are involved, it might be regarded as an appeal for executive clemency. To the extent that public interests are concerned, it might be regarded as an appeal for judicial legislation. Unless there has been a signal miscarriage of justice the protection of the public interests should be the paramount consideration.

In fairness to the packers, it cannot be said that they are in the position of the ordinary criminal who has entered a plea of guilty. A consent decree is analogous to a plea of guilty in a criminal proceeding, but applied to the packers the analogy is rather severe. They were charged with the offense of conspiring to monopolize a large portion of the food supplies of the nation, and under the federal statutes this is merely a misdemeanor. Furthermore, it was expressly stipulated that the packers were inspired to consent to the decree because of a desire to avoid any appearance of antagonism to the government and that their consent was not to be regarded as an admission of guilt. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the glamor of patriotism which enveloped the original proceeding was thoroughly dissipated by the packers' subsequent openly antagonistic attitude toward the government. And it must also be remembered that the decree operated to forestall impending legislation and that it was not nearly so drastic as the Federal Trade Commission recommended.

The Packers and Stockyards Act which was enacted in 1921 was originally regarded as a very fine piece of legislation. It survived the usual test of constitutionality, although the strain on the commerce clause of the Constitution was rather severe. Shortly after its enactment its limitations were disclosed in an opinion by Attorney General Daugherty holding that it did not embrace private stockyards. Since that time the number of hogs purchased by the packers in private yards has increased tremendously, and Congress, although memorialized by the legislatures of at least four States, has not extended the act to include these private stockyards.

The act operated to transfer the packers from the jurisdiction of the Federal Trade Commission to that of the Secretary of Agriculture. As the commission had been accused of possessing pink tendencies, the packers undoubtedly found the change a welcome one. The act in no way affected the packers' ownership of the principal stockyards. This ownership, the Federal Trade Commission held, was not only a source of great profit but also afforded a fundamental business advantage. At a later date the commission expressed the opinion that no matter how efficiently the law might be enforced, uniformity of opportunity could not be attained so long as the most powerful and dominating of the various competitors retained possession. Subsequent to the enactment of the law the Minnesota Supreme Court held that the stockyards owners had a discretion of management in the control of the yards not lightly to be interfered with by the judiciary. The federal Circuit Court of Appeals held that the Secretary of Agriculture is not empowered by the act to examine and copy a packer's books and records. Subject to these limitations, the law undoubtedly provides some measure of control. Whether it may properly be regarded as "complete and efficacious" is at least debatable.

The packers have appended to their petitions the resolutions of twenty-seven farm organizations favoring modification of the decree. It must be assumed that these organizations concur in the packers' claim that the control exercised by the Secretary of Agriculture is complete and efficacious. Apparently they have also been convinced that entry of the packers into the retail fields will mean higher prices for their live stock. Whether they really believe that it will mean lower prices to the consumer is problematical. For the interests of the army of retailers whom Swift and Armour propose to force out of business the farmers seem to have no concern.

The attitude of the farmers is surprising. The consent decree offered them an opportunity far surpassing the benefits of the Packers and Stockyards Act. It offered them an

opportunity to acquire the stockyards. Controlling interests might have been purchased from owners who were forced to sell, who had no substantial investment involved, and who had voluntarily depreciated the value of the properties by impairing business conditions therein. Acquisition of the yards by the farmers would have been directly in line with the program of the Farmers' Union, which asserts that the farmers can have no voice in fixing the prices of their products until they control the marketing instrumentalities. The organizations which have rallied to the support of the packers apparently prefer to rely upon a vague promise of benefits to be effected by exterminating the present retailers, which benefits are to be shared, presumably, in some measure with the consumers.

It is alleged in the petitions that the great development of the chain stores in recent years has placed the packers in a serious position. The trouble seems to lie in the fact that the chain stores are sufficiently powerful to have a voice in fixing the prices they will pay for the packers' products. In fact, this is expressly admitted. The Armour petition states with reference to the Kroger Company:

> Such concern is intrenched in a position where within the next few years it may very easily eliminate a great number of competitor retail meat markets which are the customers of these defendants, and at the same time be in a position to capitalize their large purchasing power and dictate as to the prices which they will pay for the defendants' products.

Obviously, the packers wish to avoid the unhappy plight of the farmers who must sell their live stock to purchasers who can and do dictate prices.

It is difficult to credit the assertions that Armour and Swift cannot survive unless permitted to enter the retail fields. Wilson and Company and the Cudahy Packing Company are two former members of the Big Five who are subject to the decree but are not seeking modification. It would seem that if Swift and Armour are as badly situated as they claim to be, the two smaller packers must be in a much worse situation. It appears on the contrary, however, that neither Cudahy nor Wilson is concerned about the future. Both of these firms definitely opposed previous proposals for modification and neither of them is party to the present proceedings. Thomas Creigh, general attorney for the Cudahy Company, is quoted as saying that reinstatement of the decree will have no appreciable effect upon the business or assets of his company.

Neither do the affairs of Swift and Armour appear to be in a serious condition. It appears that Swift and Company earned $8.72 per share for the year ended November 2, 1929, and $9.88 per share for the fiscal year ended November 3, 1928. It is true, however, that Mr. Swift was not satisfied. He said: "We are not going to be satisfied in the future with similar financial returns. We shall not be satisfied unless we earn a substantial margin over our dividends of $8 per share annually." The stockholders of Swift and Company, at the annual meeting on January 9, 1930, voted to split up the capital stock of the company from 1,500,000 shares at $100 par into 6,000,000 shares at $25 par. The new shares have a book value of $37.50. This change was made so that a wider distribution of the shares might be attained. Presumably the new stockholders would look with favor upon modification of the decree.

President White, head of Armour and Company, has been publicly quoted in the Boston *News Bureau* as saying: "Company has attained an enviable position as regards assets, liabilities, and working capital." The *Wall Street Journal* within the year has announced that the Pittsburgh Provision and Packing Company at Hirr's Island, the largest independent meat-packing plant in western Pennsylvania, has been acquired by Armour and Company.

Assuming there is no immediate danger of the Big Two passing from the business world, the public may safely consider the other aspects of the case. There is the fate of the present retailers to be decided. And, infinitely more important, there is the fate of the consumers if the packers are permitted to engage in a struggle for supremacy with the chain stores—a contest which will inevitably result in a compromise.

According to the Swift petition, the chain stores now do in excess of 35 per cent of all retail grocery business for the entire country and 19 per cent of the retail meat business. If these figures are correct, it follows that the great bulk of the business is still in the hands of independent merchants. These are the men who marketed Swift and Armour products in the past and who made it possible for the packers to acquire wealth and power. As a class they are honest, respectable, law-abiding citizens, influential leaders in their own communities, and they typify the spirit of rugged individualism eulogized by President Hoover.

It seems they have outlived their usefulness. "The individual retailer is passing," says Armour. "The chain store," says Swift, "is now but an infant in swaddling clothes and will in the near future acquire control of 90 per cent or even all of the retail business of the country." The advent of Swift and Armour into the retail field would, of course, hasten the end of the individual retailer. Apparently, in the estimation of the packers and the farmers, this would be of no consequence.

If the future of the two big packers were the only question presented, the problem would not be simple. With the fate of thousands of individual merchants also involved, it becomes increasingly difficult. When it is based upon the assumption that the food supplies of the nation must inevitably be concentrated in the hands of a few large interests, the problem becomes tremendous.

The responsibility appears to rest upon the judges of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. These men are asked, in effect, to legislate. To decree that the packers should for economic reasons be relieved of penalties authorized by the law of the land, and to the imposition of which they consented, is to legislate. To restore to the packers the weapons of monopoly of which they have been judicially deprived and to authorize them to inaugurate a trade war is to legislate.

The three departments of the government have already acted. The Congress enacted the anti-trust law. The Executive Department conducted an investigation and invoked the judicial power. The Supreme Court of the United States placed its stamp of approval upon the result. The action of the packers seems to imply that an equity court should be recognized as a fourth department, which may exercise the prerogative of a sovereign and adjust the conclusions of the other departments to conform with its own ideas of equity.

Homicide on Wheels

By CARL DREHER

THE automobile has ruined the temper and manners of the people who use the highways. In the good old somnolent days people got around in carriages and buggies at an average speed of eight or ten miles an hour. When a fast team came up behind a slower one on a rural highway and the vehicle ahead gave way, the passing driver customarily tipped his hat in acknowledgment of the other man's courtesy in letting him by. When as a boy in up-state New York I was taught to drive, it was impressed on me that ordinary politeness required this gesture. Moreover, when a driver wanted to pass he did not make a noise about it; he simply followed close behind the other team until the man ahead became aware that passage was desired, whereupon he would generally turn out as soon as possible.

Contrast this procedure with the barbarities of present-day motoring and you will realize what the automobile has done to highway manners. Once a driver has gained facility, his manner of operating an automobile is an expression of his personality, like his style of making love, dictating to a stenographer, or asking his boss for a raise, and, unfortunately, too many motorists are barbarians. The go-getter fights for the right of way at unguarded crossings, slides past signals when he thinks he can get away with it, passes every car on the road, honks his horn at every opportunity, and abuses anyone who disputes his right to these enjoyments. The timid man, by lagging and hesitating in search of that perfect safety which is not to be found on this side of the grave, gets into trouble because of his very cowardice. The stolid, obstinate road hog, indignant at the notion that anyone should be allowed to do something he does not want to do, holds the center of the highway at twenty miles an hour, and yields grudgingly, if at all, to the driver who, perhaps with the utmost justification, wants to go forty. The sane, moderate, good-willed individual, the "forgotten man" of Professor Sumner, drives also according to his nature, but the automobile has made him rarer than ever, and he is at the mercy of every Yahoo that can get behind a steering wheel.

Examine a few of the ordinary practices on the road.

> Upon approaching a boulevard or through highway [reads the automobile duello] you must first come to a complete stop. Upon entering the boulevard you must yield or give the right of way to other vehicles within the intersection or approaching so closely to your left as to constitute an immediate hazard or danger should you proceed. After having so yielded, you may then proceed across the boulevard, and all other vehicles approaching you from either the left or right must then yield to you.

This is pure theory, like the rules of civilized warfare. In practice you may, indeed, stop at the curb line of the boulevard, but what happens after that is on the lap of the gods. You wait for an opening in the line of cars, which pass across the intersection haughtily at a speed ten miles an hour above whatever rate the police of the town prescribe. Another driver comes up behind you and immediately begins to honk his horn to force you to proceed. He is taking no risk himself and is entirely willing to see you killed so that he may not have to wait a quarter of a minute. You finally nose in, and the cars on your left come to a stop with varying uncertainty and squeaking of brakes. You are now in the middle of the highway and the oncoming cars on your right are legally bound to allow you to get across the rest of the way. Generally they will—when you make them. The unpleasant part about making them is that you have no bumpers on the sides of your car. The average driver on an express highway would not stop to let the Holy Trinity cross if he could help it.

Or you desire to execute a left turn on a well-traveled street. A block ahead of the place where you want to turn you have your hand out, making the prescribed signal, whereupon a string of fast drivers, honking frantically, dash past you in the middle or on the wrong side of the street, determined to get by before you can make the turn. Another amenity of he-man motoring consists in dashing into a signal-protected but officerless intersection at forty miles an hour and squeezing out cars already turning left and entitled to the right of way. The oncoming hog knows that few people will maintain this right with the possibility of a disastrous collision coming up, and he acts accordingly.

This is not merely a question of etiquette, however. Aside from all considerations of traffic density and other mechanical factors, the principal cause of automobile accidents is exactly this desuetude of decent manners on the part of a considerable section of the public. During 1929, in the United States alone, 33,000 persons were killed by automobiles and about 1,000,000 injured; and the fatalities are increasing at the rate of 13 per cent a year. These figures might be expected to result in something more than trade-paper lamentations, but the fact is that nobody cares much. The regulatory experts of the nation are occupied with the noble experiment and other moral crusades. "The motoring public (at least a considerable portion of it)," one editorial writer observes, "does not yet desire safety on the highways sufficiently to achieve it." And since the fundamental trouble lies with the people who drive, mechanistic remedies can only be partially effective.

Education can do something. In Southern California, where reckless driving is cultivated as a fine art, a sharp reduction in fatalities among children has been brought about by intensive safety campaigns in the schools. The Automobile Club of Southern California, which does a certain amount of damage to the cause of safety by getting its members off as conveniently as possible for moderate infractions of the code, including speeding, has not been derelict in organized efforts to make the highways safe in spite of Mr. Ford. The club editorializes valiantly and meets the rising accident rate with a barrage of slogans, safety-engineering surveys, reports, highway patrols, press releases, vigilance committees, and appeals to humanity. Having found, for example, that 70 per cent of the graver accidents occur at intersections, they exhort the gasoline Hotspurs of the vicinity to "Waste a minute—save a life!" while the few pedestrians

left on the country roads are advised, "Walk left—drive right." They even print accident diagnoses on the backs of their letterheads. These efforts should not be sneered at, for there is evidence that they are effective palliatives. Were it not for such measures it is likely that the Californians would do worse than kill 2,000 people annually, injure 60,000, and suffer $70,000,000 property damage, as a result of which their 1930 public-liability insurance rates rose 18 per cent on private automobiles and 12 per cent on commercial vehicles.

A genuine remedy at the source would be to set up more exacting conditions in the granting of operating licenses. The right to drive an automobile is not inalienable and many persons are totally unfit to exercise it. Almost anyone can learn to operate an automobile after a fashion, but it requires a sense of decency and a certain degree of judgment, as well as rapid reflexes, to operate one without becoming a menace to society. The sense of decency cannot be tested by examination, but the other traits can, and drivers' tests should cover these essential points. There are people, otherwise normal and socially valuable, whose reaction time is so high that to allow them to get behind the steering wheel of a car is equivalent to putting a loaded shotgun into the hands of a chimpanzee. An automobile driver need not have the temperamental and physical fitness of an airplane pilot, but some of the tests which airmen have to undergo, if honestly applied to automobile drivers, would lower traffic accidents to a decent level. Unfortunately, such a course would arouse the united opposition of the automobile fetishists, the high-pressure salesmen, the business boomers, and all the big and little fellows in the automobile industry, from the bankers behind the motor-manufacturing companies to the apprentices who screw on the bolts. As long as they can sell 5,000,000 cars a year, all is well for them in the best of all possible worlds.

Not that they are without plans to make it even better. These devout believers in the uncontrolled proliferation of machinery are about to sell the country on radio sets in automobiles. Several corporations, including one with a capitalization of $10,000,000, have been formed to exploit the automobile-radio field. When every Sunday motorist adds a radio outfit to his equipment, then indeed the machine millennium will be upon us. Of course some slight aggravation of the slaughter on the highways may be expected. Margins of safety, already reduced by inattention, will vanish entirely when a continuous stream of jazz, canned ballads, and success talks takes the driver's mind off the road. The chauffeur who can now hear through the window on his left the motor of an overtaking car which is already out of the field of his rear-view mirror will then be unable to hear anything but the radio set—unless he should veer to the left, when the crash of his car against the other will momentarily drown out the broadcasting. All good hundred-per-centers will be glad to pay such a small price for the blessings of prosperity.

Of course there are always pessimists and croakers who oppose the march of progress. Among these is the State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles of New Hampshire, who announces incontinently:

> New Hampshire is against automobiles equipped with radio which can be operated while the car is in motion. This department is satisfied that the greater percentage of accidents is due to inattention of drivers, and where a radio is being operated while the car is in motion it certainly would tend to divert the attention of the operator.

Such expressions of aberrant common sense cannot stop the billion-horse-power onrush of America Motorial, which, its arteries filled with red blood and its ears with the blare of loud speakers, will never pause so long as one hospital bed remains unoccupied or one ambulance stays in its garage of a Sunday.

The Profits of War

By FORREST REVERE BLACK

NOW that the London treaty has been duly ratified by the Senate and signed by President Hoover, the time is ripe for an examination of the so-called "preparedness program" of the Department of War of the United States. Through the courtesy of Major Mars of the United States Army the writer was given the opportunity of examining an official memorandum bearing the dates of March 5, 13, and 18, 1924, and relating to a little-known agreement under which the War Department for some years has been making contracts with manufacturers for supplies to be used in the next war. This agreement is called the War Department Adjustable Price Contract (for war or other national emergency) and its chief stipulations are as follows: The government assures the munition-maker capacity production; prices are to be determined at the time the goods are delivered on the basis of cost plus a "normal" profit; the contract is to become operative upon the declaration of war.

The aim of the War Department is to contract in advance for thousands of articles either directly or indirectly useful in case of war. No outsider can say how many signed contracts in pursuance of this aim are now filed in the vaults of the War Department at Washington. It is known that the whole country has been districted and that contracts have been made to furnish the seven supply branches of the army. And although the War Department has not seen fit to take either Congress or the American people into its confidence, Major Mars informs us that in the parceling out of valuable concessions to prospective purveyors of the nation for the next war the War Department has acted upon the advice of big business men and of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Three questions present themselves: (1) Are the contracts as drawn favorable to the government? (2) Is there any legal authority for the program? (3) Can the plan be justified as a preparedness measure against war?

We are assured in the memorandum that the contracts as drawn are favorable to the government. But what right has anyone to assume that the paper guaranty of a "normal" rate of profit will be effective? On this point the following considerations are significant. Why is big business willing to bind itself by this particular form of contract? If the War Department desired fully to protect the interests of the American people, why did it specifically provide "it is not contemplated that these proposals will necessarily be of a competitive nature"? One will examine the memorandum in vain to find any regulation or control in the parceling out of these concessions. Is it possible to conceive of a scheme

more favorable to the development of monopolistic control of the vital necessities of the nation in the next war? The favored groups having the contract right to supply will take advantage of the war hysteria. Does anyone suppose that their patriotism will be of such an exalted nature that they will not act in concert and charge what the traffic will bear? Will not the government, under the circumstances, accept the big-business conception of a "normal" rate of profit?

There is no specific legal authority for this program of the War Department. The National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, as amended June 4, 1920, confers upon the Assistant Secretary of War the duties of business manager of the army. But Congress has delegated no power to the War Department to make contracts with prospective purveyors of war supplies assuring them capacity production at a price to be determined after hostilities have commenced and under non-competitive conditions. The War Department is obviously operating on the theory that, whether legal or not, the materials stipulated for in the contracts will be accepted by the government if war is declared and that Congress will pass the necessary validating legislation.

Can the plan be justified as a preparedness measure against war? The War Department blandly assures us that such is its sole aim and purpose. As a matter of fact, instead of being a form of insurance against war, the plan merely adds another powerful incentive for war as far as vested interests are concerned.

What is more, this "patriotic" arrangement is directly opposed to the movement which has been gaining ground ever since the World War and which has for its object the "taking of profit out of war." Suppose that a constitutional amendment providing for the conscription of wealth should be adopted. It would not be self-executing. Congress alone could give it vitality by the passing of appropriate legislation. What effect will the preparedness program of the War Department have on the Congress of the United States when it considers the enactment of legislation to carry out the policy of the amendment? The phrase "conscription of wealth" is ambiguous. Is the phrase synonymous with confiscation? The business interests who have bound themselves by War Department contracts are going to have a good case, especially in a time of war hysteria, when they plead in Congress that they should be protected by the guaranty of a "normal" rate of profit. When that plea is made, the fact that the War Department had no specific legal authority when it made the contract will not be germane. Big business is not in the habit of being gouged by a legal technicality. Thus, the so-called preparedness plan of our War Department not only affords free depression insurance; it also constitutes an admirable weapon which hard-headed business men will not be slow to use to prevent any real conscription of wealth in the next war.

Since the American army returned from the trans-Atlantic crusade, we have heard much about open diplomacy and the democratization of our war-making machinery. If the American people really desire to prevent a repetition of 1917-18 they ought to demand full information about this War Department alliance with business interests; for experience has proved over and over the dangers to peace that lurk in the profits of war.

In the Driftway

THERE has recently been discovered in southern Syria what is believed to be the oldest dictionary in the world. The seacoast city of Zapouna between 3000 and 2000 B.C. was an important commercial center peopled by prosperous merchants whose ships sailed many seas. It was ruled, so the researches indicate, by a princely family who lived in a palace befitting their state. In this palace was found a great library where apparently a school of scribes labored. Six languages were spoken in the busy city of Zapouna and it was the task of the scribes to inter-translate these languages, in order, presumably, that a business man of Zapouna, speaking the native dialect, should not be hindered by linguistic difficulties in striking a good bargain with one of the numerous merchants from Asia Minor who had settled in the city and spoke only Hittite, or with a ship's master fresh from Egypt in command of a desirable cargo. It was in this library that the archaeologists discovered the dictionary, along with other relics of an ancient chapter in the endless and compulsory devotion of mankind to words and the meaning of words. The Syrian "dictionary" consists of great tables of baked earth on which columns of words were traced. In a second column appear translations. On one tablet was found a list of synonyms opposite the words. Scribes in those days as in these struggled to avoid repetition.

* * * * *

THIS news from Syria excites the Drifter, for he is one of those who think that, next to the Bible, a dictionary would be the most desirable companion for that hypothetical exile on a desert island. The dictionary is one vast compilation of the adventurous wanderings of words. And words, since they are the children of the human brain, wherever they go and whatever they do, carry the weight and warmth of human experience, known or unknown. Consider that sturdy and beautiful plant which is named lilac, and which stands so naturally against the green shutters and the white clapboards of New England that the Drifter had half taken for granted that it was indigenous. The color of its blossoms, to be sure, is the same as that which decks the voluptuous orchid—and the Drifter suspects that no self-respecting Puritan would have allowed an orchid in his house. But the lilac, for all its purple, has a sweet dignity and hardy circumspection that kept it from offending the sternest of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is suitable alike for youth in spring and little old ladies in black.

* * * * *

YET the lilac, as any dictionary will show, has an Oriental past. It is a species of the olive tree, a native of Asia. Its original name, in Sanskrit, is *nila,* or indigo plant. From Persia and Arabia the trail of the *nila* leads into Turkey and Poland, into Bohemia and Bulgaria, and finally into the heart of Europe. Somewhere in the long journey the *n* became *l,* and a *c* or a *k* or a *q* was added as nations took the beautiful shrub into their dooryards and the name into their language. Who first admired the *nila* in its native place and carried it home with him, the dictionary does not divulge. Moreover, no account of the journey of the Mayflower to Plymouth, so far as the Drifter knows, mentions a

slip of lilac as part of the cargo. But the Drifter would wager that the lilac was on board, treasured by a Pilgrim Father's wife who wanted something from home to plant near the strange new doorstep and never dreamed that her precious reminder was a native of Persia.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Anglo-Indian Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One cardinal blunder vitiates Mr. Gregg's otherwise fair and admirable survey of the Simon report in your issue of July 9. He apparently assumes that the voice of Sir John Simon and his colleagues is the voice of the Viceroy and his counselors. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Among many Anglo-Indians there is a conviction that the appointment of the Simon Commission was a very great mistake. It was badly stage-managed, and it showed a total misunderstanding of Indian psychology. The Government of India knew that the report would have a hostile reception. It was boycotted; it was useless. It represented neither the attitude of the Indian people nor yet the attitude of the Anglo-Indian community. We in India know that friendly relations between Englishmen and Indians are imperative, and we are determined not to lose them for the sake of governmental bludgeoning. With this attitude Lord Irwin is personally associated. That was why he went to London. That was why he, a Conservative, cooperated fully with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Wedgwood Benn, secured a definite statement that the goal of Government was dominion status, and invited leaders of all parties to come to London and state their claims. It was a perfectly fair offer. We Englishmen were frankly disappointed when Mr. Gandhi turned it down. From the extremists we should, perhaps, have expected nothing. But greater help might have come from the moderates. If they will not cooperate, at least they might tell us what government they will put in place of the British raj. Pandit Motilal Nehru and his friends made the attempt. Alas, within a month of its appearance the Nehru report was condemned by practically every section of the Indian community.

The Simon report died even before it was born. In one respect, however, Mr. Gregg is more optimistic than its supporters. He says: "Except for Indian opposition, Parliament would be inclined, I think, to accept the governmental scheme proposed in the report almost without change . . ." We wish it were true. For there is a section of opinion in England that perpetually clamors for "firm government in India," for a sort of Prussianized India. Its chief advocates are two newspapers whose circulation figures considerably exceed the number of intelligent men and women in Great Britain. They savagely attacked Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who, realizing that our Indian policy needed to be "pulled out of the rut," identified himself with Lord Irwin and Mr. MacDonald. And these newspapers are almost powerful enough to win elections. The occasion demands a statesman with vision and not dilatory reporters. Mr. MacDonald, who knows India well, might rise to the occasion. But he has not an assured majority in the House of Commons. He may have to call a general election before the year comes to an end. No wonder Indians are suspicious of English goodwill. Englishmen at home are alternately apathetic or mischievously informed.

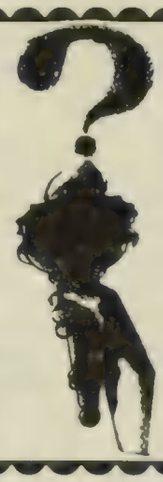
The Government of India is not an evil institution. Only according to the highest of Gandhian standards is it "Satanic." But it is curiously unimaginative. It does not understand the uses of propaganda; and malicious reports against it circulate through Europe and North America entirely unchallenged. It is time that it presented its case and showed that it is allied no more to the reactionaries than to those who, against their leader's orders, use murder and rapine for the propagation of the gospel of non-violence. Perhaps the All-India Conference in London will give the Government of India the opportunity it requires.

Montreal, July 30 J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

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MAN and his Universe *by John Langdon-Davies*

Illustrated, $5.00 HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

Contributors to This Issue

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HORACE GREGORY will publish this fall "Chelsea Rooming House," a book of verse.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is the author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

Books

Now Must the Mind Write

By EDA LOU WALTON

Now must the mind write
Words desired,
For the hand is too tired,
The lips too tired tonight.
Silently must the mind write
Words and never speak.
Hand slips over hair,
Fair lips are laid to cheek,
To the mind's brow;
How can the mind speak now?
Yet the mind must somehow write,
There are many words to be written,
Though the brow be smitten with light,
And lips with lips,
Though hand slips into hand
Forever tonight,
The mind must write!
O culpable hair
Mind-rooted and betrayed
Strayed to the breast,
Even tonight
In delight
In despair
Must the mind write.

The Classical Canons

The Course of English Classicism. By Sherard Vines. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

IN his twenty years' war to discredit romanticism, Mr. Irving Babbitt (if I may be forgiven so belated a reference) must have found that his most effective rhetorical device has been that of a calm historical statement of the excesses and absurdities of the extreme romanticists. But the weapon can be applied quite as effectively by the enemy. If Mr. Babbitt's citations drive you into the ranks of the classicists, then you might try reading this history of English classicism by Mr. Sherard Vines, and be frightened back to where you came from.

Not that Mr. Vines has written his volume with any such purpose. He is a classicist himself, of, so far as I can make out, the extreme right wing. After setting down some of the innumerable stupid judgments that the classical rules have caused otherwise intelligent men to make—such as Addison's cool dismissal of the Gothic cathedrals as "mean," and the Augustan Age's rejection of Shakespeare as barbarous—Mr. Vines is capable of judgments quite as hopeless. He holds it to be a perverse age that extols "Hamlet" and ignores Addison's "Cato"; and in praising Pope's "Essay on Criticism," he writes (as if to elevate one author it were necessary to kick a few others) that "it is poetry to anyone who is not deafened with a century of uncouth and agonized cries, whether from Shelleys, Brownings, Masefields, or Mews." He goes on to remark in praise of Pope that he is "not merely a 'great poet'; he is unfailingly efficient; he forgets, unlike Homer, Shakespeare, Shelley, or Browning, to nod." The truth of which would seem to me to depend a great deal upon one's definition of nodding. But perhaps Mr. Vines is thinking of form and not of content, and prefers a polished platitude to a slightly awkward line, however fresh or penetrating.

There is at least no reason to believe that Mr. Vines has his tongue in his cheek when he makes these judgments. They are, of course, only a natural result of a rigid adherence to the classical canons. For the typical classical virtues—correctness, order, good sense, good taste, dignity, adherence to the rules—are within the grasp of writers of ordinary talent. It follows that if we apply these classic standards (and many of them are sound enough as far as they go) we must never forget that they are always at bottom secondary. The first question the critic must ask of any writer is what qualities he has that make him worth discussing at all—what it is that makes him arresting or unique—what is his peculiar genius, originality, or force. There will be plenty of time to discuss his correctness and good taste when these primary questions have been answered. Yet the failure to recognize this fundamental distinction between genius and propriety is responsible for mountains of critical rubbish, from which Mr. Vines has diligently collected a representative heap.

The truth is that the age-long controversy between romanticists and classicists has been infinitely tedious, and we are perhaps indebted to Mr. Vines for unintentionally making that fact so clear. What an endless battle of threadbare labels and faded meanings! It seems to me that the sensible critic today will merely pronounce a plague on both houses, and try to approach the subject afresh. He is likely to find, as the biologists are now finding in the ancient controversy over heredity and environment, that both sides are right in what they assert and wrong in what they deny. The existing categories and separations are unreal. One of the traditional differences, for example, between classicists and romanticists is that the first emphasize the function of the intellect and the second that of the emotions. But it should be obvious by now that in practice neither can exist without the other, that every intellectual process has its emotional color and every emotion its intellectual concomitant. Again, classicism is usually allied to tradition and romanticism to experiment. But in a recent symposium it occurred to one or two of the more astute contributors that any great work of art must be *both* rooted in tradition *and* experimental. As Emerson has put it: "Poetry must be as new as foam and as old as the rock." That is why it is impossible to classify any first-rate writer, like Shakespeare or Goethe, as either classic or romantic: he has so many elements in his make-up that he cannot be squeezed into such arbitrary categories.

The present book, I regret to add, is depressing not only because of its subject but on its own account. Mr. Vines is a British college professor, and his work has all the typical professorial merits and defects. It has scholarship, it has a few skittish attempts at humor, and it has pedantry and dulness. It swarms with the names of forgotten worthies, whom the author pigeonholes most carefully under classic, gothic, baroque, romantic. He writes wretchedly, and seldom manages to get down a straightforward sentence; the references of his pronouns are so hazy that half the time one cannot tell whom he is talking about. Here is a typical sentence:

> Dufresnoy influenced many after Dryden; and the importance and duration of his principles in precept, and practice such as Sir Joshua Reynolds's, is a sign that Schasler's view (cited by Bosanquet) that British aesthetic forsook Platonism in the eighteenth century, is wide of the mark.

Finally, like a true professor, Mr. Vines makes no reference to the winds of doctrine that blow today, but ends with Macaulay.

HENRY HAZLITT

Bloodless Biography

Joseph Fouché. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $2.50.

AS a biographer Stefan Zweig is peculiarly bloodless, but as an essayist he is discriminating, and if he is often unable to see the forest because of the trees this is the result less of a preoccupation with facts than with didactic oratory.

His long series of literary biographies seems to have been written with the pen in one hand and the birch rod in the other, and his faith in his own logic and lucidity is a form of fanaticism which all may not share alike. But his literary program, at least, is impressive, and his success among discriminating readers on the Continent is less to be wondered at than his apparent failure to reach an audience here. In spirit he is a medievalist; like Romain Rolland a deep believer in the sources of his own prophetic inspiration. His appeal to the modern mind is vague and inconstant.

No doubt, as his publishers have it, Stefan Zweig is "sure of his philosophy." This is a valuable asset for a creative writer providing the horizons are wide enough. But with an even more positive scale of values Hilaire Belloc has recaptured figures from an identical past and given them vitality to the present. Mr. Zweig's peculiar method is to cut his cloth first before measuring his men. The result is nebulous when it is not logically discordant.

In the cases of Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy, Mr. Zweig wished to reveal "adepts in self-portraiture," overlooking the truism that every serious writer is largely preoccupied with himself. One might have inserted Katherine Mansfield, or Havelock Ellis, or D. H. Lawrence in the category without in the least disturbing any logical equilibrium but that of Mr. Zweig. It is beside the point to inquire whether such obscurantism is conscious or not. Common sense plays its part in literature as in life, and the absurdity of any parallel between Stendhal and Tolstoy aside from the commonplace human one does not diminish in the atmosphere of Mr. Zweig's airy dogmatism.

In "Joseph Fouché" we have the portrait of a politician. We have, again, a neatly stylized essay and a frame arranged in advance so that a portrait may fit into it. What does actually emerge from a perusal of this book is the fact that Joseph Fouché, on the human side at least, is worthy of a more full-blooded biographer than the modern monk of the Kapuzinerberg. There is no questioning Mr. Zweig's scholarship. He has his facts delicately at his finger tips. He is able to raise the curtain on a scene and drop it at the proper interval. He can describe, narrate, and draw a wash over his bleak outlines which has some resemblance, at least, to color. But his creation of Fouché, like his creations of Dickens and Dostoevski, speaks to us only after he has pulled the wires. Once again we have, instead of the dance of life, a ghost dance to the tune of a fleshless didacticism. We have, again, manikins, arranged on a stage somewhat below the level of the Kapuzinerberg where the master writes. And once again we perceive that Mr. Zweig's historical creations cannot come to life because he has no life to breath into them, but merely tags to label them by.

We see that Joseph Fouché emerged from the obscurity of provincial Nantes and played traitor to every cause he enlisted to support during the flame and fever of the Terror. If we did not know that it was his hand which arranged the downfall of Robespierre, Mr. Zweig proves this step by step. We know that he was by turn Jacobin, Bonapartist, Royalist, betraying every trust in turn until he extinguished his own light in a final stupid attempt to dazzle the world. We can share Napoleon's opinion that he was "the one really perfect traitor" where we cannot share Mr. Zweig's conviction that he was the world's most consummate politician. He was, rather, a clever card sharper in an age of desperate gambling for supremely high stakes. Then he was the Duke of Otranto, as pitiful a spectacle as Casanova in his old age, dying like a miser with the hoard of scandal he had collected and consigning it to the flames.

A singular and—from the biographer's point of view—a superb figure, that of lean Joseph Fouché, ex-oratorian and minister of police. But the business of biography as we understand it today is to create and not to evaluate. Mr. Zweig's half-tones do not blend with the flame and passion of Fouché's times. They are lost in it, until only the author's pronouncements remain—in their turn to be questioned and evaluated.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

Mr. Masters on a Spree

Gettysburg, Manila, Acoma. By Edgar Lee Masters. Horace Liveright. $10.

SURELY no poet of the older generation has deserved the prestige of a wide reputation more than Edgar Lee Masters. He was among the first to be recognized in the "new-poetry" movement that was in full swing during the war, and yet even today, after a period of rapid transition, his "Spoon River Anthology" and "The Domesday Book" can be reread and enjoyed with honest enthusiasm. The full-bodied vitality that we associate with these two books of poetry has not worn thin. The doctor-lawyer-small-town-atheist personality of Edgar Lee Masters is still very much alive, and still an important contribution to American literature.

Masters is always at his best when he is driven by the necessity of telling a story, usually in a Middle Western setting where he is thoroughly familiar with realistic detail. Both "Spoon River" and "The Domesday Book" illustrate his talent working at full power. It is only when he is forced to rely upon himself as a conscious artist that his talent fails and his lack of self-criticism becomes painfully evident. He has written much downright bad poetry. Like William Ellery Leonard, a poet of equally dramatic personality, he is afflicted with a "grand manner" that is often out of keeping with his subject matter.

His latest volume, containing three dramatic poems—Gettysburg, Manila, and Acoma—is an example of Masters at his worst. The book is likely to embarrass any admirer of Masters's poetry, though here, as often before in his earlier work, Masters shows us that his heart and a fair section of his mental activity are in the right place. He is still the inverted American patriot, bitter, ironic, disillusioned. All this, however, does not justify two long tragic poems, the first dealing with Booth about to shoot Lincoln and the second concerning the American invasion of the Philippines, written in thundering, pseudo-Shakespearean blank verse.

What makes the situation even more embarrassing is that we are quite willing to agree with the general trend of Masters's opinions concerning the destructive influences of American imperialism, the central theme of all three poems. Two quotations, one from Gettysburg, the other from Manila, will serve to show what Masters has done with his material:

SOLDIERS' CHORUS

For Lincoln won, ha, ha;
And Davis lost, ho, ho;
Now double-quick, for my girl is waiting,
And I am bound to go.
Ha, ha, ha,
Ho, ho, ho;
And I am bound to go.

DEWEY'S SAILORS

Boom! Boom! The Raleigh's cannon roar;
Boom! Boom! Reply the Boston, Baltimore . . .

These are lyrical interludes, by no means as painful as some of the blank verse. We can simply assume that Masters is on one of his barnstorming tours in which Booth becomes a maudlin hero and McKinley a pale, pot-bellied, top-hatted villain. This, however, is no indication that Masters has completed his career as an important figure in American letters; he is merely off on another of his periodic sprees. Just as a hopeless drunkard irresistibly reaches out for a bottle of post-war redenatured alcohol, so Masters takes his vacation by diving headlong into the worst of possible poetry.

HORACE GREGORY

The New Criminology

500 Criminal Careers. By Sheldon Glueck and Eleanor T. Glueck. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

FOR all I know, the chances are that this study by the Gluecks will become one of the "classics" of the new criminology. It is the most painstaking and thorough investigation of the grist of a great penological institution that has ever been made. It resulted from the encouragement of Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Harvard, and an appropriation of $11,000 by the Harvard Milton Fund, and it took three years to complete. The hard, unshakable fact which the investigation establishes is that 80 per cent of the 510 men who were discharged from the Massachusetts Reformatory from 1911 to 1922 were not reformed from five to fifteen years later but were continuing in their careers of crime. The exact contrary used to be asserted: to wit, that 80 per cent of those graduated from reformatories proved successes. This conclusion was based upon the study of offenders during a short parole period. The Gluecks have upset it by tracing their group thoroughly for a post-parole period of five years. Since the Massachusetts Reformatory is among the best in the country, the finding of the Gluecks is a terrific indictment of the reformatory system in general, and since the reformatory deals with the youthful and less hardened offenders for whom the greatest hopes of reformation are to be entertained, it is also a cause for despair of our penal institutions in general. The recent outbreak of prison riots must strengthen this feeling.

What remedies are there for this situation? Is humanity to remain forever baffled by crime? The Gluecks are not only concerned to establish their central fact of the failure of the reformatory, but undertake an elaborate examination of the criminal history of their cases with a view to establishing a general method for dealing with offenders. It is a very curious and significant fact that the Gluecks, despite the impact of the discouraging facts they have studied, constantly reveal an optimistic spirit looking toward improvement and reform, while Dr. Richard C. Cabot, who stands sponsor for the book and introduces it to the reader, has only very despairing comments to make. It seems to me that this tacit disagreement may be taken as the basis for some doubts about the method and purposes of the study.

Those doubts do not relate to the typicality of the findings. On the contrary, they proceed directly from it. I think that the central fact of the failure of the reformatory system was worth establishing. But I cannot refrain from regretting that so much time of two intelligent investigators should have been necessary to dispose with finality of the fatuous beliefs of some misguided criminologists. No one who knows anything about the nature of our society and who has had the briefest acquaintance with the actual working of one reformatory institution should have had cause for any optimism. Certainly it must have been obvious to such an experienced criminologist as Dr. Sheldon Glueck that most of the graduates of the reformatory would be found to be continuing in their careers of crime, as soon as he had ascertained the way the reformatory was administered and examined the record cards of the 510 inmates. Only a third of them could in any sense be called mentally normal and a fifth of them were positively feeble-minded. They came from poverty-stricken and degraded homes. Before their sentences to the reformatory the 510 boys had been arrested 1,944 times! Their subsequent careers might readily have been guessed without the tremendous efforts of three years to trace their present whereabouts. Without wishing to detract from the ingenuity and enterprise shown by the Gluecks in accomplishing this, it may well be said that the very fact that they were successful in finding 90 per cent of the men five years after their parole period is an indication of their continuing criminality. Had they all been leading law-abiding and successful lives it would have been far more difficult to follow their tracks, since they would not have been known to social agencies and police identification bureaus.

If this phase of the study fills me merely with doubts, there are others which leave me with a positive impatience. They exemplify for me that passion for research for research's sake which has resulted from the striving of the social sciences to achieve the exactness of the physical sciences. Doubtless many problems are proper for exact research, but it seems to me that criminology is a discipline too much ridden by human values to be capable of development by statistical method. There are no less than 116 tables printed in this study analyzing the criminal history of the 510 men. They are treated like so many guinea-pigs. After the various factors in their lives are tabulated separately, they are tabulated in combinations to show various coefficients of contingency of their continuing criminality. The possibility of establishing such actuarial tables is taken as the basis of a hope for certainty and predictability in criminal justice. A judge in sentencing a criminal will simply have to consult his coefficients of contingency, and they will never betray him any more than logarithmic tables. Presumably the coefficients of contingency are to be constantly adjusted to improvements in penology which may throw them off by a few points. May I be old-fashioned enough to say that I prefer to these coefficients of contingency the "human-interest" stories of some of the individual offenders printed in a chapter called A Sheaf of Lives, and their personal comments presented in another chapter called The Point of View of the Ex-Prisoner?

The whole of Chapters 6 and 7, which are devoted to the criminogenesis of the Glueck criminals, represents a type of criminological investigation which should have no place in a new criminology. The possible causes of crime are not obscure; it is the complexity of their combination that causes all the trouble. Hence all attempts at cataloguing the "causes" of crime which one finds neatly done in textbooks of criminology are to be regarded as futile. Such statistical information is valuable only as material for shocking our consciences, as propaganda for the social revolution, but it is useless as far as the individual criminal is concerned. The emphasis must always be upon him rather than on the causes of crime. It is true that the present economic organization of society is a tremendous factor in criminal causation (yet curiously few criminologists ever use their tables of the causes of crime to preach the social revolution), but mental deficiencies are no less potent. On the other hand, neither factor, obviously, necessarily results in crime. Not all the poor are law-breakers, nor are all the feeble-minded in jail. In dealing with crime we are confronted by too many imponderables of criminal causation, too many of the dark mysteries of the human soul.

A social revolution may result in bringing actual penal institutions closer to the possibilities of modern criminology (in no other field has there significantly been such a tremendous institutional lag behind knowledge), but a social revolution will not itself, of course, abolish crime. Alas, life is the cause of crime. Long after economic classes are abolished mental classes must persist, for it is obvious that we shall never have true social revolution if humanity is to wait until it is cured of *all* its psychoses and superstitions.

Where disagreement is bound to exist for such a long time, it seems to me that the "scientific" method of the Gluecks is not very helpful. I should say rather that good judgment, sense, and faith are required. It seems to me the basic cry of criminologists for "individualization" in the treatment of the criminal is sound. We need an intramural system of classification and segregation which will become more and more effective as psychology and psychiatry advance, and we need certainly a more adequate and honest system of parole. I realize that I make these assertions without research. But has man lost his glorious power to affirm? Why even the Gluecks themselves in the end, however inconsistently, cast discretion to the winds and affirm conclusions about our system of criminal justice for which they offer no proof at all, either by coefficients of contingency or any other means. WILLIAM SEAGLE

Histories of the Jews

A History of the Jews. By Abram Leon Sachar. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

The Jews in the Christian Era. By Laurie Magnus. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

BOTH of these volumes are helpful. Dr. Magnus's work, indeed, ranks very high both as historical thinking and as historical writing. But neither his in its restricted field nor Dr. Sachar's in its comprehensive survey satisfies the particular and peculiar needs of a history of the Jews.

To write the history of the Jews requires an unprecedented scholarship, a fine literary talent to organize the vast and confused materials into a readable progression, and a new historical viewpoint. Of necessity a history of the Jews must be a world history; and the greater part of it must be written not as a political record, for which alone there is a historical tradition, but as a cultural history, for which a satisfactory technique has hardly as yet been devised.

The historian is on familiar political ground only for short and relatively unimportant periods. As a self-governing and pettily imperial nation the career of the Jews was brief and inglorious. The kingdoms of Judea and of the Ten Tribes, of the Hasmoneans and of Herod are more to be mourned for their existence than for their end. They were typical of the brutal, terrified, ephemeral smaller monarchies of the Near East. The Judaism that contributed to civilization is the Judaism of the Exile, the nationhood that out of its necessity devised other than political forms for its functioning. When the history of this effort comes to be written its publication will be a great event.

Dr. Magnus comes close to it. His book, however, through its essay form and its presupposition of a detailed acquaintance with the events and personalities of Jewish history, is taken out of the range of the general reader. It is in effect a study of the Jewish contributions to European civilization. It gives, moreover, only a vague sense of the milieu (vague because it is built of formulated, if interesting, generalization rather than fact) from which the contributors emerged and, indeed, drew their contributions. Within its limits, however, the book is excellent, and it is distinguished by an admirable style.

In his preface Dr. Sachar shows that he understands the special problems of writing Jewish history, but in his text he reveals himself incapable of coping with them. His book becomes, in spite of the resistance of the subject matter, the traditional political history. Where it attempts first-hand work, as in its treatment of American Jewry, it succeeds in no more than a naming of names by "Who's Who" standards.

In style Dr. Sachar attempts a brightness that he has not enough electric to sustain. His models are perhaps worthier, but his own writing resembles most the tedious and fussy scintillations of the converted professors in the *American Mercury*. However, it is true that there is no better one-volume history of the Jews available. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Books in Brief

Seed. By Charles G. Norris. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Charles Norris's latest work is more a disquisition than a novel, a patently didactic discussion of that time-worn question: whether or not birth-control is a frustration of God's design in nature. In this drama of the misfortune of a young novelist and his wife whose marriage is temporarily wrecked owing to the misunderstandings and poverty arising from unwelcome children, Mr. Norris is more teacher than writer. A benign priest on one hand and an emancipated physician on the other represent the two divergent points of view in lengthy and unimaginative conversations. "Seed" does not escape the pitfall of monotony which awaits most treatise fiction. Stodgily argumentative, the author supports his theme by a tedious citation of numerous horrible examples whose misery is ascribed to uncontrolled procreation. We become too involved in unraveling the interrelationships of the family clan and too irritatingly aware of the underscored moral to sympathize with the difficulties of the main characters. As a sincere plea for the sane dissemination of contraceptive information and as a competent analysis of passion, love, and parenthood, this work is eminently satisfying; but as a novel it remains lethargic and overlong.

Strangers May Kiss. By Ursula Parrott. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

One suspects that Miss Parrott's second novel will rival the popularity of its predecessor, "Ex-Wife," because there is still a public avid for intimate description of illicit relations, obstetrics, disillusion, drunken or sober, and true love not quite conquering all. This does not imply that "Strangers May Kiss" has been written with an eye to possible sales; the book is honest and sincere. The author develops her theme—that two may love but the man rides on—in the narration of the brief meetings and long separations of her two main characters. Her people are real. One meets them in New York—restless, distorted, shoddy. But just as one avoids them in real life, one's instinct is also to keep clear of them in fiction.

Shepherds in Sackcloth. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

In her latest novel the author of "Joanna Godden" tells another fine, quiet tale of Sussex and its people. Mr. Bennet, rector of Delmonden, and his little magpie wife have ministered for twenty-five years to a village perversely more interested in tapioca pudding than in the Bread of Life. Never too clerical to be blind to the human problems about them, the Bennets become involved in the difficult love affair between a stormy young member of the gentry and a farmer evangelist. The piteous end of the struggle costs the Bennets much, in

sympathy, grief, and disillusion, and it opens the rector's disastrous warfare with his bishop, who can think of souls only in thousand lots.

The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians. Edited by Waldo Selden Pratt. The Macmillan Company. $3.

No one is too ignorant or too learned to read a dictionary, and if Théophile Gautier and Anatole France never lived to see the day when they could not prowl with profit through dictionaries, who are we that we should disdain such exercise? Mr. Pratt's new encyclopedia is a happy hunting ground for lovers of music. Having begun life as a one-volume abridgment of Sir George Grove's monumental work, it branched off on a career of its own and has become something quite distinctive. The material is divided into three parts, the first being definitions, the second biographies, and the third an entertaining excursion (one of the first of its kind) into musical geography. The cities and towns where music flourishes in any part of the world are listed alphabetically and their musical associations and institutions are itemized. Instead of abridging Grove, Mr. Pratt's volume supplements it indispensably.

Peace. By Arne Garborg. Translated from the Norwegian by Phillips Dean Carleton. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

Perhaps in no other novel in literature has the phenomenon of religious monomania that shrivels and poisons everything it touches been described so pitilessly yet understandingly. From the sordidness of the crouching and canting peasant life and the unrelieved bleakness of the moors and rocks of southwest Norway—both his own childhood environment—the great Norwegian novelist has wrung beauty and majesty as background for the tragedy of the fanatical peasant Enok.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 231
EDITORIALS:
Mr. Churchill Runs Amuck 234
Hail, Sixty-four! 235
The Uses of Adversity 235
Intellectuals in Politics 236
GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS. By Oswald Garrison Villard 237
NORTH CAROLINA KEEPS FAITH. By Edgar W. Knight 240
NEW ECONOMIC BLOCS IN EUROPE. By Friedrich Scheu 241
CANTALOUPES AND COMMUNISTS. By Conrad Seiler 243
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 245
CORRESPONDENCE 245
BOOKS AND FILMS:
A Schoolmaster Dies in Italy. By Horace Gregory 248
Americans Do Not Read. By Henry Hazlitt 248
Reversion to Childhood. By Clifton P. Fadiman 249
Beyond His Horizons. By Eugene Löhrke 249
A World Infecund? By J. J. Spengler 250
A Monumental Undertaking. By Richard McKeon 250
The Art of Max Weber. By Louis Lozowick 251
Hindenburg. By William MacDonald 251
Books in Brief 252
Films: "Hell's Angels." By Alexander Bakshy 254
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Fascism in Finland 255
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 256

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THE STINGING REPORT of the League of Nations Mandates Commission upon British responsibility for the Palestine riots of 1929 has drawn an almost equally sharp reply from Arthur Henderson as British Foreign Secretary. Mr. Henderson concedes the inadequacy of the protective force that was established by his government, but in a tu quoque he vigorously defends his country from the charge that it could have foreseen the troubles: Why did not the Mandates Commission also foresee it? Mr. Henderson scores, too, when he points out that the Mandates Commission rejected many of the findings of the Shaw Commission in favor of unverified ex parte statements. But most mortifying for the British to answer is the charge that England failed in her mandatory capacity to advance adequately the social and economic welfare of Palestine and thus to improve the relations between Arabs and Jews—a charge it deeply resents, and naturally. A stiff dose that, especially in view of the fact that the report of the Mandates Commission bears the approving signature of the British member of the commission, Lord Lugard!

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS statesmen will have plenty to talk about at their forthcoming meeting notwithstanding that the meeting of the Council, which precedes that of the Assembly, was postponed for a few days in the hope that more items might be placed on the agenda. The Briand scheme of a European union is expected to figure prominently in the discussions—directly if Great Britain succeeds in enforcing its request for consideration of the matter by the Assembly, indirectly if M. Briand is able to hold to his original purpose of having the plan considered in an informal meeting of League delegates. Then there is the question of treaty revision and Franco-German relations generally, regarding which French political opinion is reported to be much worked up. It seems more than doubtful, however, whether anything practical will come out of the parleys. It is hardly likely that Germany, which thus far has only the inferential support of Italy in calling for a revision of the peace treaties, will attempt to steal a march on France by bringing up the question unexpectedly, although France fears that something of the kind may happen; while as for a European union, the latest reports from Paris are that the French Cabinet has intimated to M. Briand that it will be well, under the circumstances, not to press that issue too hard. If Germany really intends to agitate openly for treaty revision, discussion of a European union of which Germany must be a member would probably seem to the French rather inopportune.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE which is to meet at London at the end of September promises to be almost exclusively an economic conclave. With the exception of a rather perfunctory reference to imperial defense, and a mention of certain constitutional questions such as the operation of dominion legislation and the settlement of inter-imperial disputes, nearly all of the subjects listed in the preliminary agenda which Mr. MacDonald has given out are of an economic character. Prominent in the list are imperial capital investments and the establishment of branch industries, "the effect of successive tariff changes and the extent and effect of inter-imperial tariff preferences," trade cartels, overseas settlement, and transport and communication. Interest in the tariff issue has been greatly stimulated, since the publication of the agenda, by the intimation that a 10 per cent tariff on imports into the United Kingdom may be proposed "for revenue purposes," and by the recent action of New Zealand in ending the preferential duties on Canadian automobiles, engines, and tires in retaliation for Canada's increase in the duty on New Zealand butter to four cents a pound. The one disturbing political issue is the demand of Premier Hertzog of South Africa for a formal declaration by the conference of the right of a dominion to secede. There seems no reason to believe, as yet at least, that Mr. Hertzog is planning to lead South Africa out of the empire, but he is determined to extract from the conference, if he can, an affirmation of the constitutional right to withdraw. The mere suggestion is well calculated to give British imperialism a jolt.

DOOR TEAMWORK at Washington again! On August 21, just at the outset of the Congressional campaign, certain misguided Treasury officials let it be known that, in view of the falling off in revenues, hope of

continuing the 1 per cent cut in the income tax voted last December had been practically abandoned. For some strange reason the President was reported as being disturbed at the publication of such "premature" predictions, and after a series of conferences on the following day he gave out a statement saying that "there is no ground now for the predictions in the press this morning," while Secretary Mellon valiantly proclaimed "a very real hope" that the tax cut would stay. We pointed out last December that, whatever might be said for the tax reduction on political or "psychological" grounds, it had no fiscal justification. During the fiscal year up to August 15 treasury revenues were $54,000,000 below last year's figures, partly owing to decline in customs receipts, and there is already unpleasant talk of financing the Farm Board by loans and using the interest payments of foreign governments for current expenses instead of debt reduction. It is to be hoped that the Treasury in hard times will stand stiffly for sound policies, a thing easy enough to do in prosperous days; but the greatest secretary since Alexander Hamilton has heretofore shown himself not wholly immune to political considerations.

THE SELECTION of Henry P. Fletcher to be chairman of the new Tariff Commission indicates that the President intends at least to put a respectable front on that body. Under his predecessors it reached a depth of degradation unusual even in the sordid history of tariff exaction, and it will be pleasant if the entire personnel of the reorganized body is such as to command a reasonable measure of public confidence. The appointment of Mr. Fletcher is reported as encouraging hope in Europe, but nobody acquainted with tariff history is likely to imagine that the board will be allowed to do anything important in attacking either the iniquities or the imbecilities of the Smoot-Hawley act; and both the absurd theory of the present flexible provision and the treatment of the commission itself during the past ten years are calculated to scare off competent students from accepting membership if the President should happen to offer it to such. The appointment of Mr. Fletcher is, indeed, interpreted as meaning that the President intends to have a commission "like-minded" with himself in order to keep administration of the flexible provision in his own hands. Where then is the separation of the legislative and the executive power? With inquiries into more than a hundred rates ordered by Congress and with the commission already initiating twenty-seven such investigations, the outlook is poor for that perfect business peace which the tariff was to bring.

UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF grows more pressing. The Census Bureau officially announces its finding of 2,508,151 persons out of a job, able to work, and looking for a job in April—a figure which, of course, does not pretend to represent the total unemployment. In New York a municipal employment bureau, tardily established, was stormed in its first days of operation by 15,000 workless men and women, of whom it could find places for only 685. Under such conditions, Washington still makes no attempt to rouse the country to organized effort. Indeed, Secretary Davis, in announcing the personnel of the President's commission on unemployment statistics, which will meet in October, had the temerity to say he believed a study of statistics would reveal a steady decrease of unemployment. Canada affords a pleasing contrast. Mr. Robertson, Minister of Labor in the new Bennett Government, immediately called for reports from provincial ministries and city authorities estimating the amount of unemployment and the prospects for the winter, in order to get at least some idea of the actual extent of the problem, summoned a meeting of the national Employment Service Council in order to get its advice, and on this basis proposes to formulate a relief program for submission to a special session of Parliament. The possibilities of immediate public action outside the field of actual charitable relief, in a critical unemployment situation like the present one, are unfortunately limited, but the possibilities of public education for better action in future are enormous.

THE SUPREME COURT of Pennsylvania has rendered the only possible decision in the partisan effort to steal from Gifford Pinchot the votes cast for him in Luzerne County during the Republican primary. Because the ballots were all perforated by a machine—as they had been before—the Francis Shunk Brown organization undertook to have them cast out as illegally marked. An unfavorable decision would have robbed Mr. Pinchot of the regular nomination. This verdict makes him indisputably the legal party standard bearer in the battle for the governorship with only a wet Democrat opposing him. That, however, will only increase the efforts to defeat him. The machine's trustiest boys are to be allowed to slip over into the Democratic camp and the wets in the Republican camp are determined to beat him, too. In this year of that great revolt against the Eighteenth Amendment it would never do to have a dry chosen Governor of Pennsylvania for the second time. Yet we have the faith to believe that he will win; some good news must come out of the Keystone State once in a while, and when we look at the Republican candidate for Senator, we are assured that Providence could not possibly seat him and defeat Mr. Pinchot at one and the same time.

THE GASTONIA CONVICTIONS of seven men, some of them Communists, whom a lower court found guilty of second-degree murder, have been sustained on appeal by the North Carolina Supreme Court. Of the more than one hundred exceptions taken by the defense to the rulings of the trial judge, M. V. Barnhill, special interest attached to those which had to do with the political opinions and religious beliefs of some of the accused strikers. The Supreme Court affirmed the propriety of cross-examining Fred E. Beal, Southern organizer of the National Textile Workers' Union, regarding the Communist principles of the strike leaders, and of Mrs. Clarence Miller, wife of another defendant, regarding her own religious beliefs, the cross-examination disclosing that Mrs. Miller was an atheist. If the decision of the State Supreme Court is good law, there would seem to be no limit beyond which a court may not go in examining an accused person or his family, relatives, and friends where public opinion demands a conviction. The sentences imposed by the lower court carry imprisonment for from five to twenty years. The International Labor Defense has asked for a stay of execution of the sentences until October and a new hearing before the North Carolina Supreme Court, and an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States is also planned.

BIRTH CONTROL has received a weighty indorsement, albeit a carefully guarded and limited one, from the Lambeth Conference, and Anglican circles in England are busily debating the good or evil that the pronouncement may bring on. The conservative bishops could hardly have been expected to avoid saying, as they did, that birth control must be practiced in accordance with Christian principles, that "motives of selfishness, luxury, or mere convenience" are to be strongly condemned, and that the institution of the family must be scrupulously preserved; but since a good many Christians appear already to have decided that it is quite right not to have children unless they are wanted, neither Anglicans nor Nonconformists are likely to have much difficulty in interpreting the Lambeth pronouncement as conveying all the spiritual approbation they need. The Anglo-Catholics of the Establishment, who are much nearer to Rome than they are to even an episcopal Protestantism, are of course up in arms, and it is reported that their leader, the Rt. Rev. Charles Gore, former Bishop of Oxford and an irreconcilable opponent of birth control, may come out with a formal protest. On other matters the conference does not appear to have registered much progress, and church unity, save for unimportant mergers of sects here or there, seems as remote as ever from practical realization.

NOT SINCE WORD CAME that in the unutterably desolate wastes of the Lena Delta Chief Engineer George W. Melville had found the bodies of Commander DeLong and his lost associates of the Jeannette has as pathetic and stirring a report come out of the Arctic as the news of the finding of Salomon-Auguste Andrée and his two associates. Their balloon voyage was an effort to adapt an imperfectly developed instrument of exploration a full generation ahead of the proper time. As we now know from a letter of Fridtjof Nansen, republished by the New York *Times,* Andrée realized that his quest of the North Pole by balloon was hopeless. He had the courage, he told Nansen, to admit his defeat once; he lacked it to return a second time with nothing accomplished—death was preferable. And so he and his two fellow-voyagers have lain in their Arctic tombs of ice these thirty-three years. The world has moved on; a World War has been fought and lost by all concerned; a new machine of the air has conquered the North Pole, and then the South. Andrée and his men have slept on undisturbed until now. Who knows? May not some new explorer yet reveal the fate of Sir John Franklin and the one hundred and forty-six who sought the Northwest Passage? Even as we write, word comes of two Canadian fliers taking off from Fort Hearne for King William's Land, where these Arctic pioneers are supposed to have perished.

FATE HAS PLAYED no stranger trick of late than that of letting Van Lear Black, the chief owner of the Baltimore *Suns,* fall to his death from the deck of his yacht after he had flown safely more thousands of miles than any other American aviation enthusiast who was not a professional. With little ostentation Mr. Black has flown repeatedly over Europe, Africa, and the Near East. In 1927, for example, he cruised by air from London to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies in fifteen days. In less than six weeks he was back again, having made the round trip of 20,000 miles in 183½ flying hours. In this very year he flew from London to Tokio and then took ship to San Francisco. From there he flew to Baltimore. Once one of his planes was destroyed in Calcutta in a storm. But it is not merely because of his extraordinary and helpful devotion to aviation that Mr. Black deserves commemoration. As we have said before, he was quite the foremost of the group of enlightened men who made possible the Baltimore *Sun* and *Evening Sun.* By no means always in sympathy with the editorial policy of those papers, himself very rich and closely affiliated with the greatest business enterprises in Baltimore and elsewhere, Mr. Black none the less gave a free hand to the editors of his papers, with the result, as we have frequently stated, that they stand in the very forefront of American journalism for intelligence, independence, ability, dignity, honesty, and high journalistic standards. Such papers are so rare in America today that the profession and the public owe a debt of lasting gratitude to Mr. Black and all his associates.

THE UNTIMELY DEATH of Henry Rogers Seager in Kiev on August 23 is a heavy loss to American scholarship and American citizenship. A scholar of catholic tastes, of open mind, of fine scientific temper, and of extraordinarily sound judgment, a teacher of unflagging enthusiasm, a wise counselor and a helpful colleague in all kinds of undertakings both private and public, Professor Seager gave to Columbia University, to New York City, and to the United States a lifetime all too short of devoted and self-forgetting service. Honored by his professional colleagues with the presidency of the American Economic Association, he was constantly called on for advice and aid in important affairs of city, state, and nation. The breadth and depth of his intellectual and practical interests were matched only by the simplicity and friendliness of his character, and thousands of men and women in every part of the country will mourn his death as a distinct personal loss. It was characteristic of the man that his last activity should have been the taking of a party of economists to Russia to make a careful study of the working of the five-year plan. Always he sought the truth, wherever it was to be found, whithersoever it led.

MASS MUSIC PRODUCTION was the dominant note, not to say the leitmotif, of the finale of the recent Chicago Music Festival, sponsored by the Chicago *Tribune* and thirty-eight newspapers of five surrounding States. Elimination contests resulted in the selection of musical champions of every kind, from soprano soloists to saxophone sextets, and on the final evening a nation-wide radio hookup carried to the remotest parts of the country the music of a band of 1,100 pieces, made up of units from all five States, and the strains of the Hallelujah Chorus sung by a massed chorus of 5,000 voices. A Negro chorus of 1,000 voices sang spirituals; a great band played the Anvil Chorus to the accompaniment of forty electrically charged anvils giving off red, white, and blue sparks; field artillery fired salvos over Lake Michigan as part of the 1812 overture; and finally all the bands and the choruses and the audience in the Soldiers Field Stadium, estimated at 100,000 persons, joined in the national anthem (mercifully America and not the Star Spangled Banner). Next morning there was silence.

Mr. Churchill Runs Amuck

AT its annual gathering at Zurich last week the Second (Socialist) International (not to be confused with the Communist Third) voted its protest against "mad-dog speeches." Well might it, for a few days before, on August 20, Winston Churchill had given voice to one of the worst mad-dog utterances of which we have record. Speaking at the home of the late Lord Curzon at Kent, he declared it certain that Mahatma Gandhi and "a handful of disloyal Indian politicians" would not obtain dominion status in their lifetime, and that the next House of Commons would be less favorable to dominion self-government for India than the present. "It is wiser and safer," said he, "to be blunt and plain, and wrong to encourage false hopes in the minds of the Indian political classes." He added his conviction that the result of a round-table conference would be to make the present confusion worse confounded—"I hope, indeed, it won't be disastrous." After characterizing the leadership of MacDonald as "defeatism in high places which is so rapidly throwing India into chaos," he then accused the MacDonald Government of "trying to breed civil war in Egypt, as one might breed serpents in a zoo."

It would be hard to imagine a speech likely to do more damage. It is the spirit of Lord North and of George III. It embodies the contemptuous self-satisfaction of Lord Cornwallis and Sir Henry Clinton. It is as surely the policy of defeatism as was that of those distinguished generals in North America, and it underestimates the conditions in India as much as the leaders of the British government underestimated the powers of endurance and determination of the American colonies. More than this, this speech explains why it is that while Winston Churchill is admitted even by his bitterest political enemies to be the ablest debater and perhaps the most powerful figure in the House of Commons, no one believes that he can reach the office of Prime Minister, unless there should be complete absence of any other leadership. Certainly his coming to the headship of Great Britain would be a tremendous misfortune for the British people and a menace to the peace of the world. If the policy of blood and iron for India which he advocates in the words we have quoted should prevail, it means that innumerable thousands would perish, and that the British would find themselves shooting down multitudes merely because they refuse to accept the overlordship of the British government at the same value that the Winston Churchill type of Englishman puts upon it.

It is just such an utterance as this, we suppose, that makes Ramsay MacDonald justify himself for withholding as Prime Minister that definite promise of freedom for India which he repeatedly gave prior to his taking office. We can almost hear him say: "You see, if we had taken the extreme position we should have opened the door wide to the Churchills, to the policy of force without stint." To this we should reply that the menace of Churchill is not to be met by compromise and refusal to stand by one's own beliefs and promises, but by clear-cut insistence that right and justice shall prevail in England and likewise in India. If then the British electors should decide that they wished the government to embark on as mad a policy as Churchill suggests, the responsibility would not be upon the Labor Party. Nor would the outcome be uncertain. We have passed that stage of human history when one nation may tyrannize over another merely to obtain some advantage for the nation's pocket. Adam Smith knew the truth about that, for he wrote that "to found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers" is "a project altogether unfit for a nation of shopkeepers, but extremely fit for a nation whose government is influenced by shopkeepers"—or, he might have added, a government influenced by Tories of the Churchill type. Indeed, we have before us the letter of a distinguished British journalist which has just come to hand from London, in which he writes: "We ought to have said to the Indian leaders: 'The political victory is yours. India is to be free; how will you take it?' The quibbling over dominion status, with Lloyd-George and Reading queering Irwin's pitch, has been fatal."

For the battle is lost, and the undeniable fact is that the great government of England in India has gone hat in hand to the silent prisoner in the jail at Poona to ask what he will, and whether through him shall come peace. Only through him can it come. They have isolated him from the world; he may receive no letters and send none. No journalist may go to him, no friend or sympathizer. But his influence upon his people is unshaken. Every bit of unprejudiced evidence that comes out of India shows that British rule is shaken to its very foundations. The Indian cities are even withdrawing their deposits from the British banks. The picketing of cloth shops and drink shops goes on without abatement despite the brutality of the police. British industry totters. Meanwhile on the Peshawar frontier blood flows steadily. No man, outside of a few officials, knows how great is the loss of life, or how many villages have been bombed and destroyed. Even this show of the iron hand does not satisfy Winston Churchill, who feels that the Minister of India, Wedgwood Benn, is "a small man" who, as the problem of India "looms larger and larger, grows smaller and smaller."

What even the Labor leaders do not realize is that if they are not careful they may awake some day to find that, thanks to the Churchills and their fellow-diehards, the hour even for dominion self-government has passed. There was a time during the War of the Revolution when a conciliatory attitude and the readiness to make generous concessions would have saved to England her North American empire. If the Indians are provoked too far they may indeed refuse anything but complete independence. The complete loss of India would be a dreadful blow to England! The blow to her prestige and the effect that that blow would have on her problems in other countries, need not be dwelt upon. That, however, is precisely what the Churchills are courting, and only by a broad and generous attitude and the readiness to make a radical concession can England's prestige in India be saved. Rifles and airplanes will not and cannot do it. The idea that India can hereafter be compelled to be "loyal" to a foreign government is as absurd as it is wicked.

Hail, Sixty-Four!

SIXTY-FOUR men, we learned one day last week (the day before, it was fifty-nine), rule the United States "by virtue of their ability." The preceding day, we and our British brethren learned something else. Let Great Britain only put a Beaverbrook tariff ring fence around the Empire and "give the forty men [that was the number that day] who rule the United States ten years for the development of this industrial empire and no country on this earth could approach it in per capita wealth." Now, our British friends seem too polite to say it in so many words, but we are not; so we will simply observe concerning Mr. James W. Gerard, to whom we owe all this remarkable information, that his lack of understanding of British economic conditions seems to be matched only by his forwardness in rushing in to tell the British people what tariff policy to adopt. Mr. Gerard's divagations as tail of the Beaverbrook kite, however, will have far less interest for the people of this country than will his list of the rulers of the United States.

On that subject Mr. Gerard mixes truth with abundant error, and the truth needs to be sifted out of the error. He compiles a list of financial and industrial leaders, with a few luckless newspaper proprietors and a couple of trade-union politicians thrown in, and declares that they rule us by virtue of their ability. Now, by and large, and making many necessary qualifications, it is doubtless true that Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Mellon and Mr. Morgan and Mr. Baker and the rest of the sixty-four do rule us. It is no less true because Communists and Socialists insist on it, and persist in drawing certain unpleasant conclusions from it. Money talks, and politicians act by orders or on sufferance of financial and industrial rulers, even though the process be not nearly so simple as the critics imagine. But from the days of Aristotle down, the political scientists have pointed out as a fact that the distribution of political power everywhere and always is intimately dependent on the control of property. No competent observer denies it, and certainly Mr. Gerard, with his rich experience in "practical politics," could not help seeing it. If his sixty-four men rule us, as they do despite all disclaimers, then they do it because they control the property of the United States, which is something quite different from what Mr. Gerard says.

What then? How are we to attain liberty in that case? Overthrow the property system, say the Communists, and you destroy the power of the sixty-four, and the people will be free. But this does not follow at all. At present we have a concentration of power, due to the control of property in the hands of the sixty-four, offset to some extent by the conflict of other property interests (those of the farmers, for example) and the other minor forces that make themselves felt in politics. What is the fresh guaranty of liberty involved in concentrating property in the hands of the state, and the power of property, consequently, in the hands of state officials? It may be argued, perhaps, that economic necessity is going to drive us to some such centralized ownership and management of the great industrial machine, but if so, we are simply faced with a new and more difficult problem in the endless war for freedom. At present, the practical problem is how to use the political power of the state to insure the blessings of liberty, if possible, to men without property, as against the economic power of property owners; under communism, it would be how to insure liberty to all citizens as against a state wielding both political and economic power. Our present political task, then, concerns the relation of the state to the men who hold in their hands the economic power of life and death.

But the sixty-four rule, we are told, because of "ability." That ability, however, is of a special, albeit a practical and important kind—the ability to get and manage property. If we are ruled by such ability, it is because we consent to be ruled; and we consent because we value highly the things that it provides us. The sixty-four do not tyrannize over an unwilling people. Whether we shall continue their rule depends ultimately on what we want. Of course it is ridiculously untrue to say that even now sixty-four or sixty-four thousand business leaders absolutely rule us. Ability of other kinds counts. It is eminently desirable for it to play a much larger part, and the present moment, when we have ceased to be besotted with prosperity, is a good time to think soberly just what business rule has and has not given us. Such thought is bound to lead to a decreased emphasis on the importance of more material goods, with a greater attention to rational distribution and to proper conditions of work and leisure, and beyond that to greater consideration of the possibilities of life and happiness that arise out of normal human relations and not out of the getting of wealth at all. To the extent that we make that choice we free ourselves from the present domination of our business leaders. Such a distant consummation is the proper goal of American education and politics.

The Uses of Adversity

FROM the beginning of time the poets and prophets have pointed to the uses of adversity. "In the day of prosperity be joyful" says the author of Ecclesiastes, "but in the day of adversity consider." Bacon reminds us that "prosperity does best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue." And Shakespeare, of course:

> Sweet are the uses of adversity;
> Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Our modern sages rediscover the ancient truth. Mr. Henry Ford, in fact, not only discovers that adversity has its compensations, but seems to regard it as being better than prosperity—or at all events, better than last year's prosperity. "Recovery from any kind of sickness is always a good thing," he is quoted as remarking, "even though it is accompanied with considerable pain and inconvenience. But everybody is mistaking the recovery for the sickness. The country is far better off today than it was a year ago when the people were fairly crazy with stock speculation fever." And Mr. Calvin Coolidge finds that "the increase of 1½ per cent in the sales of life insurance for the first seven months of the year is wonderfully encouraging."

Mr. Coolidge's statement of fact is correct, even if the conclusions he draws from it are somewhat too comfortable. He might have supplemented his encouraging fact from the reports of savings banks. For the six months ended June

last the country's mutual savings banks reported a gain in deposits of $274,000,000, compared with a loss of $83,000,000 in the last six months of 1929, when savings were being drawn upon to protect stock-market margins. At the end of June the total deposits of the mutual savings banks reached $9,146,000,000, the highest on record. This year, for the first time in six years, the savings banks of New York State reported a net gain in deposits in July. Deposits in July were actually $4,000,000 less than in July a year ago; it was the fact that withdrawals were $44,000,000 less than July last year that converted a net loss in deposits of $28,000,000 then into a net gain of $12,000,000 in July this year.

Thus adversity discourages gambling and reckless spending and forces us back to the homely virtue of thrift, and it does this not only for individuals but for the great corporations as well. When profits are high, wasteful methods of business tend to set in; but narrow profits or heavy deficits compel the study of economies and more efficient productive methods, which continue in force when prosperity returns again. Thus the railroads during the trying times beginning in 1920 and 1921 initiated large-scale economies which brought down the ratio of operating costs to revenues from 77¾ per cent in 1923 to 72⅜ per cent in 1927. Current discussion in railroad circles indicates that somewhat the same process may be under way at the present time, and there is little doubt that when we come out of the present depression, not only the railroads, but all the major industries will be operating with a degree of economy and efficiency that was unnecessary in the piping times of 1929. The several million unfortunates thrown out of employment may be forgiven if they do not quite understand Mr. Ford's meaning, but there is truth even in his assertion that one of the advantages of the present depression is that we have been "compelled to take a dose of that old-fashioned medicine, real work."

It is a gain, too, that economic romanticism has been succeeded by economic realism. At the peak of last year's stock market there was no longer any intelligible relation between the actual earnings of a company and the price of its stock. In the main, two emotional slogans had taken the place of cold arithmetic. One of these held that "You can't be a bear on the U. S. A." and the other that we had entered a "new era" where the old economic rules no longer applied. However sound the first may have been as a long-run principle, it proved costly to those who felt they could apply it to any stock at any price; and it has since been discovered that new eras can show distressing similarities to old eras.

Present conditions, however, provide something else than an opportunity for facile moralizing. Perhaps the greatest value of the present depression may prove to be the fact that it will force us as a nation to confront the problem of unemployment more seriously. Unemployment does not appear merely in periods of general depression; there are always special industries that are slowly dying and dropping men, and there are always industries throwing men suddenly out of work when new labor-saving devices are introduced. In ordinary times legislators and public officials remain callously indifferent to the fate of these men; we have not yet learned to accept public responsibility for them. If existing conditions should lead to the adoption of well-thought-out plans of unemployment insurance perhaps they will have been worth their heavy cost.

Intellectuals in Politics

THE scholar in politics has been a good deal under suspicion since Henry Cabot Lodge, historian and biographer, turned out to be as much of a machine politician as any of his Senatorial colleagues, and most people have concluded that neither President Roosevelt nor President Wilson did much credit to American intellectuals. Ever since the World War cast a blight over free thought and free speech, the intellectuals have avoided politics about as they would the plague, denouncing it from time to time as dirty business but giving no help in making it better. Only here or there has a scholar, or writer, or teacher, or thinker been willing to stand for an elective office, and most of them have had their trouble for their pains.

The consequences have been mad for the state and bad for the intellectuals. The practical work of government has been left to men who, for the most part, had at best only a nodding acquaintance with culture and at worst an open contempt for everything that culture means. In most other countries public service, and the political activities which go with it, have seemed to the intellectuals worth while. The rosters of the English House of Commons or the French Chamber of Deputies contain the names of a fair number of scholars or writers whom the intellectual world regards as important, and virtually every German Minister is likely to be a Ph.D. In the United States, a surprising number of men who are entitled to be called professor seem nervously anxious to keep the fact dark, and doctors of philosophy or writers of books are as scarce in the Senate or House of Representatives as are millionaires in Grub Street.

That is why the appearance of Heywood Broun as a Socialist candidate for Congress in a hardboiled conservative district in New York City is an event of national significance. Mr. Broun is not a scholar as the technicalities go, and he would be like a bull in a china shop if he were placed in a professor's chair. He is a man of letters, a writer of force and charm, and an independent and constructive thinker. His daily columns in the New York *Telegram* and his weekly articles in *The Nation* have been read and admired by tens of thousands for their humor, their shrewd observations regarding people and events, and their unsparing exposure of shams. If a head needs hitting, Mr. Broun is rather likely to hit it, and an immense audience recognizes the deftness and vigor of the blow.

Mr. Broun's irruption into politics ought to make American intellectuals sit up and take notice. It does not matter so much, for the moment at least, whether he is elected or not; we fancy that he himself will not change his gait or go to bed an hour earlier either way. What matters a great deal is that he has gone into the fight because the fight needed him, and because an intellectual assault on the Park Avenue mind is the best possible way to wake up other intellectuals and set them at work. We hope he may win, not because he is a Socialist, or a columnist, or an all-round good fellow, nor because Washington needs a dash of color against its walls of drab, but because he is an intellectual. If Heywood Broun can go to Congress, so can other intellectuals. That would bring a day of saving grace.

Government and Business*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THAT there is a distinct infelicity between business and government must be perfectly obvious. If there were a great domestic-relations court to deal with them these two unhappy parties would appear before it on endless occasions, in endless roles. Day by day new problems and new difficulties arise. The hurly-burly increases; it never dies down. At bottom, it is all, of course, a struggle between government and the selfish motive of private profit which actuates so many of our citizens. That profit motive is deemed in capitalist states as an indispensable wellspring of ambition if mankind is to advance, the Russian Communists being ridiculed for daring to assert that they can change human nature, substitute interest in the general welfare for interest in private profit, and still expect industry, ambition, and the determination to rise to manifest themselves among the masses of the people. Between the two extremes there is every variation, but this paper is concerned only with recording certain of the contradictory phases of the struggle in this country.

In the first place, let it be established that the relationship of our government to business becomes steadily closer and closer; that where there is one example of our government retiring from a business into which it has entered, such as its steady withdrawal from its war-time mercantile-shipping enterprise, there are a dozen others in which it recognizes its moral responsibility to curb the appetites and control the ambitions of those whose business daring leads them into new fields, like the radio, or into combinations of larger and larger units.

Thus we find government policies changing with extraordinary speed, and the opinions of the public and the business world as well. What could be more remarkable, for example, than our government's change of front on the proposed merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads? Mr. Roosevelt's successful attack, in 1904, upon the Northern Securities Company, formed to merge these two roads, was thought by many to be the high point of his administration. Today, only twenty-six years later, we find the government not only approving the merger of these two roads, but through the Interstate Commerce Commission actually planning the combination. Even more remarkable is the fact that not until months after this was proposed did any opposition manifest itself among the farmers, who have not even yet asked that the $10,000,000 the railroads plan to save by this merger be shared with them in the form of lower rates. Is the change due to a wiser afterthought or to altered economic conditions?

Again, when war came it seemed natural and wise for the government to take over and operate the railroads, shipping, and coal mines, to supervise our agriculture and many industrial enterprises. Everybody acquiesced and nobody questioned. The government was urged to take over forests, factories, plants of every kind, to build docks, shipyards, railroads, whole villages and towns. Nobody declared that this was socialistic or communistic. It was just *necessary*, in order to coordinate all the forces of the nation, to forge the thunderbolts needed to destroy the German military power.

When the war ended, the government made haste to restore the property it had taken and operated and give it back to our wasteful, uncoordinated, inefficient, individualistic, competitive industrial system. Business was insistent that it should do so—even though the coal mines, for example, reverted to conditions notoriously bad, which in many cases made the earning of adequate profits impossible. Plainly, we have here a very great difference between peace and war. What is good for us when we are all trying to murder a lot of other human beings across the seas is bad for us when we are devoting ourselves to the homespun duties of caring for wives and children in obedience to the private-profit motive.

Occasionally, however, we do slip back. The newly established Federal Farm Board, for example, is an effort to deal with agriculture as a whole. This new deal was brought about, not by the national emergency of war, but by the emergency of bad times. I had expected that cries of socialism would be raised against it by an outraged business world, but business, suddenly acutely conscious of a falling-off in the farmers' buying power, did not make serious opposition. So the government supplied $200,000,000 to a board to coordinate the entire industry, to teach it to buy and sell cooperatively. But the board went far beyond that, undertaking the suicidal policy of attempting from Washington to peg the prices of world commodities, with the result that its losses to date are variously estimated at between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000. Surely the government never went into business more deeply or more disastrously.

This brings us to one of the most striking facts in this whole tangled field of industrial and government relations, and that is that government regulation, or operation, or ownership is never socialistic, or in any way reprehensible, when the business it regulates or takes over is in straits or bankrupt. Of this the classic example is the Cape Cod Canal. This waterway was dug by private capital under a license granted by the State of Massachusetts. When it was urged that the canal should be built and operated by the government, the immediate reply was that such an undertaking would interfere unduly in private business. The projectors, all prominent financiers in Boston and New York, were sure that they had a gold mine. Unfortunately for them, their prognostications were entirely at fault. They could not so much as pay interest on the mortgage, or even adequately repair their works. Then a miracle happened. It suddenly became clear to all involved that the government should own this canal because of its great value in war time as a short cut on the route from New York to Boston. From that moment everybody forgot about the wickedness of the government's intervening in private business. After years of intense lobbying in Washington, the Congress was induced to pay some $10,000,000 for a bankrupt concern whose waterway was not even being adequately dredged.

* An address at the Institute of Public Affairs, University of Virginia, August 12, 1930.

Can anyone doubt that if conditions should arise in this country making it impossible for the railroads to finance themselves adequately and easily, the movement for government ownership of them would increase tremendously? Again, consider the recent public declaration of Owen Young, chairman of the Radio Corporation of America, that if the government did not permit a union of the two telegraph companies, the radio company, and other transmission concerns in the international communication field, he would favor government ownership and operation for all of them. In other words, if he could not amalgamate these companies and run them just as he wished, he favored unloading the whole business upon Washington without asking whether that would be socialism or communism or anything else. If he could not bring about amalgamation, he wanted to get out from under, because the enterprises involved could not, he said, compete with foreign rivals.

Let us turn to the tariff. Most persons think of it merely as a means of choking off foreign competition, and they welcome it as such despite the fact that they have been brought up to believe that competition is the life of trade. The public does not realize that when the government grants a tariff to a given industry, because that industry is not satisfied with the profits it can make without the tariff, it is becoming a partner in the business, and is far from being a sleeping or silent partner. In many cases, government cooperation in choking the normal processes of trade between nations is declared to be the one thing that keeps a particular business alive. For instance, the cane growers of Louisiana have succeeded in convincing the government, particularly by means of political persuasion, that cane growing in Louisiana is so vital to the future of the country as to make it just and right to tax everybody else to keep the cane growers in a business which they say could not stand on its own legs for two minutes without this government aid. Here again we find that the government's mixing into private business in this manner, joining with it to regulate its profits, is a highly beneficent action, of such far-reaching value as to lead a great many people to attribute to this policy the great industrial development of the United States. The very captains of industry who protested against the establishment of a Federal Trade Commission and other regulatory bodies on the ground that they were bringing government more and more into the field of private business eagerly urge the government to participate in the development of manufacturing industry by means of a tariff.

Let us enter one more field—that of the railroads. When peace was declared, the public was no longer entitled to the benefits which accrued to the country from the operation of the railroads as a whole. The government, therefore, turned the roads back to private operation, yet decided that a certain amount of consolidation and cooperation was desirable. It was a difficult task for the Interstate Commerce Commission to decide just how much cooperation is justifiable in peace times as contrasted with war times, but it finally decided that in place of one group there should be seventeen groups. Into each of these groups it put some strong, prosperous railroads, but also some weak and comparatively inefficient ones. Despite the putting together of such competitive lines as the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, it has been maintained that this regrouping of the railroads upholds the sacred principle of competition. The commission has cut out the competitive waste and duplication of effort to just the degree that it considers best for us, and left sufficient waste and duplication to make us feel at home in the new situation. Though the railroads are generally dissatisfied, business is convinced that by this action the specter of government operation and ownership has again been laid. Business is very careful never to remind the public that the United States government now owns and operates two railroad lines, one of which is nearly a thousand miles long, and operates them apparently with complete satisfaction to the public; the one is in Alaska, the other parallels the Panama Canal.

Next let us consider how far the government's anti-trust policy has affected the development of business. There is no doubt that the anti-trust laws still have some deterrent effect. If it were not for fear of the law, I believe that every single steel and iron company would be under one management today. That has actually almost come to pass in Germany, where last fall there was created a cartel embracing almost every steel plant in Germany. Precisely as in Russia, the German steel and iron industry has thus become an organic whole. In Germany, however, the vast power thus created is controlled by a group of private individuals, whereas in Russia the similar trust is managed by that most wicked of persons, a Bolshevik official. Let our government return to a laissez faire policy for the railroads, and a J. P. Morgan, a modern Harriman, or another James J. Hill would within the space of a very few years bring the railroads of the country under one control.

The successful demand for a powerful commission in Washington to control all power companies is due to the belief that unless something is done there will soon be one company controlling not only all the power plants and public utilities in the United States, but also all between the Rio Grande and the Straits of Magellan. Four years ago five companies controlled 47 per cent of the nation's power output, the next eight in size controlled another 23 per cent, and the next seven 14 per cent. These first twenty produced more than 50,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of the total of 61,000,000,000 generated, or about 83 per cent. During the past four years this concentration has gone on apace. In the public-utility field 402 companies disappeared in 1925, 1,029 in 1926, 911 in 1927, and 892 in 1928. Of the mergers in 1927, 54 were of holding companies taken over by other holding companies. As this address is being written comes the news that the Mellon interests have purchased a substantial share in the $1,200,000,000 Electric Power Corporation, formed last year by the American Founders-United Founders group.

In the field of banking the trend is the same. From 1922 to 1925 the number of mergers hovered between 120 and 125 per year, rising to 154 in 1926 and 259 in 1927. Eighty per cent of the capitalization of all the banks of the country is now said to be in the hands of twelve financial concerns and, as John Dewey has just written, "it is evident that virtual control of the other 20 per cent, except for negligible institutions having only local importance, automatically ensues." If the financial power of the country as centered in our banks should fall into the hands of two or three groups, would not the government have to insist on a much closer control than the present one? If we turn to other American industries we find the same trend. There

is nothing more striking than the mergers and amalgamations in the newspaper field and the sudden rise of newspaper chains under a single management. In the automobile field 75 per cent of the annual sales are in the hands of two companies, and it is believed that some of the weaker companies will be compelled to amalgamate before 1930 ends. In the moving-picture industry 5,000 of the 20,000 theaters are in the hands of the large producers and distributors of films.

In the field of oil production we have perhaps the most bizarre situation of all. Last year the private-profit method of exploiting natural resources had finally brought us to the point where we were producing at the rate of 485,000,000 barrels of oil a year more than we needed. The petroleum producers became alarmed and petitioned the government to limit the 1929 production in the country to the 1928 level—another case of industry throwing itself into the arms of that dreadful person the government because its profits were beginning to fall to a dangerous degree. But the naughty Attorney General ruled that the proposed restrictive arrangement was price fixing and therefore illegal—a blow at the Hoover policy of intertrade agreements, whereupon the oil men made plans to limit production anyhow and take a chance in the courts. This year finds the oil companies in still greater distress, with several new fields opened up, and so we have the comical situation that the companies want limitation, most people want it, and the government wants it, but nobody dares practice it because of our theory of government called rugged individualism and a statute called the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Surely the demonstration is complete as to where the private-profit motive is leading us, and where it would lead us if our government were to take its hands off.

In view of the fact that President Hoover is reported to be in favor of repealing the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and has encouraged the coming together of manufacturers in all lines of enterprise to formulate intertrade agreements in order to cut out waste, duplication, and the creation of unnecessary articles, the question is sometimes raised whether we are not coming to the Communist ideal from another point of approach. May we not see within a few years here the duplication of the German iron and steel cartel in every line of industry? Certainly fewer and fewer people believe that the private-profit motive when left alone to exploit the riches of the earth is harmless, or even beneficial in the absence of monopoly. More and more people are beginning to see that uncontrolled exploitation of natural resources means waste, high cost, ruin of the small producers, and, finally, grave overproduction endangering all concerned. No thoughtful person can watch this spectacle without realizing that a new way of living must be found. They recall that when we wanted to win a war and were told that oil and steel and rubber meant human lives we immediately threw our whole existing system overboard, and authorized the social control, not only of natural resources, but of key industries. Should this policy be carried out to its logical conclusion—something that I beg you to believe I am not today advocating—we should find ourselves with every business organized into a trust, controlled by a small group of men, and strictly regulated by a government commission.

No man is wise enough today to say just where the final answer lies, but one thing we may lay down as axiomatic. Our own problem can be paralleled in every other highly industrialized country. Any final solution must establish free trade among all the peoples, must abolish cutthroat and wasteful economic competition, and, most important of all, must abolish war between nations.

As immediate steps in this country I would recommend government ownership of railroads, pipe lines, and coal mines, and their operation by the government. I note with great interest that Mr. Frank Haas, a prominent mining engineer of Philadelphia, in speaking before the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, has just advocated government ownership of coal lands with private operation, because "the average coal operator is losing money, notwithstanding a firm conviction on the part of the consumer that he pays too much for his coal." Mr. C. E. Bockus, president of the National Coal Association, on the same occasion declared that the industry is suffering from "uneconomic, unreasonable, and unfair competition," and from an overproduction that has driven the average of prices "below the cost of production with any fair recompense for the capital expended in the industry." What we should strive for, of course, is the control of all our natural resources that have not yet gone into the hands of private owners for private profit. In the water-power field quick action is of enormous importance. If we retain the fee simple, we may grant licenses for operation under strict conditions insuring rates based on bona fide capital investment and not upon items such as huge and unreasonable fees to bankers, payments to lobbyists and other more than dubious items which have often been charged as part of the original investment.

In cases where government operation seems necessary, I commend the story of the Inland Waterways Corporation (as described at length in *The Nation* of June 18, 1930), an agency of the War Department for developing inland waterways, which under the headship of Major General T. Q. Ashburn has made a complete success of a barge line upon the Mississippi River where private capital facing private competition failed. Between 1920 and 1924 the government, operating the waterways directly, lost one million dollars. Today the corporation is paying a profit of $125,000 a year into the United States Treasury. In passing, it is interesting to note that General Ashburn has testified that in the five years during which he has been head of the company he has never been approached for political purposes or for patronage by any member of Congress or any politician.

To many, I presume, these suggestions will seem radical and dangerous, socialistic, perhaps even communistic. Let us not be afraid of adjectives. The Interstate Commerce Commission was denounced at its inception as highly dangerous and highly socialistic. No railroad president today would think of recommending its abolition, of returning to the previous state of affairs. That the times are changing, the facts I have set down prove. If we are to do anything else but drift we must recognize the fact that the competitive system has failed at many points, must begin to do at once what has been done abroad—formulate far-reaching economic and political programs to deal with the new situation. Sooner or later this will have to be done. We too are part of a world current; it is sweeping us onward. Shall we drift through the rapids without thought as to what may happen to us, or shall we set ourselves a course and hold it true? That is the question which confronts us all.

North Carolina Keeps Faith

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

THE recent election of Frank Graham, over his protest, to the presidency of the University of North Carolina, to succeed Dr. Harry W. Chase, who goes to the presidency of the University of Illinois, is viewed generally as an event of immense educational significance for the South. And if the wide editorial comment is representative of real opinion, this forty-four-year-old, many-sided, popular scholar, teacher, and bachelor becomes head of his Alma Mater with wider approval than could have been given any other man.

Graham is favorably known in every nook and corner of North Carolina. He calls by their first names more people than any other man in the State and is addressed by more people in the same intimate manner. For twenty-five years, since he entered the University of North Carolina as a freshman in 1905, he has been closely identified with the life of the institution and its students and alumni. Although his qualities are not those which commend men to the favor of political bosses, it is probable that Frank Graham could have any office in the gift of the citizens of North Carolina, but he is not political-minded, nor has he personal ambition. His ambition is for the institution in which he has invested his life for a quarter of a century.

Only five feet six and weighing but 130 pounds, he combines in his "astounding personality," as the Baltimore *Evening Sun* characterizes it, high intellectual ability, convictions that are firm but free from intolerance, an unbounded patience, limitless energy, an enthusiasm almost apostolic in its fervor, an extraordinary capacity and natural felicity for finding a direct way into personal and public confidence, and, above all, a quiet willingness to be forgotten. Sometimes he seems to throw himself into life about him with the naive imprudence of a child, whether he is going about his routine college duties, planning the program for a social-service conference, organizing college men and women in some public enterprise, making a high-school commencement talk, addressing a Rotary Club, counseling in a faculty committee or in a meeting of the State Library Commission, or protesting in a public statement against bigotry or social injustice in the commonwealth. Forthright in all that he does and says, he sees and cries out against the faults and absurdities of men and manners, but always with fairness and a sympathetic tenderness for the underprivileged. No Southerner of this generation is more fully aware than Graham of the weaknesses of his fellow-Southerners and his section of the country.

Graham's sympathetic and broad understanding of the functions of a university in a modern State heartens his colleagues and the other friends of education. He believes in teaching, in research, in extension, and all of these he has helped to encourage. An inspiring and effective teacher —last year the senior class voted him one of the best teachers in the university—his energies have gone largely into the work of the classroom, but he sees his students outside as well. He goes to a mass-meeting of students to "pep" them up on the eve of a football game with Carolina's ancient rival, Virginia, gives a Phi Beta Kappa address, attends a meeting of the local post of the American Legion, a civic club, or the board of trustees of the children's library, or deliberates with the president's advisory committee, with the same energy and eagerness.

His interest, notwithstanding his training in history, is not in remote and obscure phases of the human record but in the present scene. Largely through his inspiration and leadership a bond issue of $20,000,000 was provided by the legislature in 1921 for the educational and charitable institutions of the State. He was the leader in a recent movement to lift North Carolina from the humiliating last place in the American Union in public-library facilities. "We mean to hew to the line and cut through ignorance, indifference, inertia, and inequality until every person has equal public access to books in every county in North Carolina," proclaimed Graham.

Five years ago, when shock troops of the fundamentalists sought the committee rooms and the floors of the legislature of North Carolina in a frenzied effort to restrict freedom of teaching in the schools of the State, Graham was studying in Europe. He promptly sent to the press of the State a carefully prepared statement on "Evolution, the University, and the People" in which he appealed to the people of the State to fight against the "false fear of truth and the foes of freedom" and to hold "the first-line trench against bigotry and this ancient tyranny in its latest form. Freedom to think, freedom to speak, and freedom to print are the texture of our university standard, on which *Lux—Libertas* is inscribed. . . . Legislative appropriations may come down for a time, but *Lux—Libertas* never!" The effort failed that year, but was revived two years later. Graham, now returned to his history classroom on Chapel Hill, went boldly into the heart of the fundamentalist province and helped to stop the movement dead in its tracks.

Graham's keen sense of social justice has been conspicuously illustrated in connection with the recent industrial conflicts in North Carolina. He has lectured and written and talked with leaders as a flaming apostle of a better social order in a State that now has new problems to face. He has worked as probably no other private individual has done to have North Carolina adjust itself to the changes produced by industrialization without the tragic cost entailed in industrial revolution elsewhere. This was Graham's theme a year ago when, as president of the North Carolina Conference for Social Service, he pleaded for a commonwealth

> . . . where individualism will not mean the freedom of any individual to impair the lives of other men but will mean such social control as will guarantee the freedom of every individual to make the most of his personality; where machines shall not, through the long watches of a sixty-hour week, tyrannize over the bodies and spirits of men; where children in factories shall become children in school; where there shall be no industrial night work for women.

Last winter, after months of disorders in Gastonia and Marion, Graham drew up and addressed to the people of North Carolina a statement of principles, which in substance asked that the constitutional and legal rights of person and property and lawful freedom of speech and assembly be guaranteed equally to all persons in North Carolina without regard to birthplace, race, ownership, or labor status, unionism or non-unionism, religion, politics, or economic views; that these rights are the essentials of Americanism and "without faithless violation, can stand against the fallacies, fanaticism, and violence of communism, fascism, and anarchism, with the due processes of light, liberty, and law"; and that if these ideals of American freedom are preserved, "the fair and open resources of American democracy will prevail over class hatreds and dictatorships, economic unreason and social injustice." The statement also declared for the "equal right of the investors of capital and management and the investors of human life and labor to bargain collectively"; and called for a nation-wide, nonpartisan economic and social survey and analysis of the textile industry in America. More than four hundred men and women signed the statement, which was published in the press of the State and was, of course, denounced as communistic and dangerous, although it was in large part only an indorsement of the Bill of Rights.

If there were those who looked upon Graham as radical in his social views, however, their opinions had no weight with the trustees of the State university, who appear to be determined to keep it the liberal and progressive institution it has always been. Under his leadership the group at Chapel Hill will lose none of its militant aggressiveness, and that will be fortunate for the South. He brings to his new responsibility a larger respect and confidence of the student body, the faculty, the trustees, and the people of the State at large than is enjoyed by any other individual in North Carolina. His selection, in view of the record of the past ten years, is of happy augury for university leadership in progressive movements.

Graham is a native of the State and comes of a family of teachers. His father, Dr. Alexander Graham, superintendent emeritus of the Charlotte public schools, is known as the father of the graded-school system of North Carolina. His cousin, the late Dr. Edward Kidder Graham, was the brilliant president of the University of North Carolina from 1914 to 1918, and gave to the institution its greatest impetus since the Civil War. President Graham was educated in the public schools and the University of North Carolina, at Columbia University, at the University of Chicago, and in Europe. He has taught in North Carolina high schools, and for sixteen years has served the university as instructor and professor of history. He is not, however, an approved product of the graduate school, and scholastically he is unconventional; but he has broad culture, high standards, intellectual honesty, capacity as a speaker, progressive spirit, and freedom from provincial limitations. He is not essentially a fiscal agent or a bookkeeper, and it remains to be seen how well he can administer a university budget and keep sweet while handling the hideous details that crowd upon a university executive. But if any crafty North Carolina politician indulges the conceit that he can deceive the new president of the university, he is headed for disappointment; and if that institution does not go forward under the leadership of Graham then we may as well adjourn higher education in North Carolina.

New Economic Blocs in Europe

By FRIEDRICH SCHEU

Vienna, August 10

THE recent agrarian conferences in Southeastern Europe (at Bucharest between Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Hungary, and later at Sinaia between Rumania and Jugoslavia) have created quite a stir in European political circles. They are symptoms of the growing strength of the regional movement, as opposed to the international and national movements. At present limited to the economic field, this development may become politically important.

The conference at Bucharest was a first-class political paradox; for the hatred between the Little Entente—Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania—on the one hand and Hungary on the other has been generally regarded as one of the few permanent facts in the varying political alignments of Europe. And yet, here were Rumania and Jugoslavia amicably discussing a customs union and an "agrarian bloc" with their ancient foe, Hungary, while their political ally, Czecho-Slokavia, was left conspicuously outside.

The reasons for the political antagonism between Hungary and its neighbors are, of course, well known. Since the peace treaty of the Trianon Hungary has carried on at home and abroad a continuous agitation for the return of its lost provinces. It has also clearly expressed its intention to recall to the throne at the first convenient moment the Hapsburg family, which has never given up its claims to the territories it ruled before the war, including Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and large parts of what is now Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Poland. These points of conflict remain. Nevertheless, the symptoms of a better understanding deserve the attention which they are attracting, for they indicate a new tendency in Europe.

The new movement tends toward the formation of regional blocs in Europe. Its first manifestation occurred in Rumania, where the economic policy of the Rumanian Peasants' Party, which is in power there, strikes a new note in the politics of Southeastern Europe. Premier Maniu and his party were carried to power two years ago by the small peasantry. Their predecessors had given the banks and the industrialists everything and the peasants nothing. The present administration has reversed the order. The agrarian crisis has become the government's first consideration, even at the sacrifice of the development of Rumanian industry.

Rumanian agriculture, since it depends upon exports, is suffering heavily because of international tariff walls. The aim of the present government is to find markets abroad. The method is to accord easier conditions of import into

Rumania to those industrial countries which are willing in exchange to buy Rumanian wheat and maize. Dr. Madgearu, the economic intellect of the Rumanian Peasants' Party, formerly Finance Minister and now Minister of Commerce, has formulated his economic program in a booklet, "Rumania's New Economic Policy," from which is taken the following characteristic quotation:

> A first corollary of the agrarian orientation in economic policy is the substitution of the principle of economic interdependence for the illusion of economic self-sufficiency. Consequently, our foreign economic policy is directed toward the ideal of international economic cooperation. . . . The new tariff adopted by the Rumanian Parliament last July is inspired by the recommendations and the spirit of Geneva. It is the first customs tariff drawn up since the Geneva conference which represents a lowering of the general tariff level.

The policy of the Rumanian government, which Madgearu calls "agrarianist" in opposition to the "industrialist" policy of other countries, must overcome two difficulties: competition from other agricultural countries and the existing tariffs of the industrial countries. Rumania could, of course, carry on negotiations with its customer countries single-handed, but its position would clearly be far more advantageous if it were not hampered by cutthroat competition from its agricultural neighbors. Rumania, therefore, opened negotiations with Jugoslavia and Hungary looking toward a conference on international agrarian cooperation. The moment was especially favorable, for the return of Prince Carol to Rumania had greatly strengthened the domestic position of the Peasants' Party. Moreover, economic necessities overshadowed political loyalties. The inclusion of Hungary, the traditional enemy, and the exclusion of Czecho-Slovakia on the ground that it is a half-industrial country roused no public protest.

Rumania's invitation to Jugoslavia and Hungary was a surprise to the public; the readiness with which the reactionary Hungarian government and the Jugoslav dictatorship accepted a plan so strongly tinged with progressivism was a greater surprise still. Apparently, neither of them wanted to risk the wrath of their own suffering peasant populations by refusing an advantageous offer. The conferences were preceded, accompanied, and followed by diplomatic moves and counter-moves. Czecho-Slokavian opinion had to be soothed by repeated declarations on the part of Rumania and Jugoslavia that the creation of an economic Little Entente was all the time at the back of their minds though they were actually negotiating an agrarian bloc with Hungary. Poland attempted to wreck the conference by proposing an agrarian bloc to include all Eastern Europe—a scheme so large as to be obviously doomed from the start. Jugoslavia and Rumania, while evading the Polish suggestions, tried to do so in a way that made evasion look like acceptance. Moreover, by issuing ambiguous and contradictory reports the participants managed to keep the actual results of the two agrarian conferences from the knowledge of the world. At the moment the public is not even certain whether the two-party conference at Sinaia was a continuation of the three-party conference at Bucharest, or whether it was a new step undertaken because the results of the first conference were not satisfactory. It is therefore only possible at present to survey the possibilities which were discussed.

It was suggested that agricultural cooperation, whether between two or between three agrarian countries, might either take the form of a common "agricultural-export syndicate" or go farther and lead to a customs union. Export syndicates would probably be built on the model of the Canadian and Australian wheat pools, an export syndicate in each country controlling the buying, storing, and marketing of the agricultural surplus. For the purpose of finding suitable markets and bargaining with industrial countries the three export syndicates would combine. A customs union, going much farther, would create a very strong economic unit in Southeastern Europe, well fitted for bargaining with the European industrial countries. By creating a large unified market for industrial goods, it would be able to obtain from industrial countries conditions favorable to the marketing of Southeastern European agricultural products.

While simple agrarian cooperation was the main theme of the three-nations conference at Bucharest, a customs union was announced as the purpose of the later conference between Rumania and Jugoslavia. Neither of these schemes has as yet been worked out in detail, and to what extent agrarian cooperation will be put into practice during the next few months is uncertain, but other similar movements are already making themselves felt. Poland is calling the agrarian countries of Eastern Europe to a conference at Warsaw at the end of August. It remains to be seen whether this conference has any purpose other than to offer competition against the Southeastern agrarian plan. Greece, Turkey, and Bulgaria are reported to be negotiating a possible "tobacco bloc" on the model of the agrarian bloc. Formation of an economic bloc of the Central European industrial countries in answer to the agrarian bloc is being discussed in Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia.

An important obstacle in the way of all such attempts is the fact that existing commercial treaties usually contain the most-favored-nation clause. If regional systems, bound together by preferential tariffs, are created, then the existing commercial treaties will have to be renounced unless some technical way is found of evading the most-favored-nation clause. State monopolies of foreign trade would provide such a technical solution.

It remains to speak of the political effects of the new regionalism. It has been customary for a European country to be at loggerheads with its immediate neighbor and at the same time to be politically allied to the country which lies just beyond its neighbor. The relations of France, Germany, and Poland, of France, Italy, and Jugoslavia, and of Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and Rumania offer obvious examples. The countries which are now being drawn toward economic union by the force of necessity immediately adjoin each other. Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia, organized into an economic bloc, would constitute a unit to be reckoned with politically, as would also a German-Austrian-Czecho-Slovakian bloc, a Turkish-Bulgarian-Greek bloc, or a bloc of the Baltic or Scandinavian states.

Ten years ago internationally minded people all over the world were hoping for a world-wide organization, both political and economic, in which all countries would be included. This hope has been disappointed. Russia, to begin with, could not be included in such a system. America and Europe cannot be expected to form an effective union together. Great Britain more and more draws away from

Continental Europe, while the movement for bringing the component parts of the British Empire nearer together grows in force. The Conservatives are advocating Empire free trade; the Labor Party, while rejecting direct protection, is steadily moving in the direction of "bulk purchase and import boards"; and the declarations of the Trade Union Congress, as well as the recent decisions of the Independent Labor Party, leave no doubt that a system of bulk-purchase agreements with the dominions will form an important part of the Labor economic program during the next session.

It would therefore seem that the solution of the European problem lies in an organization of the Continental European countries along the lines of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's pan-Europe plans or Briand's proposed United States of Europe. But recent experience has shown that even the plan of an organization embracing the Continental countries is beyond present possibilities. Europe is divided into two camps: France and its allies stand against Italy and its allies; Germany is looking on, at present, as a neutral third.

But whereas France and Italy seem at present to be able to stand in splendid isolation from each other, their Eastern allies are being forced by the economic crisis to forget their differences and come together. It is for this reason that the regional movement has greater force at present than any attempts to organize the whole of Europe. For this reason, also, the movement has begun in the Southeast.

The new tendency promises to lead toward a reduction in the number of tariff barriers and more rational economic organization. It is a welcome sign in international affairs.

Cantaloupes and Communists

By CONRAD SEILER

CALIFORNIA'S law against criminal syndicalism, inoperative since the post-war hysteria of 1924, has recently claimed nine more victims.* On June 16 nine young leaders of the newly organized Agricultural Workers' Industrial League, affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League, were found guilty of conspiracy to interfere with the harvesting of the melon crop in Imperial Valley, thus disrupting constituted government and advocating criminal syndicalism. Lawrence Emory, Clark Sklar, J. C. Miller, Tetsuji Hariuchi, and Frank Spector were sentenced to from three to forty-two years in the State penitentiary; Danny Roxas, to from two to twenty-eight years; Emilio Alonzo will be deported to Mexico; the other two prisoners have applied for probation and are still waiting for the court's final decision.

Imperial Valley, the scene of the events leading up to these convictions, is situated in the desert, approximately two hundred miles southeast of Los Angeles. The southern extremity of this territory touches the Mexican border. The aggregate population of the three largest towns in the vicinity—El Centro, Brawley, and Calexico—is about 23,000. There are some 48,000 acres under cultivation. Melons, tomatoes, lettuce, and other crops are raised, but the principal vegetable crop is cantaloupes. During the busy season 8,000 or more laborers—Mexicans, Filipinos, Americans, and Hindus—are used to harvest the crops, which are then shipped to the Pacific Coast cities and also to the East.

The conditions under which these seasonal workers labor are always debasing and at times intolerable. Most of the work is done by contract, whereby 25 per cent of the laborer's wages is deducted by the middleman, or contractor, who is hired by the grower or the growers' association to provide so many "hands." There are many cases on record of unscrupulous contractors who toward the end of the season quietly appropriated the laborer's entire salary for several weeks and then left for parts unknown. Mr. Louis Bloch, statistician for the State Department of Industrial Relations, after his investigation of labor conditions in Imperial Valley in 1928, reported that the El Centro office of the Division of Labor Statistics and Law Enforcement was "replete with cases of defaulting contractors." By working through contractors the growers avoid all responsibility toward the laborers and cannot legally be held either for wage payments or for any accidents under the Workmen's Compensation Act of the State. These hopeless conditions have not improved since 1928; on the contrary, owing to the general economic depression, they have become steadily worse. In instances where growers have been unable to meet their obligations to the contractors, the laborer has got little or nothing.

The picking of the cantaloupe crop is organized upon a piece-work basis. The usual rate is 13 cents a crate. Most of the other vegetable pickers work at the rate of 35 cents an hour. The working day is long and arduous—from nine to sixteen hours, often with the thermometer registering 120 degrees in the shade. The work is strictly seasonal, and it is unusual for a laborer to be employed six months in the year. During the time he has work he seldom earns more than $550. Many of the laborers have families dependent upon their earnings. The sanitary arrangements in the fields are filthy beyond description. Frequently there is not a sufficient supply of drinking water; laborers are sometimes forced to resort to the open irrigation ditches to assuage their thirst.

Although the American Federation of Labor, with its somewhat contemptuous attitude toward the unskilled, has remained coldly aloof, since 1922 there have been sporadic attempts among the workers themselves to organize and to ameliorate their condition. Every attempt, however, has been put down ruthlessly by the growers and the pliant authorities; the leaders have been intimidated or jailed. A brief outline of these struggles during the past two years makes edifying reading.

* Criminal syndicalism is described by the California law as being "any doctrine or precept advocating, teaching, or aiding and abetting the commission of crime, sabotage (which word is hereby defined as meaning wilful and malicious physical damage or injury to physical property), or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change." Anyone advocating such a doctrine, or publishing or printing it, or belonging to any organization advocating it, is guilty of criminal syndicalism and can be sent to the penitentiary for from one to fourteen years. If guilt is proved on all counts (there are five altogether), the punishment may be imprisonment for from five to seventy years—the prison terms running consecutively.

On April 22, 1928, the first union was actually formed among the Mexican workers—La Unión de Trabajadores del Valle Imperial. Later the name was changed to the more innocuous Mexican Mutual Aid Society. A short time after its inception it had about 1,200 members. It then considered itself powerful enough to take action. In May of that year a committee appointed by the workers sent a pathetic appeal to the local chamber of commerce, describing the deplorable working conditions—which were well known—and respectfully petitioning that austere and representative body to use its "valuable moral and material influence" with the growers so that the lives of the workers might become more bearable. The communication was politely ignored. Next, a series of very moderate demands, which did not even include the abolition of the contract system, were sent to the growers, who by this time were considerably nettled by the impudence of their hitherto docile employees in attempting to organize. These demands were not ignored. Sheriff Charles L. Gillett, who has proved his worth by holding his position for eight years, appointed fifty men as deputies to help him control the ominous situation. Sheriff Gillett's impartiality was nothing short of magnificent. He made deputies of as many of the growers' superintendents, field inspectors, and foremen as he could find. These gallant defenders were duly armed for emergency. Within a short time, scores of bewildered laborers were arrested. The charge? Vagrancy or disturbing the peace. They were browbeaten and threatened with deportation. Bail ranged from $250 to $1,000, which few could provide.

Sheriff Gillett became more and more ardent. He even went so far as to arrest a delegation of workers whom District Attorney Elmer Heald had invited to his office. They were released only after the district attorney had expressed astonishment that the delegation had not arrived.

A great deal of bitterness was engendered among the Mexicans. Mr. Bloch, in his report to the director of the Department of Industrial Relations, refers to an article in a Mexican paper published in Mexicali:

> The article suggests in part [says the report] that if the Mexicans in the United States are threatened with deportation for "their peaceful demand . . . to have their salaries raised one cent . . . the North American oil men who have made such strenuous efforts in Mexico for the reformation of our oil legislation will find it much more practical to leave Mexico."

In different sections of the valley a partially effective strike occurred. This action was altogether spontaneous, and was not even sanctioned by what remained of the Mexican Mutual Aid Society. The growers and the local officials continued their method of intimidation and wholesale arrests. Men were arrested because they looked suspicious, because they were not working, because they refused to tell others to work, because they were Mexicans, or for no reason whatsoever. And the Mutual Aid Society gave one feeble kick and was no more. Melons continued to ripen in the sun, and there were plenty of men to pick them.

The year 1929 passed quietly. But at the beginning of 1930 a new organization, the Agricultural Workers' Industrial League, began its activities. It was not so complacent as its immediate predecessor, and all workers, irrespective of race and former affiliations, were urged to join. For several months the work of organization continued undisturbed, save for an occasional arrest. Then the Growers' and Shippers' Association, remembering certain past events, began to evince great interest in the new organization—an interest which was shared by Sheriff Gillett and the local chamber of commerce. There were portentous rumors of an impending strike, of melons rotting in the fields for lack of labor, rumors of communism, the red flag, and Moscow. Action was imperative; only cowards would hesitate. Sheriff Gillett began to make arrests again. On one occasion Clinton J. Taft, head of the Southern California branch of the Civil Liberties Union, protested to the sheriff that the arrested men were innocent of any wrongdoing. The officer hotly resented this implication and struck Mr. Taft, who thereupon swore out assault charges as a result of which Sheriff Gillett was fined $150.

On the night of April 14 the storm broke. A meeting of the Agricultural League in the town of Brawley, attended by a few hundred Mexicans and Filipinos, with a scattering of Americanos, was suddenly surrounded and broken up by a mob of deputies headed by the ubiquitous Sheriff Gillett. The deputies were fully armed and meant business. More than one hundred workers were chained together and taken in trucks to the jail at El Centro in which they could be confined until such time as the next steps should be taken in action against them. After a week's incarceration in the terrific heat of the jail, most of the men were released with no charges lodged against them. Thirty-two were accused of criminal syndicalism, and *$40,000 bail for each* was deemed equitable by the court. Later the thirty-two accused were further decreased to nine—most of them leaders of the Agricultural League, the Communist Party, and the International Labor Defense. After urgent protest by the defense lawyer provided by the Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense, the bail was reduced to $15,000 for each prisoner.

During the trial in El Centro, before Presiding Judge V. N. Johnson of the Superior Court, representatives of the most prominent patriotic organizations, as well as Lieutenant W. F. Hynes of the Red Squad of the Los Angeles police, were present and added very much to the impressiveness of the occasion. Three employees of the J. H. Boling Detective Agency were the principal witnesses for the prosecution. They testified that they had become members of the subversive organization in order to find incriminating evidence. No overt acts of violence were proved, but the three detectives asserted that the defendants had at various times advocated violence, threatened to destroy cantaloupes, and spoken disrespectfully of the flag. The defendants denied this. The district attorney affirmed that the Agricultural Workers' Industrial League was directly affiliated with the red International and the Communist Party of Moscow. Exhibits included I. W. W. pamphlets, printed before the criminal-syndicalism law was passed, and papers and other publications of the Communist press. The fact was stressed that two of the defendants had admitted membership in the Communist Party.

The nine defendants were convicted and received the sentences described above. They are appealing their case, but powerful interests are grimly determined that all shall remain quiet on the labor front in the sovereign State of California.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has long been devoted to Negro spirituals. They seem to him not only the only original American music, aside from that of the Indians, but also the finest medium for interpreting to the whites some of the best qualities of the Negroes—their faith, their earnestness, their humor, their simplicity, and their marvelous gift for musical expression. But the spiritual, as the Drifter has found in his wide wanderings over this country, is not always well sung. It has been caught up by all sorts of itinerant Negro quartets and choruses, by no means all of which are gifted or well trained, and there has been a genuine danger of the spirituals being overdone and cheapened. So it was with some trepidation that the Drifter went the other evening to that most admirable New York institution, the open-air concerts of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in the Lewisohn Stadium, to hear not only the orchestra but the Hall Johnson Negro Choir, even though he knew that it is this choir which has made so great a contribution to the success of "The Green Pastures," Marc Connelly's moving and touching Negro play.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's slight anxieties were absolutely needless. Never has he heard spirituals more beautifully rendered, or better Negro voices, or a finer ensemble, or more amazing leadership than Mr. Johnson's—it was worth the trip just to see his marvelous hands directing, without baton, the flow of the melody. More than that, to the Drifter's delight, Mr. Johnson's rearrangement of some of those songs not only left untouched their beauty and their profundity, but even added much brilliancy and richness, notably in his setting of Burleigh's "Deep River." Extraordinarily elevated and moving was also the chorus interpretation of Mr. Johnson's transcription of "The City Called Heaven," as noble a piece of inspirational music as one could wish to hear in any temple, whether canopied by the stars or encompassed by a Gothic arch. So here was a fresh revelation of the genius of this race, a fresh demonstration that the depths of the spirituals have not been plumbed nor their beauty entirely exposed. It was all profoundly impressive—not the least the ladies of the choir in their voluminous red gowns.

* * * * *

BUT Mr. Johnson's extraordinary choir is not the only one which has been stirring the music world of late. Here is what the London *Spectator* has had to say about the Hampton Choir, which, like the New York Philharmonic Symphony and the Chicago Symphony, has made a triumphant tour of Europe this spring:

> These Negro choristers stand in four grave rows, the women in white with their hands folded before them, the men in black with hands behind their backs. And they sing, simply. There is no visible effort, no heaving of chests; pure voice rises with miraculous unity from the choir as a whole. If a soloist takes part, it is very unobtrusively to the eye. Their attack is faultless, their precision remarkable, and the degree of polish the choir as a whole attains deserves the highest praise for their conductor, Dr. Dett. If London does not hasten to hear them on Sunday at the Albert Hall, it will lose a rare pleasure.

Robert Nathaniel Dett, who has achieved such remarkable results with the Hampton Choir, like Hall Johnson has studied at a number of American colleges and conservatories of music, something which the Drifter finds extremely encouraging, for he has always feared that if sophisticated white teachers of music laid their hands upon such as these they would spoil them, making them good interpreters neither of classic music nor of their own. But here are two men to rank high in any group of musicians. Like Roland Hayes they are helping to break down the senseless color line that prejudice and ignorance and cant try so hard to keep intact. There was no color line at the stadium the other night. Nor did the white orchestra receive so much applause as did the double rows of men in black and women in red. Which was another reason why the evening was a memorable one for

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Schools for Marriage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The personal narrative called Martyrs to Marriage in a recent issue is of interest, particularly to those of us whose domestic histories could be written almost in the same words.

This woman, whom I shall call Anonymous, says that if life has taught her anything it is that divorce is preferable to unhappy marriage, and so far as that goes most of us would agree. But on my part if there is anything I have learned it is that divorce does not solve the problems on which unhappy marriages are founded. Divorced or not divorced, such parents as Anonymous describes can always contrive to make themselves and their offspring miserable.

Her father and mother lived together and she thinks they should have separated; my parents got a divorce and my brothers and sisters think to this day that they should have stuck it out together for their children's sakes.

Where divorce is resorted to it does not necessarily mean a clean break with a new chance for everybody. This may be true in some cases, but where the custody of the children is divided or where there are financial arrangements to be made between the parents there are ties a plenty to keep the old sores active. We spent some of the time with each parent, and the warfare which had gone on between the elders became a series of guerrilla engagements with the children used as snipers. The person who has never had a like experience cannot imagine the confusion and misery of such a life. While other children were playing Indian we were putting ice caps on mother's head or explaining to father why an extra day was spent with the other branch of the family. And after such racking episodes there was always failure in the lessons next day at school. Certainly, disorganization of a child's personality, ill health, and all the rest can follow just as surely where divorce has taken place as where it has not.

My parents had everything in their favor when they married—health, brains, and sufficient means. But father thought patience was a weakness and not a virtue, and to mother a wild, free spirit was just made to break. Their personal preferences were their gods. Such people are really phenomenal. Charming and gracious outside the home, inside it they engage in Gargantuan warfare over Liliputian objectives. It has been said that the offspring of unhappy marriages do not often succeed. Small wonder, for such children must spend all their forces simply keeping on an even keel.

The so-called divorce question is not a legal matter; it is social and educational. Knowledge should be available to teach people something of their own natures and how to make them function; to teach them how to live with themselves and with their fellows, especially their husbands and wives; to teach them that forbearance is only common sense and selfishness cruel folly. Surely, living harmoniously with a life partner is a gentle art, and the more it is studied the more we learn. Such an art should be capable of being taught in all its branches, physical, mental, and emotional. I am for marriage schools.

Washington, July 10 L. F. W.

Crime Is Crime

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After reading the article Newspaper Criminals in Chicago in *The Nation* for July 23, an observation has suggested itself to me which seems particularly pertinent to the crime situation in the United States.

One of the first things which strikes the attention of foreign observers and those of us who, for educational or other reasons, are residing abroad is the sophistical attitude of the press and public toward crime. The Lingle murder is illustrative. The question asked has been: For what good reasons was Lingle shot?—not, By whom was the murder committed? The first duty of the state in cases of murder is to apprehend the murderer; the first duty of the public, to be satisfied that abstract justice has been done. The question was not how good Mr. Lingle was, or was not, before his death, but that a murder having been committed, and the highest law of the state having ipso facto been broken, how most speedily to satisfy the letter of the law.

There never has been a time in the history of civilized governments when the press and people could satisfy themselves, where murder has been concerned, with the conviction that a violent fate had overtaken an alleged evil character. Where such an attitude is adopted a community practicing private law may exist, but there can be no public law. This seems to be the plight of the community of Chicago.

Until the murder of what the American press chooses to call a "racketeer" calls forth public and legal indignation as great as would be called forth by the murder of an honorable citizen, there can be no real safety in our commonwealth. Crime is crime, whoever may be the agent or the victim.

Munich, July 29 Randolph William White

We Don't Doubt It

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Both the original write-up by the Federated Press of John E. Edgerton's appearance before the summer conference of the Methodist Federation for Social Service and your editorial article Work and Pray on the same subject in the issue of July 9 leave the impression that such "pious stuff" got across with the preachers and laymen present.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Edgerton probably never experienced such an hour of spear-pointed questions and saber-bladed rebuttal in all his life. I am inclined to think that the speaker would rather have faced a group of Communists than the crowd of young preachers who clearly indicated that they are past the stage of being satisfied with any kind of palliative paternalism and will stop at nothing short of the creation of a new industrial system.

Denver, Colo., July 15 A. A. Heist

Japan and the Quota

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of *The Nation* of July 9, page 29, in the editorial paragraph on immigration, occur two sentences which are somewhat misleading. Since the same error is made quite widely, I am taking the liberty of calling your attention to the matter. The sentences in question are these:

> Under the Japanese exclusion act of 1924 Japan is allowed 100 visas a year (the minimum quota for any country), whereas if the national-origins quota plan were applied the Japanese quota would be about 200. For six years the United States has bitterly offended the Japanese by this discrimination, and yet in 1929-30 only 16 of the possible 100 Japanese visas were applied for.

The quota of 100 for Japan is not intended for Japanese as such, but only for persons born in Japan who belong to races eligible to citizenship in the United States. The Japanese are *altogether* excluded, except for certain professional classes; the quota is not for Japanese, who are excluded from citizenship in the United States and are therefore altogether excluded under the quotas. The offense is all the greater.

San Diego, Cal., July 12 Constantine Panunzio

Bryan on Public Ownership

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read the criticism by C. Hartley Grattan of the biography of George Harvey, "A Passionate Patriot," by Willis Fletcher. In the last paragraph Mr. Grattan says:

> One or two interesting points about Bryan are also brought out. The most important is that Bryan deliberately inserted the word "ultimately" in his famous Madison Square Garden speech, in 1906, dealing with government ownership of railways ("I have already reached the conclusion that railways . . . must ultimately become public property").

The railroad question was uppermost in the public mind when Bryan returned from Europe and made his speech at Madison Square Garden. Before it was made he was urged by Senator Culberson of Texas, Democratic leader in the Senate, and by Representative John Sharp Williams, minority leader in the House, to ignore any reference to the railroad question in his speech. Bryan insisted that as the leader of his party he must take cognizance of it. The writer sat a few feet away from him on the platform at the Garden and heard every word he said. What he said was this: "If the railroad managers do not run the railroads in the interest of the public rather than in the interest of the stockholders *ultimately* there will be government ownership."

Which is very different from advocating government ownership. Later Bryan was compelled to take cognizance of the matter by the deliberate misrepresentation of his position by the New York *Times* and *World*. In looking over my scrapbook I find this clipping from the *Bulletin* of this city, of which I was the owner and editor. In an open letter to the *World* printed in the *Commoner* Mr. Bryan said:

> The difference between the "immediate" and the "ultimate" in politics is so clear that even the editor of the *World* could see it if he would. Jefferson believed in emancipation as an ultimate solution of the slavery question, but he did not insist upon immediate emancipation. Lincoln also opposed slavery as a system but he did not

expressly favor immediate emancipation. It is the part of wisdom to look ahead but it is not the part of wisdom to insist upon doing anything before the people are ready for it.

The *Bulletin* repeatedly printed his exact words in answer to his enemies, who persistently misrepresented his position on this question. It takes a long time for the truth to overtake falsehood in cases of this kind.

Washington, July 30 W. J. Dwyer

Model for a War Memorial

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: F. Luis Mora, well known for his murals and his portraits of children, has turned to modeling and is showing at the annual exhibition of the Art Association of Kent, Connecticut, a model for a war memorial that sets a new high-water mark for such things. There is nothing bombastic about the composition Mr. Mora has evolved to symbolize a community's grief for its fallen sons; here are no martial trappings, no uniforms, no trumpets, no banners, no sabers, no bayonets, no guns. Rather is there a simple group consisting of the Cross, the figure of Christ, which sits before it, the face rich with compassion, and on either side a shrouded form. A helmet resting on one of these forms gives the only suggestion of war; and by implication it represents war, not as a glorious undertaking, but as a grim thief of treasure, of hope, of life itself.

The idea conveyed is of peace binding up the scars of war, of futile sacrifice being sorrowfully atoned for. Even the wreath on the back of the cross symbolizes mourning no less than victory. Where is the first community that will commission Mr. Mora to execute in heroic bronze this group of statuary now being exhibited in miniature in Kent? It is an opportunity worth seizing.

Waterbury, Conn., August 23 Allen B. MacMurphy

Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In my review of "Lobagola, an African Savage" in your issue of July 23, one sentence, which was miscopied when the review was typed, reads as follows: "Is it not curious that the kings of Gezo and Glelele, who are said to have instituted the battalion of 'amazons' which, if real, must be unique in West Africa, should have had the same names as Dahomean kings?"

The original read: "Is it not curious that the kings of 'amazons' which, if real, must be unique in West Africa outside of Dahomey, should have had the same names as Dahomean kings?"

Madison, Wis., July 30 Melville J. Herskovits

For Readers in New Rochelle

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to organize a local group of the League for Independent Political Action in Westchester County. *Nation* readers who are interested may communicate with me, 10 Hemingway Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y., Telephone, Hamilton 4312.

New Rochelle, N. Y., July 31 Albert Hirst

Hemingway Bibliography

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am preparing a bibliography of Ernest Hemingway, to include books he has written as well as material that has been published in anthologies and periodicals. If any of your readers possess special data regarding Hemingway I shall be pleased to have the opportunity of examining them.

Chittenden, Vt., July 26 Vrest Orton

Letters of Romer Wilson

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is proposed to publish a memoir of the late Romer Wilson and to issue a selection of her letters. I shall be grateful if her correspondents will send me, Villa Pauliska, Muralto-Locarno, Switzerland, any letters which they may possess. They will be faithfully copied and returned promptly.

Muralto-Locarno, July 16 Edward J. O'Brien

Letters of Lucretia Mott

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am working on a biography of Lucretia Mott. I should be grateful for copies of letters from her that any of your readers may have or for accounts of personal contacts.

Duvall, Wash., July 30 Jennie P. Burgess

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Books and Films

A Schoolmaster Dies in Italy

In Memoriam M. S. S., Obit 1923

By HORACE GREGORY

Here, in this room, built in the core of Rome,
sparrows are singing against the fall of rain,
even in December, through the pain
of my last naked month. These years and days shall die
within my body and the convolutions of my brain
shall fly
into the west wind Zephyrus,
spent as the sterile gold of Croesus Maximus,
gone where none shall recall them, nor myself, not even I.

Look at my superscription, see my name
a footnote written on the back doors of time.
I am the past; what I discern, my own:
See the warm August plains
of broad Wisconsin ripen, turn to snow.
O race horse Alcazar
and Jersey Lily Langtry glowing white
in bright victorias
careering down
the Strand, Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard to rest,
an urn of ashes in an old man's mind.

Was I immortal long ago; did I know Lesbia, question
Cicero,
but mortal now?
Split the skull of death. I enter him
while sparrows rise from ancient trees
sprung from the gardens of the late Valerius Catullus—
sparrows sing
out music from the Vergil-mad Aegean seas.

Americans Do Not Read

Books: Their Place in a Democracy. By R. L. Duffus. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THE American public, Mr. Duffus tells us, buys 200,000,000 books a year. The average American, in other words, buys just two. Mr. Duffus generously adds those he may borrow or rent, and thinks he may read a possible total of seven books a year. What we actually spend for "general" books, however, is a grand total of not more than $150,000,000 a year. Mr. Duffus goes on to show that the American people, every three or four weeks, spend as much on motion-picture admissions as they spend on books, directly and indirectly, in an entire twelve months. Their annual expenditure on automobile pleasure touring is twenty times that for recreational reading. And so on. He might have added that the American smokes six hundred cigarettes for every book he buys.

Mr. Duffus is very calm about it. "I do not present such figures as an indictment of American taste. It is as foolish to indict a nation for having bad or perverted taste as to indict a region for being too flat." Just why it is foolish to indict a nation for having bad taste is not clear to me. It is not even clear to me why it is foolish to indict a region for being too flat. People are constantly indicting such regions, just as they are constantly indicting the weather. True, they may not be able to do anything about either, but that is no reason why they should pretend to like what they obviously cannot like. People point out, quite justly, that certain weather is abominable. They made such comments even in deeply religious times, when their complaint could only be construed as a direct reflection on the Lord God Jehovah, and I admire their spunk. There is no reason why man should accept even the inevitable.

I do not see why Mr. Duffus, unless he assumes that anything a sufficiently large majority does is self-justified, should have less courage in dealing with a nation's cultural tastes. This is doubly true since, with due respect to his comparison, at least something can be done about this taste. Mr. Duffus should be the first to admit this, for otherwise his present book would have no reason for existence.

The whole purpose of his study, undertaken for the Carnegie Corporation, was to see what could be done to enlarge the reading of "serious, non-technical books." Mr. Duffus's book is informative, it is attractively written and well put together, and within its chosen field rather thorough. But more than one of its conclusions is vitiated by the author's democratic complacency. Mr. Duffus reaches the conclusion, for example, that the relative unimportance of books in American life is "due less to the apathy of the public than to the failure of those who distribute books to devise systems for reaching large numbers of people." I am willing to agree that the publishing business is one of the most inefficient in the country, and that if the publishers as a whole showed more enterprise and acumen a vastly greater number of books could be sold. But it still seems obvious to me that the far more important factor is the public apathy toward literature.

When Mr. Duffus remarks, at one point, that "except for the bare necessities of life, few commodities, under present-day conditions, are *bought*; on the contrary, they are *sold*" he is probably telling the truth but he is also making a damaging admission. He is saying that the average American buys what he buys, not in proportion to the merit of the product, or its value to him, but in proportion to the skill of the advertising or the sales pressure behind it. I go so far with Mr. Duffus as to agree that the publishers should take advantage of this fact to sell as many books as they can. But Mr. Duffus is not satisfied with this. He wants the product itself changed:

> Studies of consumers' interests are being constantly made, at great expense, by advertisers and advertising agencies, and sometimes by magazines and newspapers. Authors and publishers must do the same. It becomes more and more obvious that, except in the case of creative literature, the book must be adjusted to its probable readers, and adjusted on a surer basis of knowledge about those readers than now exists. I am not even sure that creative literature need be excepted. Art is a means of communication as well as of self-expression. Nobody writes books in Chinese for an English-reading public. And if the literary artist takes pains to find out what language his intended audience speaks, he might take pains to find out a few other things about them.

If Mr. Duffus had confined his conclusion to the writing of children's books, textbooks, unpretentious popularizations, and frankly commercial work, one could take no exception to it; but it is only fair to point out to him that first-rate literature is never written by the method he suggests. It is true that art is a means of communication, but it is not true that it is a means of communication with people who are not quite bright. Mr. Duffus can hardly pretend that he wrote

his book in English, and not in Chinese, because he "took pains to find out" what language his intended audience spoke. He wrote in English because that was his language. It never occurred to him to write in Chinese.

Whether Mr. Duffus knows it or not, his plea is essentially one for diluting and debasing literature. No artist can produce great work if he tries to adapt it to the ignorances and prejudices of an inferior audience. Commercial writers do not need such advice, and creative writers will ignore it. The man who consciously "writes down" nearly always writes badly. His work not only lacks profundity, but what is worse, and what even his intended audience can sense, it lacks sincerity. Clever fellows who attempt to write best-sellers with their tongues in their cheeks sadly learn this. Mr. Harold Bell Wright reaches his millions of readers, not because he consciously adapts himself to the quaint *mores* of those millions, but because he shares those *mores*. "I am always made uneasy," wrote Emerson in his journal, "when the conversation turns in my presence upon popular ignorance and the duty of adapting our writings to the mind of the people. . . . I observe that all those who use this cant most are such as do not rise above mediocrity of understanding."

HENRY HAZLITT

Reversion to Childhood

The Aloe. By Katherine Mansfield. With an Introduction by J. Middleton Murry. Limited Edition. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

"THE greater part of 'The Aloe,'" writes Mr. Murry in his introduction, "after much reshaping and rewriting, was incorporated into Prelude a year later, in 1917. But 'The Aloe' contains much material that was not used in this way, as readers familiar with Prelude will quickly discover."

Whether viewed as finished writing (and I, for one, consider them not at all inferior to Prelude or At the Bay) or as tentative material, these four sketches of the Burnell family are moving and delightful. For the glimpse of Linda's father and her courting in Australia by Stanley Burnell we cannot be too grateful; as also for the fresh encounter with Katherine Mansfield's prose, as inescapably feminine as Colette's, but how much softer, more tender, hovering—a butterfly style which hardly brushes with its wings the flowers of sentimentality, a style whose breathiness, whose rhythms of light excitement seem to catch something of the quality of schoolgirl conversation, a style so innocent-artful in its nostalgia that it evokes always the vague enchantment of one's own childhood.

"The Aloe" reinforces the impression, derived also from her "Letters," of Katherine Mansfield's continuous striving to reenter, whether by the simple gateway of retrospection or the devious paths of creative writing, the sheltered garden of her childhood. Its most clearly conceived characters (and the ones our hearts remember longest) are the children—Kezia, Lottie, Isabel, Pip, and Rags—but particularly Kezia, the dream-portrait of the little girl Katherine Mansfield never had. Indeed, without pushing the fancy too far, it is possible to view the entire Burnell family either as grown-up children or as adults who, like Katherine herself, spend their lives in a vague escapist drift back into the Utopia of their early years. Stanley Burnell, the energetic, rather Babbitty, athletic young father with his broad streak of sentimental tenderness for Linda—is he much different from the boy Rags? Is he not really an overgrown boy, with all the physical vanity and core of softness peculiar to the adolescent? And Linda herself, sad, sweet, smiling, secretive Linda, whose mind reverts continually from the sharp-edged reality of married life to the gentle contours of her childhood; and her two sisters—Beryl, the bright, vain, dreamy young girl, a little frightened at the imminence of maturity, and Dora, romantic, melancholy, her imagination stuffy with the pink and purple fantasies of girlhood: all exemplify variant forms of child reversion.

The almost ineffable charm of some of her most memorable characters—not merely the Burnell family, but Jonathan Trout and the daughters of the late colonel and Hammond in The Stranger—lies in the fact that they have retained into maturity a quality of childlikeness, one might almost say of "cuteness." The shades of the prison-house have not quite closed about them. And their tragedy—it was the tragedy of their creator—is that their frustrations are out of proportion to their temperaments. These demi-children, whose eyes are disturbed by the harsh light of adult existence, are forced to face adult situations into which they have bewilderedly strayed. It is this confrontation which gives the stories of Katherine Mansfield their stabbingly painful quality. She repeats the theme again and again: she cannot bear to see the young girl emerge into the young lady (recollect Leila in Her First Ball and the pathetic seventeen-year-old in The Young Girl); and it is the symbolic loss of the child Lennie that is really the heart of the unbearable tragedy of Ma Parker.

Critics have speculated much as to the direction Katherine Mansfield's talents might have taken had she lived. Toward the end (if The Fly is to be taken as proof) she was inclining toward a Swiftian bitterness that seemed to indicate a maturer view of the world; but I believe this mood was mainly a function of the development of her illness. If she had recovered and if her sordid economic and domestic worries had lightened, I think she would have retreated gratefully into the world of her youthful recollections, and given us perhaps the most beautiful, idealized pictures of childhood to be found in English. Her letters and her journal are full of nostalgia for her early home; and though she was increasingly conscious of the need to deflect her gifts in the direction of the "serious novel," she never really felt at home among such plans. Always her pen strays back in time; and always, no matter what she writes, it is with children that she is most magically successful.

A word as to this edition of "The Aloe"; it is so chaste and attractive in every other way that one regrets the sickening Victorian flower illustration at the head of each page. The spirits of Katherine Mansfield and of *Godey's Lady's Book* hardly harmonize.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Beyond His Horizons

Seven Horizons. By Charles J. Finger. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

UNDOUBTEDLY, from Mayfair to Patagonia is a very far cry, but even if Mr. Finger's adventures were, by and large, exotic, the inferences he draws from them are commonplace, and the seventh horizon seems to be limited indeed.

> To achieve order in my immediate vicinity [he tells us]: that comes first. To resist invasion: that is second and tremendously important. And last: to assume such obligations as shall inure to the physical and intellectual welfare of my children, to the end that they may become happy warriors fit to engage in the battle of life.

That is Mr. Finger's conclusion, just as it is the primary assumption of every honest commuter who takes the train from the outskirts of Jamaica to the heart of New York and back again twice every day that he may fulfil a destiny not necessarily required of him by the higher urges of his nature. One

is therefore privileged to inquire why Mr. Finger has made of his extensive wanderings a spiritual quest. All roads, of course, do not lead to Zion. But if platitudes are the end, the means need not be extraordinary after all, and New Jersey and Patagonia may be only reverse sides of the same coin.

Any life may be extraordinary and any life may be commonplace, and Mr. Finger himself forewarns the reader in his preface against assuming that all hobos are Jack Londons under the skin. The chief structural fault of this book is after all not a matter of writing. There is sufficient zest in the telling of these many unusual tales. The fault is the lack of an eighth horizon to which one might give the name perspective. There is a curious disproportion between what Mr. Finger tells and the way he tells it, like nothing so much as a landscape seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

The reader is therefore advised to approach this book with some, if not with considerable, forethought. There are vivid vistas here and there throughout this very curious work. They are smothered, flattened out now and then under the heavy weight of platitudes. It is one thing to be a plain and simple person. It is another thing to trumpet it out as a challenge to the fates.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

A World Infecund?

Population. By Corrado Gini, Shiroshi Nasu, Robert R. Kuczynski, Oliver E. Baker. University of Chicago Press. $3.

IF present-day interest in population growth does not exceed Malthus's most optimistic hopes in quantity, it surely does in variety. So at least one is inclined to conclude from the present volume of Harris Foundation lectures, delivered in 1929 by an Italian sociologist, a Japanese economist, a German statistician, and an American economic geographer.

The Italian Gini demonstrates statistically that in most of the European countries and in the English-speaking world population is practically stationary or in a state of incipient decline. By inference, the Malthusian specter stalks only in Asia and possibly in Italy, Spain, and Slavic Europe. Kuczynski shows that if mankind ever doubles, it will require at least 150 years, and thus proves E. A. Ross's conclusions in "Standing Room Only" to be mere hyperbole.

Gini's main argument, however, is interesting rather than convincing. He believes that the reproductive powers of the populations of the world follow a cyclical movement more or less analogous to that of individuals; that populations, as Spengler has averred of cultures, describe a morphological growth from youth through adulthood to senility; finally, apparently, that biology steers the course of history. "The different rate of increase of the different categories of the population" determines the evolution of nations. This differential birth-rate is the result of a differential cessation of "the urge of genetic instincts" rather than of increased birth control. Temporarily gaps in the sterile classes are filled by recruits from the fecund groups. Gradually the sterile classes become proportionally more numerous, the birth-rate declines, and demographic decay sets in. Political, cultural, economic, and military decay is likewise the result of this change in biological composition. Occasionally such a decline may be checked biologically by the crossbreeding of different racial and subracial stocks. As proof Gini cites the meteoric rise of Japan and alleged current revivals in Italy and Spain.

The implications of this argument are important. If demographic decline is fundamentally biological, it is futile to try to encourage fecundity artificially in the upper classes, or in any class. If crossbreeding accounts for national revival, then existing dikes against international migration, assimilation, and amalgamation must be destroyed. Gini's arguments, however, are vulnerable. Metaphysicians will cavil at his teleological phrasings. Sociologists will deny that "the crossbreeding of whites and Negroes gives unfavorable results." Anthropologists will assert that Japan flourishes merely because she has ended her time-honored policy of isolation. Historians, when they admit periods of national exuberance, ascribe these to marked changes in physical and social environment. Both economists and biologists will contend that social factors account for the decline in the birth-rate. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that American scientists will examine Gini's theories and consider his figures, some of which seem on their face to indicate a decline in natural fecundity.

J. J. SPENGLER

A Monumental Undertaking

Introduction to the History of Science. Volume I. From Homer to Omar Khayyam. By George Sarton. The Williams and Wilkins Company. $10.

IN a monumental volume of 839 pages George Sarton initiates his "Introduction to the History of Science" with a study of the first twenty centuries. It is the beginning of a gigantic undertaking which the author conceives distributed in three series: first, a purely chronological survey of civilization; second, surveys of different types of civilization; third, a survey of the evolution of the special sciences. Of these the first (of which the present volume is Volume I) would require five or six volumes of the size of the present one to carry it down to the eighteenth century.

Dr. Sarton limits his survey to the development of science; he defines science as systematized positive knowledge, and justifies his exclusive concern with it by the fact that "the acquisition and systematization of positive knowledge is the only human activity which is truly cumulative and progressive." Our saints and artists today are not necessarily greater than those of preceding ages; our men of science are not necessarily more intelligent, but their knowledge is at once more extensive and more accurate. The scope of the "Introduction" is determined by this characteristic of scientific development. In the course of the survey there are few references to political or economic history or to the history of art or religion, since they fall beyond the limits of systematic positive knowledge. On the other hand, throughout the Middle Ages the connection of theology with philosophy and science entitles it to consideration. For similar reasons it is deemed necessary to include music, philology, and what might otherwise be classed as pseudo-sciences—alchemy, astrology, physiognomy, and others.

The survey of this portion of human knowledge is not limited to the developments in Western civilization, but is extended over Asia and Africa as well as Europe. Moslem mathematics, philosophy, and science are treated along with Christian; Hebrew, pagan, Hindu, Persian, Chinese, Japanese contributions to each of the amazing diversity of departments of knowledge are presented step by step. The treatment is chronological, even schematic: the first four chapters span the centuries from Homer to the fifth century B.C., and thereafter a half-century is disposed of in each chapter. The chapter heads take the names of the outstanding figures of each half-century: the first half of the fourth century B.C. is the Time of Plato, the second half the Time of Aristotle; the first half of the third century the Time of Euclid; while the final chapter deals with the second half of the eleventh century, the Time of Omar Khayyam. Chapter by chapter, then, the thread of the narrative is resumed in the many divisions of the sciences

and over the many divisions of the human race. In the succession of chapters what seems an arbitrary juxtaposition takes on cumulative force. One reads in the sections of a single chapter successively of Hellenistic anatomy, physiology, biology, and medicine; of Hellenistic technology; of Hellenistic, Hebrew, and Chinese historiography. But continuities emerge, lines of development die out, influences cross.

Dr. Sarton's manner of exposition is brief and effective. Even the most famous figures are treated in a few pages. A short biography is given, some characteristic doctrines are summarized in a few sentences, and a detailed but selective bibliography is appended. The bibliographies should be especially useful to the student of the history of science, particularly since the scope of the work carries it into so many fields in which bibliographical information is not readily available; moreover the arrangement suggests connections which might not have appeared from a work of less universal intentions.

The achievement of this volume is so outstanding and its contribution to scholarship so notable that the only appropriate criticism would be of details. But even in the detail of the work the plan has been executed so well that there is little that might be criticized which could not be justified. For example, in the bibliography of Aristotle it would not be difficult to point out omissions, some of them important; but the bibliography had to be selective, and the works on Aristotle from which it was made are almost innumerable. Again, it is at first sight surprising that Bailey's edition of Epicurus does not appear; but Usener, Bignone, and von der Mühl are there, and Bailey adds little to them except a translation. Moreover, no translation of Epicurus is listed, although Diogenes Laertius, from whom the greater part of the fragments are culled, has been translated frequently. Again, in the few places in which Dr. Sarton permits himself a critical estimate he expresses some opinions which might be difficult to justify. Thus, the section of the introductory chapter which treats of scholasticism gives warning in its title, Scholasticism, Its Cause and Its Cure. Dr. Sarton clearly has not separated the theological from the purely logical and philosophical grounds of scholasticism. Fortunately, none of this bias appears in the exposition. The bibliographies, moreover, amazingly complete even here, are submitted to continual revision and addition at Dr. Sarton's hands in the pages of Isis. It is to be hoped that he will be able to issue further volumes of this extraordinary work soon.

RICHARD MCKEON

The Art of Max Weber

Max Weber. By Holger Cahill. New York: Downtown Gallery. $3.50.

ARTISTS are seldom fortunate in their biographers. Generally inarticulate about their own problems, they often fall victim to some ambitious, system-building critic who forthwith proceeds to endow them with ideas they may have never entertained—to explain the artists to themselves, as it were. Max Weber, not inarticulate himself, has been more fortunate. His recent biographer, Holger Cahill, bringing to his task a great admiration for the artist, has made an earnest effort to study the important facts of his life, the formative influences on his art, and that art's salient aspects.

Cahill tells of Weber's childhood in Russia, his early impressions of Russian and Jewish folk art, his emigration to the United States, his study under the stimulating guidance of A. W. Dow, his extensive travels abroad, his meeting with Picasso, Matisse, Rousseau, his first-hand acquaintance with the work of El Greco, Cézanne, the Italian primitives, his return to America, and the slow growth of recognition.

In the course of the narrative Cahill analyzes various phases of modern art, particularly those that in one manner or another affected the work of Weber. Passing then from a general discussion to concrete instances, Cahill examines and characterizes at some length Weber's work according to its subject—still life, figure, landscape. Next he studies the artist's work in its evolution, dividing it into several periods: 1900-1909, the period of research and acquisition of craftsmanship; 1909-12, the period of expression, emotion objectified in plastic terms; 1912-16, the period of construction, problems of spatial and geometric composition; 1916-20, the period of abstraction, visible form as incidental to abstract composition; 1920 to the present, the period of synthesis, reinterpretation of nature according to laws of design. To complete the portrait of the artist, Cahill finally quotes numerous passages from Weber's writings. Over thirty illustrations accompany the text.

From all this excellently organized material there emerges a man and artist almost fictional in the preordained inevitability with which events, ideas, persons appear about and within him at precisely the moment required by the narrative—a rare character with apparently never an error of judgment or taste and always historically on time, so to speak. And we have also a full view of his art, evocative, seeking "the spirit of things," in quest of "eternity" (Weber's favorite word), keeping outside of war and strife and other ills to which the social body is heir in order to achieve, in the words of his biographer, "a revelation of life itself."

LOUIS LOZOWICK

Hindenburg

Hindenburg: The Man and the Legend. By Margaret Goldsmith and Frederick Voigt. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

The Biography of President von Hindenburg. By Rudolph Weterstetten and A. M. K. Watson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

NEITHER of these books is a satisfactory biography of Hindenburg. Margaret Goldsmith and her husband, who end their narrative with Hindenburg's election as President of the Reich, apparently set out to dethrone a Hindenburg of "tradition" or "legend," but they do not make it entirely clear what the misconceptions are that they are combating, and they seem reluctant to express an opinion after presenting, or at least suggesting, both sides of the uncertain case. What interests them particularly, if apportionment of space be a fair criterion, is the controversy as to which of the two men, Ludendorff or Hindenburg, was the dominating military personality of the war; but after going into the question at considerable length, and with about the same degree of thoroughness that the average newspaper correspondent would show, they leave the reader to answer the question for himself. They are hardly more successful in exploding other parts of the "legend" that troubles them. One gathers that Hindenburg was undoubtedly a great commander, but that his abilities have been overrated and that it would be well to use caution in worshiping at his shrine.

The Weterstetten-Watson book, on the other hand, is laudatory. It has the great advantage, for average readers, of giving nearly half its space to the period of Hindenburg's presidency, and of going much more into detail in its treatment of Hindenburg's early years and personal life, but what is written is written prevailingly in praise, and there is a conspicuous absence of detachment or critical appraisal. The chapters on the presidential period, too, while they bring out the really noble traits of Hindenburg's character, are superficial in their treatment of the political situations with which he has had to deal.

Both books, of course, agree substantially in certain fundamentals, save as the first affects dark colors and the second lightens them. They make clear Hindenburg's rigorous training as a soldier, his virtually complete absorption for long years with military matters, and the absence of brilliant qualities that made his advancement slow. He had no interest in literary culture, and the intrusion of politics and diplomacy into war made him frankly impatient. His life was keyed to devotion to the Kaiser and the Fatherland, and when, with the imperial cause a matter of history, he gave his support to the Reich, he carried into the new relationship the same high sense of duty. The extracts from his presidential speeches and letters which are given in the Weterstetten-Watson volume, many of which have not appeared in American news, show a broadening interest in the social and cultural life of Germany and in the welfare of German youth which helps to explain the disappearance of the fear, notable in England and France, that his election as President would strengthen the old imperial and military tradition. Both books are worth reading, but while the first is better written, the second is more worth while.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

Briand, Man of Peace. By Valentine Thomson. Covici-Friede. $5.

Madame Thomson, daughter of a French Cabinet minister and for many years an intimate friend of Briand, appears here as a kind of Boswell to her hero. The book is not a formal biography, although it contains a good deal of orderly information about Briand's life and recovers from sources not now easily accessible a number of extracts from his letters and speeches. It is rather a series of sketches of typical episodes in Briand's public career, mixed with observations on his personal habits and tastes, his friendships, and his attitude toward the public and his official associates. The best parts of the book are those in which Madame Thomson recounts Briand's first excursions into politics, his relations with the wage-earners and the Socialists, his connection with the separation laws and the Dreyfus case, and his earlier services as minister and premier. The later chapters, dealing with the war period and Briand's peace propaganda, are relatively slight. In the absence as yet of a more formal biography the volume will serve a useful purpose, all the more useful because its tone, while uniformly friendly, is not unduly eulogistic.

The Chinese Drama. By Kate Buss. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

The Chinese theater, in its repertory, music, and stage conventions, was fixed in the Yuan dynasty, about 1200 A.D. It is a medieval art surviving in our day. Its historical subjects are taken from the remote past; its emotional content is derived from Confucian ethics and tradition, principally the relationship of a son to his parents. The plays themselves are librettos rather than dramas, and rarely rise above mediocrity. The dramatic literature of China is so little held in esteem that well-known scholars writing for the stage hide under pseudonyms. The Chinese theater as a whole has suffered from social ostracism; even the law discriminated against players; and it is only in late years that the popularity of a Mei Lan-fang is winning some respect for his art. Miss Buss has her material in a mass which she has not been able to set in order. Her book, short as it is—being but a hundred pages—is hard to read, and much of it is ill-written. It is valuable chiefly because there is no better, and because it is beautifully illustrated with stage portraits of Mei Lan-fang.

Carl Akeley's Africa. By Mary L. Jobe Akeley. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

This is an account of the Akeley-Eastman-Pomeroy expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, begun in January, 1926. It was Carl Akeley's fifth visit to what, in contrast to the usual name, he used to call the "Bright Continent." It was also his last visit—for he died and was buried in its heart. His wife presents his material graphically. Especially interesting is her account of the gorillas:

> Natural histories, encyclopedias, and stories of travel have so long pictured the gorilla walking erect that it is little wonder that this misconception of his mode of locomotion is prevalent. My husband saw no indication that gorillas ever walk other than on all fours. . . . He saw gorillas stand erect only in the brief moment recorded in his motion-picture film when the female and the young gorilla rose to beat their chests. It is hard to imagine that the gorilla's short weak legs could long support his bulky trunk in an upright position.

How to Commit a Murder. By Danny Ahearn. Ives Washburn. $2.50.

The ghost walks so often these days that one tends to look warily at a book like the one under consideration. In this instance, however, the publishers tackle the problem quite frankly. "This book is entirely [Ahearn's]." It was taken down before two witnesses by an expert stenographer from his talk. "Parts of it have been rearranged, parts of it cut . . . but every word is Danny's." The book itself would seem to bear out the statement. It is full of non-sequiturs, inconsistencies, flat contradictions; it is rambling, discursive, and intensely personal. Ahearn is talking from a hair-trigger mind, jumping to conclusions and decisions. There is no evidence of reflection or of attempt to rationalize, synthesize, or harmonize his mass of statement and opinion. The thinking of the hunting and hunted order of man of action is perfectly reproduced. It rings as true as those psychological and pathological studies of wily crooks carried out in the rabbit warrens of certain scientists ring false. A respected gangster is a man who has amazing "guts," who can be as ruthless and remorseless as a wild beast when necessary, and who can think and work fast. Ahearn at twenty-eight has had a long criminal career. He claims to have been tried twenty-two times for major crimes and to have "gotten away with it" twenty. Twice he was tried for murder. And twice he served short sentences. He has tried a number of rackets. In certain sections of every big city the gunman is the aristocrat, the man most feared and most admired. Why do youngsters become gangsters? As well ask why some become big-league ball players. Certainly not because of the shape of their heads.

Schönheit am Mittelmeer. Von Franz Carl Endres. Mit Originalaufnahmen von Paul Hommel. Stuttgart: Verlag Friedrich Bohnenberger.

Considering the heroic size of the 505 large-type pages with 84 full-page illustrations on heavy paper, the author's introductory warning that the book is no Baedeker provokes a smile. What it does aspire to do is to serve the traveler as a reminder of beautiful and important scenes, to prepare the mind of the prospective tourist, and to compensate the homebody with vivid descriptions of natural and man-made beauties. The author is well fitted for the task by his intimate acquaintance with the countries of the Mediterranean and his intense love of nature and art. A comprehensive historical background accompanies all his descriptions, and his awareness of changes wrought by the World War adds a valuable feature. Of the art and cultures of the ancients he might be said to be a nostalgic connoisseur.

My Tropical Air Castle. By Frank M. Chapman. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

Frank M. Chapman, the ornithologist, is one of those lucky devils who has realized his dreams—or at least one of them. After many attempts to find the ideal place in the tropics for the study of nature, he came upon it on the island of Barro Colorado in the Canal Zone, where the National Research Council has established the Institute for Research in Tropical America, open to accredited scientists. Barro Colorado was once a hilltop; it became an island when the region was flooded in the construction of the Panama Canal. On the island, in a small house of his own, Mr. Chapman was able to study animal life from the windows or screened veranda and by taking walks by day or night in the surrounding forest.

> If you would really see and know a trail [he remarks] enter it without plan or purpose. Let your motto be "Where I am is where I'm going." . . . Here, at least, is one place in the world where speed is at a discount. Therefore walk slowly and stop often. Stopping is the very essence of walking.

Mr. Chapman's book describes his nature studies on the island.

The Tree of Life. An Anthology. Made by Vivian De Sola Pinto and George Neill Wright. Oxford University Press. $3.

The editors of this beautifully printed collection worked in the belief that the essentials of religion, being untouchable either by science or by dogma, lead a kind of immortal existence in the best prose and verse of all the centuries. In this faith they have ransacked literature from Genesis to Shaw, from the Elder Edda to Whitehead, for the best that has been said, Christian or otherwise, about the wholeness of the universe and about the position of man as a spiritual creature in it. Whether or not any special meaning emerges from the miscellany, it makes good reading; and the arrangement of material, suggested undoubtedly by Robert Bridges's "Spirit of Man," is of distinct advantage to the reader.

The Good Estate of Poetry. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Academic criticism at its best. Mr. Tinker examines a number of contemporary literary attitudes against the background of all literary history. This background is fatally large, so that Mr. Tinker fails sometimes to see the little truth we speak; but at other times he is refreshingly wise as he deflates some of our most cherished generalizations.

The Newer Knowledge of Bacteriology and Immunology. By Eighty-two Contributors. Edited by Edwin O. Jordan and I. S. Falk. University of Chicago Press. $10.

In nearly twelve hundred large pages this book presents a summary of progress during the past decade in the most active special subjects comprised under the title. These range from underlying physical chemistry to the innumerable applications of the new knowledge in medicine and in public health. The authors are selected from all parts of the world and write with authority and distinction. Each chapter has its own bibliography and the book has excellent author and subject indexes. It should prove invaluable as a base-line for the research of the next decade and indispensable to anyone with the remotest claim to medical education. It is, indeed, an epic of modern exploration and would have a tremendous popular appeal if it were not for the inevitable and insuperable difficulty of scientific terminology. A glossary is needed but it would have to be encyclopedic. The University of Chicago Press deserves congratulations on a monumental service to research and scholarship.

I defy anyone to put down this book once he has started it. F WRIGHT MOXLEY is a literary find. Red Snow is a gigantic piece of concrete visionary writing, a burning satire --and a high tragedy, packed full of dark prophecies...the passions and fates of men and women under the shadow of extinction. It is ruin itself in terms of moving and symbolic prose. As far as I can see, the book's appeal is limited almost entirely to mothers, fathers, children and unmarried people. We may sell a million copies, but I advise publishing it anyway..

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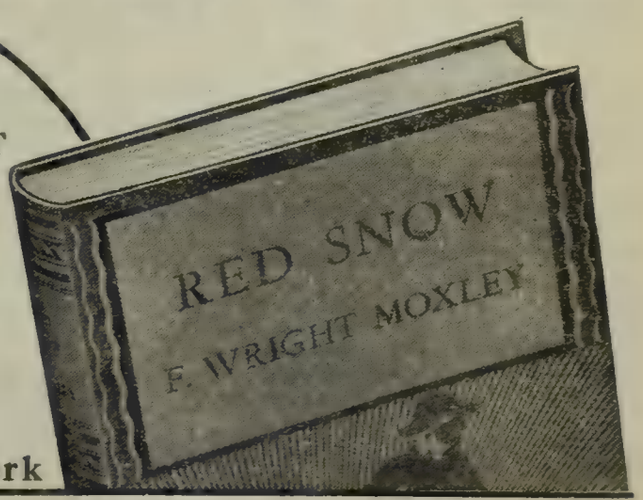
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†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
†Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45 St.
•The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
†Topaze—Barrymore—47 St., W. of B'way.

First Nights

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Films

Good Intention—Beginning Saturday, August 30; Caught Short, beginning Wednesday, September 3—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave
Hell's Angels—Gaiety—46 St. & B'way.
Lincoln—Central—47 St. B'way
Melodie des Herzens, beginning Friday, August 29—8 St. Playhouse—52 W. 8 St.
Melody of the Heart, beginning Friday, August 29—5 Ave. Playhouse—66 5 Ave
Moby Dick—Hollywood—B'way and 51 St.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46th St.
Old English—Warner Bros.—52 St. & B'way.
The Bad One, beginning Saturday, August 30; What a Man, beginning Wednesday, September 3—The Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.

• Drama. † Comedy. ‖ Musical.

Films

"Hell's Angels"

So much has been made of the fact that it cost nearly four millions to produce "Hell's Angels" (Gaiety and Criterion), Mr. Howard Hughes's "epic" of war in the air, that I am prompted to state with all haste that the picture is not nearly so bad as the fact referred to might lead one to expect. On the other hand, I am also compelled to admit that it is not so good as it might have been, perhaps at a quarter of its actual cost, had its producer known better where to look for his value. One has the feeling that the picture succeeds mainly in spite of his conscious efforts. For the really exciting scenes in "Hell's Angels" are of two kinds: instances of superb photography, like the view of the Zeppelin speeding its way through the clouds, or the breath-taking scene of a falling airplane, followed by the camera throughout its progress without a single cut; and, secondly, instances of purely spectacular action, like the burning of the Zeppelin or the destruction of the munition depot. In all these scenes the effect produced is truly magnificent. But if the beauty of the photography seems to have been merely incidental to the use of the material, the spectacular thrills mentioned, I suspect, were not quite authentic. And it was realistic authenticity—so we are repeatedly told in the program—that was the declared aim of the producer and that accounted for most of the expenditure of the four millions. The battle scenes in the air between the British and German squadrons are such authentic and costly realism. But interesting as these are in parts, particularly in the long-shot views of the free-for-all "dog fight," they are not very impressive as a whole. The much too numerous close-ups of men and machines with which this sequence is studded are, in spite of their authenticity, as obviously theatrical as any studio close-ups could be. Nor is there visible in this sequence much dramatic and rhythmic organization by way of "montage." One misses the heightened and almost tangible sense of movement that one found in "The Big Parade" or "Potemkin."

So far no mention has been made of the story of the picture. Perhaps it is just as well, for, poor on all accounts, it becomes intolerable because of the persistence with which it thrusts its lurid banalities into the procession of aerial splendors. A really interesting story for a picture like "Hell's Angels" should have stuck to the clouds rather than to the earth. Incidentally, it is a pity that the dramatic possibilities of clouds are made so little use of in this picture. There is a hint at such a dramatic effect in the Zeppelin sequence when the airship suddenly disappears in a cloud. For the rest, we get our clouds merely as a pictorial background. And yet what wonderful dramatis personae they would have made had the hide-and-seek motif of the plot been more consistently developed. Judging the picture by what it has, however, rather than by what it has not, "Hell's Angels," on the whole, is a very creditable performance, with some moments of surpassing beauty.

The new sound version of "Moby Dick" (Hollywood) impresses one as a very tame and conventional treatment of a subject which in the hands of a cinematic genius might have equaled the stupendous quality of Melville's masterpiece. In this case suffice it to say that the overwhelming grandeur of the image of the whale finds no better expression than a few shots of actual whale hunting, supplemented by shots of a wooden model. As for Captain Ahab, John Barrymore's Satanism does not seem very convincing.

Alexander Bakshy

Fascism in Finland

THE following article, written by a correspondent for the *New Statesman,* a London weekly, gives an interesting account of the new political alignment in Finland and the forces responsible for the change.

Political anarchy has suddenly made an appearance in an unexpected quarter—in Finland, the country justly admired for a long time as a pioneer of true parliamentary democracy. The reason for so surprising a change has been represented to Europe as a popular reaction against the spread of communism, but this is a calculated and entirely misleading view.

As in all upheavals of the kind, an economic cause is the true reason of the disturbance. The staple of Finnish industry and export, the foundation, in fact, of her economic position, is sawn timber. For the past two years and more Russia, under the harrow of an international financial boycott, has been forced to make use of her more easily realizable assets in order to provide ready money for the financing of her immediate needs. In consequence, she has been throwing her timber freely upon the European market at prices below the actual cost value of the goods. As the quantities have been very large and the quality of Russian wood is superior to that produced in Scandinavia and the Baltic countries, this timber has found a ready sale; but the process has caused so great a fall in the world price that Finland for more than the past eighteen months has been sawing wood at a cost of some £2 per standard more than is received for it by her shippers.

Most Finnish sawmills are being carried by the banks (which have stepped in to prevent national bankruptcy); a large number are already insolvent; and it is safe to say that no single sawmill in Finland is today working at a profit. The damage to this side of Finnish economy is chiefly felt by industrial capital; and at the same time the fall in the world price of butter [the other main article of Finnish export] is equally affecting agriculture, so that grave alarm has now permeated all classes of employers. Socialistic measures for remedying the situation being out of the question, the one solution, in the eyes of the employing class (which includes the close-fisted yeomen-farmers, numerous in the districts bordering the Gulf of Bothnia, in the midst of which is Lappu), is a heavy and permanent reduction of both industrial and rural wages. But to bring that about, it is imperative first to destroy what remains of Finnish trade unionism; and thus new legislation is necessary in order to put all workers' organizations outside the law. This could not be successfully done in the Diet just dissolved (July 20) nor in any subsequent Diet elected on the existing franchise of adult suffrage with proportional representation. The Social Democrats (60) and the so-called Communist members (25) form too large a minority in a Diet of 200 seats to leave any hope of obtaining the two-thirds majority required by the existing Finnish constitution for alterations to a fundamental law. Some sort of coup d'etat, therefore, provides the only way out of the impasse, and this has carefully been prepared for, around Lappu, during the past seven or eight months. Here in the Wasa district the idea first took root, among a community consisting chiefly of narrow-viewed, politically bigoted, culturally ignorant peasant-proprietors—the "Orangedom," in fact, of Finland. In such an atmosphere it was not difficult to arouse enthusiasm for a movement astutely labeled by its leaders "anti-Communist."

Mr. Kossola, the would-be Finnish Mussolini, by proclaiming his movement "national" and "anti-Communist," has brought down two birds with one stone. He has captured the enthusiastic cooperation of the stupider and more unreflecting masses of his fellow-countrymen, and the tacit approval of every Cabinet in Western Europe. He has also, evidently, secured the sympathy—if only silent—of practically the entire European press. By his threat, actually carried out last month, of a "march on Rome," he so intimidated the feeble Agrarian Government of Mr. Kallio that it promptly resigned. At the same time he launched an active campaign of lawless violence. So-called Communist members of the Diet were openly kidnapped in the streets—the police not daring, or not being instructed, to interfere. Local members of the "Communist" Party all over the country were seized and forcibly run across the Russian frontier. Finally, on July 5 two "Communist" members of the parliamentary Grand Committee were carried off during a session of the committee in one of the Parliament buildings and taken away to Wasa in motor cars in broad daylight.

This somewhat indecent breach of law and order rather sobered the more sensible and European-minded sections of society in Helsingfors, and Mr. Swinhufvud, the new Prime Minister (a national hero in 1917, when he was sent to Siberia by the Russian authorities for refusing, as judge, to violate his constitutional oath to the Finnish administration), fearful of the effects of the scandal upon foreign public opinion, then opened negotiations with Mr. Kossola for a return of the prisoners. They were brought back to Helsingfors on July 11, still in custody; and, as described in telegrams to the Swedish press, one of them, Mr. Pekkala, "bore evident signs of maltreatment." No attempt was made to arrest the law-breakers, but instead Mr. Swinhufvud, the arch-constitutionalist, at once imprisoned the two members, having already four days earlier arrested all the other twenty-three "Communist" members of the Diet. The Prime Minister's action was one of barefaced illegality. The only semblance of a charge against the members was that of being members of a Communist party. But they are not in fact either Communists or members of any Communist party. A Communist party has been for some years past an illegal organization in Finland, and anyone proclaiming himself a member of such lays himself open to the charge of high treason. Their party is a very ordinary Left Socialist one, numbering some 50,000 or 60,000 voters. But for the purpose of arousing popular odium, the press and the great middle-class public have combined from that time to describe them as Communists, and by now the name is firmly attached to them.

With the elimination, in prison, of the twenty-five members, the resulting unconstitutional Rump Parliament proceeded to pass several hasty measures, including a stringent State Defense Act. But it failed, even then, to get the requisite majority for the Lappu men's new franchise bill, which destroys the whole of the workers' representation at one stroke, since it limits the parliamentary vote to those paying direct taxes. These bills were rushed through the Rump Diet, before the dissolution on July 20, under the intimidation of 4,500 men from Lappu, who by cars and special trains (on the state railways) had invaded Helsingfors on the critical day, and under the even more potent threat of action by the armed Civic Volunteer Defense Corps (Skyddskar), 125,000 strong, which had been recruited on a political and strictly Conservative basis.

New elections to the Diet are to be held in October. As Mr. Swinhufvud, immediately after the dissolution, issued a

decree forbidding "Communists" to hold meetings or in any way to organize for electoral purposes, and the Skyddskar may safely be trusted to enforce the provisions of the decree without discriminating too closely between so-called Communists and Social Democrats, it seems pretty certain that the coming Diet will show a sufficiently fascist complexion to deal with inconvenient existing fundamental laws. . . .

Up to the present the workers as a class have shown no sign of reacting to the challenge thus insolently flung at them. They are aware of their own impotence, unarmed as they are, against the Skyddskar, cantoned everywhere in town and country. There are, however, one or two cross-currents that may soon bring about some measure of dissension in the country. The narrow nationalistic element that is now so marked a feature of the Lappu men is viewed with apprehension by the Swedish Finns, who form one-tenth of the population and through their better positions and superior level of education still count for a great deal more than 10 per cent of social and economic, and therefore political, influence. These people fear —and not without reason, for Lappu has been indiscreet in its moments of triumph—that their turn for repression will follow that of the workers. And further, big business . . . is showing signs already of nervousness and jealousy. . . . Industry, after all, requires external peace for its development. The industrial interests, therefore, begin to have misgivings about the possible antics of Nationalists in the region of foreign policy, which, in their case, means Russia!

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 257
EDITORIALS:
The League Shuns Disarmament 260
The Lambeth Bishops 261
Will New York Lead? 261
Flying High 262
REVOLT IN CONNECTICUT. By Allen B. MacMurphy 263
IS ENGLAND PLAYED OUT? By Alice M. Cameron 265
FASCIST SYMPATHIES IN THE UNITED STATES. By E. C. Lindeman 267
CUT YOUR OWN RENT. By Roswell Ward 269
CLUCKINGS OF CALVIN. Translated by Herbert Fordham 270
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 270
CORRESPONDENCE 271
BOOKS:
Clean as These Rocks. By Wilbert Snow 273
Our Intellectual Rulers. By Henry Hazlitt 273
Mrs. Undset's Tetralogy. By Eugene Löhrke 273
Fair Harvard. By William A. Neilson 274
A Skeptical Biologist. By Bernhard J. Stern 274
Restoration Dramatists. By Donald A. Roberts 275
Voices of the New Russia. By Walter Gutman 276
Roger Williams Again. By William MacDonald 276
The Philosophy of Aesthetics. By DeWitt H. Parker 277
The Ethics of Power. By George E. G. Catlin 278
China in Revolt. By Isidor Schneider 278
Books in Brief 279
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 280
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Japanese Trade-Union Bill 281

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CALIFORNIA HAS GIVEN the country the good news that Governor Young will not be an exception to the unbroken rule that no one shall twice in succession be governor of that State. We rejoice because it is a just punishment for a man who has shown the utmost cowardice in dealing with the Mooney and Billings cases; who postponed his decision month in and month out, and then shifted the burden of his responsibility to the State Supreme Court. The press associations report that his handling of this case helped to defeat him; it should have done so. From South Carolina comes the encouraging report that Cole Blease, though leading the poll, did not obtain a majority in his fight for renomination to the Senate of the United States, and that this Senatorial defender of lynching and lawlessness will have to try again in a run-off primary, with the odds against him. If ever a politician deserved to walk the plank it is he. In Idaho it looked as if the Democrats were going to pay Senator Borah the compliment of running no one against him, but at the last moment there was a change of plan; a respectable Democrat has been found to make the race and achieve—defeat. From Michigan the indications are that Senator Couzens will win renomination hands down, while in Mississippi the effort to defeat Congressman Ross Collins, the bravest and most outspoken anti-militarist in Congress, was, fortunately for the country, easily defeated. Finally, at its annual conference in Buffalo, the New York State Federation of Labor voted for a new political party by and for labor, contrary to the dictates of the great moguls of the American Federation. These happenings are good omens. They reveal, however, no general trend or popular drift. For this we must await the fall elections.

RAILROAD NET EARNINGS, off 33 per cent during the first six months of 1930 from the corresponding figures of 1929, illustrate clearly a fundamental difficulty of the Transportation Act of 1920. Owners of railroad securities are entitled to a "fair return," now fixed at 5¾ per cent of valuation, but they cannot get it. Valuation itself has proved an almost insuperable stumbling-block, and we are by no means certain yet what the final figures are going to be. Using a tentative figure, the Bureau of Railway Economics calculates the returns of the first half of 1929 at the rate of 5.52 per cent, against only 3.61 per cent this year. Yet any general raising of rates under existing conditions of depression is impossible, even if it were not suicidal. Meanwhile, Mr. F. J. Lisman points out in the current *Railway Age* certain means, including "elimination of the wastes of excessive and forbidden methods of competition," by which he believes the roads could save hundreds of millions of dollars a year, and he suggests that they need to select a "rate czar" who will stiffen their backbone in raising rates where it can be done. Trying to combine private operation of the roads and competition with a fixed return on capital is like trying to eat our cake and have it too.

NOT SO BAD AS REPORTED seems to be the view that must now be taken of the drought. The drought may still be the worst in the nation's history, as it appeared to be at the end of July, and the crops of wheat and corn may be the smallest in years, but the loss in general has apparently been overestimated. Mr. Legge of the Farm Board, who was traveling about the corn belt just as the mobilized bankers were promising more strength to Mr. Hoover's arm, reports that the region of which Iowa is the center "will enjoy almost if not fully as good or better farm incomes this year than in 1929." The region to which he referred includes Nebraska, northern Kansas, northwest Missouri, the eastern portions of the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, most of Illinois, and parts of Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana. This does not suggest the appalling calamity for which Mr. Hoover gave up his vacation, summoned the governors of a dozen States, worked out a great scheme of State and county committees, directed the immediate provision of a hundred and a quarter millions of federal road money, and called on the Red Cross to stand by. What one would like to know now is who started the great scare, who saw that it was kept going, and what it was all about. The Department of Agriculture did its bit, but the politician-farmers appear to have done a great deal more, and the newspapers played up the business in great style.

OF OUR 122,000,000 PEOPLE, one-third, or 41,000,000, are children under sixteen, while there are 38,000,000 men and 37,000,000 women between sixteen and sixty-four, according to a recent radio address of William M. Steuart, director of the census. About 49,000,000 persons reported themselves as having gainful occupation, but probably not more than 40,000,000 to 42,000,000 are ever at work full time on any given day, owing to holidays, vacations, sickness, and unemployment, and our gainful workers do not put in more than 275 days a year on the average. Some 10,000,000 women report gainful occupations, while perhaps 23,000,000 more are keeping house. The 11,000,000 men who are farming constitute less than one-quarter of the gainful workers as against 45 per cent in 1880. Nearly a third of our workers are now in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, while clerical occupations employ about 7 or 8 per cent of the total. Successive censuses only emphasize the rapidity of our industrialization, and indicate the necessity of bringing American thinking abreast of the conditions of 1930, instead of letting it lag in the atomic individualism appropriate to a pioneer agricultural state.

GRAVE WORDS were recently spoken by Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt, former chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, based on his observation in foreign countries of the effect of the new tariff on our trade. It has done more damage to that business, he declares, than any other official or unofficial act of the last generation. Pointing specifically to the new Italian duty on motor cars, he says that already the American business ruined in France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Germany alone far exceeds in value any possible benefits that could come from the measure, and he urges that we are driving the British Empire into a scheme of imperial preference fatal to our trade with its members. He calls attention to the incident of 15,000 persons in a small Swiss town solemnly swearing never again to buy American goods, and expresses the belief that a tide of animosity to American business is rising to a degree unimagined by the untraveled American or by "our untutored Congress." On the same day Luis Zuberbuhler, a business leader of Argentina, indicated the bad psychological effect of the Hawley-Smoot measure, and courteously pointed out that further American restrictions on imports from Argentina might drive that country willy-nilly to take measures to decrease Argentinian purchases here. The business community realizes the dangers of this Bourbon tariff monstrosity.

MANY ARE THE WAYS of balancing international claims. If we further embarrass France in paying her debt to us by raising our tariff wall a few more feet, we still allow our tourists to go abroad, and they help mightily to straighten the account. The French economist Meynial has calculated that Americans spent in France last year about $130,000,000. From all foreign visitors France received a total of $400,000,000. What is perhaps most significant in these calculations, however, is the announcement that German tourists this year form a majority of all the foreign visitors. Their presence in such numbers must, of course, raise still further difficulties in the payment of German reparations.

SIR JOHN SIMON'S message to the United States, as expressed in his address to the Federal Bar Association and broadcast over a national radio hook-up, is simply the plea of the Simon report in little, for an understanding of the complexities and difficulties of the Indian problem.

> The difficulty with India's constitutional problem [says Sir John] is that the mass of Indians know nothing of Western political conceptions, and yet the educated minority is urging a rapid application of representative institutions based on Western models in an Eastern continent whose traditions of government are Oriental.

Sir John would undoubtedly reject our interpretation, but this seems to us really an indirect way of saying that Britain's policy has lost the support of the "educated minority" in India, and that British rule, consequently, must rest increasingly on naked force—an understanding that the events of the past six months tend strikingly to confirm. If this be true, the very magnitude and complexity of the problems to be faced render more imperative a prompt understanding with those imprisoned leaders whom the Indians still follow. The Indians have got to solve their own problems; with the best will in the world, the British can never do it for them; with lathis and bombs and machine-guns they can only make solutions impossible. Out of the most sincere friendliness to British and Indians alike, we eagerly look for evidence of an effective desire on the part of the government to cooperate with those who are today the real leaders in India.

A BANKRUPT NATION is unusual these days, but Australia appears to have come dangerously near to that predicament and to be not yet clearly on the road to solvency. Falling prices for wheat, wool, meats, and other staple exports have pulled down the volume of Australian credits abroad from nearly a billion dollars two years ago to somewhat over a fourth of that amount this year, and unemployment, aided by a coal strike in New South Wales, has gravely increased. The result was £36,000,000 of foreign liabilities, chiefly in London, which the Commonwealth was unable to meet. A default has been averted only by the interposition of the Bank of England, which has undertaken to pay the debts as they fall due, the Commonwealth in turn converting the debts into long-term loans to be paid ultimately through a sinking fund. Various financial reforms suggested by a representative of the bank have also been agreed upon, among them a drastic cut in expenditures if the present budget does not balance by the end of September, and a restriction of future loans to public works from which a revenue is assured. A special grant of $5,000,000 to New South Wales has also been made to save that state from financial breakdown. Australia, in other words, has been living beyond its means, voting money freely when times were good, and trusting that the prices of what it had to sell would continue high. Now has come a lean year, and the future must be heavily mortgaged to pay for the extravagance of the past.

GOVERMENTS CHANGE QUICKLY in South America at times, and Peru has just gone through a revolution with all due neatness and dispatch. Just why the former President, Augusto B. Leguia, should have been so suddenly deposed with little more than a show of re-

sistance is not quite clear, but his successor, Lieutenant Colonel Luis F. Sanchez Cerro, has charged Leguia with maladministration of public finances, an attempt to sell the Peruvian oil resources to foreigners, a huge addition to the public debt, and a censorship of the press. His acceptance of the decision of the Tacna-Arica boundary dispute with Chile appears also to have injured his popularity. The new administration, of course, promises a clean-up. Meantime the former president, who is ill, is a prisoner on an island in Callao harbor with the threat of a trial and a possible death sentence hanging over him—the latter a fate which the foreign diplomats are reported to be trying to avert. With some $200,000,000 of American investments in Peru, the United States has naturally a keen interest in the revolution and its outcome, while the Department of State is concerned over the arrest of Lieutenant Commander Harold B. Grow, a member of the American Naval Mission to Peru and since 1926 director of the Peruvian aviation service, who is threatened with trial by court martial, and of Charles W. Sutton, long in charge of irrigation for the Peruvian government. Unrest is reported also in Argentina, where President Irigoyen is facing serious difficulties.

A READER of *The Nation* in the South begs us to report a dreadful happening in Jackson, Mississippi. There a Negro was arrested for living with a white woman at her volition. When arrested, he was shot in the hand "for attempting to escape." Later a deputy sheriff undertook to remove him from one cell to another. The wounded, unarmed prisoner "lunged against him against the wall of an adjoining cell," according to the Jackson *Clarion-Banner*. What happened next is thus described:

> The light yellow Negro disregarded a warning to halt and Ford drew his gun. The first bullet caught the Negro at the top of the left shoulder. The second struck him full in the chest. He fell forward through the doorway and died almost immediately. . . . Deputy Ford was cleared of all blame by the coroner's jury. Ford acted in self-defense.

The white woman was given six months in prison and a fine of $250. Our horrified reader writes:

> I may tell you frankly that if sex and race had been reversed the man might have been socially ostracized—I doubt even this, but such would have been the severest punishment meted out to him and nothing would have happened to the woman. An individual has usurped the functions of a mob in the killing of this Negro. When things like this happen, I am ashamed that I am a Southerner, and wish that I could blush because I am a native of Mississippi.

SO HENRY MENCKEN is safely married. May all the blessings of that holy state attend our contributing editor and his bride! We confess that our astonishment at the surrender of this confirmed advocate of celibacy is still not done. Is it possible that we may yet hear that he no longer favors the return of the old-fashioned bar with the brass rail and the polished mahogany, and the inevitable spittoons, and all the rest of its chaste appurtenances? Who shall know? Stranger things have happened. All we can say now is that his *American Mercury* reads today as if new life coursed in its veins, with its new and better cover, larger and more readable type, and some strikingly fine articles in the issue just at hand. To Cupid American letters are plainly in debt again.

MAJOR GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN was not the ordinary type of speech-making general whose sole object is to increase the American military establishment. On the contrary, he resembled the elder generation of soldiers like Sherman, Sheridan, and Grant in his dislike of war. In addition he had moral courage, a warm heart, and a sense of justice which was not circumscribed by his uniform or the boundaries of his country. Hence he was admirably qualified to be the commander of the American forces left in Germany with headquarters at Coblentz, especially as he spoke German and had for four years served as military attaché in Berlin. To Coblentz he took not hatred but sympathy for the conquered, with the result that our army was the best liked of all the forces of occupation, and that the German people today regard him with a deep sense of gratitude. More than that, General Allen had the courage to head the fund to collect money here for the starving German children when it was highly unpopular to do so.

THE DEATH of Lon Chaney removes from the motion-picture world one of its most interesting characters. What seemed the misfortune of his childhood proved one of the chief sources of his later fame; both his parents were deaf mutes, and his later gift for pantomime is attributed to the necessity he faced from his earliest days of conveying his emotions and thoughts by gesture and facial expression. To this training were added intelligence and remarkable pertinacity. His exceptional genius for make-up made his name familiar to everyone, and in his first talking picture he revealed that he could alter his voice almost in the same astonishing way as he had previously altered his face. But like Charlie Chaplin, he continued to believe that pantomime was the peculiar art of the screen. He was probably mistaken in this, but he was not mistaken in his belief that pantomime could still have retained an important place. Unfortunately, like so many other recent inventions, the talkies seem to have become a stern master rather than a useful servant, and the ability to reproduce the voice on the screen has been interpreted to mean that the voice *must* be used, regardless of the consequences.

A SLUMP IN THE PRICE of lions is reported by the New York *Times*, prime stock in excellent condition going at a recent sale in Hamburg for less than 3,000 marks. Giraffes are very cheap, too, and can be had for 20,000 marks a pair, while hippopotami bring 8,000 marks and riding elephants run all the way from 8,000 to 12,000 marks. These columns are not devoted to market tips, but we have no hesitation in advising our readers to lay in their winter's supply of lions and giraffes now while the market is weak. In considering their long-time needs, however, they not only should take into account the gold supply and other influences affecting the general price level, but should remember that the zoological parks are now operating on the bear side of the market. According to Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars of the Bronx Park Zoo, they now know more about their animals than they used to do and so can keep them longer. It's a hard world for the good old law of supply and demand.

The League Shuns Disarmament

THE Assembly of the League of Nations is again at work. A year has elapsed since it last met. What has it accomplished during the twelve-month on the most important of all issues before the world—disarmament and peace? The answer is—nothing, save that it has sponsored the publication of some figures as to the increasing armaments of the militaristic nations, which figures constitute its own grave indictment. For it has been charged with certain responsibilities under the Treaty of Versailles which created it. In this, its organic act, the chief Powers that sponsored it pledged themselves to disarmament. Eleven years have elapsed. There has been no decrease, but steady increase in expenditures for war. The Geneva report is that no less than $3,750,000,000 was what fifty-three nations, Christian and otherwise, spent in 1929 in preparation for the next war. The officials were reported to be "optimistic" because this disarmament bill was only $100,000,000 larger than a similar bill for 1928! They maintained that optimism in the face of the fact that the world launched 50 per cent more cruisers in 1929 than in the last years before the World War and that it has today three times as many under construction as in 1913. Indeed, during the past year the only action which can be construed as pointing in the direction of limitation of armaments came as the result of action by a non-member—the United States. The League's Disarmament Commission meets, talks, studies, adjourns. It is explained that it is "clearing the ground," "exploring the bases for land disarmament"—"a grave and difficult task." But the fact remains that it rejected with contumely the only clear-cut and sincere proposal to disarm and to disarm at once ever made to it—the Russian plan that was brought to it by M. Litvinov.

The growing danger of war is the complete answer to the excuse that the problem is difficult. Granted that it is, there is no time to lose. It is idle to waste years exploring the bases for scientific disarmament when every preparation for the approaching catastrophe is under way; when the situation between Italy and France is so delicate that the French do not dare even to permit the Minister of War or the foreign military attachés to witness their High Savoy maneuvers near the Italian border lest dangerous military importance be attributed to them. They have not had to be so secretive about some of their other maneuvers. At Lyons, for instance, they have this summer staged a night air attack upon the city under the direct supervision of the General Staff. As far as possible the exact war conditions were simulated. Thus, the populace being notified by sirens that the "enemy fliers" were at hand, took refuge in their cellars and in the specially prepared bomb-proofs, while the city was plunged into complete darkness. The fire department was called out to extinguish pretended blazes, the Red Cross representatives in gas masks took care of "poisoned" and "wounded" citizens, and the "enemy fliers" constantly threw down upon the city articles intended to represent gas or other bombs. The anti-aircraft cannon fired steadily until two o'clock in the morning—in short, nothing was left undone to represent war-time conditions.

With what result? The commanding general, Serrigny, in his official comment upon the maneuvers declared that the anti-aircraft defense had not sufficed to save the city from any massed attack from the air. In recording these facts General Berthold von Deimling, the former German corps commander, declares in the *Berliner Tageblatt* that in every similar instance, notably in recent "attacks" upon Milan, London, and Paris, the result was the same—a complete fiasco on the part of the defense. As for air counter-attacks, General von Deimling declares that there can be no hope of success for the counter-attackers unless there is sufficient advance notice of the attack and the direction from which it is to be expected to enable the defensive blow to be struck at exactly the right time and place before the enemy's objective has been attained. He points out in this connection that the development of the bomber has gone on so fast that it can not only carry the enormous load to be dumped, but can now actually defend itself against attack. General von Deimling thus comes to the same opinion as General von Seeckt, who has just resigned as commander of the German army, that about the only way of counter-attacking is to strike the enemy on his own territory before he can cross the frontier. The future war in the eyes of these experts becomes then nothing but a mad rush by all parties to the conflict to be the first to get their airplanes over the frontiers and to destroy immediately all enemy chemical, automobile, and airplane factories, all flying fields, and important towns.

General von Deimling cannot refrain from asking, in view of this prospect that all important cities that can be attacked will be immediately bombed, gassed, and set on fire, how any military department or general can pretend hereafter that any amount of preparedness will protect any of these strategic points from utter destruction. He is right. The old argument that safety can be secured by a given preparation has been utterly finished. A million infantry scattered along the seaboard, and a full arsenal of anti-aircraft cannon besides, will offer no guaranty whatsoever that Birmingham and Manchester and Edinburgh will not be bombed within twenty-four hours after the declaration of war. "Is it not suicidal mania," he asks, "for the European states with their sensitive industries to destroy their economic life and their culture by poison, by fire, and by shells?"

From his own people the General demands in the coming election a choice of representatives in the Reichstag to form a government absolutely opposed to the ideal of armaments and war. He believes, however, that it is only by the rousing of the masses of the various peoples that safety will finally be attained. He does not mention the League of Nations. We repeat that upon its handling of this question depends beyond all else its success and its usefulness to the human race. It must demand prompt action by the leading Powers; it must make them prove that they were sincere when they signed the disarmament clause of the Treaty of Versailles, when they went to Locarno, and when they signed the Kellogg Pact. If they will not act they brand themselves not only with insincerity and hypocrisy, but with complete responsibility, even now, for the next conflict.

The Lambeth Bishops

IF organized Protestantism has any message for the world today, one might fairly expect to find it at its best in the conclusions of the 307 "archbishops and bishops of the Holy Catholic Church in full communion with the Church of England" who met in the recent Lambeth Conference at Canterbury. The encyclical letter and seventy-five resolutions of the conference, however, mix progress and extreme conservatism in disturbing proportions. Regarding war and peace the bishops speak out with no reservations whatever. War is condemned as incompatible with the teachings of Jesus, the Paris anti-war pact is cordially commended, and the Christian church "in every nation" is urged, where nations have "solemnly bound themselves by treaty, covenant, or pact for the pacific settlement of international disputes," to "refuse to countenance any war in regard to which the government of its own country has not declared its willingness to submit the matter in dispute to arbitration or conciliation." "The existence of armaments on the present scale" is declared to be a menace to world peace, and an appeal is made for a "determined effort to secure further reduction by international agreement."

Representing as it did an Anglican communion of world-wide extension, the statements of the conference about subject races and the color line are remarkable for the small comfort they offer to imperialists or champions of white superiority. "The ruling of one race by another," the conference declared, "can only be justified from the Christian standpoint when the highest welfare of the subject race is the constant aim of government, and when admission to an increasing share in the government of the country is an objective steadfastly pursued." The "guiding principle" in racial relations should be "interdependence and not competition," and "the realization in practice of human brotherhood postulates courtesy on the part of all races toward one another" and "a complete avoidance of any exploitation of the weaker races such as is exemplified in the liquor traffic among the natives of Africa and enforced labor for private profit." As for the color line, "all communicants," the conference affirmed, "without distinction of race or color," should be admitted to communion, and neither race nor color should exclude any one from worship "in any church."

All these are praiseworthy statements, applicable to preparedness for the next war, to the exploitation of native labor in the British colony of Kenya, and to race discrimination in an Episcopal church in Brooklyn. It would have been well if in other matters the conference could have evinced equal enlightenment. A cautious approval of birth control, quickly seized upon by the press as the most striking of the episcopal pronouncements, is not only hedged about, quite properly, with an earnest plea for the preservation of the family and the safeguarding of children, but is also accompanied by an unqualified condemnation of all sexual relations outside of marriage and by a recommendation that the remarriage of a divorced person whose former partner is living "should not be celebrated according to the rites of the church." A divorced person may, apparently, continue in good standing as a communicant if he or she is adjudged to have been "innocent," but a sacramental remarriage is to be refused if the "guilty" party has unkindly declined to die.

In theological matters, again, the whole tone of the encyclical letter is a reaffirmation of those cardinal points of doctrine which have set the Christian church at variance with modern science and led increasing numbers of persons to eschew religion in any form. The fervent appeal of the bishops for confidence in the essential harmony of science and religion, and for united effort in recovering for the church the youth who have turned their backs upon it, rings hollow when it is perceived that the church, as the Lambeth Conference saw it, has not changed, and that all that the human mind has compassed in new knowledge and experience is looked at as a confirmation of Anglican assumptions.

Nor did the bishops see their way to speak out, save in time-worn generalities, about the glaring evils of the existing social order. Naturally, they discern in the modern world much that is unjust and degrading, but they content themselves with arraigning evil in the aggregate and leave to those who may feel so disposed the specific application. One must conclude that the Anglican bishops, zealous as they seem to be for a society which shall conform to New Testament precepts, have no better method of approach to offer than the services of the Prayer Book and the dogmas of an ancient faith. Old men about to die may salute the formula, and such as care little either way may go on accepting it, but the young men and women who today are demanding truth with liberty are not likely to bow to even a venerable device for keeping up appearances.

Will New York Lead?

THE speech of Governor Roosevelt before the New York State Federation of Labor urging a Statewide system of unemployment insurance is a matter of large importance. The Governor has apparently determined to offer that leadership in the employment crisis which the Administration at Washington has so conspicuously failed to furnish. If intelligent people will back him vigorously, the foremost industrial State in the Union may turn out to be the first one to develop a modern scheme of protection against unemployment.

It should be remembered that Governor Roosevelt's demand for insurance is only one part of the unemployment program to which he is committed. On March 30 last he appointed a committee on the stabilization of industry for the prevention of unemployment. In doing so he said:

> I wish to stress the fact that in appointing this committee I am looking forward to a long-time program for industrial stabilization and prevention of unemployment. We do not expect miracles but rather to assist the employers of this State in a gradual progress toward stabilization based upon authentic American business experience and arising out of and adapted to their own local industrial problem and such methods as their good will and sound business judgment may develop.

The committee on April 21 submitted a preliminary report, making certain limited recommendations as "an immediate, practical contribution to the reduction of unemployment at the present time." In discussing the long-time problem of regularizing employment, it pointed out briefly

what has already been accomplished by certain individual concerns, and what might be done by local communities and the State. Finally it asked its own continuance until January 1 next in order that it might prepare a comprehensive report. We may therefore hope in due time for a document summarizing the important body of experience already available, and pointing out the next steps to be taken, both privately and publicly, in order to keep men steadily at work. We are aware that work of this kind does not meet the immediate needs of the present crisis. None the less it represents one of the most important things that can be done; for a system of unemployment insurance is solidly founded only when it is built on a sound program for stabilizing employment. Stabilization involves far-reaching organization and ordering of industry, but it must be attained; for if capitalism cannot destroy unemployment, then unemployment will surely destroy capitalism.

Efforts at stabilization, however, basic as they are, are not enough, as the present crisis clearly shows. Hence the Governor calls for "a practical, definite study of unemployment insurance, avoiding, of course, any form of dole, and basing . . . investigation on sound insurance lines under which the State, the employer, and the employee would all be joint premium payers." The details of any such plan are intricate, and the problems it must solve are extremely difficult, but its central principle is clear. The worker today does not and cannot control the conditions of employment; he is likely at any time to find himself out of a job by reason of causes entirely unrelated to his acts and choices. He cannot, then, be left to bear the burden of unemployment. Industry is responsible for the full support of its workers, and the State, through a properly organized system of unemployment insurance, can fix that responsibility where it belongs, and in so doing can put pressure on employers to do their utmost in stabilization. Before all discussion of details comes a clear recognition of this principle, a principle very hard for Americans, with their ultra-individualistic tradition, to accept.

Governor Roosevelt is quite right in saying that he will be called a Bolshevik for advocating a State system of unemployment insurance, but he need not be disturbed by the epithet. Nor is that the method by which thoughtful men will oppose his demand. There are real objections to unemployment insurance, as brought out in European experience, and opponents of that plan, if they are wise, will urge those objections, instead of fighting with epithets. They labor, however, under the fatal handicap of having no adequate substitute to offer in a situation that imperatively calls for action. We know too well today the suffering that exists in millions of homes because of involuntary unemployment; we know that even in the best of times such suffering is never wholly lacking. Unless and until we can actually abolish such unemployment, in a modern democratic society we are bound to provide a means of preventing the suffering and demoralization that that unemployment causes. Nothing short of unemployment insurance on a State-wide (and indeed a nation-wide) scale provides a means of such protection to all workers. Until its opponents can offer a substitute, their objections will prove vain. Governor Roosevelt has performed a great public service in calling for action on unemployment insurance now. The time is ripe. Will New York lead?

Flying High

IF Americans do not become air-minded, it will not be the fault of their newspapers. From the day that Lindbergh landed at Paris, our journalists have eagerly picked up and published, often at great length, every scrap of news that they could get from above ground level. Whether it were a trans-ocean hop, or a cross-continent spin, or a polar journey, or that dreariest of all human activities, an endurance flight, the reporter has been on tiptoe, and every time he has managed to find some element of picturesqueness or interest to carry his story to the front page. The latest conspicuous examples are the flights of Captain von Gronau and Dieudonné Coste, which have been followed in the press with the most detailed attention.

What is the explanation of all this publicity? It may be doubted whether the space given to flying represents simply the judgment of our managing editors with reference either to the actual importance of the subject or to public interest in it, as such interest is ordinarily conceived. It can scarcely be advertising, unless it be the lively hope of favors to come. Somehow, the ordinary explanations don't quite fit. After all, flying still has a spark of romance, in newspaper offices as well as outside. Despite the achievements of the Wright brothers and their successors, most of us still look up into the sky with something of the feeling of Daedalus and Darius Green, and maybe the editors somehow share that feeling. But now, alas, aviation is settling down to the sober business of "transportation by air," to humdrum matters of miles flown and passengers carried and profits and losses incurred. The everyday man begins to think of being a passenger some day himself and that thought gives him a new interest in certain figures recently published dealing with the little understood question of air safety.

A considerable number of ridiculous calculations have been published at various times purporting to show that it is safer to travel by air than by rail. The Actuarial Society of America has just issued an interesting report containing real information. From January, 1927, to March, 1930, the society's committee found, fatalities among passengers on scheduled air lines amounted to one in 5,000. On short non-scheduled commercial flights they came to only one in 50,000. Air travel is somewhat more than 200 times as dangerous as rail, air deaths amounting to one per 1,250,000 passenger miles, and rail fatalities to one per 300,000,000 passenger miles. Of every 1,000 pilots flying on scheduled mail and passenger routes alike, 50 are killed each year. The committee attributes the uniformity on the two classes of lines to the necessity of maintaining schedules in all kinds of weather. The death-rate among licensed pilots last year was 79 per 1,000 among those who had flown less than 400 hours, and only 29 per thousand for those of 400 hours or more of experience. With this year's passenger total expected to reach 200,000 it is encouraging to note the increasing safety of air travel, and the promoters of aviation will be well advised to give the widest publicity to the facts, and not to attempt to hide accidents or to give currency to grotesque and misleading figures. The further progress of the industry will rest securely on a wide public knowledge of the results already attained.

Revolt in Connecticut

By ALLEN B. MacMURPHY

CONNECTICUT, long as boss-ridden a State as there is in the Union, is witnessing a remarkable revolt in the Republican Party. J. Henry Roraback, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, Republican national committeeman, political dictator of Connecticut, and president of the Connecticut Light and Power Company—a subsidiary of the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia—is the object of the revolt. Professor Albert Levitt, member of the law faculty of St. Lawrence University and ordained Unitarian minister, and William J. Pape, publisher of the Waterbury *Republican* and *American* and for nearly two decades Mr. Roraback's consistent opponent, are the leaders of the revolt. Professor Levitt is seeking the Republican nomination for governor, and Mr. Pape that for State comptroller. Whether they will succeed at the primaries in September, and in the subsequent State convention where nominations are still made in Connecticut, is doubtful; neither of them expects to win this year; but that they have set in motion a current that will ultimately sweep Mr. Roraback from his leadership of the Connecticut G. O. P. and divorce the utilities companies from Connecticut politics appears certain.

Mr. Roraback's connection with Connecticut politics dates from 1892, when he began practicing law in Canaan; his connection with the utilities interests from 1905, when he organized and became president of the Berkshire Power Company, building a hydro station on the Housatonic River near Canaan. In 1898, having proved his ability as a vote-getter and political organizer in a small way, Mr. Roraback was put on the Republican State Central Committee, on which he has since served continuously. From 1901 to 1910 he was simultaneously a State central committeeman and a lawyer for the New Haven road.

> From 1901 to 1910 [says a friendly article published in the Hartford *Courant* in 1928] Mr. Roraback was counsel for the New Haven road under the railroad's chief counsel, Edwin D. Robbins, protecting it in the legislature against injurious and confiscatory legislation or marshaling the legislators behind bills favorable to the railroad. He carried on this work while a practicing lawyer in North Canaan and through it gained his wide knowledge of men and affairs. . . . With the fall of the Mellen regime in the New Haven road about 1910, Mr. Roraback gave up his law practice and turned his attention to more practical politics and business.

A hint of the nature of the "more practical politics and business" to which the *Courant's* writer refers is given by the late Charles Mellen's testimony at the Interstate Commerce Commission's hearings on the New Haven's finances in May, 1913. After Mr. Mellen had answered questions about the road's political activities in Rhode Island, government counsel quite casually asked him if the road had any lobbyist in Connecticut.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Mellen; "a man named Roraback takes charge of things up there. We pay him five or six thousand dollars every two years."

That statement, given under oath, made Mr. Pape see red. Through his newspaper, the Waterbury *Republican*—he did not acquire control of the *American* until after the war—Mr. Pape declared that Mr. Roraback must go. If Mr. Roraback wanted to be a lobbyist, that was not illegal; if he wanted to be chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, that was an honorable ambition; but the two were incompatible. Thus ran the *Republican's* argument. For the moment, the *Republican's* contentions attracted attention; so much so that when Mr. Roraback sought reelection as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, his friends declared that he was no longer connected with the New Haven. This declaration was taken at its face value, and Mr. Roraback was reelected.

A year later the General Assembly convened. The old railroad lobby was on the job, and Mr. Roraback was obviously its leader. His friends offered the excuse that since the General Assembly had not been meeting when they said he was not working for the railroad, they had told the truth. That was too much for Mr. Pape, who immediately started attacking Mr. Roraback with fresh vigor and has been attacking him in season and out ever since. Incidentally Mr. Pape's argument today is the same that he first made back in 1913: that a man cannot simultaneously serve a favor-seeking corporation and the voters of a major party—the only party that can win in Connecticut under normal circumstances.

This argument has won many converts among Connecticut editors in recent years. Whereas when first uttered Mr. Pape's contention found hardly an echo, today the greater part of the State's Republican press—daily and weekly—is either actively supporting Messrs. Levitt and Pape or remaining neutral. The New London *Day* is the only Connecticut daily of any importance actively opposing the anti-machine movement.

Mr. Levitt entered the Connecticut political scene about a year ago. He had been living on a farm in Redding since 1921—except during the school year. Last year he began attacking the Roraback interests, hitting chiefly at the State Public Utilities Commission, which, he charged, was more interested in serving the State's corporations than its people. Mr. Levitt secured a writ of mandamus ordering the State's attorney general to summon the commission into court to show cause why it should not be removed for neglect of duty in having failed for years to enforce the law regarding grade-crossing elimination. This action followed the attorney general's refusal to grant a petition from a hundred electors requesting action against the commission; that official is now seeking to have the order rescinded. Meanwhile Mr. Levitt began making speeches and statements. Finally he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor, and got Mr. Pape to run for comptroller on the ticket with him. Messrs. Levitt and Pape are concentrating on those two key offices; they are making no efforts to boom anyone for lieutenant governor.

It is a hard task that they face. Rorabackism is strongly

intrenched. An instance of the sort of influence Mr. Roraback exerts became public a few weeks ago, when a factory inspector—a salaried employee of the State of Connecticut—was found trying to induce farmers near New Milford to sell to the Connecticut Light and Power a transmission-line right of way across their properties. The Roraback machine has been in power so long that most of the four or five thousand persons on the State pay roll, realizing on which side their bread is buttered, may naturally be expected to work more or less openly and effectively in its behalf. Of course it cannot be proved that the machine has spies at the Levitt-Pape meetings, yet the suspicion that it has is hard to throw off. Certainly no one owing his position to Roraback the political dictator or Roraback the power magnate is likely actively to oppose his wishes! Considering the situation as a whole, it is not unreasonable to estimate that Mr. Roraback can virtually order ten thousand voters to the Republican primaries to smash revolt. To win, then, Messrs. Levitt and Pape must mobilize from twelve to fifteen thousand other voters, distributed throughout the State.

As has been said, it is unlikely that they can accomplish this at the forthcoming primaries and convention. Whether they win or lose, however, they will have made a substantial breach in the Roraback defenses. There are evidences of dissatisfaction with the Roraback regime throughout the State. Such evidences are to be found not only among the rank and file, but also among men in high place who outwardly conform to the wishes of the machine, but who inwardly long for leadership that will enable them to defy Mr. Roraback and his companies with impunity.

The insurgent two appear qualified to furnish such leadership over an extended period. Mr. Levitt is young—only forty-three. He has always led a vigorous life and is in the best of condition physically. Barring accident, there is no reason why he should not be able to fight for years if need be. Mr. Pape, also, is vigorous; only a few years ago he went on a strenuous hunting trip to Alaska, and every year he wrestles with the sportiest peaks in the White Mountains. He has nothing to lose by fighting the machine; he has been out of its good graces nearly twenty years. To drive Mr. Roraback from power is the great ambition of his life. His success in turning one of the weakest of run-down newspapers into one of the most substantial newspaper properties in New England in twenty-nine years has demonstrated his ability as an organizer and his bulldog tenacity.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," says an old proverb. Signs of approaching political madness on the part of Mr. Roraback are not hard to descry. The source of his power has always been on the farms and in the small villages where Republican majorities are rolled up in Connecticut. At the last session of the General Assembly Mr. Roraback turned his thumbs down on proposals to appropriate State funds to put the back roads in passable condition—roads which are not part of the splendid Connecticut trunk-line system, but over which farmers must take their products to market. This disregard of an urgent need of Connecticut agriculture has led to formation of a State-wide organization to force measures for dirt-road improvement through the next legislature.

Mr. Roraback aroused still more indignation when the Connecticut Light and Power put into effect the service charge which adds substantially to the bill of every private consumer of electricity produced by that corporation. Whether justly or not, Mr. Roraback is blamed for this. The fact that the Connecticut Light and Power has been absorbed into the U. G. I. system does not lessen popular indignation at the service charge.

To complete the picture, it is necessary to say a word about Mr. Roraback's part in the inception of the Connecticut Light and Power. In 1905—"with characteristic foresight," says the *Courant's* laudatory article previously quoted—Mr. Roraback obtained a charter, in the name of the Rocky River Company, to develop the water-power resources of the Housatonic River. At the time, the Rocky River had no plant, no capital, no electric light business. Mr. Roraback carried the charter in his pocket for twelve years. In 1917 he interested Randall Morgan of Philadelphia, prominent utilities promoter, in the project. From that interest grew the Connecticut Light and Power Company. The Waterbury *Republican* has stated editorially, and so far as known no attempt to refute it has ever been made, that Mr. Roraback sold the Rocky River charter, which granted unusual privileges, to the Connecticut Light and Power for seventy-five thousand dollars in cash and a position as vice-president in charge of land at an annual salary of eighteen thousand dollars. Whether this is true or not—and, as has been said, the statement has not thus far been denied—Mr. Roraback is today president of the Connecticut Light and Power.

Some Connecticut citizens profess to see a joker in the Levitt-Pape revolt; they contend that it is a terrific attack against a straw man, that Mr. Roraback wishes nothing so much as to retire from politics. That Mr. Roraback wishes to retire is probably true; he has had every honor his party can bestow save chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, and for this he can hardly hope. A charming man personally, a lover of books and flowers, Mr. Roraback would undoubtedly like to go back to his home among the Litchfield hills, far from the hurly-burly of politics. This, however, does not make the Levitt-Pape revolt a joke. When Roraback retires, someone will take his place; will that someone be another power-company man, groomed by Roraback and turning to him for advice, or will he be an independent leader picked by the rank and file of Connecticut Republicans?

It is vitally important for the Republican leader in Connecticut to be a man independent of favor-seeking corporations. As has been said, the Republican Party is the only party that can win in Connecticut under normal circumstances. It may or may not be true, as Mr. Levitt has charged during his campaign, that collusion exists between Mr. Roraback and leaders of the Democratic State Central Committee. The half-hearted support given to Hamilton Holt in his campaign against Hiram Bingham for the United States Senate prior to the special election of December 16, 1924, lends color to the charge. Whether collusion with Mr. Roraback and the forces he represents exists or not, to rely on the Democracy for cleaning up Connecticut is to lean on a broken reed; the Presidential election of 1928, when Governor Smith was beaten by Mr. Hoover by 44,405 majority, shows this conclusively. Whatever reform comes to Connecticut in the next few years—probably the next decade, at least—must come through the Republican Party.

The issue is clearly defined. It is the issue that is con-

fronting the voters of State after State as they awaken to realization that the electric utilities are edging into the political position which the railroads held a generation ago. Neither Mr. Levitt nor Mr. Pape is afraid of an occasional reverse; each has had to overcome seemingly insuperable obstacles to attain his present prosperity and influence. If victory is not achieved this year, it probably will not come two years hence, as Connecticut Republicans are accustomed to bury their hatchets in Presidential years. But four years hence, barring some unforeseeable developments, the final divorce of the electric utilities from the Republican Party in Connecticut may reasonably be expected.

Is England Played Out?

By ALICE M. CAMERON

> There are indications today [in England] of a mortal disease of the soul which if sufficiently advanced may at last corrode the character, a combination of sloth, resistance to change, blindness, defeatism, and excessive temporizing which suggest a sick or exhausted civilization.—NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT.

IN view of this judgment by an American writer, it is worth while describing for American readers certain important tendencies in English working-class life. I shall interpret them in the light of concrete changes of attitude among the workers of a town (to be called X) of 70,000 situated in the East Midlands, a center of engineering and saw-mills, in which I have lived for the past eight years. It is in the low-paid agricultural area; the wages of labor are below the average; and the oppressive atmosphere of a cathedral town has hampered the progress of the workers.

The first point to be noted is the amazing decrease of crime in the past ten years throughout England. Twenty-four prisons have been closed in less than twenty years. Their number has been halved since the beginning of the century. Pentonville and Maidstone prisons are now to be torn down and the sites used for model dwellings. The figures are signs of a revolution in the attitude of the worker toward the law. The old attitude was one of class solidarity against the law and its representatives, the police. Obedience and law observance were a matter of fear. Since the war a new attitude has developed, and new relations of mutual confidence and understanding have grown up between workers and police.

In the town of X there has been an unemployed population for the past eight years of from 2,000 to 3,000; yet crime has decreased so much that on more than one occasion the judge of the Assize court on circuit has found no case to try. During the general strike thousands of excited strikers thronged the streets, holding meetings and listening to speeches. The chief of police was directed by headquarters to enrol special constables for the emergency. He rang up the local officials of the trade unions on strike and asked them to appoint their own specials. They readily agreed. No other specials were appointed, and not a single case of lawbreaking occurred. In place of the old-time mutual suspicion between police and unemployed, we have now such institutions as the Police Boot Fund, managed jointly by policemen and unemployed, for providing the children of the latter with boots. The police collect from the public, while a committee of the unemployed attend to the distribution, their labors being unobtrusively checked by the policemen. No less striking are the classes in economics and history conducted by workingmen of the Workers Educational Association in the local prison with no prison officials present. There is a growing understanding of the value of standards of law and order on the one side, and a greater sympathy on the other, leading to experiments in cooperation hitherto undreamed of.

A second significant fact is the percentage of voters voting at the last election. In X it was 86 per cent, for the whole country over 82 per cent. Making allowance for sickness and removals, this means that practically every citizen voted. What attitude of the workers lies behind this? First, a continuous interest in public affairs. Sunday evening meetings are held weekly at X at which members of Parliament and trade-union leaders speak on current political problems. The theater, holding over two thousand, is usually packed with workers. Interest is not dependent on sensational propaganda. The Labor candidate at X, at the last election, sent nothing whatever to the electorate beyond a short appeal to them to think for themselves and study the records of the parties. He was returned with a majority increased by 3,000. The Labor Party could afford very little advertisement. In X, as elsewhere, all the work of the election on the Labor side, from addressing and delivering poll cards to canvassing and speaking, was done by volunteers of the working class, and expenses were met by the collections at meetings. A thoroughly intelligent and responsible electorate is emerging, due not to organization from above but to spontaneous development from below.

An important factor in this development has been the invasion of political affairs by the working-class wife and mother. Before the war such women were chained bodily and mentally to household drudgery; they are now attending weekly meetings of political, cooperative, educational groups run by the women themselves. One political party in X has six women's sections meeting weekly; the cooperative guild has eight. The growth of women in self-confidence, initiative, and civic responsibility is nothing short of amazing. For example, at one time they organized a mass meeting outside the town hall while the election of senior medical officer was going on. They wished to support an Indian doctor of whom they had had experience in a subordinate position, and they were afraid of color prejudice among the upper-class members of the council. It has long been customary to praise the unselfish devotion, economic ingenuity, and dogged courage of the working-class wife and mother. Now all this fund of character and good sense is gradually being diverted into public service.

Third, attention should be called to the facts of adult education. Classes of all kinds have increased by thousands

since the war. In X the number of tutorial classes has increased from one to six. These are three-year courses at which a weekly essay and considerable reading is required. Men from these courses who have had no high-school education are able to read for honors on admission to such colleges as Balliol and New College, Oxford. Men are going from the workshop to Oxford and back again. The special feature of these classes, aside from the high standard of work, is their democratic self-governing character, and their tendency as a group to organize public service in various forms. For instance, besides the lectures at the prison above mentioned the senior members organize and deliver courses of educational talks in the villages during the winter, while others go out to hold open-air meetings for the Labor Party during the summer. Permanent personal friendships are thus built up between town and country groups. A similar group of workers set up the People's Service Club for cooperation between employed and unemployed. The club established workshops on self-governing and educational lines in which unemployed members worked *for nothing,* for the benefit of the needy. Great difficulty was experienced at first in launching the scheme, but insight was gained by personal friendship and persistent experiment, and the club has robbed unemployment of its worst terrors for the workers of X.

To return to the cultural aspects of education: Hamilton Harty, one of the leading conductors of symphony orchestras in England, said recently that the most joyful experience of his life was the emergence of a new audience for the best orchestral music from the working class. He believes that the spread of good gramophone records and the high standards of the state-controlled radio programs are responsible for arousing this taste, which seeks further satisfaction in the concert hall. In X there are classes in theory of music organized by the workers, and a workers' art group which meets weekly to paint in oil and water color, and holds frequent exhibitions. Dramatic and play-reading groups are also popular.

In all these fields there is a spontaneous and growing movement which expresses itself in three inter-related ways. First, there is search for higher standards, an eagerness to enjoy the best and most difficult things. I once warned a philosophy class early in the session against reading Kant's Ethics till later in the course on account of its difficulty. Immediately a large number of copies went off like hot cakes. "Philosophy teaches you to doubt everything," said a tinplate worker, "but it also teaches you not to mind doubting." Another man, an unskilled laborer, related how he had waked in the night, and, suddenly realizing what Bergson meant in a certain passage, was so excited that he got up and paced the streets. Such persons are, of course, a minority, but a leading and respected one. They are called, not "high-brow," but, in local slang, "far-on," and are consulted by the others in any emergency.

Second, the movement creates more personal and intimate relations within and between groups. These are tending to become groups of friends with mutual confidence and appreciation, and the resulting elasticity and constructiveness. Further, there is a tendency of groups of different kinds to cooperate, as, for instance, employed with unemployed, town with country workers, police and workers, men and women, the members of each group retaining their individual character but finding new forms of cooperation through mutual confidence.

Third, an interest in public affairs shown in a readiness to undertake unpaid service for the community and the desire to learn more in order to understand the issues better. All these tendencies reinforce one another, as in the prevailing desire to travel in Europe in order to learn to know the workers there and to cooperate with them. The added year of compulsory schooling, making it possible for all workers to learn a foreign language, should lead to great developments in this field.

Can such a movement be called civilization? Not perhaps if by civilization is meant the highest standard of attainment yet realized by a select few. If, however, we mean progress in a certain direction which is likely, if it continues, to attain such standards, a good case could be made for this contemporary movement. English civilization at its best has always expressed itself, not only in craftsmanship and science, but in forms of disinterested public service and in social relations. The same tendencies, we have seen, are now stirring the whole people to find new expression. The fact that the civilization they attained would be for perhaps the first time in history a democratic civilization would give it a character hitherto unknown.

What are the chances of such a development? The movement is not a self-conscious attempt to reach a level imposed by others for reasons extrinsic to the activity, but a hearty desire to exercise new capacities and to enjoy them, whether the outside world notices it or not. The movement has in fact escaped notice because it has been too much absorbed in its own progress to advertise itself. Another factor which may guarantee continued progress is the constant self-criticism that prompts to further efforts. Any progress is assimilated and taken for granted, while suggestions for new possibilities and experiments are eagerly welcomed. It is difficult to convey the fact that the urge in all this is not as in the past a "myth" of any kind but rather a spontaneous impulse to promising experiment on the basis of enjoyed achievement. It is not the dream of something happening to them but the fun of making it happen and seeing what will happen next, on a small scale at first but a gradually widening one, which inspires alike dejected out-of-works, drudging housewives, and artisan students. The observer gets a sense of a present adventure dynamic and enjoyable. It is tempting to speculate on what will happen when this zeal for higher aesthetic and scientific standards, this more subtle and free way of cooperation, and this serious public spirit find full scope inside the workshop as well as outside.

How far do these advances and their continuance depend upon material prosperity? Owing to the decline in the export trade of certain basic industries, such as coal and cotton, the financial prosperity of the country has been declining since the war while these gains were taking place. Wages in nearly all industries have been lowered since the war (those of engineers after the lockout of 1912, for instance), and yet the progress has gone on. The skilled worker even now is slightly better off in real wages than before the war, but in the case of the unskilled the increase is very slight, and for the unemployed the standard of living is below that of any pre-war employment. Yet in both these classes the diminution of crime and the virtual disappearance of drunkenness, as well as other signs, indicate improvement. That

such progress does not, in its initial stages at least, depend upon any increase in financial means is plain if we consider its different expressions. One of these is the active interest in political organization and enterprise. Here the keenness of the participants enables their activities to proceed with a minimum of financial expense. The services paid for by other parties are performed by volunteers. Again, the building up of new types of social relations is independent of financial increase. The People's Service Club (of the unemployed) has no entrance fee or subscription and pays nothing to its members for their work, and its "spirit" and influence largely depend on that fact. The same thing might be said of the educational movement. It is run at a minimum of cost through the disinterested services of those concerned. The improvement of taste in clothes, furniture, and personal habits which is so striking in comparison with pre-war standards is not due to the workers being able to buy more expensive goods, so much as to their exercising better choice and learning to make better things for themselves. The revival of handicrafts has been very marked since the war in the villages, but it has also occurred in the towns, where workers are eager to beautify their homes. The initiation of such a movement does not depend on increased financial prosperity, but rather on improved education and more leisure. Once aroused, the movement seems able to develop, whatever the standard of living, by using resources in new ways discovered by intelligence, cooperative enterprise, and volunteer service. New sources of interest and enjoyment are also discovered, and their discovery sets a new standard of active happiness and skill. English workers have always been strong at making the best of things. An examination of the programs of trade unions, cooperative guilds, and labor parties shows that both their avowed ideals and their practical projects have more to do with social conditions and opportunities than with wages proper. Their highest and most inspiring ideal is workers' control of industry, and their immediate objects include abolition of overtime, better status, and provision of adequate holidays.

On the other hand, many facts point to the importance of the financial element. Both skilled and unskilled workers limit their families in order to maintain their standard of living. A small family of one or two children means to the skilled worker the possession of a small surplus over bare living expenses, and for the unskilled worker an amount of food and clothing just adequate instead of inadequate. Further, the better-paid workers usually develop their tastes and capacities still further by the use of their added means. Typical cases in my knowledge are a bricklayer who practices cabinet making as a hobby and has furnished his house with beautiful pieces, and another who spends his additional means on music. Some observers fear that a rise in the civilization of the workers is likely to divert them from economic progress, while others are afraid that high wages will make the workers content to be wage slaves. Fortunately or unfortunately, the dangers of prosperity are not at present acute in England; but there can be no doubt that enormous progress is possible at the existing material level, and all signs seem to show that such progress is likely to continue.

Fascist Sympathies in the United States

By E. C. LINDEMAN

IT is, of course, well known that Fascism has many friends in the United States. Fascism would, indeed, seem to many a system of social control admirably suited to serve as team-mate for our other authority, namely, efficiency. With these twin gods harnessed together we might eliminate all criticism of the present order; we might then stamp out the last vestiges of chaotic democracy and confused liberalism. Of course, it would be necessary, if all of this were to be accomplished, to deny our past and, perhaps, to discover a symbolic Mussolini who could induce enough people to wear black shirts to frighten the rest of the population into submission. These accomplishments, although they seem grotesque in view of our historic aspirations, could be realized, provided (a) enough people could be led to believe that Fascism represents a guaranty for efficiency, and (b) a sufficient amount of sympathy for the Fascist experiment in Italy could be generated among the citizenry here.

The devices which alter and enlist collective sympathies are surprisingly subtle, almost paradoxical in their operations. How, for example, is one to explain why both England and the United States now entertain greater sympathies for Germany than for their former ally, France? How is one to explain the fact that Soviet Russia admires capitalistic United States and despises labor-governed England? Ready explanations, of course, exist, but they are for the most part too superficial, too unpsychological. Certainly there is nothing in the historic development of the United States which might lead anyone to believe that leaders here could be sympathetic toward a repressive, absolutist dictatorship such as Italy now suffers under Mussolini. The fact remains, however, that such sympathies do exist, and, moreover, are cultivated by most subtle means. In what follows I have attempted to indicate how the press may purposely or unwittingly contribute to a potential sympathy for Fascism among American citizens.

In the issue of the New York *Times* for June 1 its Rome correspondent affirms that the cause of current friction between Italy and France derives from the problem of anti-Fascist refugees now residing in France. This correspondent assumes that France not only extends hospitality to anti-Fascist "plotters" but that its courts are wilfully lenient and complacent about crimes committed by such persons. This equation, obviously, elevates Fascists to the level of martyrdom. It is well calculated to enlist sympathies and at the same time provide Fascism with fresh international support. If it can be successfully maintained, or rather, if naive readers can be led to believe that France is officially on the side of anti-Fascist refugees in its midst, France becomes, ipso facto, a villain while Italy becomes

heroic. Nothing more than this is needed to begin a drift of thought and sentiment in the direction of Fascism, and, it might be added, in the direction of future international conflict.

To what degree do the facts in the case, as far as these may be discovered and impartially interpreted, conform with the above assertions of the *Times* correspondent? Perhaps a dozen Fascists, including one consular official, have been killed between 1923 and 1930, not by "Italian anarchists and communists" as the *Times* correspondent carelessly affirms, but by anti-Fascists. Considering the total number of Italians now living in France, Belgium, and Luxemburg, probably one million, and the nature of the provocation, this is a small number indeed. Many of these Italians have, of course, been compelled to leave Italy on account of Fascist persecutions; these persons are frequently followed by espionage, under consular auspices, and some of their families continue to live under persecution at home. Given such conditions, it is in reality surprising that so few aggravations have led to murder.

There are, in addition, strong evidences that the Italian government itself employs *agents provocateurs* for the very purpose of stirring up trouble with anti-Fascists abroad. In the autumn of 1923, for example, one Amerigo Domini (later associated with the murder of Matteoti, if not, indeed, his assassinator) admitted the receipt of 30,300 lire paid by Signor Finzi, under-secretary of the Foreign Office, for the purpose of giving "a lesson to the anti-Fascist émigrés." Some of Domini's followers came with false passports, furnished by the Italian police. Happily, they did not at that time carry out their mission but returned safely to Italy after visiting the cafes of Montmartre. Had they then attacked anti-Fascists in Paris, Mussolini no doubt would have cried out that his heroes were being murdered.*

On November 2, 1929, the Fascist paper *L'Impero* proposed that the Fascist provocations in France be more systematically organized. "Battles will start," so the article read; "the (French) government will decide to deport all the aliens causing trouble to their native country." It would, of course, please Mussolini immensely if the French government should turn over to him a certain group of refugees. Those who have in the past been participants in brawls, mostly poor and unknown workers, he does not want; he wants those who are the "causes of the discrepancies," a few outstanding Italians who have no connection with crimes but whose intelligence and political ideals he fears.

As far as the charge that the French courts treat anti-Fascist criminals leniently goes, there seems to be little evidence. In fact, this charge of the *Times* correspondent raises the whole question of who these so-called anti-Fascist "plotters" in France really are. The first of these events, the "Garibaldi plot," occurred in 1926, and the second, the "Menapace plot," in 1929. With respect to the first, it seems clear that Ricciotti Garibaldi was a spy and *agent provocateur* paid by the Fascist government. His mail was addressed to the Italian Ambassador, Baron Avenzana, and it appears to have been proved that his payments came through a trusted Fascist policeman named LaPolla. On October 5 Garibaldi met with three anarchists whom he enlisted in a plot to assassinate Mussolini. On October 14 he asked one of these conspirators to carry some letters to the Grand Master of the Freemasons at Rome; at the same time he transferred a photograph of this "plotter" to policeman LaPolla. The plotters decided at the last moment to remain in France. Garibaldi was arrested in France in November and confessed the details of this "plot." The so-called "Menapace plot" belongs to the same category. An Italian anarchist, Berneri by name, was arrested in Brussels on December 20, 1929; he was charged with having gone to Brussels for the purpose of assassinating Signor Rocco, the Italian Minister of Justice, who was expected in Brussels at this time. Berneri had in his possession some photographs, or pictures, of Signor Rocco and a revolver. An Italian refugee in Paris, Alberto Cianca, was also involved in this plot. Inquiries by the police in both Belgium and France indicated that this plot had also been engineered, this time by a Fascist agent, Ermanno Menapace. Indeed, it was he who supplied Berneri with the pictures of Rocco and the revolver; he actually brought Berneri to Brussels in his automobile. There he notified the police and immediately left for Italy. The Belgian courts convicted Berneri, not for "plotting" but for traveling with a false passport and carrying a weapon without a permit; he was sentenced to five months in jail. The Paris courts sentenced Cianca for three months, Berneri for six, and Menapace himself for two years. The last French conviction resulted in a ten-year sentence imposed upon an anti-Fascist named Pavan; he had killed an Italian spy. The French jury did not sentence him to death because it found many extenuating circumstances.

The above facts, although based upon official records of French courts, cannot be verified to suit every test of evidence, but they at least have the merit of being specific and may, therefore, be investigated. What they reveal is that blanket and question-begging terms such as "anti-Fascist plotters," "French leniency toward anti-Fascist criminals," and the like convey no accurate meaning. These are words which are intended to stir sympathies and precipitate convictions. When they appear in a reputable newspaper readers are likely to make the assumption that they stand for real facts. How much more consistent would it be if American correspondents abroad attempted to interpret the news of Europe in the light of the essential American tradition! We were once, let it not be forgotten, the nation which offered asylum to political refugees. It was integral to our whole experiment that those who were oppressed by anti-democratic governments abroad might find shelter here. Indeed, in the early days we made excellent use of such émigrés. If we have now become a frightened nation, too timid to allow for difference and criticism, might we not, in view of our past, at least refrain from making trouble for other nations where political refugees are welcomed? The chief import of the article by the Rome correspondent of the *Times* was its apparent appeal to France to bar anti-Fascist refugees. And this, it seems, is a sorry role for an American to play. If this particular correspondent wishes to place himself at the service of Mussolini, this is, of course, his affair, but when he attempts to influence American citizens in the same direction he performs a public function, and this is not wholly his affair.

* A royal decree of August 10, 1927, enacts that anyone "who in a foreign country sustains injury to his health in any conflict or assault while acting directly or indirectly for a national aim is entitled to a pension." No distinction is made, of course, between "injury" received while attacking without being provoked and injury suffered in legitimate self-defense.

Cut Your Own Rent

By ROSWELL WARD

TWO significant contrasts in city housing development are rising in the old Chelsea district of New York City. One of them is the ultimate expression of traditional landlordism, a business project yielding business profits, and said to be the largest apartment house in the world. A few blocks away is the pioneer cooperative apartment of the Consumers' Cooperative Services, Inc.—a project having many features new to American housing practice—which will provide modern apartments *at cost* in a central metropolitan area where real estate (and apartments) ordinarily command high rentals. These two buildings represent divergent economic trends: housing as a business, at a profit, versus housing as a cooperative enterprise, at cost.

Cooperative housing is not a new thing in the United States. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers and other organizations have built great cooperative apartment houses which have been very successful, but this first housing project of the Consumers' Cooperative Services is organized to provide an unusual degree of security and flexibility for the tenant's investment, and to offer apartments of modern type in a location which compares most favorably with that of even the most expensive "commercial" apartment houses. In this respect it follows very closely the practice as typified in the immense cooperative housing projects carried on in European countries.

It is the first cooperative housing plan in this country to be sponsored by a cooperative organization which is actively carrying on other cooperative enterprises. The Consumers' Cooperative Services has been notably successful over a period of years in operating a chain of cafeterias and food shops which charge prices sufficient to insure a small working margin and then periodically rebate the difference between income and cost of operation to their 3,500 members. This service at cost is the basic principle of all genuine cooperative activities, both here and abroad.

Consider for a moment the expenses involved in a new cooperative apartment-house development. The cost of the land and building is shared between the mortgage holders, the parent organization, if any, and the tenants. In the cooperative houses already constructed in this country by independent groups the initial costs have necessarily been financed by short-term loans, and after the land has been acquired about 50 per cent of the cost of the entire project has been obtained by mortgages on the land and building. The other 50 per cent of the initial cost has been invested by the tenants, who are ordinarily stockholders in a tenant organization actually owning the land and building.

In the Consumers' Cooperative house, however, the tenants pay only 28 per cent of the cost of construction, all the organization costs being carried by the parent cooperative, which retains ownership of the house and leases it on a fifty-year lease to the tenants' organization. The form of the tenant's investment is a fifty-year lease on his apartment and a mortgage on the property. As mortgage-holders the tenants are given greater security for their investment than if they were stockholders, while the parent cooperative assumes the risks of actual ownership and, in case of future increase in the value of the property, is enabled to apply this increase to the extension of its cooperative activities. In case of losses, however, the tenants are protected and the cooperative organization must shoulder the loss. This is another of the unique features of this house.

This arrangement also illustrates the value of affiliating a housing project with a parent cooperative organization, as we have the Consumers' Cooperative Services buying the land and underwriting all the initial expenses. About one-third of the cost of the project is supplied by a first mortgage from the Bowery Savings Bank. A second mortgage is held by members of the Consumers' Cooperative Services, who can buy second-mortgage bonds in units of $100 apiece. The balance of the capital required is supplied by the tenants themselves, who are third-mortgage bondholders.

The real benefits of cooperative housing are not so apparent in these organization preliminaries, however, as they are when one considers the "rent" or monthly charges which the tenants are required to pay. Can one imagine the average owner of a commercial apartment house displaying to his tenants a schedule of his actual operating costs—the interest which he pays on his mortgages and his own investments, his insurance, his accounting and legitimate management expenses, the cost of janitors and maintenance help—and thus basing his rent on the actual *cost* of the apartment house?

This quixotic state of affairs actually exists among cooperative tenants. No one can make a profit on this house; only the nominal legal rate of interest is paid to defray the cost of financing it; the book-keeping and supervisory duties are assumed by tenants who receive a limited stipend; the only person who gets a salary is the hired janitor; apartments cannot be sub-let at a profit; and absentee ownership of apartments is not permitted.

This apartment house is a pioneer expression of all the principles of consumers' cooperation which have been shown by American and European experience to be desired in housing activities. It is sponsored by a cooperative organization of broad scope; the tenants are limited in the amount of initial investment they have to make and secured to a greater degree than if they assumed the risk of actual ownership; they pay only the actual cost of operating the house; they manage it themselves; they have one vote apiece, irrespective of the amount of their investment; and they can redeem their original investment at any time. They receive no direct return on the initial investment which they are required to make, but if the interest on the tenant's investment is added to his monthly charge, the total is estimated to be from 25 per cent to 50 per cent less than the rentals current in commercial apartment houses. Of course success cannot be attained without honest, efficient, and economical management, and it is to this point that the efforts of cooperators must be directed. Is it possible that cooperative housing may be the spearhead of an American adaptation of cooperative enterprises which will approach the magnitude of the great European cooperative organizations?

Cluckings of Calvin

Translated by HERBERT FORDHAM

July 1. Brethren, let us stop finding fault.
2. The founders of this country were concerned chiefly with things that are eternal. Let us be like them.
3. If every one now working will pay his bills and buy whatever he needs and can afford, the unemployment problem will be solved.
4. We all are dependent on one another.
5. Congress has adjourned. It will be criticized. This will do little good. Anyhow, it might have done worse.
7. Our tourists will spend a lot of money in Europe this season. Maybe it will be all right.
8. Our moral power at the London conference was great because we did not insist on superiority to Great Britain but only on parity.
9. If we learn that the Farm Board cannot fix prices by buying up wheat, we shall learn a lesson worth whatever it costs.
10. No matter how much some people may have lost, an end has not come to the progress of the United States.
11. Most people have failed because they did not really try.
12. Foreign nations should not object to our increased duties on imports. They ought to know that the higher the tariff the greater the imports.
14. Now that the German bond issue is subscribed for and Congress has adjourned, the business of the world can go on.
15. The granting of the first charter to the Colony of Massachusetts Bay has changed the whole foundation of human relationship.
16. Self-government in the United States during the last decade has been a success.
17. In spite of all efforts for peace, the nations are arming more heavily than before the war. Only the United States is doing right.
18. We should support the President whether he be right or wrong.
19. Everybody is partly good and partly bad. We should perfect ourselves before criticizing others.
21. The South is improving.
22. People should build more homes. To build now may or may not be best, but the present seems to be a good time.
23. We did well to ratify the naval treaty.
24. For a long time we have maintained a higher standard of living than have other nations. Perhaps we can keep on doing so.
25. If it appears that the Amtorg agents have been trying to overthrow our government, proper action will be taken.
26. During the vacation season, many will enjoy our natural scenery but some will prefer to visit the old home.

In the Driftway

IT was a Princeton friend of the Drifter's who remarked at Oberammergau that if the Americans didn't seize Germany in 1918, they have certainly done so this summer. A year ago the Drifter was repacking his rucksack and drifting away from laughter-loving Bavaria to a region unsought of his countrymen. His friend's remark brings it all back by contrast as though it were today.

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ESTABLISHED in darkest Junkerland, the Drifter feels in a uniquely authoritative position for writing a modish biography of Bismarck. In this wide country, with its low rolling hills of beech and white birch and hemlock, where the ground is sand where it's solid, and peat-bog where it's not, things are as they used to be. The Drifter's host and his forebears have lived seven hundred years on this estate. The Junkers may not be good political neighbors, but they're mighty nice to their friends. The Baroness makes with her own hands a Christmas present for every child on the estate, and there are twenty-five families, many of them large. Everything for the household is a home product—an old peasant woman still weaves the family towels, the lady of the manor superintends all the sausage-making; they bake their own bread in straw-heated stone ovens (bread as *is* bread). And yet there are changes: things have never been quite the same since Bismarck died.

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TWO more guests besides the Drifter at the Baron's table—two geologists, one of whom has invented a new sort of divining rod for minerals. They are going to look over the place for mineral wealth. While they "witch for gold" the Drifter, feeling as if he were in one of Freytag's stories, leaves the old hall, where one hundred and fifty roebuck horns decorate the chimney, and the carved spiral staircase winds its way upstairs (the only stairway in the house, and worthy the renown of that celebrated one in the French dictionary, "winding stairs pronounced *ou-in-dignesterze*") and takes his way past the great gardens, down the long cherry alley. The gold-seekers are intent on a recently harvested grainfield, where the divining rod indicates gold. Three peasants are set to digging. About six feet down they come to some bright metallic flakes. The Drifter recalls the enterprising alchemist who hopefully set about transmuting into gold New York harbor or the waters thereof. Though he did not succeed, his abandoned laboratory later made a pleasant study for the Drifter.

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IT was that kindly soul the Bürgermeister who drove the Drifter along the Polish boundary, that fantasy of Versailles. The road suddenly halts, barricaded by a black-red-gold fence, next comes a hundred-yard stretch of grass, then a red-white-red fence and a Polish guardhouse, and then the road "takes up" again in Poland. The railroad tracks run exactly to the German border, there is a heap of earth across them, some beams on end, thirty feet of bare railroad bed, and then tracks again. The major local iniquity is a lake around which the boundary runs, about twenty feet on the German side of the shore, to prevent the

German peasants from watering cattle in the lake. At Rauschendorf, on the lake, the international boundary runs down the middle of the village road. (The Drifter, sitting on the right side of the car, unexpectedly made his first appearance in Poland.) The village is thus half Polish and half German, and every time the Germans want to water their cattle in the lake they have to show a passport and have the cattle examined "for disease," so the Bürgermeister says.

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ON August 10, 1825, the Drifter learned, there died in Lauenburg a certain Dr. Vollmer, a physician extremely fond of good living, and, remarkably enough, much afraid of death. In his will, which makes a thick volume, he provided that he was to be put in a glass casket and left for the next one hundred years, so that if he should come to life he could get out. He also wished a great banquet to be given every year on the anniversary of his death, to which the Bürgermeister and the evangelical clergymen of Kreis Lauenburg were to be invited. In order to dodge all danger from inflation, taxes, and the like, he left certain meadows the income from which was to be applied to the banquet. The will provided the exact amount of salt, of pepper, of drinks, and of all the victuals. It provided a certain amount for a tip to the man who kept the city gates, for letting the guests into the city in the evening. Lastly it provided that none of the guests was to leave the house before daybreak of the morning after, and that they were all to be taken home in wheelbarrows!

* * * * *

ALAS that the Drifter has no qualifications for wangling an invitation to the late Dr. Vollmer's banquet tonight. But his friend the Bürgermeister will be there. As toastmaster he admits that tonight the guests are *not* to be taken home in wheelbarrows, but he adds that as soon as the hard times are a little past, so that people can appreciate a joke, he is going to revive the custom. May the Drifter be there to see! THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Catholicism and Liberalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a non-Catholic reader permit me to felicitate *The Nation* for printing the enlightening article by the Rev. John A. Ryan, Catholicism and Liberalism, which leaves no doubt about the attitude of his church—there can be no compromise! Therein lies the strength of the Catholic church with its perfect discipline and its fulcrum of dogmatism.

Nevertheless, Father Ryan gives us some very clear definitions of "liberal" and "liberalism" in their various aspects and applications, both here and abroad. By following these to their logical conclusions, we find that a strict authoritarian in religion, like Father Ryan, can also be classed as a liberal in economics and in politics, always provided they are kept apart from his church; and if it comes to a question of policy, we know without a scintilla of doubt which way the policy points. And so, in the words of Father Ryan, if you "desire to see established a reign of wider industrial and political justice . . . the task before us all is formidable enough to command our united efforts."

It is very evident that if we wish to enlist the sympathy of the church we must heed these warning admonitions—antagonism will only produce the opposite effect. This seems a good opportunity to exercise that spirit of tolerance we hear about so much, not condescendingly, but generously. Father Ryan's loyalty to his church commands our respect, his admirable lucidity and firm but courteous tone set us a good example.

Glen Ridge, N. J., August 11 LOUIS CORTAMBERT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The point which interests me in Father Ryan's article Catholicism and Liberalism is his interpretation of liberalism. It is true that some people call themselves liberal in politics and economics but conservative in their religious views. That such people, who are liberal in one aspect of life and conservative in another, are not liberal at all is revealed by the fact that whenever they are called upon to enact their liberal views they shrink from doing so.

An integrated liberal character is liberal in all aspects of life. The idea that life in all its forms is changing except in the field of so-called religious truth is not the idea of a liberal mind, but of an opportunist who for personal reasons accepts liberalism in one aspect of life and rejects it in another.

When we talk of liberal Catholics we mean precisely Catholics liberal in their religious interpretation. But such Catholics are not acknowledged to be Catholics any more by the church. The whole discussion therefore begs the question.

Parkdale, Oregon, August 12 F. WERTGEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article by the Reverend John A. Ryan is a masterpiece of diplomacy and evasion. False premises and tricky reasoning are apparent under the veneer of erudition. The peak of bizarre logic is reached when Father Ryan says that the average educated Catholic could spend his time to better advantage than in reading such books as are banned by the "Index of Prohibited Books," viz., Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Kant's "Critique," or the works of Maeterlinck.

New York, August 8 MAURICE DEL BOURGO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a new reader of *The Nation* may I comment briefly on Catholicism and Liberalism? First, Father Ryan has skilfully and interestingly demonstrated that a doctrinally liberal, "good" Catholic cannot exist. Second, his logic in discussing the Index is amusing if not convincing. If the Catholic's prayer books are "incomparably better" than the Book of Common Prayer why is it necessary to administer the prohibition? Why should a thing that is inferior be so intolerable and obnoxious? Why not confess that it is fear alone which places the Prayer Book on the Index?

Adams Basin, N. Y., August 10 THEODORE G. CLEMENT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my humble opinion the Reverend John A. Ryan is perfectly right in his contention that thinking in air-tight compartments is not confined to Catholics. But in charging the "mistaken course of liberals by lecturing, threatening, and antagonizing Catholic economic and political liberals" with responsibility for "the ultra-conservative position taken by prominent Catholics on the Continent of Europe," it would seem that Father Ryan has been too sweeping. In Europe the church is supported by the state which collects her taxes, while here the church depends on the voluntary offerings of her votaries. This circumstance, permit me to state, is at least a contributory factor to both, the ultra-conservative position of prominent Catholics in Europe and the economic and political liberalism of prominent Catholics in this country. I hope Father Ryan will

forgive me this slight annotation to his splendid article which was read with keen relish several times.

Clinton, Iowa, August 10 J. C. MENZEL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Father Ryan's article on the Catholic and Liberal is interesting, not for the questions it answers, but for the questions it raises. How, for instance, would Father Ryan demonstrate to the liberal of any faith or creed the validity of the propositions which are the foundations of Father Ryan's article: (1) that Jesus was and is God; (2) that Jesus founded the church now known as the Roman Catholic church; (3) that that church continues to be the medium for the revelation of God? Intelligent, scholarly demonstrations of such Catholic assumptions would be the most fruitful contribution any apologist could make to the situation which evoked the original questions of your correspondents.

Rättvik, Sweden, August 15 JOHN MCCHESNEY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Reverend John A. Ryan may be a liberal, and I am inclined to think a very interesting and charming personality. But no amount of theoretical explanation will explain away the assumed infallibility of the Catholic church and its final authority over its adherents, as stated in the Encyclical of last December. I am a Protestant of Italian birth who voted in the last election for Al Smith, and also advocated in season and out of season that religion should not enter as a qualification, and I also was very indignant at the intolerance shown by some Republicans. However, since then, the encyclical and other pronouncements of the Pope have convinced me that the Catholic's philosophy of education and life is fundamentally inimical to the fundamental pillars of the government of this nation, a liberal education, and gradual intellectual progress.

East Orange, N. J., August 3 JOEL TESSITORE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Father Ryan says that "undoubtedly the Catholic church does reject unlimited freedom in all these spheres. She denies the moral right of men to accept or to profess false opinions or to propagate doctrines or practices which are contrary to the moral law."

Father Ryan certainly must have read the history of the Inquisition in Spain and other holy lands where "false opinions and false doctrines" contrary to the then "moral law" sent thousands, nay, tens of thousands, to the stake. Was it not an infallible Pope who held that the doctrines and opinions of Galileo and Giordano Bruno were false? I would like to know if there is any institution in the world today, including the Catholic church, that can tell what are false opinions or what doctrines or practices are contrary to the so-called moral law.

Brooklyn, August 9 J. M. E.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Father Ryan's sharp exposition of the liberal Catholic stand in America is a high point in your generally noteworthy issue of August 6. After concluding the article the question uppermost is: How much within the liberal fold can a Catholic possibly be?

Politically, not at all, unless he is disloyal to the historical stand of the Catholic church as set forth in papal encyclicals too numerous to mention, including the "Mirari Vos" of Gregory XVI, August 15, 1832, the "Quanta Cura," December 8, 1864, the "De Fide," Vatican Council, 1870, the Decree of the Congregation of the Inquisition, July 3, 1907. Politically the liberal Catholic is too circumscribed to be able to venture far except where Catholic property is involved or where Protestant domination is feared. French and English history shows the church invariably aligned with reaction if the ruling group is Catholic and with the opposition if the ruling group is Protestant.

In the field of economics Christian socialism has always turned to Bishop Ketteler, Cardinal Manning, Count de Mun, and similar figures for inspiration and has frowned on any of the more progressive doctrines of the nineteenth and earlier twentieth centuries. The church is not anxious for any revision of the conception of property and it has issued more than one encyclical to convince the liberal thinkers of its stand.

In science the tradition of the church again is a distinct handicap if not a deterrent. Tertullian, Lactantius, St. Augustine, and Gregory founded an unfortunate tradition that the sincere efforts of many broad-minded Catholics to this day have failed to undermine.

The obvious difficulty is in the interpretation of "infallibility in faith and morals." All three terms do not lend themselves to precise definition. All three terms shade off imperceptibly to mysticism on one side and into just earthly security on the other. As soon as definition is attempted the highly compartmentalized mind, the bane of progressive thinking, is encouraged. Father Ryan feels that he can be reactionary in religion and liberal in economics at the same time, or as Shakespeare would have it,

> . . . hot ice and wondrous strange snow,
> How shall we find the concord of this discord?

But for the liberal Catholic there is no difficulty, obviously. If mathematics can be "absolute," religion can, despite the fact that God has revealed nowhere that two and two make four and compels the belief therein at the pain of hell, but approximately seven-eighths of the world does not believe "Christ is God and that He endowed the Catholic church with plenary authority to teach and to govern in spiritual and moral affairs." An intelligent student of human development is amazed!

Brooklyn, August 8 OCHUNVAY DEVELDT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 6 Father Ryan makes out as good a case as possible for the so-called liberal Catholic. In spite of a few very telling points, however, I am left with the feeling that the "liberal Catholic" is like the guinea-pig, neither guinea nor pig; that is, neither liberal nor Catholic. Now it is true that we have a few individuals in the Catholic church, and I think Father Ryan will agree with me that they are very few indeed, who are capable of throwing themselves into that mental state which the psychologists term "dissociation." Such individuals must define liberalism in the terms Father Ryan employs. Such individuals cannot see that the very essential of liberalism in religion, in science, in politics is the individual's right, the moral right, to use Father Ryan's term, to investigate all the facts at his disposal and to reach his own conclusions therefrom. For that reason he is as much opposed to the church that would use moral force to send all her children to a school that suppresses all free inquiry into matters of religion and morals as he is to the Soviet school that has for its chief aim the inculcation of the doctrines of communism.

But the most demolishing argument of all against Father Ryan's stand is the strong undercurrent within Catholic circles of intense opposition to liberalism in all its forms. Has Father Ryan never felt the oppressive hand of extreme orthodoxy persecuting him for his quasi-liberal opinions and activities?

It is Catholics everywhere who have opposed all liberal legislation not directly concerned with freedom of worship and greater opportunities for themselves as Catholics. I might mention in this country birth control, liberal divorce laws, and child labor. I know that Father Ryan on the last-mentioned question fought his church single-handed.

New York, August 8 JOHN JAY

Books

Clean as These Rocks

By WILBERT SNOW

Clean as these rocks are, washed by every tide,
Sweet as the fragrance of the summer sea,
Sparkling as sunlight on the waves, and wide
As ocean I would wish my life to be.
Others may feel the rocks too self-contained,
The fragrance lost in pockets up the bay,
The dazzling sun on waves too unrestrained—
Chilling, the ocean's drench of bitter spray.

For me these granite barricades suffice
To beat back waves of unrest one by one;
The heady tang of brine holds Orient spice
Tinctured with ambergris; each dart of sun
On waves is foe to dulness; and the ocean
A slughorn call to bury dead emotion.

Our Intellectual Rulers

FOLLOWING Mr. Gerard, this department has thought it useful to compile a list, not of our economic but of our intellectual rulers. Like Mr. Gerard, we have decided to make our choices realistic; we therefore present not our nominal but our actual mentors. If we had chosen those whom it would be pleasant to think of as our intellectual leaders, our list would include Santayana, Morris Cohen, Wesley C. Mitchell, Charles Horton Cooley, Lewis Mumford, T. Hunt Morgan, H. S. Jennings, Judge Cardozo, Justice Holmes, Jane Addams, and so on. Occasionally we find that writers who deserve a wide influence actually wield it, as, for example, Mr. Mencken and Mr. Dewey; but it should be pointed out that the influence of the latter is usually exaggerated. It is not nearly so great, say, as that of Will Hays.

Historical comparisons will help us here. Jonathan Edwards was perhaps our profoundest early thinker, but his influence was negligible when compared with that of Thomas Paine or Benjamin Franklin. Emerson was an important influence even with the Americans of his own day, but not half so important as Horace Greeley, who, as Emerson remarked, did "all their thinking and theory for them, for two dollars a year." The real thinker of a later period might be a Willard Gibbs, a Henry Adams, or a Charles S. Peirce, but none of them had any influence on the American thought of their time comparable to that of Robert Ingersoll. Nor did William James, in his heyday, have any influence approaching that of Elbert Hubbard or Dr. Frank Crane. The question to be asked of any candidate for admission to our present roll, therefore, is: Will what X thinks today become the thought of thousands tomorrow (using "tomorrow" quite literally)? In the list which follows, we had at first intended to assign each thought ruler a national ranking, but this task proved too difficult:

Leonard P. Ayres	Charles E. Hughes
Bruce Barton	Ivy Lee
Roger W. Babson	Sinclair Lewis
William E. Borah	Charles A. Lindbergh
Arthur Brisbane	Walter Lippmann
Heywood Broun	Andrew W. Mellon
Nicholas Murray Butler	H. L. Mencken
S. Parkes Cadman	Robert A. Millikan
Calvin Coolidge	Henry Fairfield Osborn
John Dewey	William Lyon Phelps
Will Durant	Will Rogers
Thomas A. Edison	John S. Sumner
Henry Ford	Samuel Untermyer
Glenn Frank	John B. Watson
Edgar Guest	William Allen White
Will Hays	Harold Bell Wright
Herbert Hoover	Owen D. Young

As we never completely agree with anybody else's list, we do not expect complete agreement with our own. We ourselves are in some doubt both about certain inclusions and more particularly certain omissions, for example, Stuart Chase, Dwight Morrow, Charles E. Mitchell, Margaret Sanger, Upton Sinclair, and Senator Norris. Certain industrialists, whose opinions are listened to merely because of their economic prestige, are omitted, but others who are famous as spokesmen in their own right, such as Andrew W. Mellon, Owen D. Young, and Henry Ford (whose name is here taken to cover such ghosts as Samuel Crowther) must be included. After some hesitation, Mr. Hoover was listed ex officio.

All in all, we feel that this list of thirty-four rulers gives a very fair composite picture of the American mind; and no doubt Mr. Gerard could even show that it proves the beneficence of the protective system.

HENRY HAZLITT

Mrs. Undset's Tetralogy

The Son Avenger. By Sigrid Undset. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IN her latest novel Sigrid Undset completes her monumental tetralogy "The Master of Hestviken." The volumes in the order of their appearance are: "The Axe," "The Snake-Pit," "In the Wilderness," and "The Son Avenger."

No proper estimate of this work should overlook Mrs. Undset's stride from a *succès d'estime* to a very high order of general popularity in America. She has, within five or six years, risen from a writer whom nobody read and somebody appreciated to one whom many will read whether they appreciate her accomplishment or not. The award of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1928 had something to do with this, but less, perhaps, than appears on the surface.

For, possessing a style which is so effortless as to appear no style at all, narrowing her delineation of character down to a chiaroscuro of simple action and superficial description—employing, in other words, the most primitive and time-honored of all the devices of the story-teller—she is able to create an atmosphere and a sensation of power. This old method, in a period satiated with the new, the super-analytical, and the exotic, appears marvelously fresh and original. And to say that it *is* fresh is only to remark that the grace of simplicity is perennial.

She writes of the North countries in their heroic age, and

it is difficult to see how any other place but the North could have produced her. The lapse from drama into lethargy, the slow accumulation of passions, the towering melancholies producing their own sense of predestination—all these are reflections of a brooding winter land. "The Son Avenger" brings out her method and temperament very clearly. It is a less graceful story than "The Axe," and also far less gracious. In it, the storm of the whole tetralogy rises to a final height of blood and thunder. But it also contains some of the author's finest descriptive writing. And it is a fitting climax to a dramatic whole.

"The Son Avenger" traces the fortune of the Master of Hestviken through the destinies of his daughter and adopted son to a final tragic close. The theme of the tetralogy—that vengeance is God's alone—is rounded out in Olav's tragic death and repentance. It is a persuasive and beautiful ending.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

Fair Harvard

The Development of Harvard University, 1869-1929. Edited by Samuel Eliot Morison. Harvard University Press. $6.

IN 1936 Harvard College will celebrate its three hundredth birthday, and the task of compiling its history has appropriately been placed in the hands of Professor S. E. Morison, the distinguished authority on the maritime history of Massachusetts. Foreseeing the fatigue that often overtakes an author in the last stages of a prolonged task, and wishing to take advantage of the survival of some of President Eliot's contemporaries, Professor Morison has boldly adopted the unconventional plan of issuing the volume dealing with the last sixty years first. There can be no question as to the wisdom of this policy. Every year between this and 1936 will see the dropping out of men who are authorities on the period dealt with, and the present moment is the latest possible for a really contemporary treatment of the revolutionary changes of this period by those who had a hand in them. A true historical perspective on these things will not be obtainable for many years, and the next best thing is to see what they meant to the men who lived among them.

The book opens with an Introduction containing an account of the Government and Administration of the University, the curriculum of the College, the establishment of Voluntary Worship, the Inaugural Addresses of Eliot and Lowell, and some tables of growth. The description of the somewhat intricate administrative and academic machinery is admirably clear and concise, and forms an essential background for the detailed studies which follow. The two inaugurals remain on rereading as pregnant and significant as when they were first delivered, and have gained new interest in the light of the developments which they prefigured.

The first twenty-five chapters deal with the various departments of study which come under the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and are written by scholars who have or have had an important part in conducting them. The remaining thirteen describe the growth of the graduate and professional schools, the Blue Hill Observatory and the Library. There is a full index.

The editor has shown throughout a marked degree of self-restraint. Each author has been permitted to deal with his subject in his own way, and the lack of uniformity is more than made up for by the personal flavor which permeates many of the narratives. Some, like Professor Palmer's account of his colleagues, James, Royce, Santayana, and Münsterberg, are valuable as vivid portrayals of distinguished personalities, and rise from the level of chronicles to that of literature; others are contributions to the history of methods of college and university instruction; still others to the history of the growth of knowledge in the various branches of learning. All, however, take account of the individual scholars who have created the university as it is today; and the skill with which practically every professor who has taught in it during these sixty years is mentioned and characterized without any semblance of cataloguing, is highly remarkable. Hundreds of Harvard men who will never read through these six hundred-odd pages will scan them to see what is said of a favorite teacher or a classmate turned professor, and none will be disappointed. The combination of interest and compendiousness achieved by so great a variety of authors is very noteworthy.

The danger to be feared in a work of this nature is that of a kind of parochialism which forgets the relation of the institution described to its rivals and the outside world, and gives itself up to an orgy of self-glorification. Of this, or of that arrogance with which Harvard men are sometimes charged, there is almost no trace. On the other hand, the well-known freedom and frankness with which Harvard professors and alumni alike are accustomed to indulge in intramural criticism is given free rein by the editor, though the tone throughout is urbane and at times enthusiastic.

Looking back over the book as a whole, one is forced to admit that the enthusiasm is justified. Closeness to the academic problems and failures of the moment often induces pessimism about our colleges and universities; but the record of service and devotion and accomplishment displayed in this volume is tremendous. Whatever periods of lassitude or decadence have to be admitted, one cannot fail to be profoundly impressed by the extent and depth of influence exerted during these two generations by this single institution. In every department of human thought it has made itself felt not only throughout the United States but throughout the world, and has contributed to the enrichment of human life, the alleviation of suffering, and the advancement of justice and enlightenment. That it is, though the oldest, only one of many such institutions in our country working toward these ends is a matter for national congratulation and a source of comfort in these lean and troublesome times.

WILLIAM A. NEILSON

A Skeptical Biologist

The Sceptical Biologist. By Joseph Needham. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

AT present it is not popular to say, as Needham does in his stimulating book, that materialism is the life-blood of scientific thought, that a view of the world based solely on the achievements of scientific experience can only be materialistic. It has become a commonplace for philosophers and theologians desirous of making the world safe for the spirit to contend that the researches of modern physicists have destroyed the old-fashioned materialism of science by substituting electrical charges for atomic billiard balls, thus making matter less material. But "matter cannot be turned into spirit by making it thin." Scientific naturalism, postulating infallibility, may be forced to yield to the more mature judgment that the scientific method is merely a very useful fiction, a mental construct which is veridical but not veritable. Yet science remains incurably mechanistic, mathematical, and materialistic. As such, it is fundamentally antagonistic and contradictory to religion, which is equally fictitious and none the more revealed.

Needham, stressing the limitations of both the scientific and religious interpretations of life, would have us tolerantly grant equal tenability to both. But the two approaches must be judged not merely in terms of their metaphysical validity

but also by their achievements. While science, fostering doubt and impatient of mystery, has gradually extended man's command over nature through its elimination of one charming anthropomorphism after another, religion, cherishing these very anthropomorphisms, has been ministrated by men who find it needless to inquire further because of their direct telephonic connection with omniscience. The religious emphasis on the sacred and the holy may give "demonic joy and dread" to individual mystics, but this is socially fruitless when compared to the power to manipulate nature's processes for the ends of man which science has promoted. Although Needham looks for unbounded benefits in the application of mathematics to all aspects of nature and is philosophically critical of contemporary religious institutions, he never contrasts the social efficacy of science and religion, and contends that to reject religious experience is "a futile bit of self-limitation."

But Needham would have religion stay in its place, and as a bio-chemist is vehement against its entering the laboratory in the disguised form of the neo-vitalism of Driesch and Haldane. In the most persuasive of his essays he disposes of vital forces, entelechies, and hormonic urges as irrelevant and useless in science and characterizes them as a modern company of vestals, all of which, like Bacon's final causes, are dedicated to God and are barren. BERNHARD J. STERN

Restoration Dramatists

Restoration Tragedy, 1660-1720. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford University Press. $3.

Thomas Killegrew. By Arthur Harbage. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

Brawny Wycherley, First Master in English Modern Comedy. By Willard Connely. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

FEW literary epochs so severely try the mettle of a critic as the period of the Restoration. The inherent charm of those mad and glorious years may predispose to an indulgence as misleading as the castigation of a modern academic Collier. The strange alloy of artificiality and profundity in the men of Dryden's world does not simplify the matter. Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, as students of the period know, brings to a discussion of Restoration drama knowledge both broad and exact, and to the expression of his incisive critical opinions a style at once urbane and laconic.

"Restoration Tragedy" considers a field perhaps less fruitful, certainly less known and understood, than that surveyed in the author's companion volume, "Restoration Comedy." Mr. Dobrée devotes four of his nine chapters to critical theory. In The Necessity for Heroism, and Restoration Criticism and the Trend of Writing he traces the conditions of life and letters that made inevitable the fixed, artificial substance and the self-conscious manner of Restoration drama. All the elements in the situation are considered, with more emphasis, however, on the theories of art held by dramatists and critics than on the literary antecedents of the plays themselves. Despite frequent and often extremely apt allusions to Jacobean and Caroline drama and to French classical tragedy, the total effect of these streams of influence is not clearly defined. The gist of Mr. Dobrée's sound conclusion on this phase of the subject he states in the final chapter:

> It is not by its form, but rather in the choice of material laid upon the form, that Restoration tragedy is condemned to a secondary place. The error arose through limiting the elements in human nature which were supposed fit for the purposes of art. This is always fatal . . .
>
> And in Restoration tragedy, instead of the content creating a form proper to it, romantic, that is to say immature, undisciplined passions were made to flow into a classical mold, with the consequent sense of discomfort we experience in many of these plays. One or two are superbly successful; here and there we find some adequate ones; but there is no large body of good work simply because the form does not correspond with the emotion.

In Chapters 3 and 4, Blank Verse and the Heroic Couplet, and Cleopatra and "That Criticall Warr," the special problems of versification and dramatic structure receive inspired summaries. Mr. Dobrée traces the rise of the heroic couplet out of the ruins of Elizabethan blank verse, its fall before the slow attack of a sentimentalism for which Otway and Rowe needed a softer medium, and the eventual defeat of this later, enervated blank verse in Addison's "Cato," written in rhymed measure "without the rhymes." The use of the unities is considered objectively by reference to Daniel's "Cleopatra," Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," and Dryden's "All for Love." Quite properly the author reaches no conclusion more dogmatic than that in each play the particular method employed accomplishes effects impossible by the use of the other.

In his discussion of the plays themselves Mr. Dobrée deals with the works of Dryden, Lee, Otway, and Rowe. A final chapter considers the "Mourning Bride" of Congreve and Addison's "Cato." If the impressionistic nature of this survey tends to emphasize some of the lesser phases, such as the weakness of Otway and the bombast of Lee, the treatment in general is sound and just. One is constantly grateful for the discretion, Addisonian in poise but not in timidity, that marks the author's critical statements. Of Dryden he says: "He was an artist because his eye and his mind were always on the object made . . ."; of Lee, "Had he lived today, he would, as one may guess, have joined the ranks of the expressionists . . ."; of Otway, " . . . had he lived he might have found a world for his own peculiar sense of fact, and disciplined the latter into material for art." Here is criticism factual in its base and imaginative in its scope.

Needless to say it is not Mr. Dobrée's purpose to supersede any or all of the general or highly specialized studies of the period. His book is for those whose knowledge of the field will enable them the more readily to realize the vividness of his comment and the soundness of his analysis.

A careful study and just appreciation of Killegrew has been long overdue, and it is especially fortunate therefore that a scholar of Mr. Harbage's quality has undertaken the necessary research. If his book lacks the graceful style of Mr. Dobrée's study, it is as sure in its learning. Mr. Harbage has written a straightforward biographical and critical study, painstakingly accurate in every detail and notably sane and objective in interpretation. The author traces the family of Killegrew from its known beginnings in such a way as to clarify many circumstances in the dramatist's life. No effort is made to condone the young courtier's practice of preying on the victims of uncertain justice, a practice through which the younger son of the Killegrews made his living. As willing as Mr. Harbage may be to face the ugly facts, however, he appears equally willing to justify Killegrew when research demonstrates that the dramatist has been unjustly treated. His dismissal from the Venetian embassy is shown to be creditable rather than disgraceful, and his reputation for excessive debauchery is proved to be unfounded.

The plays of Killegrew receive careful attention. Mr. Harbage has no illusions about their importance as stage pieces, but he does succeed in showing that Killegrew's dramas mark a step in the development from the late Elizabethans to the men of the Restoration, that they have autobiographical and historical value, and that Killegrew conceived of the stage in perspective long before D'Avenant wrote "The Siege of Rhodes." Excellent though the biographical and critical parts

may be, however, the book lacks an adequate presentation of Killegrew's most important work, that done as manager of the King's Company. Mr. Harbage explains this omission by saying that the subject has been fully treated by Nicoll and Hotson, but the fact of the omission leaves the reader with the impression that the study is incomplete.

A book that Wycherley probably seldom read would tell Mr. Connely, in slightly different words, that one cannot serve both the scholar and the casual reader. Obviously well acquainted with his subject, the author presents a readable thought somewhat padded biography of a man whose only real distinction or claim upon the attention of anyone but the specialist rests upon the fact that he wrote two very important comedies, two less notable plays, and much inconsequential verse. As a focal point for a view of the period he is not typical enough of his age nor its literature. He was "first master" of "English modern comedy" (comedy of manners?) only if George Etherege be forgotten. No place appears in such a study as this for an estimate of Wycherley's real contribution—his use of the mordant satire and cruel cynicism he found in Jonson and developed. Wycherley must dance to the tunes of syncopated scholarship. But Mr. Thorn-Drury may feel some embarrassment at being called, in the introduction, "the final authority in England on the Restoration period." He knows that Mr. Nicoll, Mr. Summers, Mr. Dobrée, Mr. Brett-Smith, and Professor Saintsbury are still alive.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Voices of the New Russia

Voices of October: Art and Literature in Soviet Russia. By Joseph Freeman, Joshua Kunitz, and Louis Lozowick. Vanguard Press. $4.

THE editors of "Voices of October" may merely have intended to give information about the art and literature of Soviet Russia, but they have written a very vivid account of the whole country. It is vivid because it appears to be without benefit of propaganda. The editors have not tried to evaluate this work or to exploit it; they simply tell who the writers and artists are, what the main groups stand for, what they think of each other, and what the government and people think of them. As the writers and artists of Russia are unusually interested in the life of the country, their conflicting opinions make a criss-cross of beliefs which yield the final effect of a photograph.

All the writers quoted are naturally in sympathy with communism. But evidently it is possible to criticize the achievements of the Bolsheviks, though perhaps not their ideals. After reading this résumé Russia appears, as one might expect, very like our own country. There is the same glamor in present Russia that there was in "building up the West." The Russians are experiencing the thrill of great factories and vast projects of education. There is the comedy of the young folks hastily inoculated with "Carlo Markov," who return to the small towns and villages to teach communism to their elders. And there are the town drunks who become chiefs of police.

The most interesting section of the book is that dealing with the writers. Immediately after the Revolution the government encouraged the people of every class to express their opinions on all topics of public interest. So there emerged the wall newspaper and contributors' columns filled with the naive reactions of people who had never before been allowed to express themselves. The Revolution has developed an admirable school of novelists and poets. The work of these writers reveals three main tendencies: heroic, pessimistic, and nostalgic. The first is represented by exceptional stories of war and industry and some fine, combative poetry; the second by the exquisite feelings of a large group of intellectuals who helped to promote the Revolution but whose sensibilities and ideals have been trampled upon by the people they liberated. The pessimism of this group is personal. Another pessimism is that of the puritan Communists, appalled by what seems at times the incorrigibility of human nature. The last group are "nature" lovers, people who thought communism would encourage a peacefully joyous and idyllic way of living. Though absurd, these writers express their nostalgia with talent.

Through its frequent quotations, the book gives an appealing picture of the mind and thought of the revolutionary leaders. These quotations mainly deal with art and literature, but it is difficult not to have faith in men of such vigorous style, and such straight and even humble thinking.

WALTER GUTMAN

Roger Williams Again

Roger Williams, Prophet and Pioneer. By Emily Easton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THE most noticeable characteristic of this biography of Roger Williams is the small attention which is paid to religious controversy and the general absence of hero worship. For that, in certain Rhode Island and Baptist circles, the author will probably be accounted a heretic, since in those quarters there is a Roger Williams myth which is both widely accepted and devotedly cherished. Most biographers of Williams, like most historians of New England, have made much of him as a distinguished champion of religious liberty and a founder of American democracy. There is a sense in which he was both, but it is not the sense in which the ascriptions are often employed. Williams stood for freedom of conscience at a time when the right to such freedom had not the least chance of being generally recognized, and he established his settlement in Rhode Island on the basis of a brotherly love and mutual concession which his associates seem conspicuously to have lacked. Being in those matters not only an extreme individualist but also an irritating critic of his opponents, he naturally left no immediate following, and it remained for later generations to acclaim his personal attitude toward religion as a potent argument against theological or ecclesiastical authority, and to connect his tiny experiment in Rhode Island with the large practice of national self-government.

Miss Easton, however, lets the legendary Williams go his way, and devotes herself pretty strictly to telling the story of Williams's life. She passes lightly over Williams's controversy with John Cotton, keeps close to the record in recounting his experiences at Salem, Plymouth, and Boston, and wastes no space in discussing the patent of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations from the standpoint of political science or the development of American ideas of government. Apparently she has had in mind the reader who likes to have his history recalled to him, and we accordingly find a 65-page introduction on the London into which Williams was born, and nearly the whole of two chapters given over to Coke and Bacon, with the former of whom Williams read law. With these exceptions the book is straightforward narrative, well proportioned and eminently readable.

Broadly speaking, the book brings out little of importance that is new. Bereft of the halo of greatness which time has bestowed upon him but which no one in his day seems to have perceived, Williams stands out as an extreme individualist whose collisions with authority in church and state were inevitable, and whose conception of social organization was hardly susceptible of realization either then or later. He was as indi-

vidualistic in his religious notions as he was in his views of politics, joining the Anabaptists in Rhode Island only to leave the sect in a few weeks, and disliking the Quakers although lamenting their persecution. William Bradford of Plymouth was not far wrong when he characterized Williams as "a man godly and zealous, having many precious parts, but very unsettled in judgment." His greatest distinction, next to his demand for liberty, was his humane attitude toward the Indians —an aspect of his life to which Miss Easton properly gives a good deal of attention. The spread of the ideas which he championed, and the contrast between the colony which he planned and the one that actually developed, are subjects that lie outside the scope of this book.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Philosophy of Aesthetics

Aesthetic Judgment. By D. W. Prall. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $4.

A WRITER on aesthetics has a good deal against him. Artists and connoisseurs will shrug their shoulders as they would at any impertinent intruder who tried to tell them what they should do or feel, historians of art and specialists in physiology and psychology will laugh cynically, expecting to find unwarranted generalizations concerning matters of fact belonging to their own fields of research, and philosophers will speak condescendingly as toward one who has abandoned rigorous thinking in the proper spheres of philosophic study—logic and metaphysics—for hazy speculations regarding a seductive, but unfruitful subject. Mr. Prall has, I think, protected himself from the shafts of all such scoffers. He is himself so discriminating a connoisseur in many arts that if any of the professional initiates will read him they will be certain to recognize him as their peer; he has such a wide knowledge of the history of art and the relevant facts of science, yet such restraint in exhibiting and using this information, and he is so meticulous in his effort to think clearly and write exactly and avoid hypotheses, that the most empirical men of science and the most boastfully "scientific" philosophers will not discover much to criticize. At this last point, indeed, the chief limitation of the book is, I should say, a certain lack of boldness, an unwillingness or inability to offer a novel hypothesis in a field where there is a crying need for the brilliant idea, even if only half true, to illumine the exceedingly complex and subtle phenomena.

The underlying philosophy of the book is a blend of Croce's conception of "lyrical intuition" as the aesthetic fact with Santayana's doctrine of essence. "The beauty of anything," Mr. Prall writes, "seems then to be the delight in the object as directly apprehended, with no reference beyond this apprehended form or appearance." From this it follows that "the surface of all of our experience is aesthetic; that everywhere and at all times, the surface that our senses come upon may be dwelt on for what it is in direct intuition." So far the Crocean element, closely related historically to the *perfectio cognitionis sensitivi* of Baumgarten and the "disinterested interest" in the mere appearance of things of Kant. Having thus identified beauty in the primary sense with the delightfulness of the sensuous surface of our world, Mr. Prall assures us—and this is the contribution of Santayana—that "every beauty is eternally itself, eternal not as lasting through time, but as in its own nature what it is regardless of time, eternal in the simple and familiar sense in which a geometrical meaning is eternal, independent as to its nature and character of the exigencies of space and time, held to no place and no date to be what it is, as triangularity needs no place to occupy and no time to fill to be what it means anywhere at any time." Now with the general doctrine of es-

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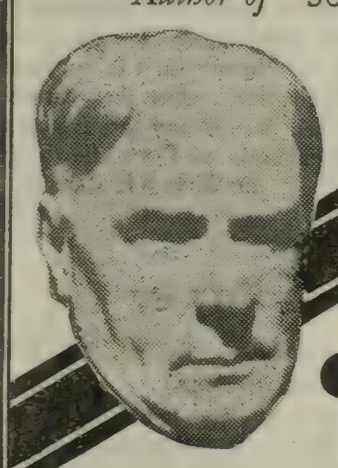
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sence I have personally no wish to quarrel. I take it that Mr. Prall knows how to fit the eternal entities into our temporal experiences and to reconcile their universality with the uniqueness of individual intuition. I shall content myself with putting this question: whether such a static concept can take us far toward an understanding of the phenomena of natural beauty, so evanescent, so changeful, so dependent upon living personality and mood, or the phenomena of art which are, if not more akin, at least equally akin to moving passion as to the eternal. For explanation we need a more dynamic concept, and as we might anticipate the book offers rather descriptions of facts of beauty than explanations. If we are to retain the notion of essence in aesthetics, we must relate essence to passion, which Mr. Prall does not even attempt to do.

Despite this limitation in underlying philosophy, Mr. Prall's discussions are valuable throughout. In his preface he rather too modestly denies any claim to originality, offering his book as a text for college students that may also interest the general reader. To both these classes of readers the book has much to give, first in the way of relevant and important facts skilfully and delightfully presented; and second, through the contact which it provides with a mind that knows how to communicate its own finely cultivated and buoyant taste. It would be hard to find a book better adapted to arouse a dormant sense for the beauty of the "aesthetic surface" of life. And there are many pages in the discussion of the arts which the initiated also will read with pleasure. Of particular value is the conception of the standard of taste as being "not a quality, but a degree." The plan of the book is admirable. It begins with a few introductory chapters devoted to the definition and illustration of beauty, including a novel chapter on the Aesthetic Surface of Primitive Life; it then proceeds to an account of the elements and types of order, of sound, color, space, and time, which constitute the materials and possibilities of aesthetic surface; after which come chapters on the fine arts and a final philosophical chapter on Aesthetic Judgment and Knowledge in General. The pivotal chapter is Chapter X, where the author makes the transition from aesthetic surface, or the beauty of mere sense elements and patterns, to art in terms of a specific expressiveness given to surface by the definite purpose and technique of the artist. The argument to show that the significance of art cannot be limited to mere surface, or "form" as it is currently called, but must include the "specification" upon the aesthetic surface of "human feelings, emotions, desires and satisfactions" is utterly convincing and a good example of the author's insight and dialectic skill.

DeWitt H. Parker

The Ethics of Power

The Ethical Basis of Political Authority. By W. W. Willoughby. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

PROFESSOR WILLOUGHBY has the habit of writing important books. In this he reviews with learning and clarity preceding political thought and expounds (rather, as it were, intersticially) his own theory of the principles of political obligation. He demonstrates very effectively the weakness of that doctrine of natural and indefeasible rights which Jeremy Bentham called "nonsense walking about on stilts" and establishes the right of the constituted political authority to exercise such force as may be required in the light of its own conscientious judgment of the needs of the public weal. He is not quite equally enlightening about the nature of the duty of the individual to obey this authority. On this point, surprisingly enough, he seems to come near to accepting Professor Laski's doctrine of "my conscience against the world," which doctrine (a little misleadingly) receives an eponymous patron in Athanasius. The distinction between the private conscience and the rational conscience is not discussed. Nor is it clear whether Professor Willoughby limits the use of force to the national sovereign state, as that state is popularly understood today. It would appear that he admits a superior ethical claim of a world state, did it exist, but he does not discuss (as did Kant) except indirectly the ethical obligation of humanity to develop a world organization, or whether (which Bosanquet denied) unorganized humanity has any prior ethical claim over the national state. The general character of this excellent book is markedly more "liberal" than that of Professor Willoughby's more purely juristic treatises.

George E. G. Catlin

China in Revolt

The Chinese Revolution. By Arthur N. Holcombe. Harvard University Press. $4.

CHANGES are rapid in China, and so it is a tribute to this book that the events since its composition have so far fulfilled the author's implied predictions. But the book needs no such extraneous commendation. Its own careful and tolerant tone wins the reader at once, with all the abundant evidence that the care and the tolerance derive from a large knowledge of history.

From his historical perspectives Professor Holcombe can see present-day China without the despair and cynicism that even some Chinese observers have fallen into. He is able to correct the distorted views of foreign onlookers like Rodney Gilbert and Legendre, who proceed from the present disorder to a retrospective condemnation of the whole of Chinese civilization. Dr. Holcombe decisively disposes of their theory that the Chinese are inherently without political capacity. He reminds us that the Chinese had political capacity enough to maintain a greater empire longer and more firmly than Rome, which is presumed to be the political genius among peoples. Having disposed of this and other preconceptions, Dr. Holcombe proceeds upon his history, analyzing the old and the new institutions and explaining what has rarely been explained so well before—why the revolution, being a social and cultural revolution as well, must take so much more time than a political revolt. It is admirably done.

The genius of Sun Yat-sen dominates the tale. More effective as a dead saint than a living rebel, he has made it impossible for China to relapse into the days of the bandit generals. Even the most cynical militarists must fight in his name and be converted in the process. The downfall, first of the Parliamentary Republic, then of the Soviet Republic established by Canton was due, as Dr. Holcombe shows us, to their alienation from Chinese institutions. The present Kuomintang dictatorship is replacing the old Mandarinate, educated in the Chinese classics, with a new Mandarinate educated in the Western sciences. It looks to the continuance and further development of a responsible official class selected by the traditional Chinese system of competitive examinations and controlled by the traditional Chinese right of revolt and the traditional check of the censorate. The revolution is following the three stages that Sun Yat-sen predicted; the military phase and the period of tutelage to fit the people for the final stage of self-government.

An interesting commentary on the independence of this work is furnished by this legend on the copyright page: "The Bureau of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College has aided the author in carrying on research and in publishing the results. *The Bureau assumes no responsibility for any statements or views expressed.*"

Isidor Schneider

Books in Brief

Touch Me Not: Four Writs of a Curt Picaresque. By Vincent McHugh. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

This first novel is a book of finished and incisive writing, of great power, and of depth. It tells the story of the love of a boy of twenty for a girl of seventeen. The background of the novel is a vulgar and garish amusement park in New England, brilliantly and vividly sketched in, where Gil Blent and his college friend, Dane, have got jobs during the summer vacation. The friendship between Gil and Dane, and the whole portrait of Dane, are done with great beauty. If "Touch Me Not" falls short of what it might have been, it is because it is special and too intense; because it fails to achieve that indescribable thing, a sense of the universal, and because Mr. McHugh, as the book grows, tends to overstep the bounds of the inner probabilities and surrenders something to unbalanced emotionalism. But at its best one senses in this remarkable novel a hard and tempered mind guiding a strong and poetic creative power.

Eugène Sue. Par Paul Ginisty. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 10 francs.

Eugène Sue has experienced the extremes of popularity and vilification, of attention and neglect. There was a period when the workingmen of France regarded him almost as their god, and the intense hatred of the clerical party for him was so well known that at his death the suggestion that his enemies had poisoned him found not a little credence. The unexampled sale of his books excited the frank jealousy of Balzac, and yet the new "Britannica" allows him only a curt score of lines (it is interesting to note that they have cut their former note on him in two, whereas Balzac still enjoys as much space as ever, some six or eight columns). But Eugène Sue is by no means forgotten. There is still a sale for "The Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew," and these are the only books of his which ever exerted a great deal of influence, although the influence of these two was tremendous. It is unfortunate that competent biographers have left him so completely alone that most readers know his life only from the spiteful narrative of the prejudiced monk-to-be, Eugène Mirecourt. Paul Ginisty has treated him more fairly and more ably, in a quiet little volume which is very little like his own noisy verbosity and perhaps not quite what one would have expected from a number in the series "les grandes vies aventureuses."

Deutschlands Aussenpolitik in der Nachkriegszeit. By Erich Koch-Weser. Berlin-Grunewald: Kurt Vowinckel Verlag. M. 2.50.

In this short and instructive review of Germany's post-war foreign policy the author points out that the Reich would probably have fared worse at the hands of the Allies had not the advice of Rathenau and Stresemann been followed to fulfil the Versailles peace treaty as far as possible. This course was adopted unwillingly and only under compulsion at first, but now it is being pursued voluntarily because the bulk of the German people realize that the way to better their condition and to lessen the hardships of the peace settlement is by appeasing and cooperating with their enemies and not by further resort to arms. The opening and closing chapters treat of the decline in Europe's economic importance since 1914, and of the policy that Germany should pursue hereafter. The great objects to be striven for, the author contends, are world disarmament, a closer understanding with France, the protection

I defy anyone to put down this book once he has started it. F WRIGHT MOXLEY is a literary find. Red Snow is a gigantic piece of concrete visionary writing, a burning satire --and a high tragedy, packed full of dark prophecies...the passions and fates of men and women under the shadow of extinction. It is ruin itself in terms of moving and symbolic prose. As far as I can see, the book's appeal is limited almost entirely to mothers, fathers, children and unmarried people We may sell a million copies, but I advise publishing it anyway..

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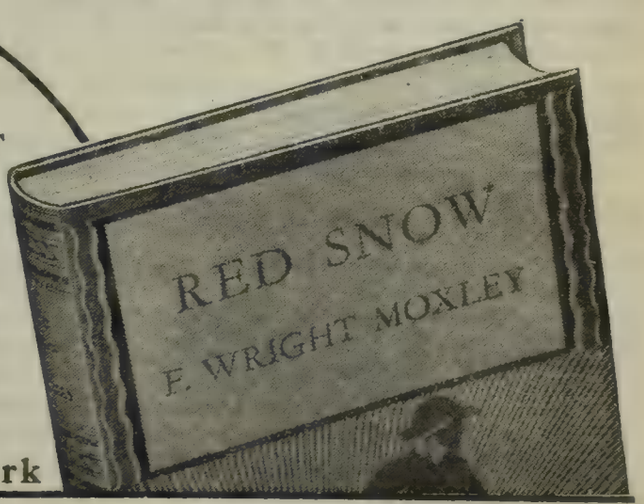
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Our Biggest Customer. By George Harrison Phelps. Horace Liveright. $2.

This is a terrible book. An advertising man apparently devotes himself to a peppy exposition of the thesis that the laboring man consumes most of the goods produced in this country and that therefore something or other. Perhaps the book means something, but certainly one reader has been unable to discover what.

Contributors to This Issue

Allen B. MacMurphy is on the staff of the Waterbury *Republican.*

Alice M. Cameron has for several years been engaged in the work of the Workers' Education Association in an English manufacturing town.

E. C. Lindeman, of the New York School of Social Work, is a contributing editor of the *New Republic.*

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DeWitt H. Parker is professor of philosophy at the University of Michigan.

George E. G. Catlin has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

Isidor Schneider is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

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The Japanese Trade-Union Bill

THE following article by Dr. S. Washio appeared in a recent issue of the *Trans-Pacific,* a weekly review published in Tokyo. It gives an account of the present status of the Japanese labor movement and of the circumstances surrounding the preparation of the trade-union bill recently put forward by the Home Minister of the Hamiguchi Cabinet.

In the past ten years the strength of organized labor in this country has increased from some 60,000 to over 300,000. Ten years have elapsed since a trade-union bill was first prepared by the government, but was not acted upon. Legislative action has lagged behind the actual development. It is clear that the trade-union movement can develop without a Trade-Union Act. The state comes into relation with it only when conditions call for state interference. Legislating prematurely would be as unwise as belatedly.

The present move, sponsored by Home Minister Adachi, appears to be serious and to have a good chance of realization if the Hamaguchi Cabinet can remain until the next session of the Diet. In the Home Minister's opinion the time is ripe and in the opinion of the Social Bureau of the Home Department, which drafted the bill, the present industrial depression is an opportune time to introduce a bill in the next Diet.

It is, however, contested by capitalists, who think that the attempt is gratuitous and harmful, especially under present circumstances when the country is going through the most difficult financial and industrial test. They fear that it may become an additional incentive to labor unrest, which is already bad enough owing to the necessity of lowering wages and other processes of readjustment.

Broadly speaking, the Home Minister's proposal cannot be called premature. Ten years have elapsed to bring it to maturity, but at the same time capitalists may be justified in thinking that introduced at present it amounts to a gratuitous provocation of labor unrest. Or the Social Bureau may be right. It will be right if the introduction of the bill can divert the attention of organized labor from industrial disputes to the political outlook for the bill itself. The capitalists, without exception, are opposed to the bill, while the opinions of the proletarian parties are divided. The left group, the Farm Labor Party, scorns it; the right wing, the Social Democrats, welcomes it on the whole; and the center bloc, the Great Proletarians so-called, is agitating for its own plan. The Home Minister says the bill is good since no one is entirely satisfied.

It is apparent, however, that labor is better satisfied than capital. It is as liberal a bill as labor can possibly hope for for long years to come. It is as liberal as the British Trade Union Act of 1913. It incorporates the British Trade Disputes Act of 1906 (freeing labor from indemnity for damage caused by trade disputes), which in Britain was obtained after the famous Taff-Vale case of 1902. It virtually permits professional labor leaders to become members of trade unions. Since professionals are interested in politics as well as in trade disputes, the funds of unions will naturally be used for political ends as well as for strikes. When funds are available they are even now so used.

That means that the British Trade Union Act of 1913 which grew out of the famous Osburn judgment is incorporated. It is even more liberal than the British Act, since it prohibits employers to discriminate against trade-union men. In a country like Britain where the trade-union movement is fully developed such a provision is not necessary. Labor can protect itself. But in the proposed Japanese bill this protection to trade unionism is to be accorded by legislative action in advance of actual development. In favor of this provision it may be said that it will minimize chances of trade disputes arising from employers' discriminatory actions. But it will, of course, be resented by capitalists.

These points, freeing labor from indemnity, the inclusion of professional labor leaders, and denying employers' freedom to discriminate against trade-union men, constitute the principal objections to the bill from the capitalists' point of view. But from labor's point of view these three principles are vital for the recognition of trade unionism. If Labor has to pay for damages arising from a strike, trade unionism as an influence against capital supremacy will be practically nil. The development of professional leaders is an automatic phenomenon. If they do not come from outside they will arise from within the rank and file of workers. It is obvious that trade unions, like any other organization, must be led and that in the light of the development actually taking place in this country leadership is political as well as industrial. The last is even more vital for the recognition of trade unionism. If this protection against discriminatory treatment is not accorded by legislative act, labor will fight for it anyway and it may be a long, bitter, and unnecessary struggle.

Capitalist objections will be more logical if not directed so much against the details of the bill as against trade unionism itself as an instrument of industrial dispute. And in fact it is against this role of trade unionism that capitalists are objecting. They say that it encourages class warfare. The first clause of the Home Minister's bill defines trade unionism as an instrument of bettering conditions of workers. Capitalists object to this clause. That is tantamount to objecting to trade unionism. They would like to substitute capital and labor harmonization societies for trade unions. But the Home Minister condemns this appeal of capitalists as reactionary and as an incentive to class struggle.

In other words, capitalists still stick to the so-called paternalistic conception of the relations between capital and labor, but the government, as represented by Mr. Adachi, whose main consideration is to weigh what effect his policy will have on elections, has outgrown that conception. His political vision is that paternalism is reactionary and unpopular. It is a significant development.

But the ultimate object of the state must be the harmonization of the relations between capital and labor. Trade unionism as an instrument of industrial dispute must, after all, be a transitory and secondary consideration. Unless it is going to lead to a proletarian revolution it must arrive at a new stage of harmonization between capital and labor. Each country must decide in the light of its own special industrial, social, cultural, and other conditions what method will be best adapted to bring about the desired end. There are great differences betwen this country and Britain not only in social and cultural traditions but in industrial structure and development. There are on the one hand great masses of workers still working according to the old tradition in industries that are little developed beyond the family scale. All agricultural and most manufacturing industries belong to this category. On the other hand, there are in Japan more nationalized industries than in any other country. The standard of living is also immensely different. A country where the population is still increasing

at the rate of 700,000 a year cannot be talked of in the same breath with a country where the population has become stationary.

The old view may be losing ground. But there may still be something in it that is worth preserving and can be made to fit the changing circumstances. To say the least, it is not very ingenuous to follow blindly in the British footsteps. Why cannot trade unionism, as we know it in the long dark industrial history of Britain, be substituted by something nearer the desired stage we wish to bring about? The proposed bill is in advance of actual development in its liberalism. Why should we not go a step farther and draw up a program of harmonization?

But Mr. Adachi may after all be proposing the bill for his own gain and for his party in obtaining the credit for being liberal and not seriously expecting that it will have a chance to appear in the next session of the Diet. There is something mysterious in the abrupt way in which be began to advocate it. He is a political wizard.

It is very unlikely that the proposed trade-union bill will become law. It is very doubtful if it will have a chance to be introduced in the next session of the Diet. Even if it should be, and should pass the Lower House, it is almost certain that the Upper House will reject or shelve it.

We need not look so far ahead. The opinion of the Minseito itself is by no means unanimous in its favor. The Home Minister, Mr. Adachi, is now inclined to see the need of revising it. The opinion of capitalists is determined while Labor is not enthusiastic. The liberal part of public opinion supports it, but it is a lukewarm support amounting to no more than an academic interest at present. It is probably an academic interest more than anything else that inspired officials of the Social Work Bureau, who drafted it, and the Home Minister, who is not well versed in such matters, allowed himself to be tempted by the possible popularity which the bill might bring to his party. The chances of the bill becoming law are negligible.

Apart from this, the bill contains some suggestions of serious implication, and it is these suggestions that capitalists are afraid of. They are determinedly objecting to the general spirit of the bill, which does not prescribe forms of labor organizations to be recognized as lawful, and therefore admits by implication a kind of organization known as "industrial unionism," to which our labor movement will easily tend if left unrestricted. They further object to three points in particular: freeing labor from indemnity (article 13); allowing virtually the participating of professional labor agitators and brokers (article 10); and prohibiting discrimination against union men (articles 11 and 12).

Capitalist apprehension cannot be dismissed as altogether groundless. If this bill becomes law it is not unlikely that the labor-union movement will widely spread. The present strength of organized labor, which is 300,000, may in a few months jump up to 1,000,000. Nothing more than a simple procedure of registration will be needed to enrol union men entitled to all the major protections which labor has struggled for in other countries under incomparably more favorable economic conditions than in this country. All that is needed is labor canvassers, but they exist in abundance now. It will offer a fine field of employment for jobless intellectuals equipped with Marxian doctrines.

If such trade-union laws had existed, the recent Kanegafuchi strike would have become a general strike of all the cotton-mill workers throughout the country. The recent strike of car operators might also have become a general transportation strike throughout the country. Since the labor unions are to be created prematurely by a legislative act in advance of actual economic development, they would not have sufficient funds for strikes, which would not be orderly. They would try to achieve their object by breaking into sentimental demonstrations bordering on riot. That is the characteristic of Japanese labor strikes even now. While they are on a small scale and localized, their disorderly tendency can be effectively prevented, but what if the strikes become nation-wide? The general economic situation of the country does not offer much room for the general improvement of working conditions. The wider the extent of a strike, the less chance there is for material gain on the part of the workers involved.

This apprehension of capitalists is to be reckoned with. The defenders of the bill contend that disorderly tendencies are provided against by the peace-preservation law. They also point out that although discrimination against union men is prohibited no penal clause is attached. That is why labor is suspicious and the left wing looks scornfully at it. It amounts to no more than a moral exhortation, which capitalists would openly defy. If capitalists defy it and labor appeals to the government what can be done?

The defenders of the bill contend further that although the forms of labor organizations are not prescribed, the government is at liberty to dissolve any organization deemed injurious to peace (article 17) and that since unions are required to make a report of their financial conditions and membership (article 14) the government can exercise in this way a proper discriminatory treatment against objectionable organizations. Why does the state accord labor recognition and protection if it has no intention of abiding by it in practice? If the trade-union movement can grow automatically by its merit or power, there is no law in this country to prevent its growth. Either the proposed bill is an encouragement to labor at the expense of capital or it is meaningless. One presumable result of it will be a rapid spread of the trade-union movement. A weapon cannot be given without implying some encouragement for its use. Why should the government sow the seeds of trouble it is really anxious to suppress? Is not the proposed bill a blunder even considered from a purely technical point of view?

But the liberally inclined officials of the Social Work Bureau must have drafted the bill in good faith. They are surely not biased friends of labor. They meant no harm to capital. They are under the spell of Western liberal influence in advance of the actual development in this country. That is all. Liberalism is always justifiable as an abstract principle. Whether it is practically good or not depends on its probable practical consequences.

The test of the present case comes to this: will the bill stabilize the labor movement of this country in the direction of liberal development, or will it aggravate the present labor unrest? The defenders of the bill can abstractly make for it all the pleas of fairness, but it is hard to visualize what fair practical consequences will result from it. We must consider the practical situations in which the bill will react.

We know that labor is distrustful of rationalization and will oppose it wherever it can. We know that the moderate leadership of the old Japan General Labor Federation type is unpopular among the rank and file of workers and new professional labor leaders are revolutionists with Marxian doctrines at their finger tips, whose ardent belief is that capitalism is coming to an end. They are not so much interested in the particular material uplift of a section of the workers as in the general awakening of class-consciousness.

It is hard to imagine that liberal consequences will develop out of the bill applied to such practical situations. One way for liberalism to destroy itself is to attempt to put its ideals into practice too far in advance of the actual situation. If a Fascist revolution is contemplated in this country the proposed trade-union bill may be one effective way to bring it about.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 283
EDITORIALS:
Weighing European Union 286
Life Insurance 287
More Speed! 287
The Ideal Income 288
TWO YEARS OF FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT. By Ernest K. Lindley 289
REVOLT IN PERU. By Arnold Roller 291
WHERE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION FAILS. By Howard S. Cullman 294
SEGREGATION DE LUXE. By Gustavus Adolphus Steward 295
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 297
CORRESPONDENCE 297
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:
Last Instructions. By Virginia Moore 299
The Neurosis of Civilization. By Henry Hazlitt 299
More Thunder from Mr. Ludwig. By Eugene Löhrke 300
The Heir of Dickens. By Alyse Gregory 300
Kuno Francke. By Ernst Feise 301
Stage Englishmen at War. By Horace Gregory 301
Our Religious Heritage. By C. Hartley Grattan 302
Art in India. By W. Norman Brown 302
Books in Brief 303
Drama: The Career of Mr. Kibbee. By Heywood Broun 303
Films: Mr. Griffith's New "Epic." By Alexander Bakshy 305
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 306
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Reorganizing the Cotton Trade 307

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PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN IS OUT, and martial law temporarily prevails in Argentina in place of a virtual civil dictatorship. The sequence of events seems to have been entirely in harmony with the rules of the revolutionary game. Irigoyen clung stubbornly to office until riots in Buenos Aires heralded the beginning of the end, then "resigned" under a favoring provision of the constitution and left his mantle with Vice-President Martinez, fled from the capital when revolt became nation-wide, was quickly overtaken, and wrote his resignation a few minutes after reaching the army barracks where he was confined. The one-day President, Dr. Martinez, went theatrically through the form of declaring that he would die rather than resign, only to capitulate when General Uriburu declined to make him a martyr. General Uriburu himself found his rule almost immediately challenged, but got the situation in hand shortly and put Irigoyen under arrest. With the downfall of Irigoyen goes also, apparently, the defeat of his party, and the transfer of political control to the conservative forces of aristocracy and wealth. The overturn is by no means wholly political and personal, however, for back of it lies a disordered economic life due to the world-wide depression in agriculture, industry, and trade, and a financial situation marked by currency depreciation and inflation which Irigoyen's policy directly aggravated.

THE OVERTURN in Argentina naturally occasions some perturbation in Great Britain because of the favor which Irigoyen, who heartily disliked the United States, had long shown to British capital and trade. Washington, on the other hand, is reported to breathe a sigh of relief at the eclipse of a ruler who was anything but a great and good friend. An intensified competition for Argentine trade and a still keener interest in loans on Argentine security are accordingly to be looked for. Politically, the aloofness of Argentina, joined to the outspoken resentment which its press has more than once shown, has undoubtedly been a chastening restraint upon American imperialism, but criticism, however much it may be justified, does not make for international amity. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Hoover deals with the question of recognition in the cases of both Argentina and Peru.

A HEALTHY and somewhat novel tone has run through the dispatches from Washington indicating the attitude of the State Department toward revolutions in South America. We do not intend any longer to attempt to deny the right of revolution to the countries south of us. We will wait to make sure that the revolutionaries are in control; then recognize them. This was the attitude of the United States in its early days—naturally, since the memory of our own revolution was fresh in the young national mind—but Seward, as rank an imperialist as ever ruled the State Department, began to diverge from it, under Roosevelt and Taft self-interest dictated the policy of recognition, and under Wilson the course was continued, covered by a veneer of principle. Mr. Hughes developed Wilson's doctrine into a rigid opposition to intervention which involved us profoundly in the internal troubles of several republics. Both Wilson and Hughes undoubtedly desired sincerely to contribute to the tranquillity of Latin America; but it is all too obvious that the policy failed. Liberals who approved Mr. Wilson's opposition to the tyrant Huerta must realize today that it would have been better to let Mexico solve her own problems, even though she solved them wrong. It is an old tradition to which Washington is now returning. Jefferson defined it as early as 1792 in instructing the American Minister in troubled Paris that "it accords with our principles to acknowledge any government to be rightful which is formed by the will of the nation substantially declared." Jackson made it clearer still in 1836 when, referring to Texas, he stated "that the uniform policy and practice of the United States is to avoid all interference in disputes which relate merely to the internal government of other nations, and to recognize the prevailing party eventually without reference to our own particular interests and views or merits of the original controversy." Wise words—good to apply today to Latin America, and Russia also.

SENATOR BARKLEY of Kentucky, returning after a study of the European situation, calls attention to the growing discussion of our new tariff in its relation to war debts. He looks for a readjustment of European tariffs

against us, resulting, in connection with our own law, in a sharp restriction of American trade with Europe. "In England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and among the smaller states of Europe," says Senator Barkley, "I found in every circle with which I came in contact, official and unofficial, a profound feeling bordering almost on despair and even bitterness." The European political and industrial leaders interviewed by the Kentucky Senator simply cannot understand how we expect them to pay their war obligations at the same time that we make it as hard as possible for them to sell us anything so they may have the means to pay. Call the tribute reparations or war debts or what you will, if we will not let Europe sell, then Europe cannot pay. The burden of reparations and war debts is growing heavier because of the fall of prices. The growth of the load is bound to lead, and ought to lead, to further discussion of revision, and Americans will have to learn to think of international payments and trade policy together.

WHEAT HAS SOLD IN CHICAGO during the past week as low as eighty-one cents. In October of last year, with prices half a dollar above the present level, the Farm Board made the luckless declaration that prices were then too low. All efforts to keep them up, whether by private pools or by government agency, have necessarily proved unavailing in face of the golden flow that pours forth from the soil and in presence of purchasing power cut by business depression. Now with a heavy carry-over from the last crop year, the Department of Agriculture estimates world production for this year about 3 per cent greater than last year's good crop while Broomhall puts this year's increase at 6 per cent—and that in spite of the low prices prevailing since last spring. Low prices will in time bring less production and better prices. Farmers will turn to less unprofitable crops, and no greater disservice could be done American agriculture than to foster the notion that wheat prices here can be kept up without relation to world levels by government action, whether through "orderly marketing" or export bonus or whatever other method. Such an idea simply helps swell the overflowing production.

EUGENE MEYER, JR., was appointed governor of the Federal Reserve Bank by President Hoover on September 6—"a highly interesting selection," to quote the New York *Times*. Mr. Meyer has been continuously in government service since 1917, with the exception of the past year, having served as manager of the War Finance Corporation and chairman of the Farm Loan Board. His present appointment is being interpreted as meaning a probable continuation of what may be called the Mellon policies in Federal Reserve matters, which is by no means a reassuring prospect. The board today is generally blamed, just as it was blamed at the time by competent bankers, for its failure to take vigorous action to check the speculative mania of 1928-29, and the partisan political reasons for such failure are commonly known. It is, of course, easy to criticize the board, for its tasks are of almost inconceivable complexity, and every one of its important decisions is bound to hurt somebody. But the wise exercise of its enormous powers is of fundamental importance to the whole of our trade, our industry, and our agriculture as well; weakness is little less injurious than ignorance, and political purposes are anathema. If Mr. Meyer can bring into the operations of the board vigor and courage as well as sound judgment, and can at the same time exorcise the demon of partisan politics, we may conceivably see something of that economic statesmanship that has been so conspicuous by its absence during the years just past.

WILLIAM GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, in a formal statement foreshadowing the report of the Executive Council, denounces compulsory unemployment insurance as only one step from the dole, which he characterizes as paternalistic, demoralizing, and destructive. Instead, he favors voluntary unemployment insurance funds in seasonal industries, a shorter work day and work week, and a guaranteed yearly wage. This position is entirely consistent with official federation opposition to any except voluntary contractual arrangements. With the New York State Federation on record in favor of compulsory unemployment insurance, a vigorous fight may conceivably mark the Boston convention of the American Federation next month. "The best, the real remedy for unemployment," says Mr. Green, "is employment." Absolutely right, and the first step in any intelligent employment program is stabilization of industry. The program that does not put steady employment first courts disaster. But when industry will not or cannot provide the regular employment that Mr. Green rightly demands, does he propose to let men starve or to maintain them by charity? Unemployment insurance does not mean charity. It does not mean abandoning stabilization as the primary aim. It does mean that industry collectively must assume responsibility for the support of its workers even when it is temporarily unable to use them. Under present conditions it is hard to see how Mr. Green can oppose it successfully.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT continues moving to the left, as indicated in the article by Ernest K. Lindley which we publish elsewhere in this issue. He recently came out for unemployment insurance, and now he is urging New York towns on to further power wickedness. He has been visiting the village of Gouverneur, whose municipally owned power plant is now selling its surplus power of 50,000 kilowatt hours a month at one and three-fourths mills to a private company, which in turn retails it to the 4,000 inhabitants of Gouverneur at nine cents. The plant was built two years ago at a cost of $136,000, to light the streets and public buildings and pump water. According to the officials, it is saving the town $10,000 a year as it is, and will pay for itself in thirteen years; but if the village could retail its surplus power to its citizens at two cents, there would be an added profit of $11,000, while a five-cent rate (as against the private company's charge of nine cents) would pay all the costs of municipal government and leave Gouverneur tax free. The village officials believe that they cannot sell to private consumers without added legislation, but the Governor advises a direct appeal to the Public Service Commission for the requisite permit, suggesting that the village law and the public-service-commission law already give such authority. Public distribution of power in New York is now hindered by the lack of assured legal authority in municipalities. Unless local communities have authority, at need, to compete in distribution with private companies,

there is no way of making rate control genuinely effective. With the St. Lawrence Power Commission actively at work, the Governor is thus taking the next step forward in the power fight.

WE COMMENTED lately on the sharp rebuke given by the Mandate Commission of the League of Nations to Great Britain, and on Mr. Henderson's return rebuke to the commission. "You were responsible," said the commission; "so were you," said Mr. Henderson. And the cause of Palestine, perhaps, was not much advanced by the exchange. But there is another aspect of this tart talk which deserves attention. It was the first serious reprimand yet given by an organ of the League to one of the major Powers. Toward Greece and Bulgaria the League has been severe; when Italy was the offender, in Corfu, it hesitated and sidestepped; it let the French outrages in Syria and the British abuses of power in what used to be German Southwest Africa go. The Mandate Commission has, once or twice, provided a forum for international discussion of the administration of those disguised colonies known as mandated territories; but never before has it come out so publicly before the world in denunciation of the conduct of a Great Power. That is a striking and profoundly encouraging phenomenon. Perhaps a time may yet come when the words of the Covenant, the authority for the mandates, will acquire real meaning: those words, hitherto such a tragic farce, that

> To those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the state which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization.

THE COMPLETE FAILURE of the negotiations between the Indian government and Mahatma Gandhi means the definite wrecking of the round-table conference scheduled for next month in London. The Indian Office has announced that the conference will be held as planned; yet it is plain that no real settlement can be reached without the agreement of Mr. Gandhi, whose terms, steadily adhered to by him for months, the government has flatly refused. The past six months have brought such defections from the ranks of the Moderates to the Nationalist cause that it is doubtful what persons of any importance, in addition to the fourteen princes representing so-called independent states, will even attend the conference. In another provocative speech Winston Churchill reproaches the government for negotiating at all with Gandhi, yet there is some truth in his unfair statement: "By imprisoning him without trial the government has won for Gandhi the sympathy of millions. By supplicating him they have informed those millions how much they fear his power." In fact Lord Irwin's government did the only possible thing in negotiating with the prisoner of Yerovda; he holds the power, and they know it. Their difficulty is well indicated by the grim comment of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail:* "In India we must govern or go, and we don't intend to go, despite Lord Irwin and his friends." The government is reported as hoping that the suffering occasioned among the Indians by the boycott and consequent economic disorganization may detach Gandhi's more moderate followers from their leader; but these Indians have hitherto displayed a strange eagerness to suffer for their cause.

PRINCE SIXTUS of Bourbon-Parma—the name awakens echoes. Today he is reported negotiating for the return of a Bourbon prince to the throne of Hungary; in 1917 this brother of the ex-Empress Zita played a more pleasing role. He was negotiating for the peace of the world. A sister invited him, an officer in the Belgian army, to Switzerland; the king and queen of Belgium lunched with him before he left. In Switzerland he met the Austrian emperor's personal envoy, and returning from this traffic with the enemy he was received by M. Poincaré at the Elysée in Paris. Not only that, but he went back, in full war, with a message to Charles. From France to Switzerland again, and across the border into Austria; by automobile at night to the imperial park, and up a back stairs to the emperor himself. Back to Paris, where he met two successive French prime ministers, M. Poincaré again, and to London to see Lloyd George and the British king; and back to Vienna, and back to Paris again. It is one of those little romances of war time that conventional historians prefer to neglect. For in the early months of 1917 the war might have been ended. Charles promised Austrian aid in regaining Alsace-Lorraine for France; neutrality regarding the Dardanelles; full restoration of Belgium; even some territorial compensation for Italy. But the negotiations failed because Ribot and Lloyd George felt they must stand by their secret promises to the Italians and win bigger loot.

THE SEA IS STILL a place of mystery and of adventure. Thus at Brest extensive operations are going on to rescue a treasure ship, the liner Egypt, which went down eight years ago with five millions of gold and silver in her cargo. Divers are busy, cranes are dragging at the submerged strong room 400 feet under the surface of the Atlantic. It reads like fiction but, to the marine underwriters who paid claims for the loss of the Egypt, it is a fairy story that is about to come true. As romantic is the story of the sinking of the liner Tahiti, written for the New York *Times* of September 7 by John Sullivan, one of the passengers. Stewards quietly ordered passengers on deck with life preservers at 5:30 on the morning of August 15; the rescue to the steamship Ventura was not effected until fifty-odd hours later. During that time food was scarce and water brackish, passengers were forbidden to go to their cabin, to undress, or go to bed, the crew bailed without stopping, the ship listed, the seas swept her. Yet, says Mr. Sullivan, not the slightest hysteria or panic was seen. Everybody was calm, patient, often cheerful. Even a lady with three children, one of whom had the whooping cough, was unfailingly gallant. Last but not least comes word of a rusty tin can that floated the other day into the harbor of St. Petersburg, Florida, bearing word of the mysterious vessel Commodore which drifted, black and empty, into New York harbor about thirty years ago. The newly found note, dated March 21, 1899, asks help for the wrecked ship Commodore. Who wrote the note, and where, and after what harassing experience? Another mystery of the sea.

Weighing European Union

THE Briand proposal of a European federation has had at least one useful effect: it has provoked a widespread discussion marked by a healthy difference of opinion. Some of the comments, as in the case of the Italian, German, and British replies to M. Briand's questionnaire, have offered searching criticisms of particular features of the plan or of the assumptions upon which it seemed to rest, while others have suggested alternative arrangements of more limited scope. Generally speaking, there appears to be no invincible opposition to the idea, but it is clear not only that the project is not to be swallowed whole or without careful study of what acceptance may imply, but that it may also be necessary to go to the roots of the existing political situation in Europe before any plan with a political character can be assured of general support.

The most serious criticism of the Briand plan thus far made is that it assumes the continuance of the political arrangements ordained by the Versailles treaty. Premier Mussolini has declared that the peace settlement is unsatisfactory, although he has not indicated wherein it should be revised. The German Government has raised the same issue, and the belief that Germany is bent upon revision has been deepened by the recent speeches of Dr. Gottfried Treviranus, Minister of Occupied Areas in the German Cabinet, denouncing the Polish corridor as a standing affront to Germany and predicting that the lands lost to Germany will some day be retaken.

It has been generally assumed that the peace settlement, misguided and vengeful as some of its provisions are now seen to have been, would have to be accepted in perpetuity because of the insuperable difficulty of changing it. The assumption, it should be pointed out, does not apply with equal force to all parts of the Versailles treaty. Some things, it must be admitted, cannot well be changed. No one would seriously urge that any of the new states which the Peace Conference created or recognized in Eastern Europe should now be deprived of their sovereignty. The reparations settlement of the Young Plan cannot with propriety be torn up now, whatever its fate may be at the hands of a later German generation that knows the World War only as fateful history. Certain territorial readjustments, on the other hand, could be made without throwing Europe into chaos or depriving the former Allies of any important fruits of their victory. Even the Paris negotiators knew that the Polish corridor was a fantastic anomaly, and that a guaranty to Poland of free-port privileges at Danzig needed no control of an illogical strip of hinterland to support it. The Polish corridor should certainly be abolished and the territorial connection between East Prussia and the rest of the Reich restored. The retention of Eupen and Malmédy by Belgium has nothing to commend it, the enforced demilitarization of the Rhine zone is only an irritating reminder of German defeat, and poverty-stricken Austria may well be allowed to unite with Germany if the peoples of the two countries so desire.

In so far as the acceptance of the Briand plan or some modification of it depends upon first allaying German resentment, we have here four points at which justice can be done whenever the former Allies are willing to do it. The other difficulties that have been raised, while also in part political, concern mainly the form or scope of the Briand plan and the relations between a European union and the League of Nations. The International Juridical Union, an unofficial body of statesmen, diplomats, and lawyers, has come forward with a recommendation that the proposed union should not be a political affair in the strict sense, but that it should be formed within the framework of the League without intruding upon League functions or duplicating League activities, and that it "should not prohibit the formation within its scope of regional groups."

On the other hand, a special committee of the European Customs Union, another unofficial organization, has just advanced a proposal for the creation of two commissions to formulate plans for developing and regulating European internal and external trade (the latter including trade with Great Britain and Ireland) and lowering or abolishing the present customs barriers. This proposal, which appears to have grown out of the World Economic Congress at Geneva, in 1927, and the agitation for a European customs union which Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has for some years been carrying on, looks to the replacement of "the present chaotic condition" of trade by an organization which shall control both production and sales, and contemplates the eventual development of something that can be called a European market. The committee emphasize the necessity of making clear that the organization of such a market would not be directed against any single state or group of states outside of Europe.

It seems a reasonable guess that neither the Briand plan nor any of these alternatives will emerge intact from the renewed discussions at Geneva. Any plan that is adopted will almost certainly be a compromise. Thus far, representatives of twenty-seven nations at Geneva have decided to put the question on the agenda of the Assembly, but only after Arthur Henderson had won the British fight to keep any new union "in complete agreement with the League of Nations." Meantime, an interesting measure of cooperation is being attained through trade treaties and regional agreements. Rumania, for example, has just concluded treaties with Great Britain and France which open markets for Rumanian raw materials and French and British manufactures, and a convention between Germany and Poland is designed to end a disastrous competition in the rye trade with Scandinavian countries. An understanding is reported to have been reached at Warsaw between Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Latvia, and Esthonia looking to the elimination of export bounties on agricultural products and, with the aid of the League, to a general amelioration of competitive conditions in agricultural trade. The recent Russo-Italian commercial convention is another case in point. With such foundations already laid, it is possible that some larger scheme of economic cooperation may in time be worked out and the idea of a political union allowed to wait.

Life Insurance

ONCE or twice within the last year we have noticed certain facts about the life-insurance companies of the United States which somewhat dim the glory of the $110,000,000,000 coverage which their 95,000,000 policies provide for 70,000,000 of us. In the September issue of the *American Mercury* Abraham Epstein, executive secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security, presents so thorough an exhibit of existing insurance evils that they can no longer be lightly ignored.

Mr. Epstein begins by recalling the insurance scandals disclosed in 1905 by the New York legislative commission of which the chief counsel was the present Chief Justice Hughes. That investigation disclosed, among other things, the following outstanding abuses in the private insurance business: (1) Nepotism, (2) excessive salaries for high officers as against starvation wages for clerks, (3) extravagant costs of writing insurance, (4) an excessive rate of lapses, (5) control of legislation and public opinion by the expenditure of large sums for lobbying. Mr. Epstein finds that outside of the last evil, the possible extent of which is unknown, all the other evils are not only being perpetuated today, but that their extravagances are more appalling than ever.

In 1928, the year for which the latest reports are available, Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, received a salary of $126,600. The president of the Metropolitan Life in 1928 was the late Haley Fiske, who drew $200,000. Frederick H. Ecker, now the president of the Metropolitan, in 1928 drew a salary of $175,000 as vice-president. Mr. Epstein shows that altogether eighty high officials of the larger insurance companies received a total salary of $3,492,000 in 1928. Contrasted with these life-insurance salaries, the presidents of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania railroads, with five and eight times the number of workers employed by the Metropolitan, received respectively only $53,550 and $57,600. The insurance prosperity shared by the higher officials apparently never quite reached the clerical staff. Late in 1927 it was stated that "a large percentage of the girl clerks start as low as $12 per week and rise from that to $16 weekly at the end of three years, while bookkeepers' salaries run from $18 to $25, rising to a maximum of $33 weekly between the tenth and twentieth year of service."

More serious than this from the point of view of the policy-holders has been the extravagant cost of writing insurance. During the 1905 investigations Vice-President Tarbell of the Equitable testified that the first year's commissions paid to agents on ordinary insurance amounted to about 60 per cent of the premiums and that the commissions on renewals ranged from 7½ to 10 per cent. A little over a year ago the superintendent of the New York State Insurance Department made a study of insurance acquisition costs. He found that the acquisition cost in ordinary insurance was 48 per cent for forty-seven New York companies, which are limited in their expenditures by law, and 75.5 per cent for 215 companies not authorized to do business in New York. The renewal expense rate was 14.3 per cent for the companies writing insurance in New York and 23.4 per cent for the other companies investigated.

Perhaps the gravest of Mr. Epstein's charges concerns the existing rate of insurance lapses. He finds that even in ordinary insurance, for every policy maturing more than two policies are either surrendered or lapsed, involving either complete or partial loss to the policy-holder; while for every dollar maturing, nearly three dollars is either surrendered or lapsed. The story of industrial insurance is even more astonishing. Of the nearly 72,000,000 industrial policies outstanding in 1928, fewer than 1,000,000, totaling $210,000,000, matured; whereas 1,760,000 to the sum of $317,000,000 were surrendered, and 5,802,000, valued at $1,594,000,000, were lapsed.

Writing in the *Weekly Underwriter,* Henry E. Niles attempts to answer Mr. Epstein's charges. He remarks that the $200,000 paid to the president of the Metropolitan is "less than one-tenth of the income of the Metropolitan for a single day"; he makes no similar comparison with the low salaries of the clerks. He holds that Mr. Epstein has made various misrepresentations; that, for example, he has compared commissions alone on old business in 1905 with "commissions and all other old business expenses" in 1927, and he asserts that if we compare the renewal premium income to the renewal commissions paid by companies operating in New York State we find that such commissions are less than 6 per cent of the premiums as compared with Mr. Epstein's figure of 14.3 per cent. Mr. Epstein quotes President Ecker of the Metropolitan as having testified that 85 per cent of the industrial policies lapse in the first year. What President Ecker actually testified, replies Mr. Niles, is the very different thing that "85 per cent of the lapses occur in the first year."

Mr. Niles's report seem to us to blunt the effect of some of Mr. Epstein's charges without reducing their essential seriousness. Insurance under private control in this country is not a matter that we can afford to feel smug about.

More Speed!

IN England a speed limit for motor vehicles has just been abolished by the passage of the new traffic bill; and at the same time we read that eleven of the American States have no legal speed limit, and twelve more, in 1929, increased the maximum speed at which a car may be driven. In these places where there is no specified rate of speed a driver may be arrested for reckless or foolhardy driving at any speed; which means that the legal machinery in these matters is merely being adjusted realistically to what is taking place on the roads every hour. If we kill 30,000 persons a year with automobiles in the United States—as last year we did—which is at the rate of about one person to every thousand cars, we are nevertheless determined to drive faster and ever faster. The old days of driving at twenty to thirty miles an hour are vanishing, even in cities. In New York to drive at the legal rate of fifteen miles an hour would invite a rebuke for obstructing traffic. Forty is the speed now, or fifty. At the same time that our cars are equipped with more powerful engines and stronger brakes, our roads are smoother, better graded, freer of dangerous curves. They invite the swift, long rush of the motor. And the motor is eager to respond.

It will be interesting to watch the results of this new system of abolishing a speed limit. It is plain that there are times when to drive at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour would be to invite disaster. On a straight, little-traveled, properly built road no sensible law would demand such a rate of speed. Yet it is true that whether or not it is due to our increasing rate, our motor fatalities are rising sharply every year. And it is equally true that on one of the main arteries leading into New York City, a highway almost twenty miles long, a maximum speed of thirty-five miles an hour is quite generally maintained. The road is heavily policed. One would like to know the cost to the city of maintaining this rate, the comparative number of accidents with other highways of similar length—and then compute the cost of policing the many hundreds of thousands of miles of roads all over the country on which cars roll twenty-four hours a day. It is evident that an effective police threat is necessary to maintain a moderate rate of speed. A simple regard for public safety will not do it.

There are, of course, other possible checks on reckless driving beside the policeman on a motor cycle. A thorough and careful reorganization of the system of licensing drivers would be one. As it is, a man or woman entirely unacquainted with the functions or limitations of a gasoline engine may, after a few tries and a perfunctory test, receive a legal permit to take this engine, pulling a couple of tons of metal and anywhere from one to six human beings, out on the public highway in competition with any number of other engines similarly equipped. In some States of the Union no driver's license of any sort is required. Not even the perfunctory test stands between the public and a reckless or incompetent driver. No schoolboy with a book knowledge of rods and levers would be permitted to take a high-powered locomotive from one station to another. But he may take a motor car through the heaviest city traffic if, in some localities, he has attained to the ripe age of sixteen. And if he violates some rule of the road and it happens to be seen by a traffic officer he is fined from three to five dollars and allowed to go his way. A recent analysis of the causes of 100,000 accidents which took place in 1929 shows that in the main they were due to "road hogging." For this no speed law is an adequate remedy. A remaking of the human spirit is required. A third of the accidents studied were due to what is called right-of-way theft—one driver driving in the lane that belongs to another. And since this may so easily come under the head of foolhardy driving, it is properly dealt with by a law that recognizes no speed limit but only recklessness.

The automobile has come upon us so suddenly that we are unprepared for it. In twenty years we have changed from a nation that walked or drove a horse to a nation that thinks nothing of riding five miles—in less than ten minutes—to fetch a loaf of bread. We are intoxicated by this new power. Every new experiment, therefore, that revises and fixes our attention on the rules of the road is a gain for us, a step in the direction of making driving a little safer. Automobile statistics may be made to prove anything. Nevertheless we must watch them. If our new laws make for more fatalities they will have to be changed. For we are probably not so callous or so careless of human life as we sometimes seem to be. And when the novelty of going fast has worn off, it will seem more important to go safely.

The Ideal Income

WHAT is the ideal income? If you could have exactly as much money every year as you wished, how much would you wish for? The London *Daily Herald* recently put the question to a group of its most distinguished readers, among them Bernard Shaw, Edgar Wallace, Mrs. Clynes, wife of the Home Secretary, Beatrice Seymour, G. K. Chesterton, Ellen Wilkinson, and Lady Duff Gordon. The answers ranged all the way from a pound-a-day minimum submitted by Mr. Wallace—who must make a large number of thousands a year writing detective stories—to Lady Duff Gordon's frank declaration that it would be terribly, terribly hard to get along comfortably on less than £6,000 a year. Mr. Shaw thought £400 ought to be satisfactory; and indeed it is interesting to note that this figure or one very near it was considered a sufficient sum by the majority of the contributors. Two thousand dollars to $2,500 a year, that is, seemed to these persons—nearly all of whom have much more—as the ideal sum for all reasonable human needs.

Gilbert Frankau quoted in his reply the statement of Mr. Micawber that the perfect income is £1 more than you spend. Walter Hackett declared the perfect income "the one which is always promising you a few luxuries and never quite giving you them." It is evident that the ideal income means just enough to free one from worry about money. It would not follow, therefore, that a very large sum would be necessary—Lady Duff Gordon's requirements of "a house in town, a cottage in the country, a good car, a holiday in Monte or elsewhere, with the needful accessories" means at once a deal of bother about living. Two houses—and a holiday from both of them; servants to manage them, mostly in their owner's absence. Life on $30,000 a year becomes complicated; you buy what you absolutely must have to maintain your standard of living and find that it costs a few thousand more than you figured to do it.

There is no more idyllic life than that depicted by George Gissing in the "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." Gissing himself knew all the economic uncertainties of the literary hack in a large city; he longed all his life for security and peace, and though he never found them, he set down in "Henry Ryecroft" his idea of a little paradise: a small house in the country; a garden, a modest and retiring housekeeper, a few books, simple, good food, and a little competence to pay for it all. He wished for no family, no "recreation," no complicated machinery of living. This simple, monastic existence must occur to every man and woman at some time in life as the best way to live. In between whiles there are the infinitely varied exigencies of common life: children, schools, rent, illness, clothes, food, fire, play, and work. The trick is to make the proceeds from the last cover all the rest, and at the same time to keep the circle of desires from pressing too close upon the hard core of necessities. The balance between poverty—which is less than you actually need—and riches—which is more than you want—is a very delicate one. In general to have less is to want less, and, as a corollary, to need less. Given certain riches of the mind, the simple life is probably best. It would be interesting to find out how many persons would choose it if they might.

Two Years of Franklin Roosevelt

By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

FOR the first time in twelve years New York State is about to have a campaign in which Alfred E. Smith is not a candidate. Two years ago Franklin Delano Roosevelt was drafted as Democratic nominee for governor. Smith had bred no successor with any prospect of being elected. Smith's friends thought that Roosevelt, with his conspicuous qualifications as a Protestant and an anti-Tammany Democrat who had held an important post in the Wilson Administration and had been the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, would strengthen Smith's candidacy in the State and would act as an antidote throughout the country to the latter's Catholicism. He ran on the platform drafted by Smith, and the basic appeal of the campaign waged for him was the continuation of the excellent Smith administration and the safeguarding and consolidation of the Smith reforms.

That situation of 1928 seems strangely unrelated to this of 1930. Already one of the first of the potential Democratic nominees for President in 1932, Franklin Roosevelt is back in public life with the intention of staying as long as the electorate will accept him. And the record upon which he will stand or fall this November is indisputably his own.

In his extension and elaboration of the Smith program he has swerved perceptibly to the left. His speeches and messages consistently reveal a liberal attitude toward social and economic problems. Most people who talk with him, I believe, are convinced that he thinks political issues are much more than mere ammunition for campaigns and that the social order can be improved immensely by political action. No one can observe him, at the same time, without realizing that he is a staunch partisan, frankly diligent in strengthening the party organization, and that he enjoys immensely the game of "practical politics."

The chief items in his program having more than local interest are public development, operation, and transmission of the hydro-electric resources of the St. Lawrence River, drastic limitation of the profits of public utilities, and old-age pensions. Recently he added State unemployment insurance. As secondary items may be listed modernization of local government, reform of the administration of justice with the assistance of laymen, and prison reform, which he and the Republicans alike took up actively last winter after three serious riots in State prisons.

Cheaper electricity, especially for the householder and the farmer, through development of the St. Lawrence and the restoration of the State's regulatory power over public utilities, is the reform which he apparently intends to emphasize most in his campaign for reelection. He has not as yet presented any completely formulated plan of his own for solving the complex public-utility question. Last spring he supported his three liberal appointees to a commission to revise the State's public-service-commission law. Their basic proposal was the substitution of "prudent investment cost" for "reproduction cost" as the chief element in evaluating public-utility properties and the fixing of rates through compulsory contracts limiting earnings to the amount actually required to attract capital. With this went the recommendation that the establishment of competing municipal and regional electrical plants be facilitated.

Wet Democrats, which means most Democrats in New York, have been concerned by his persistent silence upon the subject of prohibition. He was elected upon a wet platform and there is no doubt that the party platform this year will propose repeal or amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment. But he has evaded every effort to force a declaration of his own views, and many persons, especially those who knew Mrs. Roosevelt as an active dry before her husband became governor, think that he is a dry. Unkind critics attribute his silence to his Presidential ambitions. The only certainty in this enigma is that, so far, he has not wanted to be identified as the leader of either side in the prohibition controversy.

In attempting to translate his policies into action, Governor Roosevelt, like Governor Smith, has enjoyed the disadvantages and advantages of a Republican legislature. Almost without exception the Republican leaders of the legislature have an intense personal dislike for him, which they did not have for Al Smith, merciless as he was to them in the public arena. They accuse Mr. Roosevelt of trickiness. Much of this is, I think, because he harries them in small ways. Smith saved his blows for the big issues; many things were ironed out quietly in conferences in his office. There have been very few such conferences in the Roosevelt administration.

Some members of Governor Roosevelt's own party, it must be recorded, have been heard to complain that he is indecisive or fickle. I think his propensity for discoursing freely about what he wants to do before he has weighed all the practical considerations involved is partly responsible for this criticism. I have no doubt that in many instances visitors to his office have read unwarranted meaning into the singularly engaging Roosevelt smile. He is likely to use it even when he says "no." Once in a while he invites criticism by seemingly inordinate delay in taking action; to wit, his failure, until August, to name the membership of his water-power commission created in the spring with instructions to report next January 15.

Governor Roosevelt's first encounter with the legislature, in 1929, ended with little glory for either side. Its most important feature was a prolonged fight over the meaning in practice of the Executive Budget, a Smith reform effective for the first year, which finally went to the courts. The Governor's contention that the Republicans were attempting to nullify the Executive Budget was sustained later in the year by the decision of the Court of Appeals. The Republicans consoled themselves with the thought, probably correct, that the electorate had little interest in the whole affair. Apart from this controversy the session produced a series of "farm relief" measures, consisting mostly of a shift in taxation, accompanied by a two-cent gasoline tax, and of assumption by the State of various local expenditures. As soon as they realized that Governor Roosevelt was threatening to effect a coup d'etat by "relieving" the rural regions of the

State, the Republicans took up the idea with great fervor and competed furiously with him in devising bigger and better "farm relief."

The 1930 session was generally described as the most "fruitful" in many years. The Republicans made a gallant effort to throw off their accumulated reputation for bourbonism, heaped upon them in years of unsuccessful resistance to Democratic reforms. They gave the Governor at least a little of everything he asked. They gave him complete freedom in the selection of a commission of five to work out a plan for development of the St. Lawrence power. The commission is instructed to investigate first State development and operation and, only if this is found impracticable, to consider "other plans." They introduced bills to renovate public-utility regulation, conservative in comparison to the Democratic proposals but radical enough to alarm the public utilities. Most of them were emasculated before reaching the Governor, but a few minor improvements survived.

Among the other products of the session were State pensions for needy persons more than 70 years old; an independent parole board, with a large staff of investigators, and a commission to study prison reform; a judicial reform commission including the laymen whom the Republicans had refused to allow on it the year before; most of organized labor's program, advocated for years by the Democrats; and approval of a $50,000,000 bond issue for construction of hospitals and prisons, which the Republicans had refused the year before. (This must be approved by popular vote in November.)

How the electorate will allocate the credit for these accomplishments remains to be seen. Governor Roosevelt has continued to lash the Republicans for the pitiful inadequacy of their public utility and pension bills and to depict them relentlessly as unwilling and insincere converts to progressive legislation. Republican hopes of better treatment elsewhere were jolted late in August when William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, in an extraordinarily eulogistic letter, asked that Governor Roosevelt be reelected, giving his "personal inspiration and leadership" full credit for the new labor laws. "Labor has very seldom secured the enactment of so many measures which so favorably affect their economic, social, and industrial welfare during a single session of a legislative body," he wrote.

Governor Roosevelt inherited a smooth-running administration. He retained most of Governor Smith's department heads, including, against bitter protests from within his party, Colonel Frederick Stuart Greene, superintendent of public works, an independent Republican noted for his contempt for politicians. Governor Roosevelt did venture to suggest to Greene, I believe, that some of his subordinates in highway work were getting all their pick-and-shovel men through local Republican leaders and that he ought to take his department "out of politics" by making them hire some Democrats. Whether Greene took this advice or not, I do not know. There has been no noticeable abatement of the opposition to him.

Governor Roosevelt's own cabinet appointments, as vacancies have occurred, have been, with two exceptions, nonpolitical and have been widely approved. Perhaps his most notable accomplishment was the conversion of the utility-minded majority of the Public Service Commission into a minority. Chairman William A. Prendergast, an avowed champion of "reproduction cost," whose conduct of the commission had been under the fire of liberal groups for years, resigned after the Governor instructed him to "resist" higher telephone rates filed by the New York Telephone Company. The Governor appointed Milo R. Maltbie, an independent Democrat, who served on the original Hughes Public Service Commission, and who has since been an expert adviser to municipalities in rate cases. Under him the commission appears to be intent upon positive regulation of the utilities, in so far as present legislation and the decisions of the United States Supreme Court will permit.

Governor Roosevelt has no group of intimate advisers of the ability of Governor Smith's "kitchen cabinet." Exceptions must be made for Mrs. Roosevelt, concerning whose influence one can only guess, and Lieutenant Governor Lehman, a man of keen judgment and of an unusual social outlook. But neither is in a position to do the work that was done for Governor Smith by Belle Moskowitz, Robert Moses, Joseph M. Proskauer, and Bernard L. Shientag.

In the first months of the Roosevelt administration there was a scandal involving the Superintendent of Banks, an appointee of Governor Smith's whose term had not expired. During the ensuing summer and fall came a series of prison riots which inevitably led to charges of inefficiency against the Commissioner of Correction and, to a lesser extent, against the Department of Public Works. The Republicans held a prison investigation last winter, but found these two departments little more culpable than were the years of neglect and indifference by the Executive, the legislature, and the public. It is worthy of note that in the handling of both of these administrative troubles Colonel Lehman played a decisive part. As Acting Governor he ordered the Moreland Act investigation of the Banking Department which led to the conviction of Superintendent Warder for the acceptance of a bribe and to the resignation of a judge, and he directed the successful quelling of the most serious Auburn riot, when the mutinous convicts had the warden as a hostage.

When he became governor, Mr. Roosevelt announced that he was going to restore Democratic morale in up-State New York, especially in the small towns and rural districts which Smith left uncultivated. He has worked assiduously at that task—with his "farm relief," incessantly advertised by an efficient news bureau, with extensive personal tours, and with a considerable amount of petty patronage, including appointments to purely honorary posts on hospital boards.

The Governor's relations with Tammany Hall and with the other units of the Democratic organization in New York City cannot be defined simply. He took as his Secretary of the State Edward J. Flynn, Democratic leader of the Bronx, who had been and still is closer than any other of the city leaders to Al Smith. Of Smith himself he has seen little, especially since Tammany retired Smith and his friends to the sidelines by making John F. Curry its leader. Until very recently at least Governor Roosevelt has been on cordial terms with Curry and with John H. McCooey, Democratic boss of Brooklyn. Apparently they have been entirely satisfied with a reasonable share of appointments, mostly minor. In making these, and in filling temporary vacancies on the bench, he has usually taken the man recommended by the organization, but since the courts within the city began to come under fire he has become more wary. He made Curry withdraw one designee for appointment to the

Supreme Court and give him another one, selected by himself. In another case he made his choice and told Curry about it afterward. Both men were members of the organization, but not of the predominant faction. Both McCooey and Curry, especially the latter, have assisted in allaying factional disorders in the party up-State.

Unfortunately for Governor Roosevelt's peaceful enjoyment of this friendly, though not intimate, relationship, an increasing number of scandals in the administration and in the courts of New York City evoked a rising demand for investigation by the State. In its early stages this demand was largely a Republican effort to put the Governor in a hole by forcing him to choose between alienating Tammany Hall and being called subservient to it. The Republican legislature substantiated this interpretation by failing during the spring to undertake a legislative investigation—the customary method—of the conditions which they thought so shocking. Since then, whenever pinned down, they have confessed that they have no intention of undertaking their own investigation, though they would be only too glad to empower Governor Roosevelt to make one.

Additional revelations, especially those involving the magistrates' courts and charges that judicial appointments and nominations are bought and sold as in the days of Croker, coupled with the obviously feeble investigative efforts of the local officials, put a large body of independent opinion behind the demand for intervention by the State. A few weeks ago Governor Roosevelt suddenly ordered the Republican attorney general of the State to supersede District Attorney Crain of New York County in the case of Magistrate Ewald, in which Mrs. Ewald testified that she made an unsecured "loan" of $10,000 to a Tammany district leader about the time her husband was appointed a magistrate. He also requested the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and they agreed, to investigate the magistrates' courts of Manhattan and the Bronx.

The scope of these inquiries is considerably less than the Republican agitators and many influential independent groups, including the City Bar Association, think is necessary. It is broad enough, however, to worry Tammany Hall, which, as far as one can discover, had no warning that Governor Roosevelt was about to intervene. It is too early, as this is written, to foresee how his action will affect his chances of reelection. Certainly he has made some enemies within the organization. The tendency to vent resentment against this intrusion upon election day will probably be stemmed by the Republican choice of Federal Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, who has unearthed most of the recent scandals, as their nominee for Governor. The prospect of a Republican governor in Albany is not appetizing to Tammany just now.

From all the controversy about him which will be summarized during the campaign, Governor Roosevelt has conclusively removed one factor: any fear that his physical handicap detracts from his efficiency and activity as a governor. The opposition naturally played upon this fear in 1928, attempting to depict him as a sort of invalid; and to a milder degree even some of his supporters had misgivings. He has proved himself not only a prodigious worker but one of the most mobile governors in the history of the State. In his arduous summer good-will tours of the State he has worn out his staff and newspaper correspondents, but not himself. The energy which he uses in propelling himself must be a drain on his large frame, but it is not revealed either in his health or in his temper. He was markedly fresher at the end of his second legislative session than at the end of his first. He has surmounted his handicap so handsomely that it can no longer be a feature in his campaign.

Revolt in Peru

By ARNOLD ROLLER

A MELODRAMA by no means rare in Latin-American politics marked the career of Augusto B. Leguia from beginning to end. More than fifty years ago he was an obscure sergeant in the Peruvian army, serving in the war against Chile. Part of his middle manhood was spent in performing the humble tasks of an insurance salesman. From 1909 to 1912 he served his first term as president of Peru. Then, pressed by enemies on all sides, he went into voluntary exile, working in the United States and England, heading or organizing Latin-American chambers of commerce or managing Latin-American export departments for large firms. In 1919, back in Peru once more, he led a revolt of the gendarmerie, seized absolute power, and wielded it with an iron hand until about a fortnight ago when two military cliques, operating in Lima and Arequipa, bowled him over. Today the dictator who crushed all opposition and had himself "reelected" so as to maintain his dictatorship for eleven consecutive years is jailed on the barren island of San Lorenzo in Callao harbor, where he confined his political foes.

The rise and fall of Leguia, picturesque as it may be, is merely a surface manifestation of an intense social struggle, for Peru, like other Latin-American countries, is actually dominated by a handful of landowners resting on the backs of the Indian peasants who make up the bulk of the population. The feudal aristocracy furnishes Peru's diplomats, jurists, editors, and army officers who govern a mass sunk in poverty and ignorance and bitterly combat the opposition of the middle classes, the peasants, and the workers.

Within the landowning class and among the army officers there are mutually inimical cliques continually battling for power and prestige, for the money as well as the honor that goes with public office. For seven years after Leguia's first term as president there were repeated revolts and presidential changes. Leguia watched these conflicts from abroad and in them saw his opportunity. He returned to Lima and in 1919 succeeded in winning over the dissatisfied elements of various political parties. More important, he gained the support of the gendarmerie whose chiefs had been excluded from a share in the spoils obtained by army officers in previous rebellions. With the gendarmes behind him Leguia seized power eleven years ago. The change he

inaugurated might be characterized as a change from a permanently unstable rule of many warring factions of landed aristocrats and political and military chieftains to the rule of one strong dictator.

As so often happens in history, Leguia seized power under democratic slogans, appealing to the masses against the landowners. It was not long, however, before Leguia began to consolidate his own power by the usual means. Freedom of the press was entirely abolished; only newspapers supporting the dictatorship of Leguia could be published. All political parties opposing Leguia's will were suppressed. For the sake of appearances a parliament was maintained; only candidates designated in advance by Leguia could be "elected" to it. Peru's legal political activities centered in three "parties," the Constitutional Party, the Democratic Party, and the Democratic Reform Party; but the political and economic programs of these three parties were identical; their sole and common aim was to support Leguia, thus securing political jobs for their leaders. Through these jobs, and the graft involved in them, Leguia was able for a long time to unite the various warring factions of the landowners, the army officers, and the upper bourgeoisie. Graft increased with the influx of American millions, for Leguia obtained extensive loans from abroad, especially from the United States.

As in the case of other Latin-American countries, these loans became a means for American domination. Foreign investments in Peru are estimated at about $400,000,000, of which about $250,000,000 represents American capital and $125,000,000 British capital. More than 70 per cent of Peru's total external debt is owed to the United States. The British own most of the railways; the Americans control the copper and vanadium mines and the oil fields.

There was another reason why Leguia was able for so long to unite hostile groups under his aegis and to maintain internal peace. The conflict between Chile and Peru over the unsettled question of Tacna and Arica made it easy to appeal to patriotism and to call for a united nation against the common foe and against the constant danger of war. Leguia's strength lay in the existence of the Tacna-Arica conflict; his weakness came with its solution last year by the United States. Arica was assigned to Chile; Tacna, which is insignificant economically and strategically, was assigned to Peru. This solution infuriated the Peruvian militarists and chauvinists who had hoped to obtain Arica as well as Tacna. They talked of "our Alsace-Lorraine," and looked askance at Leguia as one who had betrayed their interests. More than anything else, perhaps, the Tacna-Arica settlement weakened Leguia's influence in the army.

Leguia gave the chauvinists, as well as the liberals, another opening. In return for American loans he had to give American bankers "guaranties." These "guaranties" consisted of turning over important branches of Peru's administration to Americans. Thus Americans administered Peru's customs service; an American mission ran Peru's navy and aviation corps; an American mission, acting "on behalf" of the Peruvian government, administered tax collections; an American financial expert drew up Peru's budget; legislation involving the exploitation of oil fields and copper mines was drawn up to favor the foreign companies to the detriment of Peru's interests. Leguia's laws and the American tax collectors saw to it that foreign-controlled oil and mining and American industries in general were almost entirely exempt from taxation. A concession of more than 500,000 hectares of oil lands was handed over to the Standard Oil Company. In short, Leguia's enemies had no difficulty in proving that he had sold Peru to the Americans. But they could not say so publicly. All opposition to Leguia's handing over the natural resources of Peru to American finance and placing the country under the imperialist control of the United States was crushed. Oppositionists were imprisoned without trial or deported to the barren island of San Lorenzo where hundreds of political prisoners of all shades of opinions, from reactionary army officers to communists and anarchists, were allowed to rot for years and to succumb to heat, thirst, and starvation.

Under such circumstances it was natural that among Leguia's most persistent opponents should be middle-class students and the workers. Until a few years ago the workers were mainly under anarchist and anarcho-syndicalist influence. Consequently they were averse to a direct political struggle against Leguia. They maintained that it was a waste of effort to replace one feudal or bourgeois regime with another. The university students, however, followed another line. They were members of the ruling classes, more directly interested in the immediate overthrow of a regime which they hoped to replace with their own leaders under different slogans. The Peruvian student movement, liberal and anti-clerical in its creed, was much like the student movements which have been active in recent years against the dictators of Cuba, Bolivia, and Chile.

In the Latin-American student movement Peruvian students have taken the lead. Haya de la Torre, a Peruvian student, was the organizer of a widespread Latin-American students' organization known as APRA (Association for American Revolution). In 1919, at the beginning of Leguia's dictatorship, Peruvian students took to the barricades in a struggle against the church, which had a profound effect on students in other Latin-American countries. Leguia leaned on the Catholic church not only because of its "spiritual" power over the masses but, more important, because it is probably the largest landowner in Peru. In order to cement his alliance with the clericals Leguia decided in 1919 "solemnly to dedicate Peru to the sacred heart of Jesus." This would have meant increasing the power of clericals and the Pope with corresponding changes in the constitution and emblems of Peru. The university students protested. They staged violent demonstrations in the streets of Lima, seized the university, and engaged in bloody clashes with the police and with monks who, concealed in the belfries of the churches, fired at students in the street. Student opposition compelled Leguia to abandon his intention of dedicating Peru to the sacred heart of Jesus; instead he dedicated it to the American bankers.

This seemed less objectionable as long as gold kept flowing into Peru from the bank vaults of New York. But recently Peru, like most of the world, was caught in the grip of economic depression. The prices of cotton, sugar, wool, copper, and other exports in which Peru's ruling classes are interested declined sharply. Leguia was compelled to abolish export taxes totaling $100,000 per month. The export taxes collected during the first half of this year were $360,000 below the taxes collected during the first half of last year and $400,000 below the budgetary estimate for 1930. The

total customs revenues collected during the first half of this year were $1,400,000 below the total for the first half of last year. Though the copper mines are owned by Americans and constitute no direct contribution to Peruvian revenues, the copper slump on the world market resulted in the restriction of production and tremendous unemployment in Peruvian mines, thus rendering the general economic depression even more acute. Because of this crisis, loans recently authorized by the Peruvian parliament could not be raised abroad. The government faced the possibility of a deficit; the salaries of army officers were threatened, and the military, already disgruntled by the Tacna-Arica settlement, now had personal grievances against the dictator.

In this critical situation any revolt of the middle classes would inevitably have been supported by the oppressed and exploited peasants and workers. Nevertheless the peasants and workers played an inconspicuous role in the late coup which deposed Leguia. Peru has about 5,000,000 inhabitants. About 50 per cent of these are full-blooded Indians very few of whom understand Spanish. They are nearly all illiterate, and speak only Quetchua, the language of the Inca period. About one-third of Peru's population are mestizos; 4 per cent are Negroes, Chinese, and mixtures such as Negro-Indians, Chinese-Indians, and Negro-Chinese. About 13 per cent of the entire population claims to be white. It is these whites who govern Peru. At the bottom of the social scale are the Indians, 90 per cent of whom are peasants in various states of direct or indirect slavery to the landowners. The Indian peasants are kept in poverty, slavery, and ignorance by different systems of taxation and by a road conscription law which compels all Indians to work for two weeks every year at road labor without any compensation whatsoever. During these two weeks of road slavery the Indian peasants are even compelled to provide their own food. In addition to compulsory road labor, the Indian peasants are subject to compulsory military service as well as to a special kind of forced unpaid domestic service to the landlords for several weeks every year. They are forcibly recruited for this service by the local authorities, despite the fact that personal servitude (known in Peru and Bolivia as *pongeaje*) has been abolished by law. Another form of forced labor to which the Indian peasants are subject is the *yanaconazgo,* under which all the children of the tenants of big landowners are forced to give unpaid personal service and are forbidden to leave the landowner's district. Peasants working on the estates of the big landowners are usually paid in the products of the soil. The Indian almost never sees currency.

In some districts of Peru there still prevails the ancient *ayllus* or community lands of the Indians which they cultivate according to the system of family communism, either by distributing the products of common work or by allotting certain tracts to each family in the community. Under the latter system tracts of land are redistributed when the size of the family changes but in no case can the family sell or give away its tracts. However, these remnants of the *ayllus* are continually being expropriated by the church and by the big landowners.

The dark slavery under which he lives has embittered the Indian peasant against his exploiters. In 1914 more than 70,000 Indian peasants revolted under the leadership of a former Indian army sergeant who proclaimed himself the new Inca. The rebellious peasants demanded the return of their lands and the reestablishment of the *ayllus.* The government in that year killed about 2,000 peasants and crushed the revolt. Despite this defeat the Indians organized the Federación Regional Indígena, which, under the leadership of Indiophile intellectuals, called a congress at Lima in 1924. This congress demanded the abolition of road conscription and of *pongeaje,* the reestablishment of the *ayllus,* and the opening of schools among the Indians. The government sent representatives to the congress and with that considered its duty fulfilled. Nothing was done to relieve the distress.

The struggle of the workers has been more persistent. Peru has had a small labor movement for more than forty years, mainly under the influence of Spanish anarchists who were the precursors of anarcho-syndicalism. About ten years ago communist groups were formed among the workers and there were a number of big strikes in the textile factories and copper mines with varying results. The textile workers, after a series of bloody strikes, succeeded in reducing the working day, which lasted from 6 o'clock in the morning until midnight, to eight hours. In 1919 the first nation-wide trade-union federation (the anarchist Federación Obrera Regional Peruana) was organized. It lasted until 1921 when it was replaced by the Federación Obrera Local de Lima, under communist and syndicalist influence.

Peru has about 19,000 organized workers, but there is no regularly published labor press. From time to time small sheets appear, published by anarchist groups or by revolutionary trade unions. These are promptly suppressed. For several years the outstanding revolutionary publication of Peru was *Amauta,* which is the Quetchua word for "dispenser of wisdom." This magazine, published by the brilliant Marxist writer José Carlos Mariateguí, had a profound influence on Peruvian intellectuals and on Latin-American intellectuals in general. *Amauta* defended the interests of the Indian peasants and the workers, and expressed the ideas of the Spanish-American youth who desired to revive the Indian influence in art and thought. Mariateguí, who called himself a Communist, also published a newspaper called *Labor* which was more directly concerned with the struggles of the working class. Both these publications were repeatedly suppressed. Leguia hampered the work of Mariateguí and his fellow-intellectuals at every step. This year Mariateguí prepared to go into voluntary exile, but died before he could leave Peru. With him died both of his publications.

Leguia's harsh repressive measures against the workers, peasants, and intellectuals intensified opposition in those quarters. The students were encouraged by the recent overthrow of the Siles dictatorship in Bolivia, and demonstrated against Leguia in the streets of Lima. These demonstrations were violently broken up. Many students were imprisoned on the rocky island of San Lorenzo. Such repressive measures, however, could not solve Peru's economic crisis. About a month ago Leguia was compelled to explain to parliament that Peru was facing acute financial difficulties. The budgets of 1929 and 1930 showed heavy deficits and there seemed to be no way of covering them by new loans or taxes. This announcement added to the student, peasant, and worker opposition the opposition of certain army officers and government officials who saw in the budget deficit the threat of receiving no pay.

The rest was inevitable, though the actual crash came with dramatic suddenness. On August 20 news came that the garrison of Arequipa in the south of Peru, the second largest city in the land, had revolted under the leadership of Lieutenant Colonel Luis Sanchez Cerro. The rebels arrested the prefect and civil officials serving Leguia and captured an American mercenary commanding Leguia's air forces whom they accuse of having attempted to bomb Arequipa. When news of the revolt reached Lima, army officers in the capital, hoping to profit by the uprising of the southern group, compelled Leguia to resign and took over the government. Until then the Lima officers had been among the staunchest supporters of Leguia. Their action following the Arequipa revolt can only be interpreted as an attempt to seize power over the head of Sanchez Cerro and continue Leguia's policies without Leguia. The Lima junta consisted almost exclusively of Leguia's friends. Meantime, however, the Arequipa group organized its own junta, and for a time there was danger of a conflict, even a civil war, between the military groups of Lima and Arequipa. Such a struggle was averted by the firm attitude of Sanchez Cerro who refused to recognize the Lima junta and compelled it to turn over the power to him. The revolt against Leguia was brief. Today the fallen dictator is held on San Lorenzo, and Sanchez Cerro controls the government. Leguia's parliament is dissolved. A number of his supporters have been arrested. Most of his diplomatic corps has been dismissed and replaced by new men.

Sanchez Cerro's military government enters power with the usual democratic slogans. It has promised constitutional liberties, free press, free assembly, and free elections. All political prisoners jailed by Leguia have been released. The junta has reestablished the autonomy of the university and the right of the students to choose their own professors, deans, and organizations. But such liberal professions are often only the prelude to fascist-military dictatorships. The liberal army revolt of 1925 in Chile culminated in the dictatorship of Ibañez. Leguia himself knew how to juggle liberal phrases at the beginning of his regime. Already the new military junta under Sanchez Cerro has indicated that no fundamental changes need be expected in Peru. A group of workers greeted Sanchez Cerro, demanding relief measures for the unemployed. The new ruler pleaded for time to reorganize the government and omitted all reference to the demand of the workers. On the other hand, he has announced that he would continue to maintain the bonds that unite Peru and the United States. Sanchez Cerro has outlined no program for the solution of Peru's fundamental problem; the Indian peasant has received no word of encouragement from the new regime regarding land, road conscription, and personal servitude. The new clique of army officers, anxious, as it has announced, for Peru's national "integrity" (Tacna-Arica), has nothing to say to the mass of the Peruvian population, the oppressed peasants and workers.

Where Workmen's Compensation Fails

By HOWARD S. CULLMAN

THE adoption of workmen's compensation insurance in forty-four of our States has to a large extent made industry responsible for the care and remuneration of the injured. The theory which made the enactment of the laws possible was that the premiums charged were to be sufficient to pay for the adequate and impartial treatment of those covered by this insurance. There can be no denying the value of the protection thus offered to labor, but unfortunately in many of our States under the present status of these laws abuses have crept in which have greatly diminished their benefits. Legal machinery is necessarily slow whether in our industrial commissions or in our municipal, State, and federal courts. When such delays, however, mean loss of income for a protracted period, these agencies have to a large extent cooperated in speeding up the machinery so that the injured need not be penalized by undue delays.

The weakness of existing laws is due to the fact that corporations for gain have entered the field of writing workmen's compensation insurance and many have been more interested in balance sheets showing a profit than in patients showing the benefits of proper treatment. Under this kind of commercialization as practiced by some companies the best professional treatment is not encouraged, the public and not industry bears the burden of the major cost, and the injured are not fairly represented before the commission.

Let us take the case of Sam Jones, a New York City printer, who has broken his leg while working at a press. He is referred to the nearest hospital for care. There a surgeon gives him professional treatment, and he is afforded hospital bed care until he can walk. Irrespective of the excellence of the professional treatment or the reputation of the attending surgeon, he is then usually ordered by the insurance company to discontinue further treatment in that hospital and to report to a commercial clinic or to the clinic of the insurance company which has written his policy. After a course of treatment, this case comes before a referee of the industrial commission for adjustment. The main witness for the injured is the surgeon employed by the insurance company financially interested in the verdict.

Let us see how far this typical case goes astray from the intent of the law, which was designed for the protection of labor. To begin with, the hospital to which Jones was sent, if in New York City, receives from this insurance company a maximum of $4.50 a day for his bed care. The average cost of this care in private hospitals, without considering interest on investment or depreciation, is over $7 a day. Thus the institution is contributing $2.50 a day for the treatment of Jones for the benefit of the insurance company's stockholders, and then it waits from three to six months or more to be reimbursed. The difference between what the private hospitals receive from the insurance companies and the actual cost amounts annually to millions of dollars. Insurance companies know this, and one prominent company has gone so far as to take to the Appellate Division of the State of New York the question of the right of a private hospital, supported by contributions, to charge for a

compensation case more than the charity-ward rate of $3.50 a day.

Let us assume that Jones has received good professional care at the hospital from a reputable surgeon, who has not only become acquainted with the injured leg but who knows the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of the patient. On what basis was Jones transferred to a commercial or insurance clinic? Not for better treatment, but because the insurance company calculates that by employing its own surgeons and physicians by the week or making special arrangements with commercial clinics it can save money. While at the hospital the patient received care from physicians and surgeons connected with the institution because of their experience and clinical knowledge. It is doubtful whether the commercial clinics with their offers of a weekly or monthly salary can attract as high-class men as those who devote so much of their time to our leading hospitals. But to save a few dollars Jones is sent to the insurance company's clinic where the sequence of his treatment is interrupted and he becomes a new case. Finally Jones appears before the commission for a settlement of his claim. The medical testimony is offered by an employee of the insurance company financially interested in this adjustment. It is evident in this case (and there are hundreds of thousands of them) that the public, not the insurance company, pays the hospital deficit in the case of Jones, that the change in surgeons and in medical care is made for the benefit of the insurance company, and that Jones is denied the opportunity of having an impartial witness before the commission. Many of the leading physicians and surgeons refuse to handle compensation cases. As one of them told me: "I'll treat them free as charity patients, but I refuse to have insurance companies send sleek adjusters to my office to try to shave off my bills." The medical representative of a very important insurance company actually registered a complaint that a certain hospital kept fracture cases three-tenths of a day longer than other institutions handling similar work. When asked what their statistics showed as to the recoveries and results he admitted that his company did not keep this kind of statistics.

One of the largest and most prominent hospitals in the city of New York refuses to handle any compensation cases, because it does not care to ask for private contributions for the benefit of insurance company stockholders. The companies have been unwilling to pay this institution actual cost for the cases coming under their policies. Another private hospital whose work consists largely of compensation cases was compelled within the last month to close its doors, because of a large operating deficit incurred in handling these cases.

Workmen's compensation laws should be readjusted to insure:

1. The reimbursement to private and municipal hospitals of the cost of caring for workmen's compensation cases. If present premiums are insufficient they should be raised.

2. The encouragement of the best professional care of the patients.

3. The limitation of insurance company clinics affording treatment and professional care to cases where the recovery of the patient or the settlement of his claim are matters in which these companies have a profit-making interest.

4. The elimination of the adjuster who, by cutting down hospital or professional charges, endeavors to make a better financial showing for his company.

5. The elimination of private and secret settlements with the injured, which usually deprive labor of its legal and full claim. These settlements are usually accepted by the injured because of his ignorance of his full rights.

6. The substitution of affidavits in place of the personal appearance of the physicians and surgeons before the industrial commission. Their time is too valuable to be wasted in non-professional activities.

A committee representing private hospitals in New York City has recently been formed which will endeavor to do away with many of the present existing abuses in the operation of the workmen's compensation law. This committee is at present getting first-hand information from the various hospitals. Conferences with representative medical and surgical societies, the State Department of Labor, and the insurance companies will follow.

Even under the present system, with its possibilities of abuse, several of our leading insurance companies have operated under the spirit of the law and have not taken advantage of the many technical evasions their competitors in this field have capitalized. The hospital committee believes that the number may be increased by definite recommendations based on definite findings, and by the cooperation of the medical profession and State agencies. Labor may then hope to receive the protection and care to which it is entitled under our workmen's compensation laws.

Segregation de Luxe

By GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD

RACIAL segregation as it affects the American Negro has moved forward. From the successful establishment of a code fixing how and where he shall live, move, and have his being in the social and economic world, it now proceeds to regulate what he shall think and how he shall express himself artistically. This later movement receives most encouragement from a school of the Negro's well-wishers who maintain that he has a characteristic and valuable contribution to make to civilization. They contend that his history of African origins, slave experiences, latter-day struggle for bread and butter, barrel-house capers, and material advancement is found not only in tradition and documents but it is also subtly recorded—jungle life and all—in his very blood. From it are to be created forms that will reveal undreamed-of depths of feeling. This is the argument of those "friends" of the Negro who say he will yet give to the world a glorious spiritual gift. The result is to confine the artistic efforts of Negroes to something miscalled "Negro art." As he knows Negro life best, these friends assume that he knows that life only, despite his inevitable and intimate daily contact with all phases of American civilization. He therefore can and should express himself effectively only in terms of that knowledge.

This point of view colors nearly all critical estimates of Negro performance in music, literature, the theater, and the pictorial arts. When Roland Hayes includes in his program French, German, or Italian lyrics, his audience in amused surprise receives these numbers with moderate appreciation,

but reserves its enthusiasm for "He never said a mumblin' word." Were he to omit the "spirituals" just once, would not the critics lament that omission with such unanimity as to suggest that something significantly, perhaps indispensably, a part of his art had been abandoned? Would he not be advised to stick to the Negro melodies as the worth-while part of his work? And would it not be insinuated—of course, with charming phrase and suave compliment—that Negroes are only second rate in "Aïda" but inimitable in "Go down Moses"? It is doubtful that any black concert singer, no matter how superbly gifted, could be successfully launched in America unless he catered to the standards set for him as a Negro artist. His talent is thought most luminous and gratifying when engaged with the "songs of his race."

Similarly, one suspects that all the wordy newspaper flubdub about Paul Robeson's Othello is not so much intended to show that a dusky Desdemona should receive his kisses as that Shakespeare is somewhat ambitious for a Negro. Now "Porgy" or "The Green Pastures" or "Hallelujah"—in these vivid and poignant portrayals of the naked emotions of pagan Negroes black performers reach the peak of sensational acclaim because such plays furnish the proper vehicles for their histrionic skill! The more pretentious musical revues staged by Negroes are frequently described as "white revues" with brown-skinned casts, although the lazy, shuffling comedian is always conceded to be all darky. As a stovepipe-hatted God Almighty, chewing a big cigar at a fish fry, Harrison is incomparable. As an ermine-robed Henry VIII, ruthlessly dispatching queen after queen, he would be imitating white actors, attempting a role beyond his ability, or a complete failure, according to the temperature of the particular reviewer's racial bias. Which is again to say that Negroes should portray only those characters they best delineate, the best always being decided for them by outsiders as "primitive" Negro characters.

In literature the same tendency to restrict Negroes to Negro life, and preferably the more sordid and disgusting phases of that life, is evident. Probably Carl Van Vechten with his "Nigger Heaven" set the standard. Julia Peterkin in "Black April" maintained it. Sundry Negro writers have accepted it and carry it on. Hence we have a torrential rush of the petty rascality and sexual promiscuity of Southern plantations, mills, and camps; the intrigues and erotic exploits of panders and perverts of modern urban life; and the knife and gun encounters of gin-crazed, crap-shooting nomads. This flood of literary scum should be rated as mere gutter wash by ordinary standards, but by those judging "Negro art" it is a highly significant outpouring.

But more disturbing still is the attitude which Negroes believe dominates the policy of the magazines and periodicals. It is thought that no editor will consider for publication the manuscript of a writer known to be a Negro unless that manuscript deals with a topic about Negroes, and the more nearly the manuscript presents them as buffoons and rakes the more likely is it to be accepted. Negroes ask why is it that the caricatures of the Octavus Roy Cohen variety are more readily printed than genuine fictional studies of Negro social life. Why does one never see in our magazines articles by individuals known to be Negroes dealing with any of America's larger human questions—say the tariff, farm relief, prohibition, power control, communism, civil liberty, unemployment? Are not Negroes Americans? Must Negroes write only about Negroes to write acceptably? Certain it is that such Negro writings as have appeared in the more serious periodicals are about some aspect of the Negro's relation to American civilization. When these are caustic criticism of the Negro's foibles or raucously treat his manners they seem the more desirable. But to Negroes it is astounding and laughable that the popular periodicals print trash about low-living blacks which is accepted as perspicacious exposition of the Negro's interesting primitive emotions and habits of living.

Less effective thus far has been this limitation in the pictorial arts, but even here it is gaining strength. The critics approve outlandish sculptured ebony grotesques, praise a canvas depicting loutish river Negroes strumming banjoes, and laud the bizarre drawing of black cabaret dancers locked in hip-revolving gymnastics. Philadelphia fears some calamitous result from the public exhibition of Salemme's nude of Paul Robeson, yet at the Sesqui-Centennial was displayed a squatting effigy of a naked bulbous-hipped African matron. The refinement of execution of the work of many Negroes honestly seeking to reproduce the beauty and warmth they feel in the colors and forms of their own people remains almost unnoticed; while the attempt to fix in stone or paint any of nature's gorgeous offerings would probably be discouraged as quite beyond the Negro's capabilities, as likely to result in only a poor imitation of what whites do.

The Negro feels a pressure tending to bar him from the field of art as such and to confine him to what is coming to be known as "Negro art." Even here there is a further pressure to compel him to set forth what so naively is dubbed "the primitive," which in the more expressive vulgar phrase means "the low down." As a result a false picture of Negro life is presented or at best one that is only partially true. The segment of life shown in the short stories, novels, movies is itself usually real and the exhibition broadly true. But that segment is not all of Negro life. That life is not one long, care-free, roving debauch. Too often it is tragic futility of the most desperate sort. Occasionally it is brilliant triumph over apparently insurmountable obstacles. And these struggles, as well as the light-hearted doings of an irresponsible migratory John Henry, must also be in the picture if a complete image of the Negro's life in America is to be reflected.

The artistic limitations put upon Negroes are not imposed entirely by whites. The cult has many ardent Negro devotees. The advocates of race consciousness and all the champions of the New Negro are its most effective propagandists. Certain beneficiaries of philanthropy constrained by the weight of largesse to favor all racial separatist movements or to remain discreetly silent about them are a further help. A Midwestern girl who had been deeply moved by the singing of a Fisk University quartet was revealing to a charming Virginia belle her reaction. Only superlatives could express her admiration. "Yes," drawled the Virginian, "but you could shut your eyes and tell they were darkies." And that seems to be the desideratum. Even with her eyes closed America must always be able to tell that they are darkies. Perhaps that is why Henry Tanner remains in France and Roland Hayes is returning there to live.

In the Driftway

THE Ministry of Transport in Great Britain has issued a new traffic regulation which provides that no person in control of any vehicle "shall permit it to be in any street within the London traffic area in such a condition that it breaks down." Now the Drifter is a law-abiding creature—perhaps it would be better to say that he follows the advice given to the hero in W. Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage": "Do what you please, keeping in mind the policeman around the corner." But he admits that if he were the owner of a second-hand car in London—or, to entertain an extreme possibility, even a first-hand one—he would feel impelled to take it out of London by the shortest route and leave it. For among the few uncomplicated beliefs which the Drifter maintains after a long and stormy career is one to the effect that any car is likely to break down at any moment. Add to this the fact that he has a fear of traffic cops amounting to phobia and it will readily be seen that the driver's seat of a car in the London traffic area is now, more than ever, no place for the timid Drifter.

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BECAUSE of the foregoing facts, fancies, and phobias the Drifter finds himself in agreement with the official of the Automobile Association in London, who, after saying that the regulations were no doubt intended to "weed out the really old cars which appear at Bank Holiday times" went on to point out that

> One never knows when a car is going to break down. Even a new car straight from the factory is liable to all sorts of minor defects which are not apparent until the car is actually on the road. The chances with a second-hand car are even more slender, and one which is well looked after might easily break a front spring in traffic. No one can foresee such an accident, and the car is not a "crock." Half the things that happen to a car are unexpected, and though the regulation is probably designed for cars which are in bad condition, some unsuspecting motorists will probably be caught.

The reporter who interviewed the official of the Automobile Association went on to make inquiries concerning the ultimate fate of "crocks." The head of a large "car-breaking firm" said that he was responsible for the disposal of several hundred a year.

> A good price for a ten-year-old car [he said] is ten pounds. And when the tax is often between ten pounds and twenty pounds few people want to run a vehicle even though it may have several years of life. We pick out the best cars and strip off the touring body. A van top is fitted, and the vehicles are sold cheaply to tradesmen.

That disposes of the best ones. But what about the worst ones? The *Manchester Guardian*, commenting on the new regulation, is concerned with the ethics of it.

> Are we to see the halt and the maimed pushing their painful way into Watford or St. Albans in order to avoid the high crime and misdemeanor of "conking out" within the sacred precincts of the London traffic area? This does not seem to be the kind of compliment that will be appreciated by more or less humble neighbors.

It goes on to suggest that London

> . . . should organize a new sort of plague cart which might go around the suspect mews and garages to the old cry of "Bring out your dead!" The crocks might then be collected and sunk far out at sea.

* * * * *

APPARENTLY the problem of old cars in England is as far from solution as it is in the United States. And the problem is becoming increasingly serious if only from the aesthetic point of view. The Drifter for one wishes Somebody Would Do Something About It before his beloved countryside is entirely obscured by the remains of the discards in that exciting game of keeping up with the Joneses. In one New Jersey town, it is rumored, an ordinance is under consideration which would authorize the town fathers to seize cars that were adjudged unfit for traffic. It should add spice to the life of the motorist to know that at any moment his car might be taken from under him. But again nothing is said about the final disposal of the condemned cars. Sinking them in the ocean is a good idea for England where the ocean is never far off. It is practicable also for the outside edges of the United States. But how about the crippled "crocks" in those States that have no seacoast?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Logical Conclusions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of the issue of September 3 under the caption Government and Business, by Oswald Garrison Villard, it is pointed out very clearly that the system we are living under is wasteful and that in a crisis, when it was considered necessary to send our boys over to Europe to kill, the business of production and transportation had to be taken out of the hands of private individuals and that society or the government had to carry it on without regard to private ownership. Yet today, when we have over two million men who cannot find employment, why does not Mr. Villard advocate society taking over the natural resources of the country in order that we may have a system in which it would not be necessary for any man who wants to work to be out of employment? Why does not Mr. Villard carry out his reasonings to their logical conclusion?

Providence, August 29 ERNEST SHERWOOD

Schnitzler vs. Sumner

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to take an exception to your editorial on John S. Sumner versus Simon and Schuster's republication of Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming." So many writers who have no Bradstreet standing have been persecuted without comment that it seems quite in place to subject a powerful firm to the same kind of "base interference." If not squashed it will be at least interesting as a duel on equal terms. Nobody be-

lieving in inspirational literature will deny the vigor and beauty of Schnitzler's style, his magnificent mood of eroticism, applied however to indifferent ends. The book is only slightly sensational by comparison with the vast amount of Casanova literature of recent days; the main event of the story is highly improbable and at war with all finer impulses of sex freedom. A girl in love who can mistake an old man for a young paramour must be a sex moron. Symbolizing apparently without the author's knowledge the ignorance, false sentimentality, and physical apathy of modern feminism she is made to triumph as it were over the ever young passion of Casanova, who to many still represents adventure and romance, audacity and chivalry. To represent Casanova as "a horrible old man revolting in his personality and his acts" is almost as puritanical as is the official attitude of Mr. John S. Sumner.

Tujunga, Cal., August 30 SADAKICHI HARTMANN

Down with Tariff Reform!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial *The Nation* spoke favorably of that ancient but not honorable culprit, tariff reform. Tariff reform is a meaningless term. It is used in advocacy of tariffs where none exists, and in modification of robbery by tariffs instead of its abolition. Whenever tariff reform has been introduced in Congress, as by President Cleveland, it has resulted in higher tariff duties. This experience is inevitable. The protective tariff thrives upon tariff reform. Compromise with wrong always involves a low aim. William Lloyd Garrison never advocated slavery reform!

Wichita, Kansas, August 29 HENRY WARE ALLEN

John Randolph Neal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For several months I have been gathering material, preparatory to writing a biography of John Randolph Neal, the Tennessee liberal. If any of your readers can supply me with any information concerning this lovable character, I will be indeed pleased to receive it. Anything sent will be carefully cared for and promptly returned.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., August 30 FRANKLIN REYNOLDS

The Essence of Zionism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Zukerman's article entitled The Jews —a Nation Trapped, which appeared in *The Nation* for August 20, elicits the following remarks.

I do not take issue with Mr. Zukerman's economic analysis. That in itself is a masterful probing of the present economic situation of East European Jewry. But such presentations, because of their dogmatic and one-sided stand, rule out the existence of other than economic motives from which the theory of Zionism springs. It seems to have become the fashion these days, for even those few liberal organs which go so far as to violate their liberal dogma by viewing Zionism at all in a favorable light, to dwell solely upon the economic aspect of this complex movement as if no other force were responsible for its being.

Using Mr. Zukerman's remarks then, as a point of departure, I put the following questions to the readers of *The Nation* in the hope that their logical answers may reveal those other causes for the existence of Zionism which up to now have apparently been disregarded by, or perhaps not known to, the liberals of the United States.

First, if, as Mr. Zukerman says, Zionism has evoked a response in the modern Jewish youth, only because it brings to him the hope of agricultural colonization, the means of settling upon the soil—any soil would do, implies Mr. Zukerman—and turning his back upon despised middle-class occupations—a possibility only in Palestine and Soviet Russia—why, then, have the Soviets in their humanitarian efforts to settle Jews upon the soil found it necessary to imprison and exile thousands of young Zionists, whose only sin was to prefer the barren Palestinian soil to the fertile Russian plains as the scene for the fruition of their "agricultural" longings? Was it their contempt for middle-class pursuits alone which impelled these young men and women to accept imprisonment and exile rather than settle on Russian soil? Is not the prison a rather unproductive place in which to realize their "ideals for productive and pioneer work"?

Second, admittedly none of the economic forces operating against the Jews in Eastern and Western Europe are present on the American scene. Were Mr. Zukerman justified in his thesis, could he account for the rise of Zionist youth movements in the United States, particularly among those classes who find vast fields open to them here, not only in agriculture but in every other productive and constructive field? What forces have moved young American Zionists to leave comfortable homes, universities, and careers which hold out prospects for material gain—to leave all this for some communal colony in the malarial marshes of Palestine where one may expect not a fat pay check at the end of the week's labor, but only an extra course, of meat, perhaps, which makes the Sabbath meal different from the daily diet of tea and vegetables. And who are the people in the vanguard of this movement? Those very individuals who only recently escaped into America from the hellholes of Europe described by Mr. Zukerman. Why are they anxious to go to Palestine, to the same hardships of the flesh from which they fled in Europe? Economic salvation? But they had already found that here.

For my third point, I choose the most glaring misstatement in the article; a point where the writer leans too far backward. He states that had unrestricted immigration prevailed, "the world would have heard very little of Zionism. . . ." If this were true, how would the writer explain the apparent inconsistency which led these very East-European Jews long before the war, suffering from pogroms, massacres, conditions in themselves as terrible if not worse than the economic oppression of today, to reject categorically the unqualified offer by England of Uganda, a territory the size of Palestine, in favor of Zion? And following the war, what had made them reject the offers spoken and unspoken, of possibilities for colonization in places other than Palestine? Here was a solution for the economic predicament of large sections of Jewry. Yet were these realities rejected in favor of an idea. Why? Why did the greatest Jewish philosopher of modern times, Achad Ha Am, himself a product of East Europe, cry out from the midst of Kishinev pogroms against Uganda even though it might have absorbed most of East European Jewry and not merely two or three millions that could find room in Palestine?

It is true that a section of the Zionist ranks adhere to Zionism because of the economic solution for part of the Jewish problem. But the economics of Zionism is only a part—and not the major part—of the whole theory. It is this failure to view Zionism in its entirety which is responsible for the hostile attitude, which has developed since the riots of last August, of liberal America toward Zionism.

New York, August 25 ISAAC IMBER

Books, Drama, Films

Last Instructions

By VIRGINIA MOORE

When I am dead, and ashes in your hand,
In a mild Virginia meadow take your stand,
And pause a moment, thinking of the past,
Those rare road-walking days that couldn't last.

Think, "This was her body that swung along with me,
The same road, the same violets, the very locust tree."
Think, "God she loved and the witnesses of God
And in especial this Virginia sod.
Here we walked together, the wind whirled
As on the first bright morning of the world.
Hungry, tired, and tremblingly in love,
And something sang, I think a brown wood-dove."

These thoughts will pass like summer. Pause no more.
I shall be there as happy as before,
I shall be there to watch you turn aside
Remembering. Then fling the ashes wide.

The Neurosis of Civilization

Civilization and Its Discontents. By Sigmund Freud. Authorized Translation by Joan Riviere. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.25.

A NEW volume by the most influential thinker of our time (next to Einstein) is certain to be an event; and its broad subject makes the present essay particularly noteworthy. The book is written for the most part with remarkable lucidity, and we are indebted to the translator for carrying the original over into an English prose highly attractive on its own account.

Suggestive and shrewd as it is in its detailed discussions, however, the essay lacks a certain structural clarity. It frequently misleads the reader regarding the direction of its argument, and it would be difficult to summarize its winding course and numerous subordinate discussions. Freud begins with the assertion that life as we find it is too hard for us, and that we are driven to various palliative remedies, principally three: (1) powerful diversions of interest, such as science and "cultivating our gardens," which lead us to care little about our misery; (2) substitutive gratifications, which lessen it, such as art offers, "illusions in contrast to reality"; and (3) intoxicating substances, which make us insensitive to it. After indicating the limitations of these and other methods for achieving happiness, Freud concludes that its attainment is a sheer impossibility; the whole constitution of things runs counter to it:

> Suffering comes from three quarters: from our own body, which is destined to decay and dissolution, and cannot even dispense with anxiety and pain as danger signals; from the outer world, which can rage against us with the most powerful and pitiless forces of destruction; and finally from our relations with other men. The unhappiness which has this last origin we find perhaps more painful than any other.

Yet though our goal of happiness remains unattainable, we cannot give up the effort to come nearer to realization of it. This struggle we must make both as individuals and collectively. The collective struggle results in the growth of civilization and culture. Rejecting such vague teleological concepts as "progress," Freud proceeds to analyze the elements of which civilization is composed. The most important consist of all the activities and possessions which men use to make the earth serviceable to them, to protect them against the tyranny of natural forces, and so on. In the last generations man has established his dominion over nature in a way never before imagined. But men are beginning to perceive that all this newly won power has not made them feel any happier. This, according to Freud, is no ground for inferring that technical progress is worthless from the standpoint of happiness; the valid conclusion is merely that power over nature is not the only condition of human happiness, just as it is not the only goal of civilization's efforts.

Considering in turn the place in culture of beauty, cleanliness, order, and the value set upon the higher mental activities, Freud arrives finally at a consideration of the ways in which social relations are regulated. This involves the setting up of law, or "right," against "brute force," or, in other words, the use of the strength of the mass to curb the strength of any single individual. From a wider viewpoint, civilization is built upon the renunciation by individuals of instinctive gratifications, and the privations this involves are the cause of the antagonism against which all civilization has to fight. As one might expect, Freud attaches high importance to the sexual privations, but in this volume his chief emphasis is on the all but universal instincts of aggression and destruction. In addition to the instinct of self-preservation, he concludes that there must exist an opposing "death instinct," from which the instinct of aggression is derived. It is this instinct of aggression that constitutes the most powerful obstacle to culture, and even threatens its destruction:

> Men have brought their powers of subduing the forces of nature to such a pitch that by using them they could now very easily exterminate one another to the last man. They know this—hence arises a great part of their current unrest, their dejection, their mood of apprehension.

In this situation Freud does not pretend to have any facile solution or consolation to offer; indeed, he thinks we may yet have to accustom ourselves to the idea that "there are certain difficulties inherent in the very nature of culture which will not yield to any efforts at reform."

He concludes with an elaborate analysis of the moral conscience. In the child, conscience can best be designated the dread of losing love—usually of the father and mother. In the adult this process is more complicated: conscience becomes a part of the ego that distinguishes itself from the rest as a "super-ego," and "exercises the same propensity to harsh aggressiveness against the ego that the ego would have liked to enjoy against others. The tension between the strict super-ego and the subordinate ego we call the sense of guilt." Freud dilates upon this because he wishes "to represent the sense of guilt as the most important problem in the evolution of culture, and to convey that the price of progress in civilization is paid in forfeiting happiness through the heightening of the sense of guilt."

I do not find this part of his essay very convincing. I see no evidence, for example, that the sense of guilt has increased as civilization has progressed; there is even reason for believing the contrary. Has the sense of guilt increased since the Victorian age? Since the days of the medieval saints? Is it established that primitive man, when he violated a tribal taboo, felt less guilt than modern man when he violates one of our own taboos? The representation of the conscience as a super-ego tyrannizing over the ego strikes me as equally dubious. It is all very well to speak this way if one is frankly using a

metaphor; indeed, I suspect that it is his ingratiating use of just such metaphors that accounts for Freud's deep appeal to many minds. He makes the life of the soul seem vivid to them; he dramatizes it memorably. But metaphors are not science, and satisfaction with them may delay real investigation. I do not see why the whole personality need be split in two in order to explain "conscience," or why we must invent an entity ("an agency or institution in the mind," as Freud calls the "super-ego") to describe a process. Nor does it seem necessary, again, to create a special "death instinct" to account for the facts Mr. Freud presents. This weakness for solution by gratuitous assumption, for inventing names and calling them explanations, is certainly not unfamiliar to Mr. Freud's readers; and he is capable here, as in previous volumes, of some appallingly fantastic reasoning (see his footnote, for example, on page 51). Yet if Mr. Freud's is not a thoroughly trustworthy mind, it is none the less, one need hardly add, an immensely interesting one, and surely one of the most seminal of our era. "Civilization and Its Discontents," in spite of its few vagaries, must be set down an impressive and absorbing contribution to the great problem of happiness under our civilization.

HENRY HAZLITT

More Thunder from Mr. Ludwig

Three Titans. By Emil Ludwig. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

MR. LUDWIG'S title alone presupposes an heroic elevation for his perspective on the lives of three whose accomplishment was considerable, but it still remains an open question whether biography written in haste is worth a too leisurely perusal.

This is not to question the validity of Mr. Ludwig's work as a whole. He has "set up shop" on the past somewhat as a modern journalist sets up shop on the present, and the result, occasionally shoddy, is seldom without its good points. He is often very informative. The fact that he is equally often tedious is due less to his preoccupation with facts and figures than to a certain tepidness in the spring-waters of his inspiration. His industry is not merely amazing; it is appalling. And within the limitations of his own method he is sometimes an excellent craftsman.

His volumes are robust enough. They bob to the surface every publishing season like corks on a rapidly moving stream. Often they have to be reduced before they can be presented in America, since in Germany people can still draw in a good deep breath and hold it for a long time. In brief, Mr. Ludwig has made a stock-in-trade of the past, and sales' figures alone would indicate that he has made a very good thing of it. How accurate or thoughtful a thing he has made is open to question.

It is true, moreover, that more nonsense has been written about art and artists than about any other subject in the world, including electrons, ectoplasm, and psychoanalysis, and that a good half of it is made in Germany. But Mr. Ludwig's preoccupation with daemonic urges and fires of genius is only one-half of the story. He is equally warm and at home by the firesides of Napoleon, Bismarck, Abraham Lincoln, Goethe, and Jesus Christ. It is almost as if Mr. Ludwig had reworded the claim of a slightly cynical monarch: "L'histoire—c'est moi." But that is beside the point, since any writer can pick what he chooses. The past is open to all just as the future is open to the prophets.

Hence to deny Mr. Ludwig the virtue of his accomplishments on the score of his garrulity is quibbling of the meanest sort. He has a keen scent for facts and evidence, and is able to present them, to arrange and mass them as frames for his rather heavy portraits. It is only where the factual evidence is thin, where the testimony is open to misinterpretation, where haste is not compatible with quality, where legend cannot be disentangled from actuality that he is likely to slip from the dry ground of his narratives into the morass of generalizations. "Three Titans" gives eloquent testimony to this, since three-fourths of it is rather meaningless vaporizing.

Presumably, if one were to take the book at preface value, a very deep urge toward consistency would be implied. For Mr. Ludwig has linked his Michelangelo, his Rembrandt, and his Beethoven by the foot to the same metaphysical formula:

> Anyone who has ever seen the Fettered Slaves in the Louvre, or the Prophets in the corners of the Sistine ceiling, will be reminded of their Promethean emotions when he listens to the Ninth Symphony or one of Beethoven's last quartets. The fire infused by Michelangelo into the attitude of Moses has its analogue in the rebellious mood of the "Egmont" overture, and the melancholy of the earth-bound form sobs from many a great Adagio of Beethoven's.

Precisely—but let us see to what this leads in the case, for example, of Beethoven's un-Promethean habit of dousing his head in cold water:

> The habit, equally the result of genius and of character, had terrible consequences in time to come. . . . The body would not yield in this conflict with the mightier genius; the artist saying "yes" to life, sought vehemently to defy the onset of emotion which threatened to break him down; but the water, intended only to cool his heated forehead, in doing so impaired the function whereby this mortal apprehended the higher spheres. *Tragoedia incipit.*

This is Mr. Ludwig's own heroic way of telling us how, possibly, Beethoven lost his hearing. Here, between an introductory paragraph of his preface and a concluding one in his life of Beethoven, is a slip from the sublime to the ridiculous remarkably like a tail-spin. And it is a measure, although by no means an accurate one, of Mr. Ludwig's accomplishment in this volume.

His essay on Michelangelo appears to be largely an improvisation on Vasari's theme. He has generalized an earlier record. Perhaps the result is more readable. In the case of Rembrandt he goes on in this vein: "Inexorable Fate! How inconsistent, how lucid dost thou always remain," and so forth. This serves to cover important omissions. And in the essay on Beethoven we have already remarked that all is not gold which, for the sake of a prose style, appears to glitter.

"Three Titans" is quite a bad book. It isn't amusing. And the materials are shopworn.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

The Heir of Dickens

Angel Pavement. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. $3.

PERHAPS in the last year no writer has been more widely acclaimed than Mr. Priestley. With that sanguine overstatement characteristic of many critics he has been repeatedly named as a modern Dickens. Indeed it is not difficult to understand why this talented novelist has gained so widespread a recognition. The lively undangerous realism of his style, the acuteness of his observation, his power of recounting with accurate verisimilitude the thoughts and conversations of tedious commonplace people would insure for him, even without the kind of man in the street humor that is his, a wide and approving public. But to compare him to Dickens is obviously inappropriate, for Dickens's vulgarity is the vulgarity of genius. Mr. Priestley has not Dickens's surge of exuberant grotesqueries,

nor his power of illuminating with the imagination the backgrounds through which his characters move, nor his passionate love of life, his high whimsical twists and turns of dialogue, his irrepressible fancy.

"Angel Pavement" is the story of a group of workers employed in a London office, an ordinary business office in an ordinary backwater street of the great city. Each of these employees is typical of a class, each may be recognized, and we are shown the paucity of their lives, the dulness of their work, and their repressed longings for romance. The one character who has any vigor and initiative, Mr. Golspie, appears suddenly and reanimates their listless hearts, only to disappear as suddenly, having ruined the firm and left everyone worse off than they were before. Mr. Priestley loses no opportunity of describing the psychology of each one of his characters, whether it is Turgis, the junior clerk, so insignificant and so amorous, following hopelessly after the tough and heartless girl whom he finally tries to strangle, or Miss Matfield, the proud disillusioned typist who goes home each night to the girls' club where she lives, and where the starved and arid virginity of her companions is but a reflection of her own unhappy state.

It is difficult to say just why, with so much verbal dexterity, so much genuine knowledge of life, this book leaves one so completely unmoved. Perhaps it is that one requires in a major work of fiction either some character or characters in the story who can reflect with awareness and passion the fluctuating shades of the shifting situations, or one must be conscious in the author himself—the showman who has summoned us to his entertainment—of a powerful and discriminating mind controlling and manipulating with "relevant intensity" the characters he presents. Let me quote two typical sentences of Mr. Priestley:

> A tall cadaverous virgin of forty-five or so, who displayed, especially in evening clothes, an uncomfortable amount of sharp gleaming bone, just as if the upper part of her was a relief map done in ivory.
>
> Late guests may be divided into two classes, the repentant, who arrive perspiring and profusely apologetic, to babble about fogs and ancient taxis and stupid drivers, and the unrepentant who stalk in haughtily and look somewhat aggrieved when they see all the other guests, their eyebrows registering their disapproval of people who do not know what time their own parties begin.

It is clear why Mr. Priestley's writing appeals to a large audience. He is entirely lacking in any sense of style and entirely lacking in any sense of poetry. However, as a jocular interpreter of the trivial tone of our day, this second-rate writer remains possibly unsurpassed.

ALYSE GREGORY

Kuno Francke

Deutsche Arbeit in Amerika. By Kuno Francke. Leipzig: Felix Meiner Verlag. M. 5.20.

IT is a moving spectacle to see a man's life so completely identified with his ideals that he may with justice call his autobiographical account "Deutsche Arbeit in Amerika" (a title which cannot be translated into English without vitiating its modesty). This encomium permits no belittling by the evident objection that a scholar's work does not incur the danger of the politician's, namely, that of having to alloy the precious metal of its noble aims for practical currency; for although the late Mr. Francke's service as a cultural mediator between Germany and America had partly been performed in that realm where "thoughts dwell side by side in harmony" he had devoted no less energy to such practical and political tasks as the Berlin-Harvard exchange of scholars and the magnificent foundation and upbuilding of the Harvard Germanic Museum.

From his characterization of men like Adolphus Busch and Kaiser Wilhelm we can surmise the secret of his success in obtaining official backing and funds for the museum. The twinkling eye of his Nethersaxon humor sized up the situation, his idealistic soul won the victory, and the justice of his warm heart, overcoming any personal inhibitions, fused even in retrospect objectivity of judgment with appreciation and gratitude.

These characteristic traits also permeate the whole of Mr. Francke's autobiographical sketch and make it delightful reading. It abounds in portraits and anecdotes which invariably illustrate the double point of view from which all those who live in two countries naturally look at things. But it is at the same time a coherent and full account of German-American relations during the past five decades, into which the war brought confusion and tragedy. That men on both sides of the ocean failed to understand Mr. Francke's attitude toward the problems with which he was suddenly confronted at that time is the strongest testimony to his sense of justice and to the courage with which he, the spiritual son of the Forty-eighters, stood up for his convictions.

We owe the publisher a debt of gratitude for having urged the writing of this book, which is fittingly adorned with five views from the Harvard Germanic Museum.

ERNST FEISE

Stage Englishmen at War

The Silence of Colonel Bramble. By André Maurois. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

PERHAPS no one has been so successful in the art of painless biography as André Maurois. Upon reading any one of his best sellers, "Ariel," "Disraeli," or "Byron," we are sure to be properly titillated but not shocked. Our credos concerning the subjects of M. Maurois's bland observation are dutifully satisfied. We are assured that Shelley was a gloriously bad boy, that Disraeli was a lovable and affectionate imperialist, that Byron was an adventurous fellow, symbolizing the Romantic Movement while carrying on an illicit love affair with his half-sister, and then, after we have firmly reestablished all these facts, we are permitted to relax once more into a dreamless sleep.

Now that war fiction has continued to break sales records in a dull publishing season, we are presented with a brand new edition of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" with an introduction by Brand Whitlock. Mr. Whitlock, with the spirit of an American Legionnaire recalling "the good old days" in France, tells us how he discovered the manuscript of the book and of his immediate confidence in the author's ability. No doubt about it, those were the days when men walked like gods, brave and bashful, good fellows all of them, putting up a fair, clean, broad-shouldered fight for democracy, some of them taking a little time off for writing books. No wonder Mr. Whitlock has a special place reserved in his heart for this war-time discovery of his, with its harmless irony that brings a wry smile to the lips even though the eyes are filled with tears. Those English officers that Mr. Whitlock and André Maurois knew were such dear, stupid fellows.

The brief sketches woven around the activities of Colonel Bramble and his staff constitute a drawing-room comedy as seen through the eyes of a French military interpreter. They have about as much relationship to the activities of men in general and the war in particular as any one of Arthur Wing

Pinero's plays. Colonel Bramble is the popular idealization of the English public-school product (twin brother of the Gay Lord Quex), a trifle heavy and dull at first glance (just as Lord Quex was wicked), but really, like his twin, noble at heart. We see the staff interpreter, Aurelle, Dr. O'Grady, Major Parker, the padre, and the Colonel himself at mess. Shells are booming overhead. The Colonel plays his gramophone. Aurelle writes light verse of a kind that is slightly below the standard of a New York newspaper columnist. The doctor plays chess with the padre. The men tell each other innocuous little jokes about military red tape. The Colonel has one joke that's all his own: "The life of a soldier is one of great hardship, not infrequently mingled with moments of real danger." Everything is neat and cozy. Everything is graced with that inimitable French irony, familiar as the "haw-haw" British accent of a Broadway Englishman. Eventually the padre is killed and Aurelle is wounded—all quite sad, but such things are bound to happen in a world war. The Colonel, model of sportsmanship and rectitude, becomes a general and the book is brought to an end.

André Maurois has a perfect formula; he never forgets the obvious. No one would dispute his charm or his professional cleverness; he is so clever that we are certain he will not outlive his generation.

HORACE GREGORY

Our Religious Heritage

The Religious Background of American Culture. By Thomas Cuming Hall. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

DR. HALL, who is professor of English and American history and culture at the University of Göttingen, remarks that very little fundamental work is done on the religious history of the United States, and asks why it should be so when it is the general impression that the religious groups of this country have, always, had considerable power and influence. Some very good reasons occur to me. The American people have been desperately untheological, and more than that have been sectarian to such an extent that anything more than a chronological account of the history of a given sect has seemed a waste of time. More reputable scholars have avoided the topic as one bound to give offense if treated with critical insight. The "village atheists" have had no interest in the subject whatsoever and the unreligious have found too many other things to interest them. So altogether it has been an uncultivated and even avoided field. It is a genuine pleasure to read, then, at last, a work like the one under review.

The work is at once historical and critical, iconoclastic and constructive. Dr. Hall attempts to discover just what, in essence, the dominating religious tradition of our history has been. He has not tried to write a history of dogmatic theology in this country, nor an historical sketch of the various sects in their disparities and relations. He has rather gone back to the intellectual origins of our country and shown just what was brought here, religiously speaking, by the early immigrants. The one major point he makes—and he rightly stresses it again and again—is that the so-called Puritan tradition in this country is misnamed and misunderstood. This error he attributes largely to the theological ignorance of our early historians, an ignorance which their successors have not repaired. He hopes "that all who read and understand [his book] will in the future instinctively translate the term 'Puritan' in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by the more exact phrase, 'the Anglo-American Dissenting Mind.'" Thus our convenient bludgeon becomes a ten-foot pole!

The Anglo-American dissenting mind was in origin a reflex from a definite social situation. It was the end product of the economic hostility existing between the Anglo-Saxon masses and the Norman aristocrats in early England. Some of the characteristics it developed down the centuries were hostility to the established church, whether it be the Roman or Anglo-Catholic; an active opposition to aesthetic expression, since it was, in the early days, associated with the official church; hostility to the social graces and pleasures which were indulged in by the ruling class, and a respect for economic success induced by a desire to achieve position in the world which would then advance religious fortunes. Hostility to the established church took many forms besides overt hostility and suspicion of its corporate activities. It took the form of an indifference to theology in the formal sense. [Dissenting theology, Dr. Hall implies, has been rather poor stuff of little originality and less intellectual worth even within its limits.] Hostility to the established church also reduced, at the other end of the scale, the value of church property, making splits and rejoinings easier than hitherto, encouraging the multiplication of sects. The founder of the dissenting tradition, as far as it had a founder, Dr. Hall takes to be Wyclif. It was a much more radical protestantism than any other.

With this idea in hand Dr. Hall proceeds to review the religious history of this country and demonstrates how the dissenting tradition has expressed itself on our soil. And a most interesting historical survey it makes. For instance, there is the matter of the Puritans. The Puritans, Dr. Hall shows, were a sect within the Church of England whose intellectual sustenance was drawn from Continental Protestantism (particularly Calvinism). They succeeded in establishing but a very precarious foothold in this country. They did not engage the suffrage of the majority of the people of New England, who were, rather, dissenters. Their one great aspiration, to establish a theocracy, was a failure. Not even Jonathan Edwards was a Puritan in the correct sense, but a dissenter, and Dr. Hall quotes chapter and verse to show that Edwards had little direct acquaintance with Calvin's works. The dissenters were hostile to Calvin's ecclesiastical aspirations as well as to his emphasis on the sacraments. The most important point the two groups had in common was a belief in predestinarianism.

And so this interesting book goes on, showing, for example, the lack of influence of the Great Awakening upon the intellectual classes and the small part played by any religious group as a group in the Revolution and the formation of the Constitution. It closes with a miscellany of chapters on such topics as the Catholics in America, Continental Protestantism [e.g., Lutheranism] in America, etc. Altogether this work strikes the writer as one of the most original monographs on American religious history he has been privileged to read.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Art in India

Early Indian Sculpture. By Ludwig Bachhofer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $63.

DURING the past few years several excellent works on the art of India have appeared, among them Codington's "Ancient India" and Coomaraswamy's "History of Indian and Indonesian Art," which show great advance over the works of a similar general character preceding them. To these must now be added Bachhofer's "Early Indian Sculpture." This large treatment is more limited both in range of field and period of time than the others I have mentioned; for, as its title indicates, it does not touch architecture and painting, and it is substantially confined to the last three centuries B. C. and the first two A. D. The next runs to about 180 large pages and the illustrations fill 161 plates; yet the discussion is pur-

sued so carefully and lucidly and the author's conclusions are so well founded upon available archaeological evidence that the final impression is that the author has employed the strictest economy of method, word, and illustration.

The main purpose of the work is to describe the development of style during the five centuries covered. As Bachhofer tells us, the aims of Indian art have always been the same; only the means have varied from period to period. Thus, in this early period we have first a stage of very primitive stone sculpture, possibly based on wooden prototypes, which is frontal and angular; then a stage when the art finds itself and we have an ordered and regular style, classic, with depth and softened line; and finally a stage of free development culminating in the riotous, illusionistic art of Amaravati, where the intricacy of line and composition and the astounding feeling for movement produce reliefs that are never to be excelled.

This is the course of development in India proper. Side by side with its latter stages existed the Indo-Hellenistic art of Gandhara, into the discussion of which Bachhofer instils more system than has anyone else. This phase of India's art still has some problems to be solved, such as the long extent of time between the date Bachhofer accepts for the earliest example we have of it and the period of its most prolific exploitation, but in general his account is convincing.

That there will be scholars who will not agree with Bachhofer on all points is inevitable but not necessarily prejudicial; on some points certainty is impossible. That the book, with its veritable album of splendid illustrations and plausibly reasoned conclusions, is of high importance to serious students of art, especially that of India, is undeniable.

W. Norman Brown

Books in Brief

The Little Dog Laughed. By Leonard Merrick. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50

Those who in the past have liked Mr. Merrick's graceful short stories should enjoy this volume of his latest ones—unless, indeed, with the change of times and tastes they are unfortunate enough to discover that what was once able to charm seems to have lost the magic touch. Mr. Merrick, like Hewlett and Locke, like Barrie, belongs to the literature of the first decade and a half of this century. In that period, for several qualities, he deserves a permanent niche among the story writers. This new collection of tales has all the Merrick flavor and treats of most of the familiar subjects—the theater with its bright tinsel and its emptiness, simple and romantic lovers in stories oddly twisted and contrived, obscure lives imbedded in a gentle, even whimsical, irony, pictures of a sober Bohemia. They are about evenly divided between France and England in setting, and between a pervasive melancholy and an ironic pleasantry in flavor. All are done with that restrained and delicate craftsmanship which won the admiration of Merrick's fellow-writers long before he enjoyed the popular favor. The first story, the last, and Vengence of Dutripon are particularly recommended to those who have heretofore missed Mr. Merrick, or half forgotten him, and who wish to sample the special qualities of his wares.

The Patriot's Progress. Related by Henry Williamson and Drawn by William Kermode. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Williamson, in his luminous descriptive prose, has written a second fine war book. It is the story of a young English private who might well have been named Everysoldier. For we are not shown the inner life of John Bullock in those respects wherein he differed from his fellows; but we recognize him at once because he typifies his fellows. The reader follows Everysoldier from the time he joins up with high hopes and inflamed spirits on through his terrible ordeals and into the Valley of the Shadow of agony to his emergence, crippled, forever handicapped. The story is short, graphic, and haunting. It belongs among the best of the increasing number of war memorials in literature.

Red Snow. By F. Wright Moxley. Simon and Schuster. $1.

Mr. F. Wright Moxley, having contrived to render the human race completely sterile, stands by and watches it march down the years to oblivion. Let no one think that his story is a mere device to enable a prophet and satirist to flagellate humanity for its errors. Mr. Moxley has not the vision of prophecy nor the touch of satire. He pounds his ideas home with a sledge-hammer, and strives, against the enormous difficulties, for realism. There is nothing diffident about Mr. Moxley. He plunges in where a Swift or a Butler would fear to tread, and tells a tale full of sound and fury, signifying very little. In short, it is a hodge-podge of underdone notions, impossible situations, and rant. Yet there is a possibility that if Mr. Moxley acquired a little discipline, he might, with his vivid imagination and headlong style, do an interesting book.

Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company. $5.

On November 14, 1912, Henry James wrote to Dr. J. William White:

> I must simply state to you, my dear William, that I can't so much as *think* of Mr. Roosevelt for two consecutive moments: he has become to me, these last months, the mere monstrous embodiment of unprecedented resounding Noise; the steps he lately took toward that effect—of presenting himself as the noisiest figure, or agency of any kind, in the long, dire annals of the human race—having with me at least so consummately succeeded. I can but see him and hear him and feel him as raging sound and fury; and if ever man was in a phase of his weary development or stage of his persistent decline (as you will call it) or crisis of his afflicted nerves (which you will say I deserve), *not* to wish to roar with that Babel, or to be roared at *by* it, that worm-like creature is your irreconcilable friend.

Mr. Owen Wister, grandson of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, nephew of the Dean of Hereford, and otherwise nobly connected, continues the noise in a most exacerbating and exasperating fashion. The book is replete with all the Rooseveltian vices and virtues together with all the vices and virtues (the latter self-assigned) of the author of "The Virginian" and other romances to the list of which this present book is a notable addition.

Drama

The Career of Mr. Kibbee

BEYOND the borders of New York it may be that bigger and better plays are being marshaled for the new season, but with Labor Day come and gone the report on current fare can only be a brief "not much." One comedy, it is true, provides at least an act of skilful theatrical effectiveness, and this same "Torch Song," by Kenyon Nicholson, is animated by one extraordinary performance. Indeed Arthur Hopkins has cast it well throughout.

Still, this play, although the present pick of the puppies, is at best an echo. Without "Rain" it could hardly have been

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THE VANGUARD PRESS

written. The formula of the preacher and the wanton has been reversed into the Salvation Army girl and the traveling salesman. Lest any member of an honorable profession be offended I may add, reversed and also amended. In other words, the American theater in the year 1930 is still chained to the notion that whatever has succeeded can be endlessly retold to the delight of all beholders.

But it is not my purpose to pose as a prophet of doom. If "Torch Song" is less than a masterpiece it is good entertainment and even offers some of the aspects of really first-rate drama. In a fashion rather characteristic of native plays the more incredible incidents occur in the working out of the main plot. The background and the extraneous incidents are wholly convincing. I have seen this same bargain used in the theater many times. If you will let a playwright have one good whopping lie to build on he will often solace you with much truth in his sidelines. In other words, the so-called "big scene" is generally the moment of least interest. Do away with the hero and heroine in the bulk of Broadway plays and you are likely to get accurately and eloquently drawn people, but you can't say as much for the leading characters.

To a certain extent this has been done by Kenyon Nicholson. He has undertaken to tell the story of a jilted girl in a cabaret who meets her lover a year after. By this time a militant member of the Salvation Army, she undertakes to convert the man only to learn, suddenly, in the big scene, that her ardor is not preponderantly religious. Even "Rain," which set the pace for plays of this order, was not trumpeting a brand new idea in its exposition of the fact that there may be a strong erotic element in religion. But the curious and subtle mingling of emotion is not actually clarified by any such simplification of the problem as occurs in "Torch Song," a simplification which sets the heroine to dancing wildly to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as the curtain descends at the close of the second act.

It must be that there is a significant play in the Salvation Army. It is by all odds the favorite churchly theme of all dramatic writers throughout the English speaking world. Shaw used it and Edward Sheldon and others too numerous to mention. And yet I have never seen the land of drum and tambourine explored in any way which seemed to suggest the knowledge of one who understood the organization from within. The Army never serves as a real object of laboratory study but merely as a device. Among other things the costume is one strikingly becoming to any leading lady.

But, having contented himself with the traditional surface sketch of the Salvationists, Kenyon Nicholson has gone on to do some extremely interesting dramatic reporting on the lives of commercial travelers marooned in a fourth-rate hotel in a third-rate Ohio town. Quite obviously it is this part of the play which enlists Mr. Nicholson's keenest interest and brings out his best work. The main plot is pretty well blanketed by the character of Cass Wheeler, a veteran of the road who has sold everything from dress goods to morticians' supplies. This well-written role finds interpretation in a superb performance. Guy Kibbee, an actor never before seen in New York, not only runs but walks and waddles away with the play. It is reported that Mr. Kibbee has spent more than twenty years on the stage. And his first taste of metropolitan success has come at the age of forty.

There is probably a much better play in the life of Cass Wheeler than in the main plot of "Torch Song." In fact there is probably a much better play in the career of Mr. Kibbee. Hold on, we've stumbled on an excellent title. "The Career of Mr. Kibbee" would be admirable in lights. I offer it to Mr. Nicholson as a small return for the first interesting evening I have spent in the theater since the new season opened.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Films

Mr. Griffith's New "Epic"

IN this still undeveloped and primitive art of the movies which is ruled by standards several degrees below those that are acknowledged in other arts, fame and achievement mean precisely as much as you are willing to grant them. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the bombastic platitudes and mawkish sentimentality of such films as "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Orphans of the Storm," or "Way Down East" are the very qualities that endeared their author, D. W. Griffith, to the masses of the American public. Yet it would be unfair to judge Mr. Griffith by his reputation as a popular film director. His main claim to be counted in the first rank of the artists of the movies is based on something much more solid than the frothy sentiment of his great "epics." In D. W. Griffith the art of the movies had its first great craftsman who knew how to tell a story by means of the camera and the film. A pioneer in the use of such devices as parallel action, close up, and fade out, he at the same time showed himself to be completely master of his material and to have a sense of dramatic action and expressive detail that placed him head and shoulders above his early contemporaries.

Now, in "Abraham Lincoln" (Central) Mr. Griffith is attempting to recapture some of his old glory. By the standards of his early work he almost succeeds in doing so. "Abraham Lincoln" has an epic grandeur comparable to that of "The Birth of a Nation." But the art of the movies has not remained still during the past ten years, at least outside of America; and its more recent advances, one feels, take a great deal of luster out of Mr. Griffith's present achievement.

It is to be counted to Mr. Griffith's credit that the story of "Abraham Lincoln" is completely free of the false pathos that made the refrain of "the cradle endlessly rocking" in "Intolerance" so painfully vulgar. The forthright simplicity of the new film has much genuine charm, and one could hardly wish for anything better in the matter of the delineation of character and general atmosphere. Lincoln himself as played by Walter Huston, and most of the other characters, are completely convincing. The moving scene of the bleak, bare tree stumps in the opening and concluding shots demonstrates Mr. Griffith's sense of pictorial atmosphere. The photography is excellent throughout, and one notes with pleasure the battle scenes as examples of perfectly clean and nice warfare, which is so different from the inevitable mud and corpses in shell holes of the other recent war pictures. It is only when the picture is viewed as a whole that one realizes its essential defect, its lack of dramatic quality. Probably, because of its discursiveness, which sprang inevitably from the desire to cover as much ground as possible, the real drama that was in Lincoln's life story somehow fails to emerge. Though well maintained, the interest in the story never culminates in one of those sweeping climaxes that made the early Griffith films so effective.

But though "Abraham Lincoln" may signify Mr. Griffith's return to popular favor and box-office success, it discloses no evidence of a step forward in the direction of cinematic uses of sound. As a talkie "Abraham Lincoln" is a good old silent Griffith, and much as we are pleased to renew acquaintance with an old master we should have liked it more if we saw as much originality in his tackling of the new problems as he had shown in the past in tackling the problems of his day.

"Old English" (Warner Brothers) is fairly good entertainment, but less subtle in acting than one expects from George Arliss.

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□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

†Dancing Partners—44 St., E. of B'way.
†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
†Topaze—Barrymore—47 St., W. of B'way.
*Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.

FILMS

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46th St.
Old English—Warner Bros.—52 St. & B'way.
One Romantic Night, Saturday, September 13-16; The Man from Wyoming, Wednesday, September 17-19; The Plaza, 58 St. E. of Madison Ave.
Storm Over Asia—Cameo—42 St. & B'way.
The Social Lion, Saturday, September 13-16; The Unholy Three, Wednesday, September 17--19; Little Carnegie, 57 St., E. of 7 Ave.

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Reorganizing the Cotton Trade

THE *Manchester Guardian* for August 13 prints the following extracts from a recent report on the reorganization of the depressed cotton industry in Great Britain:

The evidence submitted by the cotton trade unions to the Government Committee of Inquiry into the cotton industry last autumn has now been printed as a pamphlet. It is issued by the Publicity Department of the Trade Unions Congress for the United Textile Factory Workers' Association.

The evidence sets out in considerable detail its statement of the "facts" of the depression in the industry, and of the "causes." These were summed up as follows:

> To sum up, we are convinced that as far as factors within the control of the industry are concerned, the main cause of the failure to compete successfully in certain markets is the chaotic and wasteful organization of the industry, with its horizontal division into separate sections, its small units, its failure to encourage and utilize research, its middlemen, and its internal competition. This position has been aggravated, especially in the American spinning section, by the unwise finance of the boom period.

Suggestions for the "rational organization of the industry" were then made. Support was recommended for the Lancashire Cotton Corporation and for amalgamations in the Egyptian section, and it was added:

> But in our opinion this is only the beginning. We consider that the intensity of world competition demands that vertical integration should take place simultaneously with horizontal combination. We place the needs of the industry above the interests of any group, and consider that it is essential to provide for:
>
> 1. Bulk buying of raw material.
> 2. Closest cooperation between spinners, weavers, finishers, and merchants.
> 3. Standardization of product and mass production, where suitable.
> 4. Control of distributing channels and prices—a necessary corollary to mass production.

The arguments for bulk buying and bulk marketing were stressed, and it was said:

> The necessity for cooperation in buying, production, and marketing is especially evident from a study of Japanese and Continental methods. . . . We need not, of course, attempt to copy exactly the methods of other countries. Lancashire has its own peculiar features and problems, and all measures taken must have these special circumstances in mind, and must also have in mind the general economic situation and the character of our people. Any large-scale plan for compulsory regrouping in accordance with strict logic would be unworkable. We do not, for instance, suggest that it is possible to standardize all Lancashire's products according to a very few patterns, or that one single agency could be created to handle any and every market for cotton goods, or that automatic looms can immediately replace all existing looms, or that the Liverpool raw-cotton market can at once be eliminated by direct bulk buying. But this is not to say that no simplification of patterns is possible, that no mass production is possible, that cooperative marketing cannot be established with due regard for the different needs of different markets, that the adoption of the newest types of efficient machinery under proper conditions cannot be expedited, or that centralized buying cannot immediately cut out some of the middlemen and speculators. . . .
>
> The precise measures that can be adopted to eliminate waste and inefficiency in all these and other directions can best be framed by those who are expert in the affairs of the industry. We realize that the Government cannot do this job itself; it can only stimulate, encourage, and help the employers and trade unions in the trade, in cooperation with and with the assistance where necessary of the banks, to frame the necessary measures and put them into effect. The Joint Committee of Cotton Trade Organizations has already made a number of valuable reports, some of them, as already indicated, dealing with these very matters. We wish to see those reports given concrete shape and put into operation, and other plans prepared covering the entire field.

The final conclusions of the operatives' evidence were:

> Our suggestions on organization, therefore, comprise:
>
> (a) the establishment of a central association, representing all sections of the industry, for the consideration of the problems and policy of the industry as a whole;
>
> (b) the expansion of the British Cotton-growing Association into a central buying agency for the raw cotton supplies (including American) of the entire trade;
>
> (c) the formation of a central selling agency, especially for the bulk trade to the Eastern markets.
>
> Our suggestion on finance is that the government should, through the Bank of England or otherwise, arrange for financial facilities to be given in approved cases, on similar terms to those already arranged for the Lancashire Cotton Corporation.
>
> The immediate objects of these measures would be:
>
> 1. To simplify the buying of raw cotton by eliminating unnecessary middlemen and speculation and by central buying for those cases in which direct bulk buying is possible.
> 2. To extend as rapidly as possible the area of control of the Lancashire Cotton Corporation, and of the new combine in the Egyptian section.
> 3. To establish central marketing for the Eastern and Far Eastern trade in particular, with the elimination of unnecessary middlemen and harmful internal competition.
>
> These steps, stimulated by the activities and advice of a central association for the whole trade, would, it is believed, facilitate vertical integration of the various sections of the industry and the widespread adoption (under proper conditions) of the most modern plant and technique.
>
> What is now needed, in the view of the operatives' unions, is a strong lead in this direction from the government; an intimation that the past policy of drift has to stop now, in the interests of the industry with its half-million workers, and in the interests of the economic welfare of the nation as a whole.
>
> We think the government should, therefore, without delay, announce its view that reorganization of the industry on modern lines is essential, that it is prepared to help with advice, and in certain cases by insuring that loans are made available for genuine reconstruction, and that if reorganization is not seriously attempted within a short time compulsory powers will be sought. As an earnest of its intention to help, the government should invite the trade associations, trade unions, banks, and other appropriate bodies in the different sections of the industry to meet government representatives in order that the steps proposed to be taken by the government could be explained and discussed. If, as a result, prompt action is taken on the lines suggested, we are confident that efficiency can be restored, markets regained, and the prosperity of Lancashire reestablished, while at the same time giving to the workers in the industry full employment and a standard of living fit for a civilized country.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 309
EDITORIALS:
In an Off Year 312
European Union Waits 313
The Sport of Kings 313
Souvenirs 314
CRIME AND THE COURTS IN CHICAGO. By Lawrence Howe 315
THE DOCTOR IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Ralph A. Reynolds 316
A PROPERTY-MINDED SOUTH. By Weimar Jones 319
THE BRITISH CHEKA. By A. E. E. R 321
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 322
CORRESPONDENCE 323
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 324
BOOKS AND DRAMA:
Sunset. By Eda Lou Walton 325
Misplaced Investment Trust. By Henry Hazlitt 325
Mr. Paul and Mr. Howells. By Clifton P. Fadiman 326
The Art of America. By Oral Sumner Coad 326
Morgan the Great. By Benjamin Stolberg 327
A Russian Aristocrat. By Oswald Garrison Villard 328
Matisse. By Walter Gutman 328
German Might. By William MacDonald 328
Books in Brief 329
Drama: "The Little Show." By Heywood Broun 331
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Anglo-Egyptian Failure. By David W. Wainhouse 332

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THE GERMAN ELECTION is surprising only in the sweep of the popular reaction against the Brüning Government and the parliamentary system. For more than a year the National Socialists, commonly referred to outside of Germany as Fascists, under the lead of Adolf Hitler, have been arraigning the weakness of the government and demanding policies and methods akin to those of a dictatorship, while at the other end of the scale the Communists, implacable enemies of any type of government except their own, have done their best to make parliamentary procedure a travesty. Both of these groups have gained enormously in the election. The Fascists, who could muster only a dozen votes in the last Reichstag, have rolled up more than a hundred in the new chamber, while their popular vote exceeds 6,375,000. A Communist membership of 54 has grown to one of 76, while the Communist popular vote of nearly 5,000,000 is the third largest in a total of about 36,000,000. It is the extremists who have gained and the conservatives and liberals who have received a check. The Socialists, with 143 members against a former 152, are still the largest party, and their popular vote of more than 8,500,000 exceeds by upward of 2,150,000 that of the Fascists, the next largest group. No party, however, comes anywhere near to having a majority of the 565 seats in the new Reichstag, and while the Fascists and Communists are at swords' points on practically everything, their great gain in numbers will make them more than ever powerful for disturbance.

THE REASONS for the overturn are not far to seek. The Fascist following has been recruited, not, as might be supposed, from those who would welcome a return of the monarchy, but from the great middle class whose fortunes were swept away in the period of inflation, and to whom neither the foreign nor the domestic policy of the Brüning Government or its predecessors has brought the hoped-for prosperity. The Communists, on their part, have been aided by the marked growth of political discontent and more particularly by the portentous increase in unemployment. Back of these forces, among all classes and in all parties, is unquestionably to be discovered a growing distrust of parliamentary government and traditional political methods. The reaction is not, of course, confined to Germany, but its growth has been particularly favored there by the long humiliations to which Germany has been subjected by the former Allies, the hardships of slow economic recovery, the prospect of decades of reparations payments under the Young Plan, and the striking contrast between peace professions and war preparations abroad. Chancellor Brüning's successor (it seems hardly possible that Brüning himself can go on) will have great difficulty in forming a ministry that can resist attack from the extreme Right and extreme Left, with more than one-sixth of the voters, men and women, looking with favor upon the dictatorship of a few and nearly one-eighth clamoring for a dictatorship of the proletariat.

IS SAUL ALSO among the prophets? We have repeatedly pointed out that the so-called flexible tariff is a fraud, that its theory is unsound, that it is unworkable in practice, and that if it could be administered in good faith it would mean business disturbance, not stability. And now Calvin Coolidge says:

> The report that the Tariff Commission is about to start investigations of a wide variety of commodities will not give much encouragement to business. . . . A very bad tariff would be better than constant agitation, uncertainty, foreign animosity, and change. . . . Hope for a purely scientific tariff will prove a delusion. Any prolonged investigation, covering many schedules for the purpose of rewriting the law, will do more harm than good. Many will be injured while none will be satisfied. And the country will not be benefited.

Mr. Coolidge had years of experience with a flexible provision. Where does his statement leave Mr. Hoover, who by the operation of this precious device is going to remove all the inequities and inequalities of the present measure without so much as giving business one little shiver? *Et tu,* Calvin!

IN RESPONSE TO A DIRECT REQUEST from the President, the Department of State, in order to cut down immigration, has ordered consuls to use greater strictness in granting visas to intending immigrants. In face of

the unemployment crisis, the President asked Congress to cut quotas in half for one year, but the measure was not enacted. Failing to get this legislation, the President and the department now propose to accomplish the same end by the simple device of requiring a consul to refuse a visa to any applicant who he thinks "may probably be a public charge at any time, even during a considerable period subsequent to his arrival." From the standpoint of selfish American common sense there is probably a good deal to be said for such action in the present crisis, but it raises some real questions, aside from all fears as to the possible abuse of the vague powers placed in the hands of consuls. How far do we want to turn over the control of immigration to the executive? How far, in the absence of legislation, has the executive the right to go in narrowing yet further our already illiberal immigration policy? The Department of State announces that by its action Mexican labor immigration has already been practically stopped, and that Canadian labor immigration is being cut down. Last year we received 150,000 quota and 60,000 non quota immigrants. Assuming that we were willing to give the State Department power to shut them all out at its pleasure, how far would their entire exclusion go in meeting a situation where millions are out of work? The Administration ought to be held to its responsibility concerning unemployment; it is not to be met by excluding a few thousand luckless immigrants.

DOES THE RIGHT to enter the United States depend on the law or on the will of the Immigration Bureau? The question is raised by the bureau's action in respect to Miss Elsa Hewitt, daughter of a former Labor member of Parliament, who sought to enter on a non-quota visa in order to teach at Manumit School, a labor institution at Pawling, New York. According to Miss Hewitt's statement, it was the discovery by inspectors at Ellis Island that she was to teach in a labor school that led them to question her right to enter, and to ask if she was "Soviet." After inquiry it was held that her visa, regularly issued by the American consul at Geneva, was not properly granted. Following protest from the American Civil Liberties Union, the Department of Labor arranged with the Department of State for the issuance of a regular quota visa (the British quota not being full), and Miss Hewitt was thereupon admitted. Notwithstanding the sensible settlement of this particular case, the question still remains whether the Immigration Bureau has the right to go behind a visa properly issued by an officer of the Department of State. If so, as is illustrated in this case, the way seems open for immigration inspectors to bar the door to persons whose ideas they think they may not like. Carol Weiss King, attorney for Miss Hewitt, declares that the Department of Labor has no authority to question a visa regularly issued by an American consul. She quotes a decision of Judge Morton in the case of Silva vs. Tillinghast holding "that in the absence of fraud the consul's determination as to the visa is final." This looks like common sense, and we believe that the Bureau of Immigration ought not to be allowed by default to acquire the authority it has assumed to exercise in this case.

CHARLES CURTIS, Vice-President of the United States, Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition enforcement, Charles H. Tuttle, United States District Attorney—these are among the men named by Major Maurice Campbell in his charges that, as Prohibition Administrator for the Eastern District, he was constantly interfered with in his attempts to enforce impartially and honestly the prohibition laws. The New York *World,* ardently wet, prints Major Campbell's revelations. Yet no one, wet or dry, can read without indignation his charges against some of our highest political officials. These charges have so far been categorically denied but not otherwise refuted. Major Campbell offers not only his own word in evidence but facsimile letters, for example letters countersigned by Mr. Lowman directing that guards set to prohibit the transfer and sale of illegal beer from breweries be withdrawn. Official interference hampered him on every side, Major Campbell declares. He was subjected to constant pressure to issue permits for the manufacture of alcohol or for an increase in the amount licensed to certain firms. If half of what he said were true, it would be a sorry picture of official chicanery, venality, hypocrisy. On the whole the American people seems to be able to read it unmoved. Public indifference and official crookedness go hand in hand.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has announced that sixty-six Indians, of every party except the all-important National Congress, will attend the Round Table Conference in London opening on October 20. Press dispatches give somewhat contradictory figures, but there are to be sixteen delegates from the native states, leaving fifty from British India, of whom twenty or more appear to be Hindus and twelve or fifteen Moslems. There are some sixteen Liberals and Moderates, most of them Hindus, representing a point of view relatively favorable to British rule, although the most prominent leader of this group, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, it will be remembered, was also a leader in the movement to boycott the Simon Commission in 1928. Plainly, even if many of the delegates are pliable, it will be a herculean task to bring about an agreement among them satisfactory to the British Government, and if agreement be arrived at, how much will it amount to with the Nationalist forces entirely refusing to take part and continuing their campaign of civil disobedience? If the threatened refusal to pay taxes is carried out on a large scale and the boycott continues, then the decisions of London will be robbed of importance. Of course, the hope of the government is to detach the body of the Indian people from support of Gandhi and the Congress program, but there is thus far no sign of success in that endeavor.

"A FORMIDABLE GARRISON on which the nation can count in whatever emergency" is the latest contribution to world peace to come out of Italy. The principal feature of the scheme, as outlined in an Associated Press dispatch, is a radical reorganization of the militia, already numbering more than 360,000, intended as "the first step in a ten-year program designed to raise the Blackshirts to a peak of emergency and fighting efficiency unparalleled in Europe." About one-third of the present officers are to be dropped, but many of them will be transferred to an officers' reserve, training schools for new officers are to be opened, and the ranks of privates will be purged of Fascists who are lukewarm. With this reorganized force, plus the

regular army now listed at about 230,000 officers and men, Italy will be able to face eventualities with a stout heart. What the eventualities are the announcement, of course, does not state, but the burning of Italian flags and the staging of anti-Italian demonstrations in various parts of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia may offer a clue. Political manifestos emanating from Belgrade are to be taken with all due allowance of salt, but the assertion in a recent appeal to "all the civilized peoples of the world" that 20,000 Croats and Slovenes who are Italian subjects have been imprisoned and tortured and 2,172 murdered by Fascists during the past eight years, with some 3,200 schools, reading rooms, and other places plundered and burned, is too serious to be passed over without thorough investigation.

LATIN AMERICA still simmers in political disquiet, with ominous rumblings of revolution in Brazil and with President Machado of Cuba sitting uneasily upon the lid of widespread discontent with his rule. Peru and Argentina, having got rid of their former presidents, are busy with what in military language is known as consolidating their positions, although with no clear evidence as yet that the new regimes will turn out to be in fact any less dictatorial than the old ones. Washington, which always hastens to don its robes of ethical sanctity when a Central or South American upset occurs, is pondering the question of recognition, with more reason in this instance than in some others because of doubt about the stability of the new establishments. The disturbing element in its meditations is the possibility that Great Britain, which appears to have less scrupulosity in such matters, may get in ahead of it with Argentina at least and so indirectly strengthen British commercial and financial prestige. The obstacle in the path is former President Irigoyen, who is a prisoner on an Argentine cruiser somewhere with his ultimate fate yet to be determined. Meantime a group of British and American bankers have shown their confidence in the new order by joining with Argentine financiers in offering the government of General Uriburu a short-term loan of some $36,000,000 to tide it over its immediate difficulties. As bankers do not usually part with their money where there is obvious danger of losing it, the proffer of a loan may help Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson in making up their minds.

SUSPENSION OF JUDGMENT regarding the report that the Soviet Government will refuse to pay the $65,000,000 recently awarded to Lena Goldfields, Ltd., as damages for the withdrawal of that corporation's concession, seems to be the only proper course for the present. The award was made by a special arbitration tribunal appointed with the consent of all parties concerned, after cessation of work on the concession on March 7 last. Just before the sessions of the court were opened the company announced that "resumption of work had become entirely impossible." The Soviet Government, citing a clause in the concession agreement by which the concession could be terminated only by the findings of an arbitration court, thereupon withdrew its representative from the court and declined to be represented. Highly conflicting testimony was submitted regarding the conduct and treatment of the corporation, and the reasons for the cancelation of its concession. Of the $65,000,000 awarded to the company, $17,000,000, it was stated, represented the actual investment in the undertaking, and the remainder, nearly three-fourths of the whole, the profits which the company expected to make or which the Soviet Government might expect under competent management. On the face of the matter it looks as if Russia had been technically within its legal rights in refusing to be represented in the court. It might have been wiser, however, to waive those rights for the sake of maintaining its credit on a sound basis.

TWO NEGROES HANGED in Mississippi on September 10 make the total of lynchings for the year eighteen so far as against twelve for 1929. This increase makes agitation for a federal anti-lynching law the more effective, and arrangements have already been made for the drafting of such a bill and for its introduction in the coming session of Congress. In 1922 a federal anti-lynching law passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 230 to 119, only to be defeated by a filibuster in the Senate. But after such a close squeak, the annual number of lynchings decreased for a time; and public sentiment, expressed through the more responsible of the newspapers and through the utterances of public men, has been setting itself definitely against this national shame. It is not unlikely that a federal law would receive an even kindlier reception now than it did eight years ago. Gradually it has come to be true that the lynching mob is made up of the more irresponsible elements of the community and at least in public its acts are disavowed by respectable persons. Moreover the Negro is becoming an economic power in the community; not only his labor but his property has value. This last, of course, will weigh the scales in favor of the federal law, if it is passed. Not his champions among the white race but his own efforts toward making himself a factor to be respected in the community will be the means of protecting the Negro from lawlessness.

OUR BRITISH COUSINS are certainly slow. With skyscrapers reported shooting up in Athens and Madrid and Antwerp, London is putting into operation next month a building act which actually cuts down by ten feet the maximum height of new buildings, which has stood at ninety feet since 1890. Of course, the reason the Londoners give for their objection to skyscrapers sounds plausible. Apart from health objections, they maintain that the London streets could not possibly handle the traffic occasioned by the pouring-out of workers from such buildings as we put up, and therefore they will not have such buildings. What can you do with people like that? Of course, there is no earthly reason for putting up such buildings except the fun of putting them up and the profits of land speculators; of course, they pile up so many people in one place where there is no rational reason for them to be that we then have to expend unlimited gray matter and countless millions of dollars devising means of getting them somewhere else—but what of that? Isn't the Chrysler higher than the Woolworth, and won't the Empire State be higher than the Chrysler? What more can a reasonable man ask? And London is contented with a beggarly eighty feet! Even that is not all. An enterprising American steel man, noting the all too limited progress of the skyscraper abroad, laments that European builders are still "quite generally obsessed with traditions and the historical complex." What a horrid incubus!

In an Off Year

THE Maine election and the numerous primaries held during the past week have served only to strengthen the impression created by the earlier events of the year's campaign—an impression, on the whole, of political futility and unreality. The primaries have turned mostly on personal or local issues, and there has been as yet no emergence of any of the great national questions on which real politics turn. The Maine election gives no evidence of deep-seated and effective resentment of present conditions. Detroit has just held a mayoralty election in the midst of almost unexampled unemployment; the Communists polled about 1 per cent of the votes—probably not a bad index of American inclination to revolutionary action even in face of conditions like those confronting the unemployed worker today. Little public education on important issues has as yet occurred. We have simply been engaged in selecting a new set of office-holders to take the place of the old ones.

There are thirty-five Senate seats to be filled this year, and eleven of the present incumbents are already definitely eliminated. Six Republicans—Gould of Maine, Gillett of Massachusetts, Baird of New Jersey, Goff of West Virginia, Phipps of Colorado, and Sullivan of Wyoming—declined to run for reelection, in some cases for prudential reasons. Whoever their successors, the average of Senatorial ability will scarcely be lowered. Five Senators (six including Senator Heflin) have been defeated in the party primaries. Among these, it would be pleasant if one could attribute Senator Grundy's defeat to resentment of his tariff activities, but unfortunately it is due to Pennsylvania party politics, and his successful rival, Secretary James J. Davis, is a man scarcely calculated to stir wild enthusiasm in thoughtful minds. In Illinois, Senator Deneen thoroughly deserved the good drubbing he got at the hands of Mrs. McCormick, but the events of the campaign have not placed that lady in too enviable a light, and with a dry woman candidate in the field against her, the chances of J. Hamilton Lewis for success in November are greatly improved. On the Democratic side, the elimination of Senator Simmons removes a wheel-horse of the old type, while the defeat of Senator Ransdell in the recent Louisiana primary takes away comparatively little except some of the representation of cane sugar. We rejoice in the defeat of Senator Blease, apostle of lynching. He is succeeded by a man of character and standing in the person of former Representative James F. Byrnes.

Progressives will derive solid satisfaction from the renomination of Senator Norris in face of the combined forces of reaction and plunder. In lesser degree they will rejoice in Senator Couzens's victory over the forces of party regularity in Michigan. Two Democratic nominations also are specially cheering. Cordell Hull will bring to the Senate from Tennessee a knowledge and a conviction regarding the tariff possessed by few public men today. The nomination of Edward P. Costigan in the Democratic primary in Colorado is one of the most pleasing results of the campaign thus far. He is a tried and outstanding fighter in progressive causes, and if he is elected Colorado will again have a Senator that counts. Nor should we overlook the action of the Ohio Democrats in nominating Robert J. Bulkley. Outside the national field, Gifford Pinchot's victory in Pennsylvania will not be forgotten, while the election of Frank Murphy, the progressive and modern-minded judge of the Recorder's Court in Detroit, as mayor of that city, is highly welcome.

As the campaign passes from the stage of the primaries to the election contests, perhaps it is not too much to hope for at least a slightly increased emphasis on larger issues. Three such issues, fundamentally important, lie ready to the hand of him who will use them. The unemployment situation cries aloud for the statesmanship that would make a real beginning at an organization of industry to produce what we want to consume and to put what we produce into the hands of those who want to consume it. The tariff abomination of 1930 flouts every demand of an intelligence large enough to understand the basic economic and political conditions on which friendly and cooperative international relations, and consequently world peace, actually rest. The domination of both our economic and our political life by the great power interests, and notably their control over the ruling party in national affairs, raises the whole question of the actual competence of democratic government to govern in the general interest. It is issues like these, among others, on which political campaigns ought to afford popular education.

Meanwhile, despite the frantic attempts of Senator Fess to keep prohibition out of the campaign by asserting that it is not an issue, and despite the complete confusion of party lines on that question, there can be no doubt that the problem does assume increasing importance in the public mind, however remote the prospect of its prompt settlement. It is not necessary to take too seriously Mr. Curran's claim that there will be twenty-nine new votes in the next Congress for outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, nor would it have any great immediate importance if the claim should in fact prove to be well founded. The substantial fact is that in view of the admitted unsatisfactoriness of the present situation, opponents of prohibition are at last beginning to come forward with specific alternative proposals. The present campaign shows an increased outspokenness and definiteness on the part of those who seek a change in the existing constitutional and legal position, and a lessened aggressiveness and confidence in those who seek simply the enforcement of the present law without derogation or modification. Dwight Morrow's outspoken stand for State option, followed by his surprising success in the primary of wet New Jersey, without doubt gave great encouragement to the forces of repeal and "modification," and they have scored a number of successes in the primaries. Senator Wheeler of Montana has come out against prohibition; likewise Governor Roosevelt, who has now taken a public stand in favor of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the sale of liquor by State agencies in those States which do not desire prohibition. Governor Roosevelt is a politician, and he has his eye fixed on the Presidential nomination. If the Republicans should find themselves driven to maintain officially the dry position which President Hoover has held, it is conceivable that prohibition might become a party issue despite everything.

European Union Waits

THE first impression of the debate at Geneva on the Briand plan of European union is that the whole matter has been left well up in the air. The one tangible outcome of the discussion appears to be the success of Great Britain in insisting that the question should not be taken in hand by the unofficial body of delegates to whom M. Briand submitted his report, but should be referred to the League. Until the League had spoken, there was nothing in the project regarding which the British Government, at least, could take a definite position. In thus lifting the proposal out of the hands of M. Briand and placing it in the hands of the League, Great Britain did nothing more than win the assembled delegates to the support of the criticism which it made in its reply to the Briand questionnaire of May 17, namely, that a good many of the things which the proposed union was expected to do were already being done by the League or were within the scope of its powers, and that the proper course, accordingly, was to place the subject on the agenda of the League meeting in September. The unanimity with which the British view was accepted, while it did not imply any general opposition to the union idea, clearly demonstrated an entire lack of support for a European union that should in any way parallel the League.

For the time being, then, the question rests with the League. The exchange of amenities which took place in the League session, on the other hand, did a good deal to clarify a situation which was becoming hopelessly befogged. In an impressive rejoinder to the speech in which M. Briand argued once more the merits of his cherished plan, Mr. Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary, declared that while Great Britain had "always believed that true security can only be obtained by cooperative action through the machinery of the League, we are equally certain that this purpose can far more effectively be sought through measures designed to prevent the outbreak of war rather than through measures designed to suppress war when it has begun." In these words Mr. Henderson made clear the fundamental opposition between the French and British positions—an opposition which the Italian government, in its reply to the Briand questionnaire, had also emphasized at considerable length. The whole policy of France, in its dealings with the European political situation, rests upon the contention that security must come first and after that disarmament. It is the British and Italian contention, in theory at least, that the prime condition of security is disarmament, and that to prepare for war as a means of insuring peace is to put the cart before the horse.

It was worth something to have the nature of the peace pretensions of France exposed and the role of armies, navies, air forces, and offensive and defensive alliances clearly demonstrated. Whatever the altruistic temper of M. Briand, there is only too much reason to think that the French government and a very large body of French opinion have no real confidence in any security that does not rest upon armaments. By emphasizing sharply the opposing British view, Mr. Henderson turned the discussion away from political or economic union and centered it upon disarmament. For years the League and its Preparatory Commission (the latter a body which reminds one of Franklin's comment on the figure of St. George on the inn sign—"always riding but never getting on") have debated disarmament up and down, in and out, around and about. Mr. Henderson let it be known that Great Britain is not interested in bolstering the French security policy with any union scheme, and that until the League buckles down and does something about disarmament the British will pursue their own course.

Whether the League, constituted and controlled as it is, can actually accomplish anything, or whether the effort to give life to the Briand plan may lead to some modification of the League structure, of course remains to be seen. At the moment, it must be admitted, the outlook for positive action is not encouraging. The age-long rivalry between Great Britain and France has again raised its head in the past few days at Geneva. The rivalry between France and Italy goes on apace, with Italian ambitions in Eastern Europe added to the dispute about naval parity, and racial antagonisms and political resentments are shooting up dangerous flames in Jugoslavia and Czecho-Slovakia. No practical results have followed from the "tariff truce" of last March, and William Graham, president of the British Board of Trade, has warned the League that Great Britain may withdraw from the agreement not to raise tariffs if nothing is done by next February. It will require courage and statesmanship beyond any that the League has yet shown to attack the problem of peace at its foundation. Meantime, with the possibility that peace itself may suffer another eclipse, the Briand plan apparently must wait until the League decides what may best be done with it.

The Sport of Kings

THE series of races for the America's Cup which have been going on off Newport this week between the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, represented by Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V, and the New York Yacht Club, defending with the cutter Enterprise, will decide the fate, for the next few years at least, of this time-honored trophy. Through a long list of contests lasting over a period of seventy-nine years the cup has become emblematic of supremacy in speed under sail, and as a result the more recent matches sailed for its possession have taken their place as the world's greatest events in the realm of sport. This is so despite the fact that as we measure speed today the time made in a contest between sailing yachts is slow by almost any comparison. Thirteen nautical miles per hour is about the limit of the two yachts in this year's match; eight or more will be a more likely average over the thirty-mile course in moderate winds.

What is it then that causes this race to make the appeal it does to the imagination of the public, who know nothing of the technique of the sport? There are probably many reasons, but chief among them is, perhaps, the lingering call of the sea that has persisted from the time when we were a seafaring nation, strung out along the Atlantic Coast, and all our intercourse and commerce were necessarily by sea. Ships still make a strong appeal to us. We still thrill to incidents of skilful ship-handling and seamanship. Speed in almost

every other form than sail has been achieved by mechanical means. How can its measure be compared with speed obtained by skill in using natural forces, in getting the utmost out of a vessel through the medium of wind alone? In a race for the America's Cup we are pitting not only the skill and seamanship of our sailors against those of our competitors, but the skill of our naval architects and shipbuilders as well.

In the race this year we are meeting the British boat on fairer terms than in any other match for the cup. There has been a feeling in the past that the cards were frequently stacked against an opponent. This year we constructed our boats to the same strength as the challenger (both are to Lloyd's scantling requirements), both are built to the same rule, and are being raced "boat for boat," without time allowance. The course selected, off Newport, while it may prove more strenuous, is much fairer than the Sandy Hook course, and there should be less interference from traffic. All of which will make for a more interesting race. No longer can there be talk of America's Cup yachts degenerating into flimsy racing machines. Yet, as a matter of fact, the American defender Enterprise can be truthfully described as a "mechanical yacht," inasmuch as her sails and gear are handled by mechanical means to a greater extent than in any other racing yacht. All of her halliards, much of her standing rigging, and all but the lightest of her sails are handled by winches and mechanical gear. It is said that there are no less than twenty-seven winches on the defender, and about half of her crew of twenty-six men will be at work below decks throughout the race handling these contrivances. On Shamrock V the old practice of "beef and brawn" still obtains, and she has but two or three winches on the entire ship. Even her main sheet is still tended by hand.

Both boats are fast and very much of a size. In length and sail area they are almost identical. In beam Shamrock V is some two feet narrower, and the lines of the two are quite dissimilar. Both are supposed to be at their best in light to moderate winds. If it comes on to breeze, each will have to take it as best she can.

In the race this year we shall see for the first time in a match for the cup an amateur skipper pitted against a professional. It would have been preferable, from a purely sporting standpoint, if Shamrock V had been sailed by an amateur, as were both the contenders in the 1920 contest. But Harold Vanderbilt, skipper of Enterprise, has had wide experience in sailing large yachts. He and his afterguard need have no fear of his professional adversary. In this country the best of our amateur sailors outclass any existing professional in the fine points of yacht racing. A strong feeling is prevalent, shared by many members of the New York Yacht Club, that it would be a good thing if Shamrock V took the cup. This is not due alone to the popularity of Sir Thomas Lipton with the public, who admire his persistence in challenging five times and in taking his successive defeats like a true sportsman, but to a belief that after we have held the cup here for seventy-nine years it would be best for the sport if it went abroad for a while. As we go to press, Shamrock V has lost the first two races by a disheartening margin for those who would like to see her owner's perseverance rewarded. For if the cup is to go, the great mass of Americans would rather see it taken by Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V than by any other yacht.

Souvenirs

EVERY year something like half a billion dollars is spent by American tourists in Europe, a large part of it in France. Every June they leave the United States in hordes, carrying a letter of credit for from a few hundred to many thousand dollars. They spend three months or so dutifully "doing" everything from Notre Dame to Montmartre, with glimpses of Rome and London by the way. They eat, sleep, drink, run about; they gasp with delight or yawn with ennui. They see all the sights there are to see, those in Baedeker and those described by a confiding friend who saw them the summer before. By the first of September the return flight is well under way. The letter of credit is gone. And aside from mere board and lodging, what have they got to show for their money?

There are, of course, the conventional trinkets. There is the Paris frock or the London overcoat, if they are happily in funds; there are much less costly items of apparel for most of them. There is an imposing pile of guide-books and maps. There is the inevitable small bottle of cognac smuggled in the toe of a slipper. There is the copy of "Kiki's Memoirs," there are innumerable views of innumerable places, photographs enlarged for framing—although it subsequently develops that framing costs too much money—Kodak pictures, small useless articles of decoration, and a silk scarf from Liberty's. But this is by no means five hundred million dollars' worth. There must be something else in return for that half billion of good American money not spent in America.

In the main these tourists are persons making their first and last trip to Europe. They are school-teachers, retired business men and their wives, widows taking a vacation after years of raising a family, students fresh from college. They are willing to see anything, to believe anything, to go anywhere. They come from Main Street to walk across Westminster Bridge; they leave the classroom or the Rotary Club lunch or the bridge table, and crane their necks dutifully to the highest ruby-colored window of Notre Dame. They never forget that they are Americans, used to American ways and American comforts, and spending American money. When they get home they will declare that there is no place like the little old U. S. A., where there is a bathtub to every family and a separate coal cellar to boot. But surely somehow, somewhere, a bit of that ruby glass will stick to them. They will go to Europe and boast of America; but in America they boast as freely of having been in Europe.

This, of course, is not acquiring European culture. But it is breaking through the mold, even if only a little, of conventional Main Street thought. If the American tourists in the main say, "Hame's best," why should they not? For them it is best. But there will be plenty of them who will declare that "Europe is a wonderful place to visit." They have seen farther than their geographies. They have rubbed elbows with another nation, they have crossed the wide Atlantic, they have felt and tasted and smelt the ways of a neighbor people. Main Street will never look quite the same again. And for this perhaps half a billion dollars is not too high a price.

Crime and the Courts in Chicago

By LAWRENCE HOWE

FOR each robbery committed in London, New York commits 36 and Chicago 100. In one year in Chicago there were twelve times as many robberies as in all England and Wales. In 1923 Chicago statistics showed twelve times as many robberies as the whole of Canada, and the number has steadily increased since then. Its homicidal rate was twice that of Italy, four times that of Australia, eight times that of Ireland, and nine times that of England and Wales.

Why should this one city, the second largest in the United States, be so ignominiously distinguished? Why should Chicago be the happy hunting ground of gunmen and racketeers, who ply their trades apparently without fear of the authorities and almost with impunity? As a detective sergeant who has spent twenty-one years in this crime-ridden city, I can offer answers to these questions that may not be conclusive, but that will stand for want of better.

Chicago is the greatest railroad center in the country and therefore affords unrivaled opportunities for a quick get-away to the evil-doer. The police force is entirely inadequate to cover the vast network of railway lines, of entrances and exits to the city. There is also the fact that Chicago is more generously endowed with adjacent penitentiaries than any other town in the United States. There are two within easy distance of New York City; Chicago has no less than seven. Now a convict upon being liberated from prison is given a small sum of money, so that he may not be immediately thrown upon his own resources. The amount varies. Some penitentiaries provide but $20, others pay as much as $75. Crooks invariably prefer large cities where they can lose themselves. In the smaller towns the presence of a stranger is soon noticed and frequently regarded with suspicion. The small sum of money granted the convict on his release is the equivalent in many cases of the railway fare from the prison to Chicago. Or a crook seeking escape can avail himself at any time of one of the fast trains which leave Chicago at intervals of about one minute for the entire twenty-four hours. It is also possible to take an electric car to Indiana or Wisconsin, or one of the many boats plying up and down Lake Michigan.

Chicago is also the Mecca of the foreign criminal. At first sight it would seem that the underworld fraternity would most likely be found in such sea ports as New York or Boston, the ports of arrival, but this is not the case. The professional criminal knows that in the event of any information as to his past record being forwarded to the United States it will reach one of the seaport towns. Obviously, therefore, the further inland he can get the better are his chances for remaining unidentified. The biggest inland city is the goal of his aspirations. There he can escape identification, unless taken in the act of committing a crime.

For years the habitual crook has been aware that Chicago insures him protection from the law. There are two kinds of protection which he seeks. In one he pays cash to an officer or political boss to shut his eyes—or keep the eyes of others shut—to his criminal occupations; in the other case the criminal procures immunity from imprisonment by his good behavior in the particular city affording him shelter. He is then at liberty to pursue his unlawful activities elsewhere, while earning exemption from detention by the authorities of the haven-town which he respects. There are several cities and smaller towns throughout the States where the crook is permitted to live without fear of molestation, provided that he does not operate in that particular locality. Chicago is not specifically one of these, but it extends the more greatly coveted protection of graft tribute. Usually the crook lives in the town affording him the lesser degree of protection, making occasional trips to other communities for the purpose of replenishing his diminishing funds. Once he has pulled the job, he hastens away from the vicinity of the crime to seek shelter in his chosen city of refuge, where the local authorities can be relied upon to protect him.

The towns which offer no protection through graft, bribery, or political influence are naturally avoided by the underworld. Owing to political pull, to corrupt politicians, to the selection of officials and executives irrespective of the characters of the men chosen, no large town can justly claim to be free from some forms of graft and venality, but nowhere is graft more flagrantly recognized and reckoned upon than in Chicago.

As an example of political corruption, I might mention a conversation held some time ago during a political campaign in that city. One of the candidates for mayor asked the writer whether it would be possible to rid Chicago of professional crooks. I replied, "There is a way but you could not put it into execution." "But if elected mayor, I could," protested my questioner. I explained the simplicity of the plan so hard of execution. I assured him that if I were permitted to pick twenty-five detectives, trustworthy and competent officers who knew the underworld, and had charge of their activities, I would undertake to rid Chicago of all professional crooks in sixty days, provided the mayor would carry out his part of the program. His part would be to see that when we made an arrest and presented sufficient reliable, conclusive evidence to prove the man guilty, there would be no fixing of the case. A conviction must follow. The judges, State's attorneys, court clerks, and politicians must not be allowed to be bought by the accused in an effort to thwart justice. They must be invulnerable to all approaches, whether of bribery, politics, or friendship. The candidate for the mayoralty recognized the futility of attempting such a drastic reform.

Much of the miscarriage of justice takes place in the courtroom. The defending attorneys for the accused often play a very significant role. Through clever scheming the attorney employed by the crook finds a way to have the case set for trial before the witnesses can be reached. Thus it happens that prosecuting attorneys often drop cases, or make so feeble an effort to prosecute that the prisoner is not adjudged guilty. Again, certain judges, friendly to the prisoner's representatives, rule out certain testimony, allow witnesses to be badgered and terrorized, and sometimes even go

as far as to instruct juries improperly. At other times they consent to continuance after continuance of the case, which compels the witnesses, including the prosecuting witness, to travel backwards and forwards at great loss of time and money. Eventually the prosecuting witness wearies of the law's delays and fails to appear. Then the defendant's attorney demands that his client be dismissed for want of a prosecutor. One of the methods most frequently employed to cheat justice is put into effect after the case has been called in court, when the attorney has obtained a continuance. The hearing is set for a given date. The court clerk finds it expedient, of course through "an error," to enter the date two or three days ahead of the day set for trial. Upon that prior date the defendant and his lawyer are on hand. The name of the prosecuting witness is called, but there is no response, whereupon the defendant is discharged. On the correct day set for the hearing the various witnesses against the prisoner appear in court, only to be told that the case was called two days previously.

To catch a criminal and to obtain his conviction are two very different things. No one knows this better than the crook himself. He is amply supplied with funds for the necessary purchase of his liberty. Were justice to be impartially administered without the intervention of court clerks, politicians, and corrupt judges it would not be a difficult matter to rid Chicago of its professional criminals. But as long as crooks know that money will win them exemption why should they go elsewhere? The criminal as well as the statistician knows that in one year out of 280 murder cases less than half that number were brought to trial, and only eight convicted.

Finally one of the major causes for Chicago's evil reputation is the ill-advised policy of constantly changing chiefs of police, so frequently indeed that no one man has time accorded him to carry out reforms before he is replaced by another official. The average length of service for our chief of police is less than two years, a term just long enough for him to get fairly well acquainted with the personnel of his department. In the past seventy-five years, or from 1855 to 1930, Chicago has been served by forty-three chiefs of police, making an average of approximately nineteen months each. Since there have been several acting chiefs filling this office at various times, the average is actually lower. Contrast this with London, which has elected but six in the past one hundred years. In England, France, and Germany not only is the fact appreciated that a chief of police should know his business, but what is still more important those countries give their leading officials an opportunity to make good. In Canada the chief of police holds his office for life, unless he proves to be incompetent, but as far more care is exercised in these countries in the selection of police heads a chief has seldom been called upon to resign. Politicians have no power to oust him.

Edward A. Olsen, a United States district attorney, made the statement: "Figures prove that Al Capone, the Chicago gangster, now in Holmsburg prison, handled through vice, brewing, gambling, and distilling interests a gross income of $70,000,000. Capone admits that he paid $30,000,000 for protection. Some seventy bootleggers, rum runners, and others have been taken for a ride in Chicago during the last five years, and approximately three hundred lesser underworld lights, yet but four defendants—those charged with murder—were brought to trial and not one of the four received a sentence."

The denial of justice in the courts of Chicago is the most momentous factor in upholding the reign of lawlessness which rules that metropolis today. On account of its geographical location, Chicago more than any other city requires a rigid enforcement of the law, incorruptible executives, and the impartial administration of justice.

The Doctor in Soviet Russia

By RALPH A. REYNOLDS

TO appreciate the position of the doctor under socialized medicine in Soviet Russia today, one must know something of the medical situation in Russia under the old regime. As in many other spheres of Russian life, there were in medicine the most diverse extremes of backwardness and enlightenment. In general, the standards of medical education were high and certain experimental laboratories and institutions stood at the very forefront of the scientific world. One need hardly mention such names as Pavlov, Speransky, and Orbelli, and, representing an earlier period, Pirogov and Metchnikov, to remind us of Czarist Russia's high achievements in medicine. In the cities, the clinics and hospitals varied in their efficiency and distribution. Good hospitals could be found in all of the larger and many of the smaller cities, but there was no organized effort on the part of the government, either local or central, to insure medical attention to the mass of the people. Except for one or two experimental child-welfare centers, prophylactic and educational health work was unknown. In the country districts, generally speaking, medicine was administered by men who had failed to make a living for themselves in the city and therefore had been forced to accept the poorly paid country posts. In all but exceptional cases the medical care of the peasants was notoriously bad. Limited as the amount of good medical service was, the number of doctors, good or poor, was even more limited. In many districts the proportion of physicians to inhabitants was one to 40,000. It was not uncommon for a man with a broken leg to have to drive two days to reach any one who could set it. In all Russia in 1913 there were only 12,677 doctors or one to every 12,000 persons. Of these 8,900 or 71 per cent lived in cities, leaving an average ratio of one doctor to 20,300 peasants. At that time the peasants comprised about 80 per cent of the population. These figures are from the report of the People's Commissariat for the protection of health to the Twelfth All-Russian Congress in 1925. So great was the need for medical personnel that a type of semi-qualified practitioner, to be met with in no other part of Europe, came into existence in Russia. This was the feldsher. He was given a modified medical course of about two

years (at that time the regular course was six years), he was prepared to do emergency aid work, to perform minor operations, and to prescribe for the more common diseases. Many of the medical outposts were staffed entirely by these feldshers, and in the cities they assisted the doctors in the operating room much as trained nurses do in America.

With these conditions, fair in the cities but utterly inadequate throughout the vast peasant districts, it is not surprising that there was a very high death-rate in Russia. In 1913, the last year when the old regime was in full force, the death-rate for all ages throughout Russia was 27.3 persons per thousand. The infant death-rate during that period was admitted to be very high, the highest of that of any civilized country—27 per hundred in 1911 as against Norway's 6.5. So long, however, as the birth-rate was high enough to assure the normal growth of the population, little attention was paid to the death-rate. One responsibility the government did assume—that of prevention of widespread epidemics. Vaccination against smallpox was provided freely and research expeditions were sent into regions infested with the black plague and malaria. Even this work, however, was directed by no central health organization, the prevention of epidemics having been undertaken by a small division of the Department of the Interior. The army and the fleet had their own separate medical units; certain insurance companies were sending doctors to their clients; some cities had their public institutions, but in general the people's health was in the hands of private practitioners and of benevolent individuals.

The status of the doctor under this regime was much the same as is our status in the United States at the present time. Many were well trained, many carried on large private practices, many engaged wholly in research work, and more than 70 per cent were located in the cities. On the whole, they were prosperous and happy, being members of the educated and privileged classes. Then came the Revolution of 1917, ushering in the Communist Government. One of the principles of this government is complete control of medical service by the state. Disease is considered not a person's private affair to be indulged as he sees fit. Disease is regarded as harmful not only to the person suffering from it but to the state of which he is an economic and social unit. The shifting of emphasis, therefore, has been definitely from curative to preventive medicine. The complete new program of public health was formulated in 1918, when the Commissariat for Health was organized. This foundation had as its main concepts certain fundamental principles: The unification of medicine; the accessibility of medical aid to all citizens; free medical treatment for citizens; medical treatment by a qualified personnel; the placing of emphasis on prophylactic work.

First the work of unification was accomplished. All the medical resources of the nation were organized into one centralized system. The doctors, feldshers, nurses, and pharmacists became civil servants, and all hospitals, sanitaria, and drug stores became state institutions. A standardization of hours of duty and of salaries based on professional responsibility and local economic conditions was worked out, the doctors' salaries now ranging from $60 to $120 monthly, programs of child-welfare work and campaigns against tuberculosis and venereal disease were prepared on a nation-wide scale; central institutions for research and teaching in various branches of medical science were established to which provincial doctors could come for post-graduate study. The wholesale preparation of drugs and the purchase of those produced abroad was undertaken as a state business, the cost incident to private production and advertisement being thereby eliminated. This move to unify the medical field did not in itself abolish private medical practice but it dealt it a death blow by supplying such adequate health service free that little or no place was left for private practice. The doctor was reduced to the capacity, economically, of a poorly paid employee of the state, and patients, instead of consulting their favorite doctor, were expected to go to the clinic or institute created for their particular group.

Now how did the government set about to make medical aid accessible to all citizens? The first need was that of increasing the total number of well-trained medical men. This result was partly accomplished by the government supporting practically all medical students through their entire course of training, the support extending even to spending-money. Moreover, public opinion under the Communist regime places great value on social service and on scientific knowledge applicable to human needs. This attitude naturally encourages young people to take up a medical career. Of financial remuneration there is of course very little, and the most eminent scientists live in cramped and depressing quarters. Still their lot is, in a material way, no worse than that of their neighbors, and their work is such that they are looked upon with respect. All these factors may have encouraged students to enter the medical field. At any rate, the year 1928 found the total number of doctors increased to 44,800—nearly four times as many as in 1913. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that whereas before the revolution only 28 per cent of all medical students were women, at the present time the women comprise more than half of the students in the graduating classes.

While increasing thus rapidly the total number of doctors in Russia, the government set about at the same time to arrange a more adequate distribution. As fast as medical students graduated they were sent out into the rural districts, each to give three years' service wherever he was sent. This compulsory three-year period among the peasants is considered just payment for the training and support the student has received at the hands of the government. If during the three-year period the young doctor makes some outstanding contribution to the science of medicine, he may then choose his own location and type of work immediately. This process of equalizing the opportunities for medical aid throughout Russia has already made marked progress, though the need in the rural districts is still great. There is now one doctor to every 14,000 peasants, as against one to every 20,000 in 1913. By carrying on the same plan the government expects, by the end of 1932, to increase the number of doctors in the peasant districts by 40 per cent.

How does the system really work? In what way does the patient actually come in contact with the physician? Let us consider, for instance, the Railway Workers Clinic in Moscow. It is designed to serve the clinic needs of 100,000 railway workers and their families—in all about one-half million men, women, and children. These workers are employed by four different railway systems which have station terminals and other facilities in Moscow. The companies which are now operated by the state protect the worker and

his family by a system of social insurance. This entitles the workers to many privileges, such as old-age pensions, partial support of the unemployed, extension of free medical aid to all ill or crippled workers, vacation of workers on full pay, treatment in sanitaria, time off from work with full pay to care for a sick member of a worker's family, and many other privileges. Such an all-embracing social responsibility is naturally expensive, and anywhere from 15 to 20 per cent of the wage bill of any business enterprise, whether under state or private ownership, must be set aside from the proceeds of the business to cover this tax. However, it takes the place of most of the public and private funds in other countries, since it aims to care for all sick and aged workers and those dependent upon them. Offices of the organization are set up in every community where there are 2,000 or more persons eligible for insurance. The Central Headquarters in Moscow outlines the general principles and coordinates the social insurance work in all parts of the country, settles disputes, and carries on an educational campaign regarding the benefits to be obtained by the state insurance.

The railway clinic, which may be taken as a typical one, subsidized by the social insurance fund, employs 143 full-time physicians and 40 more who attend to necessary calls in patients' homes out of clinic hours. The average number of patients treated daily in this clinic is about 3,500. Each doctor must see a certain number daily—for instance, each interne must see 35 patients daily, each pediatrician 28, each neurologist 30, each ophthalmologist 40, each dentist 18, each surgeon 45, each ear, nose, and throat specialist 40. In addition to the doctors on the staff and other employees, there are 18 dental chairs occupied constantly, and the department of dentistry makes and distributes 30,000 artificial teeth annually. There are also departments for making artificial limbs, body braces, spectacles, crutches, and other similar apparatus, and for issuing free medicines, bandage, and supplies.

The doctors are paid a salary by the company out of the Social Insurance Fund which, of course, is a fund of the state. They devote their full time to the work, spending about six full hours daily actually at work in the clinic. The rest of his time the doctor has free to spend as he chooses. If he wishes to do research work at home, the state gives him an additional room and the necessary supplies. Large clinics, such as the railway workers' clinic, publish medical journals of their own, and every month various phases of the work are described. It is interesting to note, under the Soviet system, that the workers do not pay anything toward this Social Insurance Fund, the expense being borne by the factory or industry concerned—in the last analysis, by the state. When, however, a question arises as to the right of a worker to any kind of compensation, the doctor sits in conference with a committee of workmen rather than with officials. It is said that the workers' committees are inclined to discipline their fellows-workers more severely than the officials of the companies would do. If a worker is definitely caught malingering, his punishment is expulsion from the labor union and loss of his rights of social insurance.

As far as I could recall, the quality of medical work performed was good. I realize that what I saw was perhaps the best. However, as I went through the clinics, both the large city institutions like the ones described and the general country clinics in the peasant villages, it seemed to me that the work which was being done was about the same as that in our university and other free clinics. Moreover, it was, I think in most cases, better organized. I feel certain that the surgery I saw in Russia was better than that which I saw in some of the other European countries. The surgical and medical equipment was distinctly superior to that used in most of Vienna's hospitals.

The physicians in charge of the important institutes in Russia were, for the most part, leaders under the old regime. These older men, like Pavlov, Orbelli, Speransky, and Burdenka, have been responsible also for most of the research work produced under the Communist Government. However, during the past two or three years the younger men have begun to contribute to the medical literature. According to the bitterest critics of the present system some really good experimental and clinical work is now being contributed by the younger men, trained under the new regime. The type of training they have received is not unlike that received in our own medical schools. The medical student completes a five-year course and from one to three years in a hospital. If he specializes as most of them are now doing, he is required to do four months' post-graduate work in his specialty every two years. These post-graduate courses are well organized and are very popular. In addition to the scholastic type of post-graduate work, a great deal of practical group study and investigation is going on constantly in the larger institutions. As an example, the Venerealogical Institute in Moscow, in addition to the 150 physicians regularly employed full time, has 50 physicians from the provinces there, constantly studying modern methods of treatment and conducting research. As to the result of investigation and study, we all know that a tremendous amount of material is being published. Much of it, of course, is worthless, as is the case in any country. Since, however, the system of socialized medicine brings an enormously increased number of patients under observation, and since autopsies are compulsory, it is clear that Russia's scientists have a tremendous fund of organized information from which to draw conclusions.

A widespread and thorough public-health program is one of the planks of the Communist platform. The organization of this department has been chiefly in the hands of Professor Semashko. Each republic in the Soviet Union has its own commissariat of health but they are all under the central Commissariat of Health in Moscow, of which Professor Semashko is the head. He undertook the work of organization at a time when prevention in medicine was the slogan. It expressed a new point of view in Russia and it fitted admirably into the new Communist sense of values.

But what of the doctor? I have described sketchily how he plays his important role in the new order. Many excellent results of his work are manifest. But, as one brilliant physician, the head of one of Russia's best-known institutes, complained bitterly to me, "How can we do our best work, when we must go from our laboratory to small, poorly heated, dingy, depressing quarters? Even our laboratory animals are better housed than we. To be sure, our living conditions are better than in the early days of the revolution, yet still our rooms are over-crowded and we must share our kitchens with four or five other families. It is true that we pay very little rent for these rooms, and that we receive enough money from the state to support ourselves and our

families, but a man needs more than bare support. He needs a place, even though small, that he can call his own. He needs to see his family decently clothed. He needs to be free from the eternal system. It is an invisible something one feels and finds oppressive even though one may have a reasonable amount of freedom in one's work. You American doctors do not realize how fortunate you are. It is interesting for you to come here and study our system. It is true that the whole of Russia is an interesting experiment, but it is not pleasant for us to be the experimental dogs and guinea-pigs."

So speak many of the professional and business people of Russia. They have been reduced to the same state, economically, as the peasant and laborer without opportunity to regain economic independence. The doctor's success is now measured by the contributions he makes rather than by the size of his practice. It is too early to judge whether this policy is bringing a more or a less desirable type of men and women into the medical field.

What is the significance to the American medical profession of the status of our profession in Russia? The vision of great medical leaders reduced to poverty and submission is naturally discomforting. The idea of the loss of private practice, and the socialization of medicine being to us more or less distasteful, our reaction is likely to be one of rebellious opposition. Yet blind opposition will avail us little. The medical profession makes up only a small minority of the population and it behooves its members to consider the trend of public opinion throughout Europe since the war.

Germany adopted a Social Democratic form of government with a national plan of social insurance and modified state medicine. Austria became a republic and Vienna adopted a socialistic form of government with a system that makes free medicine available to 1,600,000 of her 1,800,000 inhabitants. This, by the way, leaves only 200,000 as potential private patients for Vienna's 4,000 physicians. Czecho-Slovakia and Poland became republics with modified plans of social insurance. England has recently elected a Labor Government and the plan there is to develop the public health system along most liberal lines, the benefit being to the public at the expense of private practice. Medicine and health are becoming the business of the state.

The American system—the whole mental attitude underlying our professional and business life—has as an integral part the factors of personal initiative, competition, and reward. Many of us would deplore a change which would do away with these factors. On that very account, we must recognize the fact that socialized medicine under such a system as that of Soviet Russia is offering the public advantages of tremendous value. The best of these advantages can, I believe, be incorporated into our own system without displacing it, and it is to our own advantage to see that some such drastic measures are taken. If we fail to do so, socialized medicine may very likely be forced upon us.

A Property-Minded South

By WEIMAR JONES

THREE events which throw considerable light on the industrial and labor situation in the South today occurred on three successive August days. On Monday, August 18, 1,500 textile workers in the American Mills at Bessemer City, near Gastonia, N. C., went on strike. On Tuesday they literally kicked out of the mill village Communist agitators, and very politely but very firmly declined the offer of an official of the conservative American Federation of Labor to organize them into a union and assist them in the strike. On Wednesday the North Carolina Supreme Court handed down decisions upholding the lower courts in convictions of leaders of 1929 strikes—seven for the second-degree murder of Police Chief Aderholt at Gastonia and four for rioting at Marion, N. C.

The Bessemer City strike is evidence that last year's labor trouble was not a mere isolated outbreak, but really was the beginning of Southern labor's fight for a new deal. The fact that it came without organization or agitation on the part of outsiders raises the question whether the Southern mills have remedied the conditions which brought about the strikes of 1929. The decisions of the Supreme Court of North Carolina indicate that there has been little change in the attitude of Southern officialdom—it still believes firmly in the divine right of property.

In its every encounter with the mills last year Southern labor found itself opposed also by organized government. Southern governors, upon the merest pretexts, rushed troops to strike centers; ostensibly it was to protect property, but actually the inevitable result was to break down the morale of the ignorant, unorganized strikers. Every injunction granted was for the protection of property rights—employers' rights. There were illegal arrests and refusals to arrest. And, finally, in the numerous trials of criminal cases every person charged with committing crimes against strikers was acquitted, while every case in which strikers were defendants, if it reached the jury, resulted in a verdict of "guilty." This last phase of the record takes on added significance when the homicide cases are recalled. Only one of the eight deaths—that of Aderholt—was charged to strikers. In this case seven persons were convicted, while officers put on trial for the slaying of six workers at Marion were acquitted, as were members of an anti-unionist mob charged with the murder of a woman striker at Bessemer City. Now the North Carolina Supreme Court has made the record 100 per cent by deciding against labor in the only two cases appealed.

In the recent strike at Bessemer City the undisputed facts are that it was precipitated by the third wage cut since Christmas and that it was anti-Communist and non-union. The management placed the size of the last reduction at from 5 to 25 per cent; the workers said it ranged from 20 to 30 per cent. The management said wages ranged from $10 to $18 a week; the strikers' figures were from $4 to $10. If the lowering of wages and the wage-scale figures at these mills are representative—and a number of Southern mills have publicly announced wage cuts since the first of 1930—the reasonable conclusion is that conditions, certainly as to

wages, have not materially improved in the Southern textile industry since last year.

The most interesting feature of the recent strike, however, is the workers' attitude toward agitators and unions. Encouraged and aided by officials and leading citizens, they resorted to physical violence to be rid of the Communist agitators, and to the American Federation of Labor official they said very pointedly: "This is a home-grown strike, and we will settle it ourselves, without outside interference." That same feeling was given expression in many of last year's walkouts; and today it is by no means confined to Bessemer City.

This attitude of the workers is as inexplicable to the average non-Southerner as was the South's gross injustice to its labor in 1929. Yet there are reasons for both—reasons which lie in the historical and psychological background of the region and its people. The history of the South, properly understood, explains both the South's determination to crush labor outbreaks and its bitter opposition to organized labor; the worker's background explains his reaction to suggestions that he become a cog in a union organization. We have today a still individualistic South, but a South become property-minded.

This background of the South and its workers throws light on the highly significant question whether it is possible for the American Federation of Labor to succeed in its campaign to unionize Southern labor.

The answer to that question is of national import, for as the South grows industrially it presents a problem of adjustment of ever-increasing complexity for the remainder of the country. In other sections labor either has organized or has been definitely affected by the program and demands of union labor, but the South remains unique in its labor situation. With its lower wage scale and its system of individual bargaining, it threatens both the industry and the labor of other regions.

The explanation of today's industrial South lies in the history of the South itself, and also in the history of a peculiar section, Southern Appalachia, a region almost as different from the remainder of the South as New England is from California; the other end of the chain of cause and effect is back as far as the year 1865, possibly farther. For, marked as were the social and political effects of the Civil War upon the South, they were as nothing compared with the economic results. The struggle left the region bankrupt. Its money was worthless; its property, except land, was gone; its man power was lowered to a dangerous point. With little beside hope and a grim determination, the South set out in 1865 to regain its place in the life of the nation; somehow to build a new economic and social fabric on defeat, poverty, and the ruins of an entire order of life that came tumbling down with the surrender of Lee.

For the first time the South was forced to face stern economic realities. In the bitter struggle of the post-war period it learned of dire necessity to count its pennies. For decades it had always to think in terms of poverty—and some way out of that poverty. The result in the South was a hitherto unthought-of emphasis on purely economic values —on property.

There was another effect of the Civil War and its aftermath—a human one. As in all wars it was the daring, the adventurous who died on the battlefield. And the South, with its terrific toll of dead, feels that loss even today. Then, following the war, there came the further drain of the movement westward; again it was the daring, the pioneer spirits the South lost. It was not that these losses left the South with a second-rate citizenship; the hot-blood, the pioneer, often is not the best citizen. But it is the daring, pioneer spirit that saves a people from the extreme of conservatism. The result of these causes was the ultra-conservative South of the early twentieth century.

At last the South, still strictly agricultural, struggled into the light of a new day. Money became a little less scarce; a revival in education paved the way for better social and economic conditions; hope gradually grew into confidence. Then came the first cotton mills from New England. The South welcomed them, politely if not cordially, for the memory of the war, and especially of Reconstruction, lingered. But the region had definitely turned its face toward economic progress, and these mill owners brought with them money and spread it out in the form of pay-rolls. As the beneficent effects of industry upon an impoverished land began to be felt, the South's welcome became more cordial; there grew up a feeling of genuine if not altogether disinterested friendliness toward these Northerners and the new kind of property. After all, the South could not lift itself entirely by its own bootstraps; the mills furnished the long-sought leverage. And the mill owners, pleased, remained; word went back to New England of the favorable conditions in the South; and the real migration of industry southward got under way. The industrial revolution in the South had begun.

While the people of the Southern lowlands were gradually building the new South, back in the isolated mountain villages and settlements life went on scarcely touched by the changing order. And land, property, to these proud, home-loving mountain people, gradually became more than just wealth; it became a symbol, a mark of a man's standing in the community. Next to character—honesty, bravery, and determination are outstanding characteristics of the mountaineer—a man valued his property. The big landowner was the leading citizen; next came the small farmer; and finally there was the tenant class and the shiftless day laborer.

Then, about half a century ago, there began the first of two migrations from the mountains. The first, of course, was to the West. Tired of the topographical disadvantages of the region, bitterly oppressed by the isolation and the hardships it brought, the hardier spirits, as elsewhere, sought new and more promising conditions. Hardly a county in the Far West today but numbers among its residents scores of natives of the Southern highland country. Thus the mountains were robbed of their progressive element. Two classes were left, the ultra-conservative property owners—and Southern conservatism reaches its acme in the mountain country—and the tenant class. It was thus that the mountains, future labor supply of the mills, reached the twentieth century.

With the arrival of the cotton mills in the South there was a new demand for labor, and Negro labor was not desired. The shrewd manufacturers looked about and finally cast their eyes toward the mountains. They made their offer, a house and so many dollars per week; and the mountain folk of the tenant class, accustomed to fewer dollars per year, eagerly accepted—forgetting, for the moment, that all

wealth is not in terms of money; forgetting that the value of money varies with its abundance or scarcity; forgetting the wealth they possessed in gardens and cows and pigs and chickens; forgetting the wealth of independence and leisure which the mountaineer values almost next to life itself. A new exodus began. By the thousands they flocked to the mills.

This, then, is the background for the continued struggle that seems inevitable: a setting of ultra-conservatism; a land whose people, though individualists still, have become acutely property-minded; and a land which for two centuries has been predominantly agricultural and, almost overnight, finds itself industrialized. For workers, a race of proud, independent fighting people, descendants of as fine stock as is to be found in America; a group that found itself in the twentieth century with the ideals and character markings of the eighteenth; men and women whose environment and lack of opportunities, educational and economic, marked them out for misfits in an industrial age; a class that is uneducated, but by no means either ignorant or unintelligent; the underprivileged mountaineers robbed of initiative and daring by the westward migration.

That is the historical and human foundation upon which the American Federation of Labor proposes to erect a structure of labor organization. Can it succeed? To do so, it must win a double psychological victory. The contest now under way in the South is, on the one hand, a struggle between property rights and human rights, in the court of public opinion; on the other, it is a battle in the mind of the worker between his habitual, inherent desire to act as an individual, together with his deeply ingrained respect for property, and the driving need for concerted action as a means of securing relief from intolerable conditions.

There are other factors that enter into the situation: Statutes and court procedure, created for an agricultural rather than an industrial age, which are adverse to organized labor; the stubborn opposition of the mill owners, as a class, to any form of organization; conditions in the mills which tend to drive the workers into any sort of organization that promises to ameliorate their lot; and the fighting temper of the mountain people, once they are aroused.

There is one bright spot in the picture. A small but militant and growing liberal minority is quietly but firmly demanding that the problem be solved intelligently and justly. It is possible that this liberal element may hold the key to the situation. But today the South is in a ferment of conflicting ideas and ideals, with the worker sullenly biding his time. What the outcome will be no man can tell.

The British Cheka

By A. E. E. R.

AN American citizen, Mr. Griffin Barry, has recently been prosecuted in England for a technical breach of the passport regulations in circumstances which throw a strange light on the operations of the British secret police. It appears that any foreigner who associates with supporters of His Britannic Majesty's present Government is regarded with grave suspicion by the officials of Scotland Yard.

Mr. Barry's case, which would be of slight interest but for the circumstances surrounding it, may be stated as follows. Mr. Barry, who in 1915 was a member of the Belgian Relief Mission organized by Mr. Hoover, subsequently held a position in the American diplomatic service at Petrograd. After the revolution Mr. Barry acted as a newspaper correspondent in Russia where he represented the *Daily Herald,* the British Labor organ, now the mouthpiece of His Majesty's Government. Mr. Barry's passport, while deposited with the Soviet authorities, was reported mislaid and he failed to recover it. In consequence of this he lost his English visa and upon his return to the United States was refused a fresh passport. After two years, as a result of pressure exercised by his family (Mr. Barry's father being a well-known newspaper proprietor in California), he was again granted a passport and permitted to revisit England.

Last year Mr. Barry was taken violently ill with duodenal ulcer two days after landing in England. He was rushed to the hospital where he underwent a dangerous operation and remained convalescent for the next six months. Meanwhile the period of two months' grace allowed to every alien before he is required to register with the police had expired.

Recently while endeavoring to buy a ticket to Cherbourg at Plymouth Mr. Barry was challenged by embarkation officers and charged with failing to notify his changes of address. There is no doubt that the attention of the authorities was first drawn to Mr. Barry by reason of the fact that his traveling companion is employed by a firm engaged in Anglo-Soviet trade and was formerly, like a good many Labor M. P.'s (including at least one occupant of a minor ministerial post), a member of the Communist Party. Mr. Barry has no sort of connection with any British political party, but he is well known in London Bohemian and literary circles whose political sympathies largely tend toward the Left.

In recent years Mr. Barry has visited the U.S.S.R. as a tour conductor. The Soviet indorsements on his passport confirmed the suspicions of the police. After seven hours' detention, during which the United States consul at Plymouth and a local solicitor had virtually expressed their inability to assist him, Mr. Barry was at 1 o'clock in the morning informed that he could not be released on less than £1,000 bail. He was then locked up for the night. The following day he was remanded over the week-end. As the bail required was not immediately forthcoming he was taken to Exeter prison. Here he was neither notified of an offer of the necessary bail telegraphed by a friend in London nor was he properly advised of the privileges to which all remand prisoners are entitled.

Meanwhile friends whose addresses had been found in Mr. Barry's notebook were visited by plain-clothes officers at their homes or places of business and cross-examined about their political opinions and other extraneous matters. The

friends were even questioned about one another. Thus one of these acquaintances, Charles H. Gray, secretary of the World Power Conference (an industrial research organization financed partly by the British as well as various foreign governments), was questioned about another acquaintance, B. N. Langdon-Davies, the distinguished London publisher, who is head of the firms of Williams and Norgate and of Noel Douglas, Ltd. "We know Langdon-Davies as secretary of the Civil Liberties League during the war," said the police officer to Mr. Gray, "so he must be 'political' somehow." Scotland Yard had evidently been consulting a dossier that must contain the names of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, both of whom were members of the council of the same league, while the Chancellor's wife, Mrs. Philip Snowden, was its treasurer. These last facts the entire British daily press, from Left to Right, has studiously suppressed. The *Daily Mail* contented itself with reporting the case under the heading "Unwanted Alien."

After four days' confinement, Mr. Barry was brought up in custody and fined five pounds for his technical breach of the Aliens Act (which, be it said, is considerably stricter in Great Britain than the equivalent laws in France, Germany, and most other European countries outside the Balkans). Challenged by Mr. Barry's lawyer, the prosecution failed to produce any evidence to sustain its allegations that Mr. Barry was associated with revolutionary activities.

The most remarkable aspect of the case lies in the revelation of the fact that the official British Cheka still regards its masters, the members of the Labor Cabinet, as political suspects. But remarkable as this survival of the war-time police view of Mr. MacDonald and his friends may be, it is by no means surprising considering the record of the police department concerned.

The "Special Branch" of Scotland Yard, also known by the mysterious ciphers M. I. (Military Intelligence) 5c, was originally founded during the war by Sir Basil (then Mr.) Thomson, assistant commissioner of police, as a subsection of the Criminal Investigation Department. But in the manner of every secret police, the special branch soon separated itself from the parent organization to become a state within the state. No sooner had the head of the special branch secured his independence of the C. I. D. than he refused to recognize the authority of the Chief Commissioner of Police and would report only to the Home Secretary direct. In 1920 Sir Basil Thomson was publicly rebuked in Parliament by the Home Secretary for having without authority afforded assistance to Czarist refugees engaged in the production of forged copies of the Moscow *Pravda*. The bogus *Pravdas* printed in London could serve no purpose so long as they bore the English printer's imprint; the copies were therefore taken to Scotland Yard where the "guillotine" in the police printing shop was obligingly brought into service to cut off the tell-tale imprint. In that condition each edition was sent on to the Russian border states and furnished gullible newspaper correspondents with their authority for dispatches beginning, "Even the official Bolshevik organ admits . . ." Repudiated by the Home Secretary, Sir Basil Thomson next placed himself above the Home Office and would recognize the authority of none but the Prime Minister in person. This was too much even for Mr. Lloyd George. Sir Basil was superseded.

The Labor Government of 1924 continued to maintain the Secret Service allocation of nearly a quarter of a million pounds which the faithful House of Commons is required to pass annually without discussion. No action was taken when officers of the special branch were proved on two occasions to be supplementing their pay by passing on information obtained in the course of their official duties to the *Morning Post*, the most bitter anti-Labor journal. On one famous occasion two detectives were caught concealed beneath a trap-door at a Communist meeting and were actually given into the custody of the uniformed police by the Communists as "suspected persons found loitering on inclosed premises for a supposed felonious purpose," and the Socialist Home Secretary of the day, Arthur Henderson (now Foreign Secretary), was obliged to offer very ignominious explanations in Parliament. In the detectives' notebooks were found verbatim accounts of previous private meetings of which identically worded reports had been printed, by an odd coincidence, in the *Morning Post*.

Even the incident of the sale by the Secret Service of the forged Zinoviev letter to the *Daily Mail* which brought down Ramsay MacDonald's first administration failed to teach Labor its lesson. And the present British Government continues to maintain in a position of influence and power (the more dangerous because it is underground) a secret service whose whole training and traditions have been gained combating the rise of Labor. The little incidents connected with the case of the American, Barry, demonstrate beyond doubt that though a Socialist government may hold office, the political police recognize no change of masters, but continue to serve reaction and plutocracy by every method of political corruption, provocation, and espionage that can be employed within the letter of the law, outside the spirit of the constitution.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never built himself a house, never having been able to decide which place of all places he would like to settle in for a sufficient length of time. But if he ever does build one, he will give attention to a method described by Mr. Karl J. Ellington, of Port Angeles, Washington. *Pisé de terre* is the method, or building with just common soil, rammed in moveable forms. The Drifter does not know exactly how pisé houses are made, but he will ask Mr. Ellington. Meanwhile he hears that the method is being used successfully in the Scandinavian countries, that there are pisé houses in many parts of Europe, that there is a pisé church in St. Augustine, Florida, known to have been built in 1556, and that a pisé building in Washington, D. C., dating from 1773, was recently found to be so firmly constructed that it would have cost more to tear down than to remodel it. Soil houses, therefore, are evidently of an extreme durability; they can be made of any soil, although that having a little clay in its composition is best; they will bear a weight of twenty-five to thirty tons to the square foot, they are weather-proof, heat resisting, may be painted or stuccoed outside, and painted or papered within. If this is not an excellent kind of house, the Drifter never heard of one. All you need is a concrete or stone

foundation; the garden dirt will furnish the rest of your building materials.

* * * * *

FOR some reason pisé houses remind the Drifter of the hedge walls in Cornwall, England—where, by the way, he may build his pisé house when he builds one. These walls hem in the dirt roads to a height sometimes of six feet. In appearance they are solid banks of earth, out of which every sort of green thing shoots—blackthorn, ivy, grass, field flowers, even twisted, small trees. They seem to have a stone foundation on which sods have been piled, and time and wind and rain have done the rest. Lovelier walls the Drifter never saw. They are impenetrable, lasting, cheap. They were evidently made by design, for there are miles of them in Cornwall. By accident a friend of the Drifter's achieved somewhat the same result. He tossed the sods dug up to make a flower bed on top of an old stone wall. He has now a smooth green mound, under which the stones are invisible. When he wants particularly fine dirt he plunges his shovel into the sod pile and digs out black humus, soft and fine.

* * * * *

COMMON dirt, then, is by no means to be despised. Little of it is ever seen in cities. Gardens there acquire very soon a cover of suffocating gray dust that sheds water and offers no nourishment or refreshment to the struggling roots underneath. City children never know the satisfaction of digging in the dirt; they never know the smell of earth, the richest, rankest smell in the world. The Drifter would like to transport them to the country, where they could build a pisé house and, having thus established themselves, could dig. If they dug wisely, food would grow for them. And if they could be satisfied with this somewhat Arcadian existence, life would probably present no problems whatever.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Justice for the *Transcript*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One would hardly expect or even desire *The Nation* to approve wholly of the *Evening Transcript*. That would be too much. No doubt bitterness and prejudice and narrowness do creep into its pages upon occasion—the pages of what newspaper are free from them?—but not, as you suggest, when in recent years it has seen fit to comment upon censorship or the Watch and Ward Society. When H. L. Mencken came to Boston and sold the *American Mercury* on the Common the *Transcript* was the first of the Boston newspapers to rally to his defense, and at that time it suggested editorially that the censorship laws were not good laws and asked that they be changed. Since then it has consistently fought for liberalism as regards censorship. Its championship of DeLacey in the recent Dunster House bookshop case, while it lost the *Transcript* many friends among those "with the point of view of Plymouth Colony about 1650," really is one of the bright spots in its career. Certainly there was no narrowness in its fight for "Strange Interlude," nor in the publication of its widely quoted article on the narrow history of censorship (How Little Rollo Came to Rule the Mind of Boston). Its editorial columns have for five years fought against censorship with amazing vigor for the little old lady in black bombazine. A recent report of the Watch and Ward Society condemns the *Transcript* for its venomous attack upon the society during the Dunster House case. There are some of us in Boston who despise that society and who are therefore proud of the *Transcript's* praiseworthy fight against its methods and the methods of all snoopers.

Boston, August 7 KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

Japanese Immigrants

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter addressed to you which you print in the September 3 issue of *The Nation,* I called attention to the fact that the immigration quota of 100 assigned to Japan in the Immigration Act of 1924 does not apply to Japanese but only to persons born in Japan of races eligible to citizenship in Japan. Since all persons ineligible to United States citizenship are excluded, both as quota and non-quota immigrants, and since the Japanese are one of these races ineligible to United States citizenship, the Japanese are altogether excluded "except for certain professional classes."

The question has been raised "what Japanese are included in the term 'certain professional classes.'" The law exempts only persons engaged in commerce and international trade and governmental representatives. These, therefore, are the only Japanese who are legally admissible to the United States for permanent residence. All others are excluded, including students who are now admitted on temporary permits. It is worthy of special emphasis that while the law makes generous provisions for the admittance of persons engaged in commerce and international trade and of governmental representatives—who, after all, also represent commerce and trade—the Immigration Act of 1924 not only makes it impossible for Japanese teachers and students to come to this country for permanent residence, not only makes it impossible for Japanese in this country to acquire mates in marriage outside of those already in the United States, but does all this on the basis of race discrimination.

Quite apart from the general race discrimination just indicated there is a problem of great import which the people as a whole have not as yet realized. There are, I am informed, some 150,000 Japanese and Chinese of marriageable age on the Pacific Coast alone, most of whom were born in the United States, who, I am told, cannot find mates in this country. State laws forbid the marriage of these young people to persons of the Caucasian or Indo-European race; nor can they, legally, acquire mates in their parent countries and bring them to the United States. The situation is one which demands statesmanlike consideration and needs to be lifted above the plane of passion or prejudice.

San Diego, September 5 CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

"Fitting India for Self-Rule"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is often said that the people of India must become further fitted for self-government before they get it. But British rule is making them less fit for it. In India it has always been considered necessary to the security of British rule to keep the people cowed. To live under constant intimidation tends to develop a slave mentality. For many years the people of India have been strictly forbidden to possess any weapons, and they cannot protect themselves by legal means. The British judges generally do impartial justice in any case between Indian and

Indian, or between European and European; but Gandhi says: "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, justice has been denied to Indians as against Europeans in the courts of India." When Lord Curzon started to impose adequate punishment on a European who had beaten an Indian to death, he was met with a flood of protests from other Europeans, who declared it would destroy British prestige. Gandhi says:

> Many Englishmen honestly believe that they are administering one of the best systems in the world, and that India is making steady though slow progress. They do not know that a subtle but effective system of terrorism, together with an organized display of force on the one hand and the deprivation of all powers of retaliation or self-defense on the other, has emasculated the people, and induced in them the habit of simulation. This has added to the ignorance and self-deception of the administrators. . . . I hold it to be a virtue to be disaffected toward a government which in its totality has done more harm to India than any previous system. India is less manly under the British rule than she ever was before.

When the British came to India, they found a remarkably sober people. Warren Hastings noted the fact. Of India's three great religions two forbid liquor altogether, and the third enjoins strict temperance. For the sake of revenue, the government encourages the sale of liquor. Its income from that source has more than tripled in the last thirty years, and has increased nearly sevenfold in the last half century. For the sake of revenue, the government has for years pushed the cultivation and sale of opium. It may be bought everywhere, at some 7,000 licensed shops. Herbert Anderson, secretary of the Calcutta Temperance Federation, says:

> The majority of the retail opium shops are so situated as to afford the most direct temptation to all classes of the community. . . . The government by its policy has fastened the shackles of a habit, condemned by Hindu and Moslem alike, upon the community at large, and the chain gets stronger and stronger each year.

In view of the long pressure to which they have been subjected, tending inevitably to sap courage and self-respect, it is amazing to see the heroism shown by thousands of Indians in the present struggle, and the discipline and self-control that they have manifested. They are proving their fitness for self-government under the sharpest tests.

Chilmark, Mass., September 5 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

A Moorfield Story Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of your readers would probably be interested in the establishment of a Moorfield Story Memorial Fund to assist Philippine students in American universities.

The passion for education that characterizes the youth of the Philippine Islands has led a considerable number to come to this country. Many of these have unusual ability and high ideals. They will make any sacrifice—of pride, pleasure, and even food—to obtain the education they crave, for its own sake and to equip them for larger usefulness to their people. With the cost too great and the chance for self-help too limited, they often find their health broken and their hopes shattered.

The proposed fund would be of inestimable value, if wisely handled. Prominent Philippine leaders in Washington and in the Philippines have offered their grateful indorsement and hearty cooperation. Those who are interested may write to the undersigned at 208 First Street, S.E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, August 23 RICHARD W. HOGUE

Help Wanted in Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A group in Michigan has started to work for a State unemployment-insurance law. The Unemployment Insurance League has been formed with headquarters at 628 Penobscot Building, Detroit. Instead of talking, passing resolutions, and appointing committees we have decided to take advantage of a weapon which our progressive parents have put into our hands, namely, the initiative and referendum. Petitions are now being circulated for an amendment to the State constitution providing for unemployment insurance. If enough signatures are obtained this amendment will be placed on the ballot at the fall election.

Success, however, will come only if we have the active support of all labor and liberal groups and of every forward-looking person in the State. May we ask all Michigan readers of *The Nation* to help either by circulating the petitions, contributing advice and counsel, or by assisting financially? We want to succeed, not only in order to secure this much-needed social reform, but also in order to arouse the social consciousness and the political courage of the people of Michigan and so to assist in the renaissance of progressivism here.

Royal Oak, Mich., August 1 HALLEN M. BELL

Don't Write!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your correspondence column a few weeks ago you carried a letter from me as executor under the will of J. Eads How, known as the "millionaire hobo." I regret having sent you that letter, because my desk has been loaded with mail ever since. I have resigned as executor and still the mail keeps coming from all parts of the world. I know of no way to stop it.

Cincinnati, September 3 NICHOLAS KLEIN

Contributors to This Issue

LAWRENCE HOWE acted as Sergeant Detective for the City of Chicago for twenty-one years.

RALPH A. REYNOLDS is a member of the staff of the Medical School of Stanford University who was invited by the Soviet Ministry of Health to study Russia's new system of medicine and public health.

WEIMAR JONES is a North Carolina newspaperman who made an exhaustive study of last year's labor trials.

A. E. E. R. is a British Labor correspondent.

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

ORAL SUMNER COAD is professor of English at Rutgers College.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals.

WALTER GUTMAN is at work on a book on modern art.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

DAVID W. WAINHOUSE is assistant director of research of the Council on Foreign Relations.

Books and Drama

Sunset

By EDA LOU WALTON

In desolate remoteness the lost land
Burns through the clouds, and her arrested hand
Flies to the breast and then in tortuous arc
Pulls down the curtain and shuts in the dark.

If in blue space the gold stars drop
Behind tired dunes, her eyes no longer stop
Following words across the blurring page;
Upon herself she sets fierce espionage:

This flesh shall seek no comfort of the skies,
Out of this breast no stars; now rather tries
The body to find shelter here, and fire;
The breast to fold itself away from its desire.

Only her hand in silent diatribe
Worn thinner than its ring, to circumscribe
Life with its room now narrowing to a grave,
Is never found quite strong enough nor brave.

Still flutters like a wounded dove confined
To ancient leaning towers, by a mind
That likewise would be deathward over field
Rich in its warm wine-loveliness of yield.

Misplaced Investment Trust

Investment Trusts Gone Wrong! By John T. Flynn. New Republic, Inc. $1.

VIRTUALLY within the last three or four years there has grown up in Wall Street an institution known as the investment trust. The ostensible purpose of this institution is an innocent, one might almost say a philanthropic one. It is to supply a medium of investment for the small, ignorant, or perplexed investor. It pools his funds with those of others, and it is supposed to put them into a wide and diversified list of securities, ranging, say, from twenty to several hundred, and to select each of these investments with scrupulous, disinterested, and expert care. That is the theory of it. In a few instances, indeed, that is the fact. But for an alarmingly large number of so-called investment trusts this theory has become merely a grim joke. The trust has proved in these cases merely a new and wondrously effective instrument for financial buccaneering.

Mr Flynn, in the present little volume, subjects the practices of these trusts to an excoriating analysis. His book seems to me the most important of its kind since William Z. Ripley's "Main Street and Wall Street." The financial hocus-pocus it describes is even more brazen. Mr. Flynn has a gift for the salty epithet, and he lays on with uncompromising vigor. But what gives the book its real force is not its prose style, not even the clarity of its exposition, but the bald facts it has to record.

The main purpose, for example, for which an investment trust is supposed to be organized is to substitute the expert investment of its managers for the otherwise unskilled investment of the trust's stockholders. The managers, in short, are supposed to know not only what stocks to buy but when to buy them and when to sell them; they are certainly supposed to know when stocks are preposterously high. And they have the additional advantage of being able to put their eggs in many baskets. They promise the investment trust stockholder a reasonable return on his money and a steady increase in the value of his principal. What happened last year? The investment trust managers, with their self-proclaimed foresight and cleverness, were, with very few exceptions, buying stocks at the top of the market. One Wall Street house, analyzing the reports of eighty-two investment trusts last year, found that there was an average drop in the value of their investments of 15 to 20 per cent. The shrinkage in value of the investments of the entire eighty-two companies was $351,000,000. After deducting from this income received, and profits from the sales of stock, the actual unrealized losses of the eighty-two companies were $213,000,000.

Mr. Flynn goes on to consider the value that the managers and organizers of investment trusts put on these expert services. In England the average annual cost of managing investment trusts has been 41/100 of 1 per cent of the principal; and several American trusts charge for management services only ½ of 1 per cent annually. But the average rate is far higher. One trust takes the foregoing rate and 10 per cent of the net income of the fund in addition; another took at organization one-fourth of all the common stock. The Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, which at one time last year had prospective profits of $30,000,000, but which ended with a deficit of $90,000,000, thinks very highly of its management, for it pays 20 per cent of its net income for it. Mr. Flynn goes on to record the further abuses of this new instrument—the piling up of one trust upon another like a series of Chinese boxes, each corporation management taking its parasitic nibble from ultimate dividends; the use of the investment trust to engineer industrial mergers; the trick capital structures, with their "Class A" and "Class B" stock, which cover hidden fees to organizers and managers and deprive investors of voting rights; and finally the very common sin of trying to serve two masters. Most investment trust managers are also investment bankers. As investment trust managers they are intrusted with money to buy stocks, and as investment bankers they have stocks to sell. This system is accepted in Wall Street almost without a word of criticism; yet Mr. Flynn hints that this dual role is not so very different in principle from that of a commissioner of public works in a city who is also interested in a contracting firm doing work for the city. The impropriety of the arrangement, certainly, is not a merely theoretical one. In instance after instance, investment bankers have dumped their unsalable stocks into the investment trusts they were managing.

The remedy for many of these present abuses, Mr. Flynn believes, must come from within. The New York Stock Exchange has already insisted on publicity of portfolios for those trusts that apply for listing, and Mr. Flynn thinks that an aroused conscience on the part of such organizations as the American Bankers Association and the Investment Bankers Association might help a great deal. But legal remedies remain imperative. The investment trust is "a haven, a shelter for the perplexed and defenseless dollar," and Mr. Flynn suggests a conference of State authorities to consider some kind of uniform laws which will protect investment trust owners as insurance policy-holders and savings-bank depositors are now protected. The first point of attack, he thinks, should be the holding company. No corporation should be permitted to own the stock of an investment trust. Intricate capital structures for investment trusts should be prohibited. There should be a prohibition against the issuing of shares for any other consideration than cash. It should be made unlawful for any trust to purchase

securities from any corporation in which any officer or director is interested as director or officer or any stock in which any director of the trust is interested as a broker or banker. Purchases of the shares of any one corporation should be restricted to not more than 1 per cent or even ½ of 1 per cent of the stock of that corporation. Purchases in any one corporation should be limited to not more than 5 per cent of the assets of the trust.

Most of these recommendations strike me as sound enough guides to investment trust *policy*, though one or two of them seem rather drastic as *legal* restrictions. Nevertheless, they point the direction that State regulation of the investment trusts —now practically non-existent—ought promptly to take. For the existing situation has acquired too wide a social bearing to concern investment trust investors alone. As Mr. Flynn remarks, we are witnessing the passing of the individual stockholder at the very moment when we are celebrating his emergence. Instead of belonging to 20,000,000 individual stockholders, the corporations which operate our factories, railroads, utilities, stores may soon belong to a few thousand giant investment companies. "While economists are discussing the separation of the functions of management and ownership, drifting forces are slowly taking the possession of industry out of the hands of both."

HENRY HAZLITT

Mr. Paul and Mr. Howells

The Governor of Massachusetts. By Elliot Paul. Horace Liveright. $2.

"THE Governor of Massachusetts" reinforces the conviction that Elliot Paul is one of the most interesting novelistic talents in America today. He is all the more interesting because, unlike practically all our leading writers, he has more than one string to his bow. He began his career with a series of books, youthfully calculated to shock the bourgeois ("Indelible," "Impromptu," "Imperturbe"). These were followed by his association with *transition*, a period which does not seem to have had much effect on his subsequent work. His novelettes, "Low Run Tide" and "Lava Rock," and his curious war novel, "The Amazon," evidenced a deepening and maturer insight, as well as a shrewd acquaintance with the possibilities of a vernacular prose. In "The Governor of Massachusetts" he has turned from the calm intensities of these books and adventured into the domain of pure social comedy.

Mr. Paul would probably be greatly surprised if he were told that his latest volume is pleasantly reminiscent of William Dean Howells at his best. Not only has it Howells's gracious familiarity of idiom, but it draws its humor from the same source whence sprang "The Rise of Silas Lapham": the spectacle of a simple, honest, and idealistic middle-aged man suddenly precipitated onto a level to which he can make no adjustment. With Mr. Paul's Elijah Griffin this level happens to be the complicated world of Massachusetts politics, alive with all the humors of ballyhoo, chicanery, and corruption. At no point in the novel does the reader become unpleasantly aware that this is political satire. "The Governor of Massachusetts" stands at the opposite pole to, let us say, Upton Sinclair's "Boston." The idiocy, the picayune tortuousness of State politics is seen through the lazy, ironical mind of the narrator, Frank; and, accordingly, the story loses the acerbity that indignation would have lent it. The sharp edge of liberal propaganda is replaced by a charming, almost old-world irony that is rare in our fiction today; and the reader is at all times more aware of the absurdity of poor Governor Griffin's dilemma than of the tragic lesson it should teach us.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Art of America

Art in America. By Suzanne La Follette. Harper and Brothers. $5.

THOSE who have been wont to look with loving admiration on early American architecture (and the reviewer humbly inscribes himself among them) will find something less than a kindred spirit in Miss La Follette. Her coolness arises from the consideration that the classical buildings of this country, being based on archaeology, were but "the borrowed garb of a great and alien past." One is forced to grant this in the main, at the same time registering the conviction that the author has not done full justice to the absolute achievement of those early architects who, like Bulfinch in the Old State House at Hartford and the Meeting House at Lancaster, Massachusetts, or Mangin and McComb in the New York City Hall, or Jefferson in the University of Virginia quadrangle, or the unknown builders of New England's slender spires, wrought a dignified grace and a reticent loveliness that are among the most captivating accomplishments of American art. When it develops, however, that Miss La Follette has more respect for the colonial Gothic houses of the seventeenth century (of which the so-called House of the Seven Gables is a familiar example) than for the classic doorways of Salem because the former were "dynamic; for they were built not in terms of a dead formula, but in terms of the life that was to be lived in them," one perceives that she has set up an indisputable criterion, namely, that art, to be significant, must be a living expression of the artist and of his environment. Recognizing that no artist can work in a vacuum, Miss La Follette makes one of the most valuable contributions of an uncommonly stimulating book in her "interpretation of our art by reference to the changing mentality of the country as its social and economic structure evolves," to quote from Walter Pach's introduction.

Applying her criterion further, the author selects for special attention the artists who have approached their work with fresh and honest vision rather than those who have repeated, however skilfully, the formalities of the school. This explains her preference for John Singleton Copley to all the other early American painters, for unlike most of his contemporaries he frankly painted what he saw instead of "succumbing to the empty facility of the English school." (Before accepting this choice, one should surely give a serious thought to Gilbert Stuart, our greatest painter of faces, whom Miss La Follette represents among her hundred and more handsome illustrations only by the portrait of Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot, the authenticity of which has been questioned.) It is again the quality of intense individuality and uncompromising fidelity to their inner light that accounts for her inclusion of Thomas Eakins and Albert Pinkham Ryder with Copley in "the trio of America's most important painters"—and it is his lack of artistic integrity that causes her to place Sargent on a lower level. In her defense of the modern experimental painters and sculptors Miss La Follette applies the same principle sanely and almost convincingly when she writes, "significance in art is to be sought not in the object—which no doubt presents about the same appearance to all eyes—but in the quality of the artist's inner vision, which transmutes the objects that his physical eye perceives into images conveying not necessarily the appearance of the visible world, but the meaning that it has for him."

Nowhere does the author employ her criterion more cogently and illuminatingly than in her treatment of the skyscraper as art. With her aid it becomes apparent that the real contributions to modern architecture are found not in the Woolworth Tower, where a Gothic screen is stretched to a dizzy height to cover a steel skeleton, but rather in such structures as

the New York Telephone Building, the New York Medical Center, and that conception which exists only on paper in the superb design submitted by Eliel Saarinen in the Chicago *Tribune* competition, in all of which archaeology is discarded and an original and even noble solution of the tall building problem results from a frank acknowledgment of function and material.

With admirable clarity Miss La Follette has so organized a forbidding mass of data as to indicate each artist's place in the evolution of art in this country without allowing the individuals to obscure our view of that evolution as a whole. Lucid plan combines with clear and vigorous style, honest judgments free alike from panegyric and patronage, and first-hand knowledge of the whole field to make a book that should be read by everyone who is seriously interested in the cultural history of America.

ORAL SUMNER COAD

Morgan the Great

Morgan the Magnificent. By John K. Winkler. The Vanguard Press. $3.50.

MR. WINKLER'S first two biographical efforts were at best amusing stuff on a railroad journey, as such tintype sketches are apt to be when our mind is lazy and simple and thirsty for tattle. His snapshot of Hearst has now entirely faded from my memory. And his Walter Winchell "portrait in oil" of John D., Sr., was even pettier gossip, thinly streaked over jaggedly torn chunks from Miss Tarbell's definitive study of the Standard Oil before its present era of sweetness and light. But in "Morgan the Magnificent" (the title is a bit banal in its pseudo-felicitous alliteration) Mr. Winkler has undoubtedly risen from Smart Aleck "debunking" to authentic biography. Not that "Pierpontifex Maximus" does not deserve greater analysis. But at least it is a good likeness of the sitter and not an unconscious cartoon of the artist. And were it not for the fact that Morgan was big enough to be a whole epoch, it would be an exceedingly good job. Mr. Winkler lacks the disciplined comprehensiveness of the social historian to place his man in his period. But though he really misses Morgan's total significance, he does convey his sense of power. The man lives, though with less fulness than he actually did live. But he lives with sufficient pace and audacity for you to regret that you never met him.

First of all, Mr. Winkler is to be congratulated upon the skill with which he heightens the effects of sidelights from mere peep-shows to genuine reflections on Morgan's personality. Morgan had mistresses. Mr. Winkler does not insinuate but says so. But he indulges neither in oafish snickers nor in the Bohemian hypocrisy that a man's mistresses raise him to the high pedestal of the "merely human." Mr. Winkler handles the thing significantly and hence decently. And Morgan emerges as an extremely attractive character in this phase of his private life. He was never intrigued by the Peggy Joyces of his day. He loved women of beauty, intelligence, and human dignity. He kept his affairs behind closed doors, not with the sneaking fear of a coward but with the admirable privacy of a man of character. No one dared to question his personal morals because he himself respected them. And he kept the lifelong friendship of the women with whom his relations had been more intimate.

Morgan's views of his God were far less intelligent and would have made far more interesting whispers into Dr. Freud's ear. And so his parsons and bishops do not reach to the knees of his women friends. Indeed, the only court fool he ever had was the Reverend Dr. Rainsford of St. George's, who "frankly" told Morgan that he was "a radical"; and, for all his perspicacity, Morgan never yawned in reply: "Oh, yeah?" Morgan's God was a High Church Episcopalian, a thorough gentleman, somewhat English, rather awed by the Pope, and correctly transcendental and mystical. But there was no hypocrisy about it for the simple reason that there was no publicity about it. He worshiped as he loved, in private communion.

Morgan hated democracy; and so he never courted it. He also hated Jews; and so he never boasted that "some of his best friends were Jews." He also hated labor, but he seldom confused this hatred with patriotism. He loved objects of art, honestly. But he frankly loved their collection more dearly, thus avoiding dilettantism. When he lied, which he did shrewdly and hence sparingly, he lied honestly, for gain. When he charged usurious rates, he did so without alibis. He fought without homiletics. And, above all, he never lied to himself. Being always himself, he was intellectually honest. Being psychologically honest he fundamentally believed in his system. And believing in his system he was capable of periodic selflessness in its endemic defense. He was bigoted, powerful, a good friend, a worse enemy, and that rare thing among practicing capitalists, an intellectual. He would have made an ideal rebel. In fact, he was a good rebel.

All these sidelights Mr. Winkler brings out with much skill, but they illumine no social background, and without his society Morgan lacks perspective. He was the grand financier of our second industrial revolution, which was born with the Civil War. He was the empire builder of a nation from the time it emerged as a provincial but industrial union to the time it entered the world stage as a great Power. This revolution—the conquest of the continental resources and their transportation, the basic foundation of mass production, the trustification of money in water tanks—called for revolutionary characters: contemptuous of all laws but those of inner necessity, imaginative, narrowly gifted, and limitlessly audacious. Vanderbilt, the older Rockefeller, Harriman, Hill, Carnegie were the syndicalists, the trust builders of this revolution, and also its terrorists. To our historic astigmatism they seem more like highway robbers than reds. They were both, for both in one were then historically essential. Compared to them their present-day successors, as are the successors of all successful revolutions, are dull epigones and glorified clerks, as Mr. Gerard's recent list of the "rulers" of America amply attests. And it was in the days of this second industrial revolution that our American labor movement really flourished in sound opposition—the populist and greenback movements, the sundry militant socialisms, the Knights of Labor, the vigorous beginnings of the primitive trade unions. Morgan was a perfect foil for the earlier Gompers. Since the day of the epigones our labor movement has become nice, respectable, reformist, and stupid, pretty much like the boss.

In that era of industrial storm and stress Morgan alone introduced the ideological note. He was the only philosophical capitalist. He invented such rationalized instruments as the voting trust, he built the interlocking directorate. He dimly sensed that the future revolution was vested in labor; hence his hatred of it. He believed in the elimination of cutthroat competition. He watered stock but he did not deluge it. He fought the anarchists of his revolution, the Goulds, and the Fisks, and the Drews, and the Gateses. He believed in exploiting the public, but in an orderly exploitation. He did not sabotage his properties. He believed in a code among his highwaymen, and he had the highways patrolled.

Mr. Winkler feels all this, but fails to weld it together. He merely strings together Morgan's titanic battles. He describes, and merely describes, Morgan's various financial organizations, his most outstanding personal frays, the formation of the United States Steel Trust, the role of Morgan in the panics of 1895 and 1907, the Northern Securities suit. And because for himself Mr. Winkler has not really recreated the period,

some of the outstanding personalities are awry in his mind. He is rather taken in by Morgan's rector. He believes Gary's balmy hokum that he was for labor and that his was a "good" trust. And though Mr. Winkler appreciates that Morgan closed an epoch, he indicts the epoch as utterly evil compared to our own "enlightened public sentiment," which tolerates only splendid monopolies.

At the end Morgan dies worth a paltry $68,000,000 instead of the billion he might have had. He paid the price because he was more of a philosophical despot than a plunderer. Highbrows, it seems, never make money.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Russian Aristocrat

Twice Born in Russia. By Natalia Petrova. Translated by Baroness Mary Budberg. William Morrow and Company. $2.

NATALIA PETROVA is the pen name of a Russian princess now happily married to one of the most distinguished of journalists. Her story of her life in Russia before and in the Russian revolution is one of the most moving and harrowing narratives yet published of the fate that befell the nobility after the Czar and the grand dukes had wrecked and ruined their country. More than that, it is distinguished by a generosity and an absence of bitterness and hate which stamp the writer as a woman of true spiritual greatness. Her heroism is beyond question. That one so delicately nurtured could have survived the hardships inflicted upon her and her little son and the absolute starvation which she for months faced in a deadly winter is nothing less than miraculous. One can only marvel that she did not accept the invitation of one of her friends in misery to commit suicide with her. As she explains, she could not bring herself to let her child die; for him she begged crusts of bread on the street, clad in rags, more than half frozen. All of this tale is told with convincing simplicity, without affectation or the slightest appeal for sympathy.

As a human document Natalia Petrova's narrative is beyond question valuable. It does not, however, cast additional light upon the mystery of the Russian character, that extraordinary mixture of kindness and horrible cruelty, of insincerity and apparent openness, of craftiness and courage, of medieval superstition and ideality—the most amazing and baffling complex to be found in any country. Madame Petrova herself feels this. She was "unable to understand" the mass of peasants among whom she and her first husband lived, and whose dreadful lot she honestly strove to alleviate; they would have killed her had she ventured back after the revolution. Of them she writes that "they were quite harmless taken separately but became inflammable material in the mass. They had no firm principles of good or evil. They were dominated entirely by a motive handed down from one generation to the other; the thirst for land." Again she writes of the "hypocritical devotion" of the peasants and her own loss of sympathy, compassion, and respect for them. If so sensitive and just a person could not understand her compatriots how can any foreigner hope to do so?

When one recalls how many Petrovas there were, with what amazing bravery, resignation, and largeness of spirit they accepted complete disaster and went to work with their hands, devoid of rancor or any spirit of revenge, one cannot but feel that there is greatness as well as incredible power and ability in the nation that could produce such as these.

The book is not very well done into English; any new edition ought to receive careful revision.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Matisse

Henry Matisse. With an Essay by Roger Fry. New York: E. Weyhe. $5.

IN 1929 a book on Matisse was published by Editions des Chroniques des Jours, the plates of which were so exceptional that it was quickly sold out. This year the same plates have been used again with an English essay by Roger Fry. In both cases it is the beauty of the book itself that makes it important. In every detail it evokes the artist. The cover is a rich, rather deep green with an oddness of tone that makes it like a green of Matisse. The color plates do not try to reproduce the tactile qualities of paint but emphasize those of ink and are brilliantly colored. With the text are printed some fine pen-and-ink drawings, some full page, others, usually, borders to the pages. Because of the exquisite decorative quality of Matisse's line they seem as if they had been designed to decorate the book. In back is a large collection of full-page plates, most of them half tones of paintings. The whole thing concentrates the artist's different aspects with great skill.

Mr. Fry's essay, on the other hand, never suggests the richness of its subject. It is one more clever outline of the modern movement, showing Matisse's place in it. But one feels from the reproductions that Matisse is so mature an artist that he can no longer be treated as if his greatest importance were that of a leader of a movement. There are qualities in his painting which have little to do with the philosophy that has been built around him. He is one of the most interesting painters of women. He has three manners: one in which he misshapes their bodies and faces until they become a satire; a second in which he deforms them, as it were, by a sort of pity, makes them serious and sincere people with whom he seems to have a feeling of fellowship; and a third of voluptuousness, in which he portrays undulant bodies and serene and gentle natures. His color, which has been much written about, is also something that can be appreciated without a special philosophy. He has created more rare tones in each division than any other artist, and he has combined them with an unusually fertile but none the less rational imagination. Mr. Fry's philosophy is correct enough; but one can now, I think, contemplate Matisse with a more direct ecstasy.

WALTER GUTMAN

German Might

The Future of the German Empire. Criticisms and Postulates. By General von Seeckt. Authorized Translation by Oakley Williams. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THIS book, written in the first instance for a German audience, is here equipped with a special foreword intended to "promote some understanding in England of the conditions under which Germany is living and struggling today." Its substance is a searching criticism of the Reich and a program which the Reich must follow if it is to be independent and strong. There is not much, apparently, that General von Seeckt would not like to see changed. Germany should become, as far as possible, self-supporting in food and manufactured goods, and to that end may properly adopt a protective tariff policy, but only until protection is no longer needed. Some state socialism will have to be tolerated, but the protection of religion should not bind the state to the support of the church, the control of education beyond the elementary stages should be progressively renounced, and books and plays should be free from censorship. The humanitarian activities of the

state should be limited to such as promote public health, which is also the only reason for public encouragement of sports; and a new system of law is needed.

On the political side, General von Seeckt would accompany the maintenance of imperial unity toward the outside world with the further development of Prussia "in accordance with its historical and natural mission," together with the gradual absorption of unimportant small states by larger ones and the elimination from public service of "the curse of red tape." The manifold evils of the parliamentary system are to be got rid of by enhancing the independence of the executive, creating an upper chamber "permanently representing the interests of the community," and delegating detailed or special work to experts emancipated from political influence. A sharp line is drawn between the police and the army, and the need for national defense is emphatically argued. As for foreign policy, its goal should be "the restoration of Germany as a Might State." The Reich, in other words, must continue, and the peace settlement must be accepted until readjustments can be made, but the nearer the Reich can approach the effectiveness and power of the old empire, the better. As an exposition of ideas which appear to be still widely held in Germany the book is of real importance.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

Stepdaughters of War. By Helen Zenna Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A straightforward, unsqueamish account of just how the war seemed to a twenty-one-year-old young lady ambulance driver fresh from the shelter of a typical British middle-class home. Owing to the short-sightedness of a female commandant called, for obvious reasons, Mrs. Bitch by her coworkers, the group among which Miss Smith found herself were more than ordinarily overworked, punished like children for nothing, and filled with murderous resentment against their superior. But the war itself was bad enough—wounded, dying, screaming men, filth, blood, mud, lice, bad food, obscenity, four or five hours' sleep a night. Miss Smith spares us none of it, nor does she forget the stupidity back home, prating of its "noble daughters, gloriously busy for their country." The shock of a sudden plunge into the midst of war for young women brought up gently must have been very great. But if they had been less gently reared it would still have been shocking and terrible. This book was obviously written as a deterrent to future eager young women, and one can only hope that it will have its effect. It is a tract, and a good one.

Ride the Nightmare. By Ward Greene. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

The author of "Cora Potts" has here attempted the study of an egotist against the progressive backgrounds of the rural South, a large Southern city, and Greenwich Village. To the critical reader Mr. Greene's second novel is a sad performance because of its jagged unevenness, its waste of possibilities. At times it rises to genuinely powerful expression—notably in the scenes between Jake Perry, the protagonist, and his wife, Beth, who is, possibly because of her very quietness, the most vivid character in the story—but more often the writing is bald and flat, and most of the characters, instantly recognizable as types, fail to come to life at all. Still worse is the recurrent striving for some sensational effect, when the author cuts loose from all his moorings. No battle is won without reserves. In the book as a whole, however, it is the character of Jake Perry which is disappointing. That character is the book. And although, here and there, in flashes, he stands out clearly as the wilful, self-

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indulgent, undisciplined, and uncoordinated small-town American egotist with a certain talent and a certain flair which raise him to success in Corinth and later in New York, he seems hardly all of a piece. This is because, one imagines, paradoxically enough, Mr. Greene is trying to draw, though not, of course, as to the bare facts, an individual to the life. He would have done better in this instance to forget his model and ride the nightmare of his imagination a little harder. The book remains, however, a swiftly moving yarn, full of sensational episodes, written in that newspaper argot which accompanies the aroma of coffee at our breakfast tables.

Fifteen Rabbits. By Felix Salten. Simon and Schuster. $1.

Felix Salten's third book to be done into English does for the little rabbits of field and wood what "Bambi" did for the graceful, fleeting deer. Perhaps it is not quite so captivating a book as "Bambi," but it contains the same quiet, delicate charm. Salten's method of approaching wild animals is not to be compared with the method of a literary field naturalist like W. H. Hudson. Nor has it anything in common with the manner of the sentimental zoophiles who write of wild animals. It is unique. Out of his humor, out of the absurd thoughts, opinions, emotions with which he fancifully endows his wild creatures emerges a charming story on the human plane, but at the same time one catches that insight into the purely instinctive ways of the beasts of the field which gives to this book and to "Bambi" their peculiar significance. Anyone who has known well domestic rabbits, or, better, who has observed wild ones in their moonlight friskings and rollickings, catches at once the whole spirit of this ridiculous and delightful and pathetic little volume. Salten remains unperturbed by his transitions between what is wild and what is human. This borderline between beast and man seems to be one which fascinates him. It is the theme of his extraordinary romance, "A Hound of Florence." But one should bear this in mind: he remains the naturalist even while playing the romancer. And in the singular field he has chosen for himself, whatever he writes has a high literary quality.

Shrimps for Tea. By Josephine Blumenfeld. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

A devotion to exact realism is no longer particularly rare among writers of fiction. And there was a time when wholehearted surrender to "sentiment" was not rare at all. But for the two to be almost equally present in the work of a single author is remarkable. In these short stories of contemporary England Josephine Blumenfeld presents the detail of life with relentless and unemotional clarity, and its events and issues with overwhelming "feeling." She harnesses these strange team mates without fumbling or confusion. Her book is a notable achievement.

British Documents of the Origin of the War, 1898-1914. Volume VI: *Anglo-German Tension; Armaments and Negotiation, 1907-1912.* Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. New York: British Library of Information. $5.25.

Study of this immense volume of documents from the days when Anglo-British tension was growingly acute and various statesmen were seeking compromise formulas which would make a measure of naval disarmament possible, is peculiarly appropriate and discouraging today. There was such transparent good faith on both sides, and such complete distrust of the other side. Tirpitz appears here, paradoxically, as originally an opponent of Germany's naval expansion program. The Kaiser blunders in and out. King Edward reads the dispatches and jots down his not at all helpful thoughts. "If Germany ceases her extensive shipbuilding—we shall do the same and not other-

wise," he commented in midsummer, 1908. And whenever a relatively friendly dispatch arrived from one of the British diplomats on the Continent, the permanent staff of the Foreign Office began spewing poison over it. "E. A. C.," later Sir Edward Crowe, who was senior clerk of the Foreign Office from 1906 to 1912, assistant under-secretary of state for foreign affairs from 1912 to 1920, and permanent under-secretary for the next five years, was particularly vicious in his minutes. No wonder Ramsay MacDonald had troubles when he tried to pursue a pacific foreign policy without booting the old war-minded staff out of his way. Sir Edward Grey is consistently more moderate, but always unready for a decisive act of any kind. The early Bagdad Railway negotiations also fall within the field of this volume. It is often forgotten that at one stage Germany almost begged British capital to join in the venture which later was regarded as an anti-British plot.

The Tides of Malvern. By Francis Griswold. William Morrow and Company. $2.

Only a writer extraordinarily skilful at creating and sustaining narrative interest could make a successful novel from two and a half centuries of family history. Francis Griswold has no unusual mastery of that kind of skill and he has been unwise enough to undertake, in his first novel, to trace the history of a fictitious Charleston family from the time of Old Noll down to 1930. He seems to have neither the sense of family nor the sense of place that his task required.

Only Saps Work. By Courtenay Terrett. The Vanguard Press. $2.

New Yorkers who have feared that Chicago far excels their native city in racketeering will find in Mr. Terrett's book substantial reassurance. New York still has its building rackets —as thriving as in the days before the Lockwood investigation— its liquor gangsters, its harbor pirates, and its stock swindlers. Mr. Terrett has told their story breezily and well. If the city had not been buried to its neck in political scandal this summer Mr. Terrett's story would have created a great sensation. While the description is chiefly concerned with New York, the author has branched out to include some examples in the hinterland. He does not, however, throw fresh light upon the prodigious legal rackets of special privilege which are far more important to the majority of us than the rackets based upon violence.

Drama

"The Little Show"

MANY theatergoers are still in the grip of the familiar fallacy that if a performer comes out and behaves in an easy and a natural way, if he plays himself, the task is easy. "He isn't acting at all," runs the complaint.

And there is a twin misconception. The place and popularity of the intimate musical show is assured. People are delighted if it sounds like an impromptu affair. They love to think that the comedian is making up his lines as he goes along. Few of us like to face the tragic fact that no impromptu atmosphere can be secured without the most arduous preparation.

It is all very well to talk about the scalding wounds of a friend from the point of view of the woundee, but it isn't so pleasant to be the wounder, either. Last year no week went by without at least one visit by me to "The Little Show," and oftener it was three or four. When I was pressed for time I would snatch some selected minute of Libby Holman, or Clifton Webb, or Fred Allen, and rush right out again, but if I had ever been put to it I could have prompted any one of them from the wings. I knew to a blue shade the lighting, the costumes—not to be too tedious about it, I really loved "The Little Show," and I knew it backwards.

Even if I had been as beguiled by the second one as I had been by the first, I still don't think I could get up on any of the songs, or any of the funny lines except in Marc Connelly's "The Guest," even if I attended with my old fidelity.

Somehow this year, with the single exception of the delightful "Sing Something Simple," there is nothing you can carry off with you, or that you are likely to be met with when you get outside. I knew last year that if I went into a night club, or tuned in on the radio, I would at once hear "Can't We Be Friends" or "Moanin' Low" and, believe it or not, I knew that I could croak them both out myself with a recognizable lilt. Since I am indisputably the world's worst singer, as to pitch, tempo, and tone production, my ability to ape "The Little Show" outside its portals meant that all the rest of the world could do it really pretty well.

In other words, there was a performance that was being given nightly by its millions. "Audience reaction" I believe they call it, and it was practically national.

Perhaps the present "Little Show" could have been a great deal better than I think it actually is, and still have fallen victim to the same diminishment that the second of anything invariably encounters. I don't know. All I can say is that, sad as the whole business is, this "Little Show" is not for the devotees of yesteryear, unless they have either a boundless tolerance, or just no discrimination at all.

Curiously enough, a great deal in the second "Little Show" must have promised very well on paper. Although Trahan was making in effect his first step out of vaudeville, he had made a fine mark there, and goodness knows many another revue favorite has carried himself and his followers intact over from the two-a-day. He was a little funny, but a lot more homesick.

Jay Flippen was, we are told, a late comer in the cast. Very often when actors do what they call "getting really into the part" they completely wreck what had been a superb performance before they were all the way in. But there have been instances, and maybe Mr. Flippen is one, when increased familiarity with their material has made an improvement. Ruth Tester is a pretty fine youngster, and she does her stuff as well as we can imagine anybody doing it, and it just plain isn't her fault that she isn't Libby Holman. At that, she's the hit of the show.

Well, perhaps all of this is just a gaffer's inevitable lament. If they really want a name for that new thirteenth month, nothing else will so indicate the passing of time as "Things ain't what they used to be."

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The Anglo-Egyptian Failure

By DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

EGYPT, not unlike India, is passing through a phase of emotional disturbance the future course of which must depend upon the wisdom of the British and Egyptian governments in solving what is known in British politics as the Anglo-Egyptian problem. That the present British Government was well on the way to a definitive settlement of this question can be seen from a study of the official record of the recent Anglo-Egyptian Conference. The negotiations covered the four points the British government reserved to itself under the terms of the unilateral declaration of February 28, 1922, which terminated the British protectorate over Egypt and granted independence. These were: (1) the security of communications of the British Empire in Egypt; (2) the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression; (3) the protection of foreign interests and minorities in Egypt; and (4) the maintenance of the status of the Sudan as of the Convention of 1899.

The security of communications of the British Empire in Egypt is generally understood to mean the defense of the Suez Canal, over which England feels she must maintain effective military control as one of the vital links in the chain of communications that stretches from Gibraltar to Singapore. The control of the canal is a cardinal principle of British foreign policy; no government, whether Socialist, Conservative, or Liberal, would last long if that principle were departed from. This was well understood by the Egyptian negotiators, and after a lengthy discussion they agreed to the concentration of British forces to the west of the canal in the neighborhood of Ismailia, receiving in return the concession that the period during which the treaty would be excluded from revision should be reduced from twenty-five to twenty years. It was further agreed that the British land forces were not to exceed 8,000 men while the air force was not to exceed 3,000—a combined force of 11,000, which the War Office in London believes will be sufficient to maintain effective control of the canal.

The defense of Egypt against foreign aggression—the second point reserved by Great Britain in the Declaration of February 28, 1922—was a principle of British policy evolved soon after the "occupation" of Egypt by British troops toward the end of the nineteenth century. The European situation as it existed then, and the rivalries engendered by the scramble for possessions in Africa subsequently strengthened British determination to maintain that "occupation." In the light of that traditional policy it is significant to note that Article 1 of the proposed Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of April 17, 1930, reads as follows: "The military occupation of Egypt by the forces of His Britannic Majesty is terminated." The British personnel is to be withdrawn from the Egyptian army and the functions of the Inspector General and his staff shall terminate. In other words, the Egyptians are to "Egyptianize" their army. The only derogation is that if the Egyptian government employs foreign military instructors, such instructors are to be chosen from among British subjects. Along with this important renunciation of policy is the Anglo-Egyptian alliance which the proposed treaty establishes. The alliance contemplates active cooperation between the British and Egyptian forces in case of necessity and provides that the "armament and equipment of the Egyptian forces shall not differ in type from those of the British forces." In fact, the British government undertakes to use its good offices (a cryptic phrase in this connection) to facilitate the supply of such armament and equipment as the Egyptian government may desire.

The protection of foreign interests and minorities by Great Britain has frequently led to armed intervention which has roused the ire of the Egyptian populace. On several occasions during the past two years British battleships put on steam for Alexandria, once in May, 1928, during a Conservative government, to compel the Egyptians to withdraw the Public Assemblies Bill, which the British felt would be prejudicial to their obligations in protecting foreign interests in Egypt; and again in July, 1930, during a Socialist government, when the violent resentment of the Nationalist Wafd Party at the closing of Parliament by the King of Egypt threatened civil war. Article 3 of the proposed treaty recognizes that the responsibility for the lives and property of foreigners in Egypt "devolved exclusively upon the Egyptian government, who will insure the fulfilment of their obligations in this respect." Great Britain thus gives up the right to intervene. Coupled with this declaration of policy is Article 4, which provides that the capitulatory regime now existing in Egypt is no longer in accordance with the spirit of the times and with the present state of Egypt. Accordingly, the British government undertakes to use all its influence with the Powers possessing capitulatory rights in Egypt to obtain, under conditions which will safeguard the legitimate interests of foreigners, the transfer to the Mixed Tribunals of the jurisdiction of the existing Consular Courts, and the application of Egyptian legislation to foreigners.

Thus, agreement on three of the four points had been reached by Mr. Henderson, British Foreign Secretary, and Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, after several weeks of haggling and counter-haggling. The fourth point —the status of the Sudan—was the rock on which the Anglo-Egyptian settlement foundered. In this connection the British proposed the following draft for Article 11:

> While reserving liberty to conclude new conventions in future modifying the Conventions of 1899, the High Contracting Parties agree that the status of the Sudan shall be that resulting from the said conventions. Accordingly, the Governor General shall continue to exercise on the joint behalf of the High Contracting Parties the powers conferred upon him by the said conventions.

The Egyptian Delegation, on May 5, 1930, submitted counter-alternative drafts which provided either that the question of the Sudan should be reserved for future negotiations within one year from the ratification of the treaty, or that the question of the Sudan should be reserved for future ne-

gotiations, and that meanwhile the de facto position obtaining in the Sudan before 1924 should be restored. (Following the murder of Sir Lee Stack in November, 1924, the British expelled the Egyptian officials and troops from the Sudan.) Mr. Henderson informed Nahas Pasha that the Egyptian alternatives were not acceptable, and that unless Nahas Pasha agreed to the British draft of Article 11, the discussion must be broken off and the treaty abandoned. After three more days of Nahas Pasha's gnawing at Mr. Henderson, the conference came to an end. Egypt's insistence that the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement of 1899 should be reviewed in every aspect within a year after ratification of the proposed treaty was interpreted by the British as aiming at the restoration of the absolute sovereignty of the Sudan.

What was the underlying motive of each in refusing to yield on the question of the Sudan? The British claim to this territory rests on conquest. It wants to keep what it has possessed for nearly fifty years. When the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs signed the Convention of 1899 it was taken for granted that the Sudan had nothing to do with Egypt. Since then British capital has flowed into the Sudan, resulting in the customary exploitation of the natives, and the British with their imperial habits of mind have come to regard this territory as their empire.

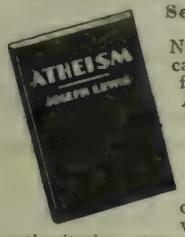
The attitude of the Egyptian negotiators toward the question of the Sudan, on the other hand, was governed to a considerable extent by the political situation at home and to an even more considerable extent by an unscrupulous and Nationalist press. Nahas Pasha, as leader of the Wafd Party, was placed under the necessity of obtaining better terms than had been offered to Mahmud Pasha, his political enemy and predecessor, if he was to justify the claims of his supporters. Had he returned to Egypt bearing terms which he could not show to be better than those secured by his predecessor, his own supporters would have turned him out of office. The Cairo press embarrassed Nahas Pasha and his associates when during the negotiations it led the Egyptian public to believe that the British government was ready to concede anything Nahas Pasha asked for, thus encouraging the extremists in the belief that they had only to insist strongly to get all they wanted. These circumstances prompted Nahas Pasha to leave London empty-handed when he found that he could not force Mr. Henderson to concede on all four points.

What of the future? A comparison of the Henderson-Nahas Pasha negotiations with those Mr. MacDonald carried on with Zaghlul Pasha in 1924, when the Nationalist leader demanded the complete evacuation of Egypt and the Sudan, and with the Sarwat-Chamberlain proposals manifests a progressive sequence in the direction of realism. The comparison suggests that with time and experience the Egyptian Nationalist leaders and the Egyptian people may yet succeed in harmonizing their ambitions with political realities. The generous terms of the Labor government were dictated by a sincere desire to settle the Egyptian problem. A Labor government says they are the "extreme limit" of concession. If the Egyptian Prime Minister and his associates expected Mr. Henderson to be more tractable than his predecessors, they overplayed their hand.

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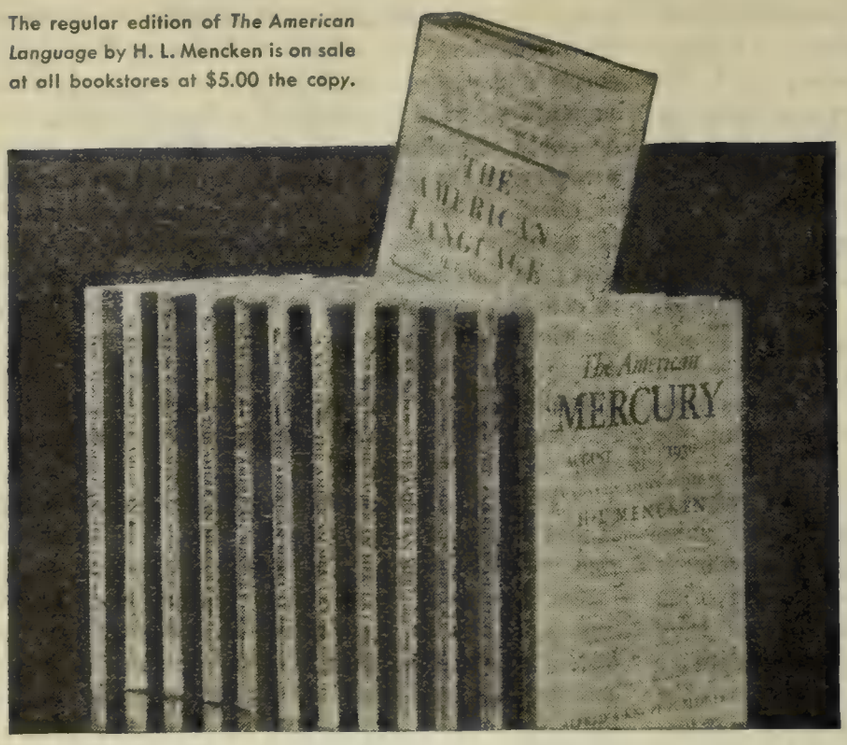
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 335
EDITORIALS:
- Grasping at Straws 338
- Without the Law 339
- Colleges and Culture 339
- What Is an Amateur? 340

COMRADE BROUN. By Franklin P. Adams 341
THE BRITISH IMPERIAL CONFERENCE. By John A. Hobson .. 342
ON THE COLLEGE FRONTIER. I. WHO OUGHT TO GO TO COLLEGE? By D. T. Howard 344
HAMSTRINGING THE MUTUALS. By J. G. Curtis 346
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 348
CORRESPONDENCE 348
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 349
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:
- The Wall. By Isidor Schneider 350
- The Cult of Anonymity. By Henry Hazlitt 350
- Mr. Garland's Confusion. By C. Hartley Grattan 351
- Au Revoir, Mr. Douglas! By Benjamin Stolberg 351
- A New Star. By Allen Tate 352
- The Negro World's Capital. By Arthur Warner 353
- Books in Brief 353
- Drama: Two Good Tries. By Heywood Broun 355
- Films: Screen Musical Comedy. By Alexander Bakshy 356

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- The German Crisis. By Reinhold Niebuhr 358

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WHEN IN TROUBLE, blame Russia. The fall in the price of wheat, which in recent weeks has been ranging in the neighborhood of eighty cents on the Chicago market, is due, as we have repeatedly pointed out, to conditions of world demand and supply, and not, as far as can be judged, to speculative manipulation. Such a price, disastrous as it is to most of our wheat growers, is likely to be even more disastrous to an administration facing Congressional elections. Secretary Hyde accordingly discovers that Russia is responsible. He spreads the news on the front pages that the All Russian Textile Syndicate, acting for the Soviet Government, has been selling wheat short on the Chicago Board of Trade; and it is sagely intimated that its purpose is to depress prices and thus spread discontent among the sturdy American farmers. This suggestion is plain silly. The Russian Government, which expects to have a large amount of wheat to sell for export, has been engaging in certain "future" operations on the Chicago Board of Trade, the world's leading grain market, just as any other big grain operator might do under similar circumstances. We do not understand that Mr. Hyde objects to the present method of grain marketing, and there is not the slightest reason for suggesting any sinister significance in a plain business transaction on the part of the Russian Government—which, by the way, acting through the same All Russian Textile Syndicate, has been buying our cotton and machinery. Mr. Hyde does himself small credit in attempting to attribute to Russian machinations responsibility for present wheat prices. If he doesn't know better, he certainly ought to.

OF THE ELECTION of Frank B. Kellogg to the World Court there is little to be said except that the Europeans are glad to have an American among the judges —any American. Mr. Kellogg made his reputation a generation ago as a trust-buster in the good old Roosevelt days, and he has combined law and politics in all the years since. The accidents of politics sent him to be Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and brought him back to be Secretary of State, in which capacity he made a record of blundering ineptitude and indirection that kept intelligent Americans laughing when they were not blushing. By a further accident the Pact of Paris bears his name. No one pretends that he has any profound knowledge of that difficult body of learning that makes up international law, or that he has any other special qualifications for the responsible position to which he has just been chosen. From John Bassett Moore through Charles Evans Hughes to Frank B. Kellogg—we have gone steadily downward. It is not by such a choice as this that the value and the authority of the World Court are to be enhanced.

THE MOST STRIKING FEATURE of the last week of the primary contests was the overwhelming victory of the La Follette progressive Republicans in Wisconsin. Philip La Follette was nominated for governor by a majority of 110,000 votes over Governor Kohler. The Progressives will control both houses of the legislature, both United States Senatorships, and probably nine out of Wisconsin's eleven Congressional seats, instead of the eight that they now hold. There has been much talk of "the magic of the La Follette name," but the substantial fact is that the two brothers of this generation are fighting honestly and ably for the same democratic principles that animated their father during his entire public life, and that the Wisconsin voters once more have overwhelmingly recorded their approval of the progressive ideas and policies that have given the State distinction among our commonwealths. By contrast with Wisconsin, Massachusetts has just held a meaningless Republican primary resulting in the nomination of ex-Senator William M. Butler by a trifling plurality over Eben S. Draper. Mr. Butler ran as a dry and will be opposed for election by a wet Democrat, Marcus A. Coolidge, of Fitchburg. Governor Allen, who has been renominated by the Republicans, is also a dry and will be opposed by a wet Democratic candidate, Joseph B. Ely. There may be a clear-cut fight over prohibition in November, but the question has a way of getting itself much complicated with other issues.

THE SOLEMN FARCE of the Tariff Commission is now being put on the boards. In addition to Henry P. Fletcher, earlier appointed chairman, the President has now named to membership Thomas Walker Page, former

chairman, Alfred Dennis and Edgar B. Brossard, members, and John Lee Coulter, chief economist, of the old board, leaving one vacancy still to be filled. Messrs. Page and Coulter are good appointees, and Mr. Dennis is relatively unobjectionable, though the degradation of the old commission in recent years has been such that its whole membership has become more or less suspect. Mr. Brossard has been Senator Smoot's handy man, "scientific" defender of beet sugar. The reorganized commission will now get to work, having before it requests for changes in rates on some ninety commodities, on fifty-four of which field investigations are already under way. Agents will collect information at home and abroad, and there will be hearings and documents and reports, and then—let that tariff expert Calvin Coolidge tell the rest of the story: "When careful research . . . showed rates were too low, with the exception of some agricultural schedules, flexibility was abandoned by its former sponsors. New investigations will probably reveal about the same conditions." Of course they will. Rates are always too low, but after all the Tariff Commission is a rather cumbersome and expensive means of jacking them up.

DIPLOMATIC RECOGNITION by the United States of the new governments in Argentina and Peru came rapidly once the ball had been set rolling, and even Bolivia, which has been outside the fold since its revolutionary upset last June, was included in the announcement on September 17 that diplomatic relations would be resumed the next day. Secretary of State Stimson, in making public the news, emphasized the fact that in each of the three countries a de facto government was firmly in the saddle, and that each had made clear its intention "to fulfil its respective (*sic*) international obligations and to hold in due course elections to regularize its rule"; hence recognition did not represent "any new policy or change of policy by the United States toward the nations of South America or the rest of the world." When some curious correspondents insisted upon asking how the step accorded with the Hughes policy of withholding recognition from revolutionary governments that might be set up in certain Central American states, Mr. Stimson replied that the treaty of 1923 was not signed by the United States but represented the wish of the five Central American signatories, although Mr. Hughes had declared that the United States was "in the most hearty accord" with it. Mr. Stimson's course is presumably simon-pure international law, but it is also first-rate diplomatic hokum. What it means is simply that the United States plays the game one way with a group of small states too weak to refuse whatever Washington may demand, and another way with states much farther off that are quite able to stand alone.

PREMIER TARDIEU has just given the latest demonstration of how to make a big increase in public expenditure and yet reduce taxation slightly. The French budget of 50,100,000,000 francs for 1931-32, just approved by the Cabinet, contains increases of 1,000,000,000 francs for civil expenditure and 725,000,000 for military purposes. By a broadening of sinking-fund operations, however, the budget provision for the public debt service is to be nearly 2,000,000,000 francs less than during the preceding year, when the sinking fund was in receipt of 2,000,000,000 francs from the budget surplus. In other words, an apparent decrease in taxation despite increased expenditure is made possible by an actually lessened provision for the discharge of the public debt—which is nothing very new in public finance. In addition to the war debts which France owes to the United States and Great Britain there is an internal debt which on July 31, 1928, stood at 275,000,000,000 francs, a heavy burden in spite of the devaluation of the franc. Notwithstanding its reputation for sound financial policy the French government has never made any serious effort at the reduction of its public debt, and M. Tardieu appears to be walking faithfully in the footsteps of his predecessors.

THE GERMAN REICH still lives notwithstanding the shock of fascist and Communist success in the recent election, and alarmist predictions of the approaching downfall of parliamentary government appear to have been somewhat premature. Adolf Hitler, leader of the fascists, has hastened to announce that "ours is not a physical revolution but a revolution of the intellect, and for us Parliament is only a means to an end"—which, being interpreted, seems to mean that Herr Hitler will accept the parliamentary regime for the time being and wait to see what happens. Chancellor Brüning's Cabinet, meantime, has decided to stick and let the new Reichstag settle its fate. The political problem of the immediate future, accordingly, simmers down to a question of what the Socialists will do. If the Socialists decide to enter a moderate or bourgeois coalition, the combination can withstand the fascists and Communists even if those two antagonistic parties should act together; but if the Socialists hold aloof no one can predict what may happen. The French nationalist press, as was to be expected, is alive with apprehension, and the new budget, it is reported, will carry large additional sums for "security." American and English bankers appear to be of the opinion that while the new fascist strength may lead eventually to some action looking to a readjustment of reparations, German financial standing is not yet imperiled and a political revolution is not yet to be feared.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL ANSWER to a program of aggressive militarism is that offered by the Defense Minister of Denmark, in urging that Denmark proceed at once with its policy of complete disarmament as a result of the fascist victory in Germany. "Present conditions do not offer us a shade of security," said Mr. Rasmussen. "They are a threat to Denmark's neutrality, which we can preserve only if we get rid of armed forces entirely." These words ought to be inscribed in large letters over the desk of every Big-Navy man and largest-army advocate and national-security champion in every country of the world. For if they are true of a small, relatively poor nation, they are, strangely enough, doubly true of nations with millions of men and money at their command in a race for armaments. It is a race which can be won only by not competing. There is no limit beyond which an ambitious rival may not reach, no navy large enough to resist the combination of other navies, no army so powerful that it may not be outstripped in a moment of national crisis, whether real or manufactured, by the army of another Power, with its allies. If this simple fact could only be realized by the peoples of the world, how much time and treasure might be saved!

THE STRIKES IN SPAIN appear to be mainly economic in origin, starting with disputes over wages and spreading under the influence of a sharp drop in the exchange value of the peseta. Back of the labor disturbances, however, is a churning political situation which may at any moment develop into a revolt against the government. Ever since the downfall of Primo de Rivera the policy of Premier Berenguer has worked, not in the direction of political freedom and republican institutions, but toward the solidification of the naturally conservative forces of the country. As a result, apparently, of the strikes and the currency debacle, the labor unions have agreed to work with the Socialists at the coming elections, and intellectual liberals who can afford to take the risk are again speaking out. The lifting of the seven years' censorship (in reality only a substitution of less drastic regulation) has been followed by a severe attack upon the Duke of Alba, the "sartorial boast" of Spain, as he has been called by the Jesuit newspaper *El Debate,* which asks "Has Spain a Minister of State?" and openly charges the Duke with deserting his office and spending his time in traveling about the Continent. The monarchy does not appear to be in any immediate danger.

FIVE MILLION SLAVES in the world! The fact comes as a shock to most Americans, who somehow think that chattel slavery came to an end with their own Civil War. The Anti-Slavery Society, in whose interest Lady Simon lately spoke in this country, constantly stirs public opinion to the enormity of this continuing crime, and the League of Nations has secured adhesion to the Anti-Slavery Convention from nearly thirty nations, including the United States. All these nations are now pledged to "the abolition of slavery in all its forms." Abyssinia, one of the signatories, is among the greatest of the nineteen important slave areas in the world, and American attention has recently been called sharply to conditions there by the contract made by the Abyssinian government with the J. G. White Company of New York for the construction of a $30,000,000 dam across the headwaters of the Blue Nile. It was charged that slave labor was to be used on this undertaking, but in reply to the public clamor Gano Dunn, president of the J. G. White Company, has given assurances not only that slave labor will not be used, but that every effort will be made to guarantee labor conditions satisfactory even to the critics. The Anti-Slavery Society and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, who gave publicity to the Abyssinian situation, deserves public thanks.

SIX MEN OF DISTINCTION, highly respected in the South as well as in other parts of the country, make up a newly appointed commission to investigate recent lynchings and to formulate a detailed report on their causes as well as to devise a working program of prevention. The six men are George Fort Milton, editor of the Chattanooga *News,* chairman, Howard W. Odum of the University of North Carolina, Julian Harris of the Atlanta *Constitution* and formerly editor of the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun,* Alexander W. Spence, lawyer, of Dallas, Texas, Dr. W. P. King, Methodist minister and editor, of Nashville, Tennessee, and Dr. W. J. McGlothin, president of Furman University and president of the Southern Baptist Convention. With them will be associated four well-known Negro educators, Dr. Moton of Tuskegee, John Hope, president of Atlanta University, Dr. Charles S. Johnson of Fisk, and B. F. Huber, president of the Georgia State College of Savannah. The commission will have the cooperation of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation. It will have, too, the good wishes of every intelligent Negro and of every friend of the Negro among the white race. The *Crisis* published in its October issue a flashlight photograph of two Negroes hanging from a limb in Marion, Indiana. Not the pitiful dangling forms of the lynched, but the laughing spectators that got into the picture should strike terror into the hearts of the beholder. The new commission would do well to ponder this photograph while making its report.

THE OPENING of the twenty-fifth year of the Rand School of Social Science in New York should not be allowed to pass without mention. Established and controlled by Socialists, the school has devoted its energies and its all too limited resources during a quarter century not to the propaganda of socialism in the narrow sense, but to the hard and thankless task of workers' education broadly conceived. Thousands of workers have profited from its courses, not only in socialism, economics, and labor, but in history, politics, psychology, philosophy, biology, literature, music, art, and other subjects. Its Labor Research Department issues, among other publications, the American Labor Yearbook, which has become indispensable to students in that field, and the library and lectures of the school have served great numbers who did not enter its regular courses. Like almost every other institution guilty of harboring an idea, the school was the object of governmental attack in the mad days following the war, but it emerged unscathed. In a field as abundantly strewn with wrecks as that of workers' education, it is a pleasure to see the Rand School planning for its quarter-centennial year a program the most extensive and the richest in its history.

JOHN ERSKINE, president of the Juilliard School of Music, made a rather surprising statement the other day in the course of an interview giving out the plans of the school for the coming year. Mr. Erskine was discussing European opera and its presentation, with all the furbelows of elaborate scenery, a splendiferous ballet, and grand-opera stars singing in a foreign tongue. "I see no future for it," he said, "and I don't think it has even a present." If there are any music lovers left in the audience at the Metropolitan —and one suspects that in the galleries at least there are many—this will sound mournfully upon their ears, and will not lack, moreover, a note of truth. Except in New York City, where it furnishes an occasion for an evening of social splendor and at the same time gives an opportunity to a large foreign population to hear their native tongue and their native music, grand opera finds small support in America, and subsidy for it is harder to obtain every year. It is a rare bird that the average citizen knows nothing about and cares less. The radio is daily spreading, along with its programs of heart songs, a knowledge of fine music among thousands of new listeners. A healthy American opera might catch its share of them, but not, one suspects, European opera with its preposterous plots, its tiresome recitative, and its remoteness from American culture and American life.

Grasping at Straws

THE governments of the world stand helpless in the presence of an industrial depression that they neither understand nor know how to cure. They move about, like men in a dream, inconsequentially trying this and that expedient, hoping vainly for a turn in the economic situation that will relieve them of an unwelcome responsibility and will enable them to claim credit for a change that they did not occasion. Most of their expedients, unhappily, are calculated to make matters worse rather than better, like the prescriptions of quack doctors who dose their patients without having any real understanding of their disease.

Most prominent among their dangerous nostrums is trade restriction in one form or another. The Parliament of Canada in a special session has just enacted an emergency tariff pushing up rates on 130 items, on the Premier's assurance that such action would mean the immediate absorption of at least 25,000 workers into the industries affected.

> We have taken those that are key industries [said Mr. Bennett], those where activity may be stimulated and employment given on a larger scale. We have secured the consumer against exploitation, and the result will do much to meet the emergent conditions for which this Parliament was called together.

It is a vain hope. Even if the immediate results were those that Mr. Bennett anticipates, the ultimate consequences would not be such as he desires.

Great Britain for ten long years since the bursting of the war boom has been wallowing in the trough of long-continued industrial depression. Today there are more than two million of her workers for whom she can find no occupation. More truly, perhaps, than any other people on earth, with the possible exception of the Dutch, the British understand something of the true relation between their trade and their prosperity. Yet, as Mr. Hobson points out elsewhere in this issue,

> Bankers, trade unions, politicians of every party have during the last few months been hastening to cut themselves adrift from their free-trade moorings, and to improvise new attitudes of trade policy, to deal with the terrible situation of a depression unexampled in the annals of British commerce.

Of their project of restoring prosperity by shutting up trade within empire limits, Mr. Hobson remarks sententiously: "No more foolish notion has ever entered the British mind."

On the Continent, the struggling new nations and the beset older ones in an exacerbated nationalism have shoved tariffs up and up and hobbled trade more and more in a vain attempt to assure prosperity by exclusion, despite the protests of economists, statesmen, financiers, and intelligent business men. Today, hope of relaxation seems more remote than ever. The Germans, mocked and devastated by the monstrous injustices growing out of the Treaty of Versailles, have in the recent election turned in great numbers to the parties of extreme nationalism and no-compromise. Italy is in the grip of fascist reaction.

Now if anything is clear, it is that prescriptions like these cannot cure our industrial ills. Carry nationalism in trade and industry to the extreme limit in all countries if you will. You set certain of the unemployed in each country to work in its establishments, only to put out of a job others who formerly produced the goods that paid for its imports; and the last end is worse than the first, because in a world that now profits immensely by using the special advantages of each country to some extent for the advantage of all, you shut up each nation to its own limited resources. You do not cure unemployment, and you do greatly cut down the amount of wealth produced.

If governments really want to attack unemployment, they have available a body of experience and scientific findings to indicate the lines of action. In a letter to the New York *Times* outlining the important studies being undertaken at Swarthmore under the direction of Professor Paul H. Douglas, Mr. Jacob Billikopf summarizes such lines of action under three heads: (1) The stabilization of employment; (2) the furthering of efficient placement; (3) the working out of effective systems of protecting those workers who will continue to be unemployed. Such a program involves tasks of coordination and cooperation, not only between central and local governments, but between government and private industry, that may well prove beyond the power of existing governments to achieve. Yet they must be achieved, or the governments are doomed. Thoughtful believers in our Western civilization will ponder the concluding words of Professor Calvin B. Hoover's striking article in the current *Harper's:*

> If bourgeois civilization were to be entirely supplanted by that of communism, the loss to the world would be incalculable. . . . But unless the capitalistic order can find ways and means to improve very measurably the standard of living of its lowest classes of laborers, and at the same time to reconcile the economic rivalries between nations, a militant and fanatic Russian communism will be hammering at the gates of Berlin by the end of the present decade.

The Russian challenge brings us to the heart of the whole matter. In their attempt at the nation-wide (not to say world-wide) economic organization that is necessary to industrial stabilization, the Russians have given up most of that economic freedom which we of the West know and prize. Whether they will thereby achieve economic stability remains to be seen. We face the vastly more difficult task of stabilization without surrender of freedom, a task that will strain the utmost resources of government plus cooperative industry. Behind us is a melancholy record of failure in efforts at stabilization of prices and production by private profit-making industry, both with and without government aid—rubber, steel, wheat, sugar, coffee, tin, nitrates, diamonds, silk, camphor, pulpwood, coal, and so on. In the attempt to stabilize finance through the Federal Reserve system, we substituted organized cooperative action for public ends in place of individual bank action for private profit. Let governments learn the lesson, and as they value all that is good in our Western life, let them press on to lead in the task of organizing industry so that it shall actually be able to feed and clothe the hungry and naked.

Without the Law

EVENTS which have been happening of late in the magistrates' courts of New York City serve only as reminders that all over the country law enforcement is in the hands of persons who fail at almost every point to observe the laws they are placed in office to uphold. The American Bar Association has just received a report from a committee appointed to look into the matter of the lawless enforcement of law. And the committee starts out by declaring flatly: "We can only say that the 'third degree' in the sense of rigid and severe examination of men under arrest by police officers or prosecuting attorneys or both is in use almost everywhere if not everywhere in the United States."

This, of course, is a sweeping statement, and statistics to support it are not at present forthcoming. The committee draws its conclusions more from the evidence of isolated cases in very many sections of the country than from documented figures of the actual number of prisoners so examined, or the actual methods of examination. But if, after making a careful survey, such a committee reaches such a conclusion, public opinion should be sufficiently aroused either to make a more extended and more complete investigation or to proceed, on the basis of ample information already at hand, to put a stop to such a state of affairs. The third degree, of course, is only part of the story. Our whole method of arrest and detention of prisoners before trial should be thoroughly aired and revised. The Chicago method of wholesale arrest on suspicion is prevalent enough in other parts of the country, and is without justification in law. Entry and search of dwellings without warrant is equally common, as is holding prisoners without charge and without permission to see counsel or friends—usually while some form of the third degree is practiced. Our laws provide that a prisoner is to be brought before a court without unnecessary delay; while he is held, the accused is presumed innocent and entitled to counsel and to humane and decent treatment. But our practice is woefully otherwise.

The committee attempts to elucidate the reasons for the toleration, in police stations and jails, of the third degree and of holding prisoners incomunicado. Our police, they declare, face the difficult task of enforcing law among a people of extreme heterogeneity, with no fixed abode, with no system of registration or identification, in an enormous geographical area. We are, moreover, by tradition a lawless people. The frontier is with us still, and we use lynch law not only to deal with the Negro but to keep the underworld in subjection. And at the same time that we use short cuts to enforce the law, we impose more laws than any other civilized country. England admittedly enforces its laws better than we do; but in England the police do not have to take up their time with laws against gambling, narcotics, and the manufacture of alcoholic beverages. Most significant of all, the average police officer is convinced that if he does not bring his prisoner in with a complete confession, the prisoner will slip through the wide open meshes of the courts. Court procedure is slow and careless; judges are not incorruptible; court clerks are notoriously susceptible to "influence." And public opinion is indifferent to laxity and corruption in the courts and actually approves of police violence, provided it finds culprits for the more spectacular crimes.

There we have the crux of the matter. Yet there is no body of sound and enlightened public opinion to protest against such a state of affairs. If the third degree were unpopular with the citizenry at large it would not be tolerated by heads of police departments; and orders from their chief would soon put a stop to violence on the part of individual policemen. The recent scandals in New York City indicate that the entire local judiciary wants overhauling, that a disconcerting number of judges are open to every sort of bribe, whether of money or of power. The magistrate's job in New York City is fast turning into a racket. It is so in many other parts of the country. And instead of rising in wrath to protest, the average American citizen skips the local scandal in his morning paper and turns to the sporting page instead. "A few months ago," says the bar association committee,

> policemen in a certain city made two egregious blunders in breaking into houses without warrants. . . . Then the police commissioners made an order that the officers obtain search warrants before breaking into dwellings. Whereupon a large and potent factor of the public at once urged the revocation of the order.

There is no more culpable body of citizens in this matter than the various bar associations, and it is good to see the American Bar Association committee frankly admitting this fact and urging a concerted and vigorous protest by those men who, in the daily practice of the profession, know best that the law is enforced unlawfully. If the bar associations lead, others will follow. And we shall gradually build up a defense against one of the worst threats to our civilization.

Colleges and Culture

OF the hundreds of presidential or other addresses that will mark the opening of the colleges this fall, very few, we venture to guess, will fail to express the hope that 1930-31 may be a "banner year." Nor will the nature of the hoped-for distinction be left in doubt, for the assembled students, faculty, trustees, and friends are certain to be reminded once more of the glories of numbers, games, buildings, endowments, and other tangible evidences of educational progress. In the prevailing state of the academic mind in this country, such matters appear to be regarded as about the only ones that can be relied upon to hold the attention of undergraduates, refresh the loyalty of alumni, keep professors up to the mark, and incline the rich and benevolent to reach for their checkbooks; and since American colleges seem destined, on the whole, to draw larger and larger numbers and hence to need more "plant" and money, the time-honored inspirational arguments cannot very well be left out of the opening programs.

Not many things, certainly, are more inspiring than the spectacle of a body of students and teachers setting out to put their college over the top, and we are all for banners and records wherever what is gained is worth while. We cannot help wishing, however, that the pursuit of statistical

conquests might be accompanied this year by equally zealous efforts in some other directions. The American college has come in of late for a vast amount of destructive criticism. One of its most serious problems, that of purging the applicants for admission of those who are unfit and for whom a college course would be a waste of time, is discussed by Professor Howard of Northwestern University elsewhere in this issue. There are other evils as serious as that which admission officers are struggling to get rid of. It has been pointed out again and again, for example, that the quality of teaching in most colleges is extremely poor, that many college lecturers are clumsy performers at that business, that specialization is encouraged at the cost of general culture, and that faculty influence, which presumably ought to be determining in educational matters, wanes yearly before the growing powers of presidents, deans, and governing boards.

It would be futile to challenge any of these allegations. It is matter of common knowledge, in college circles at least, that many classes are far too large to admit of effective teaching, and that the sections into which exceptionally large classes are commonly divided are relegated, more often than not, to the charge of young instructors or graduate students most of whom have had no pedagogical training and many of whom admittedly have no pedagogical interest. The slow progress of the tutorial system, while obviously due in part to the considerable expense involved, is also attributable in no small measure to faculty indifference and persistence in old-fashioned ways. The lure of professional or business interest, again, joined to a supposed public demand for an education that is "practical," has led an increasing number of colleges to offer to undergraduates in the last two years highly specialized groups of courses intended to prepare for a later study of law, medicine, engineering, or business. There is slender reason for thinking that this premature specialization has improved the quality of work in professional schools, but the effect upon culture, upon that development of the mind in spaciousness and depth and facility which marks the educated man or woman, has certainly been disastrous.

It would be expecting too much to look for wholesale reformation, in the course of one short year, at all the points at which the college has been attacked. Teachers who cannot teach will still go through the forms of teaching, and we shall continue to hear complaints of the autocracy of presidents, the stupidity of governing boards, and the light esteem shown for faculty opinion. There will doubtless be the usual crop of academic-freedom cases, pathetic reminders that the American college is not yet intellectually free and that between the professor and the public a great gulf remains fixed. There will be eager scrutiny, on the other hand, of any evidence that the intellectual life of the colleges is being seriously attended to and its right of intellectual leadership asserted and recognized. Assuredly it is not the function of the college to train technicians or experts, or even to steer its students in that direction. Its proper business is to raise the general level of culture in the community by preparing a soil in which ideas may find a favoring growth. Not until this task has been performed will the great work of teaching be held in honor, or executive autocracy be curbed, or the professor be allowed freely to speak his mind. We should like to see 1930-31 a banner year for culture in every American college.

What Is an Amateur?

EARLY in September the national amateur tennis championship matches were held at Forest Hills. The following week the professional tennis championship matches were held there. A stranger, not noticing any marked difference in the quality of the play, would have been struck forcibly by the difference in the size of the audience. He would have found the stadium crowded at $3 a seat for the amateur matches, and almost empty at $2.50 a seat for the professional matches. And he might be excused for concluding that the real difference, in tennis as in football, was that the word "amateur" had a higher commercial value than the word "professional."

If our outsider began to look into the distinction more curiously, he might suppose, naively, that a professional was a man who gave all his time to the game, who made it his main business in life, whereas an amateur was a man whose main business was something else, and who could play tennis only at odd moments. Our naive outsider would be somewhat surprised at the facts. He would learn that the leading amateur players spend virtually the entire year at various tennis tournaments. He would learn that in January they were playing in various indoor tournaments, in February and March at Bermuda and in Florida, in April at Pinehurst and White Sulphur, in May at Chevy Chase, in June at Wimbledon, in July at Longwood, Kansas City, and Seabright, and in successive weeks of August at Southampton, Westchester, Newport, and Chestnut Hill, till they were finally in shape for the September national championships at Forest Hills. If he kept following the movements of the players he would trace them at Hot Springs and White Sulphur in October, and in California and Mexico in November and December. Meanwhile he would learn that the leading professional players had only one real tournament, and for the rest of the year were too busy teaching the game to others to find time to perfect their own.

Our outsider might finally decide that the real distinction between the professional and the amateur was that the latter was not allowed to take any money for his playing. He would be impressed with the strictness of the lawn-tennis authorities in preventing the amateur not only from making money by playing tennis but even from making it by currently writing about tennis. He might think this possibly a snobbish discrimination in favor of gentlemen with independent incomes. In this he would be mistaken. An amateur player who once gets into the "first twenty" can usually succeed in having his "expenses" paid pretty liberally. And our outsider would find, also, this curious situation: the audience at these amateur events is not made up of friends admitted by invitation; it is made up of people who have been charged what the traffic will bear. A single day's tennis match will bring in as high as $40,000. But if the players, who really attract the audience there, are caught taking as much as $5 in direct payment, they are ostracized as professionals. What, our naive outsider might ask, is the difference between this arrangement and that, for example, of allowing Mr. Earl Carroll to continue to charge for seats what he charges now, while permitting him self-righteously to outlaw any actor demanding a cent of salary?

Comrade Broun

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WHEN Heywood Broun announced his candidacy for Congress from the Seventeenth District on the Socialist ticket, he voiced his opinion, in what those who know him call the publicity of his home circle, that maybe the New York *Telegram* might object to his candidacy, especially a Socialist candidacy. "I might lose my job," said Broun, "on the *Telegram,* and then the radio people might not like my socialism either, and I might get fired by them, too." "Well," said his son, who is now twelve, "after you got fired from the *World,* we lived on *The Nation* for six months, and we could do it again."

Of course, Broun did not believe that a Scripps-Howard newspaper would fire him just for being a candidate on the Socialist ticket. Broun, divorced or cast aside by the *World* for alleged disloyalty, was picked out of the gutter by Mr. Roy W. Howard; Mr. Roy W. Howard made an honest man of Broun. And Mr. Roy Howard could not fire him for his candidacy without having everybody say, "I told you not to take up with this crook." Well, P. S., he kept his *Telegram* job and his radio job.

And yet what does Boss Howard say about Broun? "Broun," said Mr. Howard, "is no mere jokesmith or phrase-carpenter, but an artistic debunker of political and official flapdoodle. Even so, we believe that as a factor in things political he can be more effective on the outside looking in, more forceful in type than in talk, more constructive in a column than in Congress." In order to put Mr. Howard right about Broun, let me tell him that Broun is a poor jokesmith and not much of a phrase-carpenter. He does like a joke as well as the Next Fellow, and if he likes it well enough he will use it; he will do well with a phrase, his own or another's. He is a good debunker of any kind of pretentiousness—political, official, or literary. He hates it so much that he dresses carelessly and sketchily because a man may be a fop and a villain still; he is the sort of man who would wear three hats in an elevator full of women because he knows that some men consider their entire duty and responsibility to women discharged when they remove their hats in an elevator. Broun hates bunk so much that it must sicken him to have his boss use that No Mere Jokesmith stuff. It probably sickened Mark Twain when he read it, and when he heard it at banquets. It must have sickened Finley Peter Dunne and nauseated George Ade. For it generally is said by ponderous toastmasters who know that Humor Has Its Place, and whose notion of humor is the ability to laugh at a comical anecdote. These lads do not know that it is humor like Broun's that makes him writhe at injustice and unfairness; that makes him hate hypocrisy. It is humor like Broun's that makes him hate these traits, or manifestations of hodiernal civilization, ineffably more than he hates the possessors of these traits. Bitter as is his scorn for the things that John S. Sumner stands for, he is capable of having a good time with Sumner, and of thinking that he is a decent and companionable fellow. He hated the alleged (I have a living to make, and Broun was fired from the *World* for alleged disloyalty expressed in a piece that he wrote for *The Nation*) inconsistency and intolerance that caused Ralph Pulitzer to fire him, with a public spanking. But he liked Ralph Pulitzer well enough, not long after the spanking, to accept dinner invitations to his house. In justice to Ralph Pulitzer, it may be said that he liked Broun well enough to extend such invitations to a former employee who he thought had been disloyal to him and to the paper, and whom he wouldn't have reemployed if Broun had been willing to work for nothing.

Not that I know Broun. I was his office mate for eight or nine years on the so-called capitalistic *Tribune,* and for six years on the so-called liberal *World.* I saw him nearly every day during that time, and many nights. I have known him for years; come to think of it, I was best man at his wedding—the best, that is, that he could get on short notice. But I know little about him except a few facts. I cannot reduce them to their lowest terms; for Broun does not resolve into the ordinary prime factors of human relationship.

He dislikes Coolidge and Hoover, for instance. If he met them he would be extremely polite to them. Probably he would confide to his intimates that he didn't like them, but they would like him. For he has two assets that do not necessarily elect a man to public office, but make him hard to resist in personal contact. They are charm and humor. In such high degree is he possessed of these that if he could make a house-to-house canvass of voters in the Seventeenth District, I think that there would be a Broun landslide in November.

Broun has made speeches telling what he would do if elected. In the New York *American* he has answered the questions of what he would do if he were Representative, Mayor, and President. They were good enough, and they were brief; but I take no stock in them. He might do some of those things, and he mightn't. But we of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club have seen Comrade Broun too often take his enormous chair at the table, and say that the last round was to be played at 1 o'clock, and at six in the morning say that we might as well play an hour longer. And that is how it would be in Congress with Broun.

Broun would carry the same curiosity to Congress that permeates his daily work. His first day in Congress would be a tremendous adventure, a tremendous romance, that every one of his readers would share. For never think that he would divorce his political from his columnistic life. Broun, like most daily column writers, must write about what he is doing and thinking on the day he is writing his stuff. Broun could not help telling what he thought of the daily job of a Representative. My guess is that he would say it was a sinecure compared with any other job he ever had held. He would describe the day of a Representative, and probably would make a speech in favor of his maiden bill. That bill might easily be a bill to abolish the word Gentleman as outworn and Victorian, and hereafter he would be known as the Fellow from New York. The

bill would be lost, but they would listen to Broun down there, and I can imagine his telling us in print that he got more [Laughter] per sentence than anybody else who ever had stuff in the *Congressional Record*.

And then, after Broun got what he might term the long ear of the House, he would slide a serious campaign crusade or two down the greased ways. It is possible that he could do more about unemployment and the alleviation of the woes of poverty than anybody in the House who ever tried such a thing. For while there are things about the history of unemployment that he might not know, he would command and accept the advice of the country's best liberal minds. I think that there are many wise men and powerful men who would help Broun do important work in Congress. And I know that he knows infallibly the difference between a crank and a passionate adherent of a cause. He can tell blindfolded, as most newspapermen can tell, an ax-grinder. I think that he would not be taken in by that numerous crowd. I should think that the Socialist Party would be as rich in ax-grinders as the Democratic or the Republican.

And they would point to Broun's habits, many of which are not in the Socialistic tradition. They would point to his membership in the Racquet Club and the Lambs Club. They might demand his bank book and his check book, which would show that this Socialist candidate often has won or lost as much in a single session of poker as the average annual wages of an American family. They would show that Broun's combined salaries and emoluments from the New York *Telegram*, the radio, *The Nation*, and various magazine pieces would not be a sum less than $50,000, and if they were adroit, the headlines on the scandal story would probably read Broun's Wage Tops Hoover's. And Broun would enjoy that, for he is highly acquisitive about money, earns a lot of it, and seldom has more than one week's salary in the bank. Nobody knows what he does with his money. To look at him you would say that $300 a year for clothing, including laundry, pressing, and dry-cleaning expenses, would be a liberal quota. Yet going to a party and finding no available shirt in the drawer, he will send a messenger boy to an Eighth Avenue shop, pay $5 in tips for a $2 soft shirt, and charter a car or take a taxi to the dinner party which may be forty miles from home. The car or the cab might wait for him till midnight, or if there were a poker game on and he were a loser, till three or four in the morning. Those things do not account for all that money, but those engaging and attractive habits of unthrift and indolence, at compound interest, can unleash $50,000 a year with the owner still looking like a 1904 Puck picture of a Socialist.

If, as even Mr. Dwight Morrow says, we are all more alike than we are willing to admit, I would vote for Broun on the ground that he as a Representative from New York would make life—political, literary, journalistic—much richer and more tolerable. I think that he would alleviate distress. I do not believe that Broun is filled with passionate and fanatic love of humanity, but he has something that as a champion of a cause is far more valuable than that, take it from anybody who ever has sat at a poker table with him. He won't quit until he wins.

I would vote for him because he is the most shamefully unreticent man I know. I would vote for him because I want to see a column of his that begins, "They have pretty dull dinners at the White House," or "My new boss, Nicholas Longworth, is the best Socialist in Washington." In short, because there would be a little electricity in a Washington date line. And because I would like to prove that this "Of course, he never could be elected" thing is the falsest, silliest, most unprogressive of all Famous Stop Signals.

The British Imperial Conference

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, September 12

THE Imperial Conference in London, opening on September 30, proposes, according to the statement of the Prime Minister, to discuss "all matters of common interest to the members of the British Commonwealth under the following heads: (1) Inter-imperial relations, (2) foreign policy and defense, (3) economic questions."

Under the first two heads come a variety of political issues, not to be regarded as of vital importance. If logic, indeed, were accepted as an instrument of politics, the British Empire is a hopeless structure. It is a ramshackle, amorphous creature that has grown up, or come together, without any intelligible plan or purpose. It covers about one-fifth of the land surface of the globe and about one-quarter of its population. Scattered over all four continents and every ocean, it consists of every sort of climate and soil. Only sixty-six and a half millions out of its total population of 450 millions are white, the rest are colored peoples of various types and races, three-quarters of whom reside in India. The only political bond between these various lands and peoples is that furnished by adhesion to the British Crown. Their relation to that Crown, however, varies greatly and indefinitely. First come the dominions and Great Britain itself. They may be said to stand on an equal footing in the imperial structure. According to the Imperial Conference of 1926, "They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." This sounds intelligible enough, and doubtless expresses as nearly as possible the reality of the situation, but not the form. The dominions have not the full constitutional powers possessed by the British Government itself. They are formally limited in their legislative powers by the acts framing their respective constitutions, which give the Privy Council and the Crown itself certain powers of disallowance and of reservation, and disable the dominions from amending their constitutions without the consent of the British Government. Even this statement, however, is not equally applicable to all. Mr. Fifoot, writing in the current *Fortnightly Review*, tells us: "The Union

of South Africa and the Irish Free State enjoy, under the terms of their incorporating acts, almost unfettered power of constitutional amendment; Australia and New Zealand, though their powers are considerable, may yet operate only within defined limits, while the Dominion of Canada is incapable of proceeding at all without the legal support of the English Parliament." There is, however, very little substance in these restrictions, and it may be questioned whether even an act of secession, on the part of the Irish Free State or the Union of South Africa, would bring into operation any forcible sanction under the Colonial Laws Validity Act. There is no disposition on the part of Great Britain to question the equality of status of the dominions with Great Britain itself. But foreign policy raises some issues of moment. So does the question of the settlement of differences between the equal partners. Empire defense still exhibits difficulties. For, though each dominion may reserve its right to participate in a war entered by Great Britain, or a fellow-dominion, the enemy may take a different view of the unity of the empire. If, as it is reasonable to maintain, imperial sentiment, which operated so vigorously in the late war, will be likely to operate in any future war, some concerted measures of defense and some consideration of a united foreign policy are essential. For, though the recent tendency has been toward an ever wider autonomy of the dominions, there is little ground for a belief that any of them will seek to "cut the painter." An alliance of free states marks the reality of the new situation, and some foreign policy for this alliance must be concerted.

But here a new difficulty enters. Most of the troubles with which Great Britain is confronted relate to the "unfree" portion of her empire. There is, first and foremost, India and the entanglement of its internal and external relations, a subject far too complex for discussion here. India, as we see, is in area and population by far the largest part of the empire. But not one of the dominions will consent to take any responsibility for the government of India, or for the settlement of any of the foreign policy connected therewith. They take the same position toward the rest of our empire, the crown colonies, protectorates, and mandates, for which our government is responsible. It is difficult to see how any reliable and adequate policy of imperial defense, or any common foreign policy, can emerge from such a situation.

Popular interest will be concentrated upon empire trade relations and economic problems of capital investments and oversea settlement. Though empire free trade is a project which no dominion will consent to look at, some scheme for empire development and preferential trading is certain to take the first place at the conference. Astonishing events in England have prepared the way. Bankers, trade unions, politicians of every party have during the last few months been hastening to cut themselves adrift from their free-trade moorings and to improvise new attitudes of trade policy, to deal with the terrible situation of a depression unexampled in the annals of British commerce. The plain protectionism which for a long time past has held the adhesion of the Unionist Party has been crossed by an imperialism that renders a "scientific tariff" impossible. But this economic difficulty does not deter the pursuit of a general tariff with an empire preference. More significant is the capture of influential economists and politicians in the Liberal and Labor camps. The orthodox free-trade logic made no allowance for unemployment except as a necessary waste in the changes of industrial processes. General unemployment throughout the industrial world, exhibiting a productive power in excess of effective demand, was to the Cobdenite an impossibility. But the impossible has happened. There is, therefore, a growing disposition among business men, and even economists, to consider proposals for the replacement of the foreign markets which have been lost to us by the successful competition of Germany and the United States, and the new European tariffs, by a concerted development of imperial markets. Our empire is to send us a larger part of the foods and raw materials which we require and to take from us a larger part of the surplus manufactures we can produce. On paper the project can be made plausible enough. Vast areas of our empire remain as yet undeveloped. Let British capital available for export be diverted to this work, and our emigrable excess of population go to do it. Let the dominions give us enlarged preference, or a practical monopoly for such manufactured goods as they cannot themselves produce. Let imperial research, transport, and communications be directed to the goal of an empire made as far as practicable self-sufficing. This project, or fantasy, has been made more desirable by the advance lately made toward a European federation, with the chief object of securing the common economic interests of its adherents. England cannot participate in such a union, and its proposal has served to render the formation of an imperial economic union more desirable.

No more foolish notion has ever entered the British mind. The value of our foods and raw materials imported from the empire has grown since 1913, but our foreign supplies still greatly exceed them. The food imports from the empire last year were 201 million pounds sterling as compared with 330 million from foreign countries; raw materials were 121½ million pounds sterling from the empire, 213 million from foreign countries. Certain essential materials, such as cotton, timber, iron ore, and petroleum are derived almost wholly from foreign sources. Even as regards foods, foreign supplies are incapable of replacement by empire supplies. Last year nearly three-quarters of our imported wheat, and most of our imported meat, came from foreign countries. Indeed, it is evident that any attempt to rely upon imperial resources would mean that we must pay more for an inferior and less secure supply. The reaction of such a policy upon our industries is obvious. Part of the protective policy is to enable our own farmers to grow wheat and other foods profitably, i.e., to get a higher price for them. Therefore it is not expected that the imperial supplies will compensate the loss of foreign supplies. Higher food prices and more costly materials will raise the cost of production in our mines, factories, and workshops, and the prices of their products must rise. This will operate most disastrously on our export trades, which are already outcompeted by cheaper continental products. Would the empire compensate this damage by buying more of our higher-priced manufactures? The supposition is ridiculous. Each dominion is bent upon developing its own industries behind a tariff wall high enough to exclude all effectual competition. It only buys what it is not yet prepared to produce. Countries like Canada and Australia set no limit to their industrial development. It is simply inconceivable that their demand for British manufactures should increase within the near future, so as to com-

pensate us for the further loss of our foreign markets which would follow the adoption of this policy.

It would be interesting to follow the discussion which these proposals for closer economic union will arouse at the Imperial Conference. The idea that this country can afford to pour vast resources of capital into "the vacant spaces of the empire," and that the dominions will eagerly welcome millions of unemployed Britons into their countries for the great work of opening up new areas of agriculture and mining will hardly bear the ventilation outside the area of imperial sentiment which the business procedure of the conference will secure.

On the College Frontier

I. Who Ought to Go to College?*

By D. T. HOWARD

THIS question is as many-pointed as a chestnut burr. It can be formulated in a dozen ways and answered in a thousand. It is filled with implications that presuppose their answers. Who ought to go to college? Everybody. Nobody. Those who can't do anything else. Highbrows. Athletes. The chosen few. Answers can be had off-hand, ready-made, at no cost at all beyond the trouble of asking them.

There are only a few people, relatively, to whom our question is important. A problem is not apt to be taken seriously except by persons whose acts or attitudes would be modified by a proper solution. Who cares who ought to go to college? Intelligent parents, college faculties, and social scientists. We must limit our discussion in their favor. We may consider, first, the practical question, What students are likely to perform successfully in our colleges as they exist? Second, from the wider social point of view we may ask, What individuals, selected from our population as a whole, are most likely to achieve distinction in their college studies and benefit society through their later achievements? The second question is far the more difficult to answer, and the existing selection in fact takes place chiefly on the basis of the first criterion.

Consider the matter from the point of view of the college admissions officer. Only a few such are actually in a position to pick and choose as they will. Their practical problem is to select, among those secondary-school graduates who present themselves for admission to college, the individuals who may be expected to perform scholastically above the minimum requirements established by their faculties. College teachers have taken an active interest in this question, particularly within the past two decades. Since the Great War efforts have been redoubled because of the great influx of students that has made it necessary, in many institutions, to adopt some method of choosing the most likely prospects. Intelligent sifting and sorting presuppose reliable information. How can we learn about prospective students? From the secondary school, from alumni, and from various persons acquainted with the applicants we may secure some information about their scholastic, social, medical, and personal history; and by means of various tests, examinations, and interviews we may obtain further knowledge concerning their preparation, ability, and social circumstances. Three things especially must be taken into account in the search for capable students, namely, ability, interest, and opportunity.

Ability to do college work is conditioned by two principal factors: native intelligence and scholastic preparation. Native intelligence is nowadays expressed in terms of I. Q.'s (intelligence quotients) or scores of similar import, determined by various sorts of tests. The tests used nowadays by college admissions officers, variously known as "scholastic aptitude," "mental alertness," and "general intelligence" tests, are the best measure of native mental capacity that we have yet been able to devise for use in selecting students. The score made by a student is a highly serviceable index of his ability to do college work, but no competent admissions officer depends on these scores alone in deciding whether a student shall be admitted. Their proper use requires good technique and sound judgment; and when they are rightly used they show a high degree of correspondence with the actual attainments of students after admission. (Technically expressed, such tests show a correlation of + .50 to + .60 with scholastic performance, on a scale laid out from — 1.00 to + 1.00, — 1.00 indicating complete disagreement, and + 1.00 complete correspondence.)

The surest index of ability to do college work, however, appears to be the high-school record. A number of studies show correlations of + .60 between high-school and college performance. Suppose that the graduating class of the high school be divided, on the basis of scholastic record, into four quarters. We shall find that the great majority of students in the upper quarter succeed in college, and that almost none of the fourth-quarter students do creditable work. We find a steady decline of average performance from the first to the fourth quarter. The fourth-quarter student is a very poor risk, and third-quarter students are considered doubtful. Colleges that have a real opportunity to select do in fact choose mainly from the top quarter. Is high-school performance an index of native ability, or of scholastic preparation? It is not so good an index of native capacity, we are sure, as the mental test. A combination of the high-school record with the test score, several investigators have found, is better than either measure taken alone.

The matter of preparation was carefully looked into by our better colleges long before the advent of modern measures of capacity. Subject-matter or content examinations were the rule. Such examinations, which are still given by our more conservative institutions, are no doubt useful for determining the student's scholastic preparation for college; but within recent years they have been rapidly displaced by

* The first of a series of articles on educational experiments. The second, The Rollins Idea, by Hamilton Holt, will appear in the issue of October 8.—Editor The Nation.

"achievement tests," which are, in essence, standardized examinations of the "objective" type. Norms of performance can be established on the basis of thousands of cases, and the achievement of any individual can be compared with that of all others taking the tests. These tests have a tendency, moreover, to measure ability as well as knowledge, and they are very useful supplements to mental tests and high-school records in prognosticating a student's fitness for college work.

The student's ability, we are sure, can be measured very well, but we have no methods of comparable validity for gauging interest and opportunity. These factors, however, can not be neglected, for they account for a large percentage of scholastic failures.

Interest is a perplexing subject. What we know is that some students do study, and some do not; and we know a little about various factors, subjective and objective, which are held to account for the degree of interest exhibited by the student in his college work. From the practical point of view there are two things to be looked for: habituation and mental initiative. The student's record in high school is of course the best clue that we have to his habits of study. If, in addition, we can find that in the home and in social activities he has learned to regulate his affairs systematically, we have further evidence that he is likely to budget his time to good advantage while in college. Mental initiative or drive is very difficult to estimate and very important. We have in mind here such things as intellectual curiosity, the desire to find out what makes the machine go, the tendency toward originality and creativeness. Information on these points is, unfortunately, hard to obtain. The individual may have written poems, stories, essays, plays; he may have a consuming interest in radio, television, airships, or mechanics; he may have taken special courses, or traveled about in search of information, or in various ways may have exhibited a desire to know and to invent or create. We have good ground for believing that among such youngsters we may find the exceptional student who is capable of becoming intensely interested in his college studies.

Opportunity refers to objective factors which further or hinder the student's study activities. Financial difficulties are the most formidable. It is a fine thing for a young man to work his way through college, though very few really do work their own way completely. Without the aid of scholarships and loans few self-supporting students can make a go of it, and the student of poor preparation and low ability who has to work several hours each day to support himself is almost sure to fall by the wayside. On the other hand, an unusually bright student, of sound health and good poise, can often succeed surprisingly well. Sickness, as college teachers know, is a frequent excuse for poor performance. While there are many exceptions to be made in special cases, in general good health is a prerequisite to successful college work. Family troubles and social maladjustments of various sorts are also items to be reckoned with. In particular it is to be noted, in the continuing rush to the colleges, that students who go to college only because they are sent, whatever their ability, are apt to do poor work. In this whole field we are dealing with intangibles, but the wise admissions officer will play his "hunches" on the basis of such information as he can get.

In making his actual choice the responsible officer will select first the students of highest ability, and then narrow down to the group whose interests and opportunities seem most favorable to successful college performance. By careful sifting and sorting of this kind, a competent officer, given a wide range of selection, ought to manage to be right in 80 to 90 per cent of all cases. This is about the best we can do in selecting from among the candidates available the individuals most likely to succeed in college, taking the college as it stands without comment or criticism. It must be remembered that that institution is dependent on our secondary schools for all the material it receives, and that its range of selection is limited. Actually, any high-school graduate can enter college, for if one college will not take him, he can go to another. Many State universities are compelled to take in anybody who presents a high-school diploma, and the sifting and sorting go on in the freshman and sophomore years. More students drop out than continue, and a decided minority graduate. College faculties prefer to have this sifting and sorting done in the admissions office, and present indications are that their wishes in the matter will prevail.

And now we may briefly consider the larger question, What individuals, chosen from our whole population, are most likely to profit by college work and to benefit society through their training and achievements? Plainly this question reaches far beyond the relatively simple problem as to what students are likely to succeed in the colleges as they stand. For it raises the other question how far the colleges are actually doing the work properly to be expected of them in a modern democratic society, and how far they are managing to make their opportunities available to all those persons who from the general social point of view ought to enjoy them, and not simply to those who possess the irrelevant advantages of wealth and social station. Without going into the question of distribution of ability among classes, psychologists tell us that mental capacity is distributed in our population as a whole in accordance with what is known as the normal frequency curve, with a great number of persons of mediocre ability in the middle, and with the extremes tapering off to small numbers of those of high intellectual capacity at one end and those of distinct inferiority at the other. Despite the controversy that has raged over "mental tests," the best opinion of the present time is that if we followed our children throughout their school careers, testing, examining, observing, and checking at all points, it would be possible to rate their mental capacity with a high degree of certainty. Public opinion would undoubtedly be strongly averse to such a program, because of our conventions and traditions. Yet there can be no question that those young people who possess the greatest talent for mental work ought to be educated in science, literature, history, and philosophy. They at least ought to go to college.

How about those of us who are less talented? For my own part, considering conditions as they are, I am disposed to believe that anybody ought to go to college who really wants to. (I may remind the reader of what was said above about students who go to college only because they are sent.) Knowledge should be made available to everybody, free as light and air. But the social prestige that attends the colleges today brings to their gates tens of thousands whose real interest is not in intellectual things. If these institutions could be stripped of that false glamor, and if their proper intellectual function could be duly emphasized, the larger problem of who ought to go to college would be simplified, and the answer made more clear.

Hamstringing the Mutuals

By J. G. CURTIS

POSSIBLY the most successful examples of cooperative enterprise in the United States are the mutual savings banks. They have in aggregate ten billion dollars of assets and they deal with twelve million steady customers. There are about 600 of them and a large proportion are considerably more than a century old. They have no stockholders, but belong instead to their depositors exclusively. They hold about one-fifth of all bank deposits in the country.

Their mutuality, it is true, is diluted by the fact that borrowers have no rights in them comparable to what depositors have, but this is one of numerous imperfections that do not offset their essential significance as cooperative enterprises. Instead, their general showing should make believers in such economic forms take heart, for if a cold-blooded business like banking can be carried on without private profits, why should not a number of other things be carried on that way? Unfortunately, the assurance is not very rosy. For the mutual savings banks, having come so far, are not as a matter of fact looming as bulwarks of enlarged cooperative enterprise. They are instead noticeably yielding before aggressive commercial banking operated for private gain. They are slowly diminishing in number. They are also diminishing in relative importance as holders of deposits, though individually many of them, particularly in the large cities, contrive to grow. On the whole, such prospect as they may have offered of making the world better is palpably on the wane.

The mutual savings banks, of course, have never been part of any genuine cooperative movement. They were first established in New England as semi-benevolences for the deserving poor, and practically all their strength is still there and in the North Atlantic States. A few are scattered in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast. They go by such well-known names as the Bowery Savings and the Emigrant Industrial in New York City, the two largest in the country, the Provident Institution for Savings in the Town of Boston, which is the oldest of all, the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco and so on. On the whole they have been run by men whose principles were capitalistic, just as the great mutual insurance companies have been run. They have been interesting to such managers because they had an air of philanthropy and at the same time were serviceable in pooling popular savings into great and accessible reservoirs of inexpensive capital. Men of substance could well afford to act as their trustees and to run them as they have been run, strictly and safely. But insistence on their safety has been made an excuse for limiting their social utility, and has kept them from becoming real competitors of private institutions. They were a good means of collecting the savings of the deserving poor into sizable funds, but they must never be allowed to become anything more.

Thus one of the first measures taken to keep them from becoming dangerous to private enterprise was to limit the amount of money they could accept from one depositor. Various states have various limits; in New York it is $7,500; in Wisconsin $5,000. Considering for whom these banks were so kindly founded, nothing could be more reasonable than this limitation, for of course anyone with $5,000 in hard cash puts a strain on the vernacular when he crowds in with the deserving poor. The philanthropists felt that anybody with that much money should be directed instead to a commercial bank. So at the outset the mutual bank was confined to what was judged to be the least profitable field of banking.

Another measure to keep the mutuals from becoming dangerous was to hold down their dividend disbursements, which belong to their depositors, of course, since there are no stockholders. This policy has resulted in accumulating surpluses that never get back to their owners. The surpluses of all mutual savings banks aggregate $1,020,000,000; in 1929 the aggregate increase was $77,500,000. That addition came out of earnings on the depositors' money and hence it is theirs. Necessarily a surplus must be accumulated, but the principle followed seems to have been to accumulate not only what was needed, but all beside that the traffic would allow. For instance, some mutuals pay as much as 5 per cent, notably in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and that still allows them to make necessary additions to surplus. Now 5 per cent is more than privately owned commercial banks can afford to pay, principally because they have to earn dividends for their stockholders, and so it is to their interest so induce the savings-bank trustees (who half the time are commercial bankers themselves and so lack no inducement) to keep the rate of distribution low. Instead of paying 5 per cent, accordingly, the mutual pays 4 per cent, and the other 1 per cent of the depositors' money is each year put where the chances are a million to one he will never get it, though to be sure he is not wholly without benefit from its retention.

In many States there are provisions in the laws for increasing the disbursements of earnings when surpluses reach a certain percentage of the deposits. But this percentage is in some States so high as to be nugatory. In New York, for instance, where half the mutual deposits and half the mutual depositors in the whole country are, the mutuals need not increase their disbursements till the surplus is 25 per cent of the deposits. If a bank's deposits grow at all, its surplus will probably never reach 25 per cent. Of course, if deposits continue to decline, instead of making at least a secular growth, their surpluses would in time catch up. But aside from the point that even now under unfavorable prospects it seems improbable that that will occur very soon, it still remains that the framers of the legal requirement must have believed, from the evidence they had then, that they were setting a limit that would almost never be reached; so that those disbursements, much too generous for the good of the deserving poor and for the capacity of competing commercial banks to pay, would in turn never become mandatory. The second point is that a surplus amounting to 25 per cent of deposits is considerably more than what is expected of a commercial bank, whose invested capital may be considered the equiva-

lent of a mutual's surplus. But with all the legal restrictions there are on the investment of a mutual's funds—and they are in many cases antiquated and unreasonable—a surplus is ordinarily ample if it is only a fraction of what is desirable for a commercial bank, since the latter can be much freer with the depositors' money than the mutual can. Indeed, a mutual's surplus need only be large enough to pay its operating expenses and safeguard its liabilities when securities prices fall. In Massachusetts the average surplus is about 8 per cent, and the two largest mutuals in Boston, the Boston Five Cents Savings and the Provident Institution whose trustees will never be charged with radicalism, manage to get along with nearer 6 per cent, which is less than half what the Bowery Savings and the Emigrant Industrial in New York hold.

Of course, it will be said that the amount which is not disbursed but might be is negligible—the deserving poor would never know the difference, even if they got it. The fact is that a 10 per cent surplus means that for every $100 shown on a depositor's passbook, there is $10 not shown but held to protect the $100. This is more than enough to earn operating expenses; it is more than is needed if the investments of the bank are properly made; and it is nowhere near enough to compensate if they are not. Surpluses are never a substitute for solvency.

But, even assuming that disbursements are too low, the depositors are not under a hardship on account of it. Instead, the practice of cutting down the rate of distribution obscures from the public what mutuality can really do. While the efficiency of private enterprise is praised with such continual din that it is taken for granted, these savings banks, even with a left-handed, otiose management, can do so much better than the commercial banks that they have to be hobbled in order to "preserve competition."

There have been and still are a large number of mutual savings bankers who are seriously interested in the idea of mutuality and have not been completely smothered in the air of private ownership that they are forced to breathe. They want their banks to have the range and vitality they are entitled to. They would like to procure trust powers and permission to carry checking accounts. They would like to have branches. They would like to join the Federal Reserve System. All of which would be perfectly reasonable. To say that these extensions of power would be "dangerous" is absurd and malicious.

An instance of the jealousy with which mutual savings banks are withheld from increasing their scope occurs every year in Massachusetts, where under the provisions of a law for which Mr. Justice Brandeis is responsible the banks issue very attractive low-cost life insurance. This is hateful to the life-insurance agents, and every year they besiege the Massachusetts Legislature in an effort to get the law repealed or changed. The life-insurance companies they represent are themselves mutual in many if not most cases, but that means very little. They pool far greater funds for the absorption of securities than the mutual savings banks do and consequently they are more important adjuncts of capitalistic enterprise. At the same time that they temper their mutuality by accommodating the financiers, they foster a horde of insurance agents at a cost which is one of the things that makes salesmanship a disgrace. With such connections, therefore, the mutual insurance companies are hardly to be expected to have any more solicitude for the mutual savings banks that compete with them than the insurance agents themselves have.

Meanwhile, however, the Massachusetts banks hold their own and grow, though not because of any general belief in the principle of cooperative enterprise. They grow because for their own preservation they make the most of an exceptional competitive advantage such as mutual savings banks outside Massachusetts do not have. They offer a bargain; and anyone living in Massachusetts should do himself the service of taking out some State insurance, unless his puritanical, uncompromising, capitalistic conscience will not permit him to do so.

This Massachusetts situation is spoken of because it exhibits again both the practicability of cooperative enterprise and the sleepless jealousy that is always ready to hamstring and eviscerate it. It is the treatment mutual banking receives and not any inherent functional weakness that modifies its success. And if any more expedient method of rounding up the savings of the deserving poor for exploitation can be found, mutuality will be put out of its misery. Means to that end and aggressiveness in using them are not lacking. Commercial banks, by offering the greater convenience of savings departments in the same room where the customer does his other banking, get savings business away from the savings banks, even while paying a much lower rate of interest. Furthermore they have branches, which the savings banks are senselessly restricted from having. On top of that, securities which were once sold only to individuals of wealth and to institutions like the banks themselves are pushed directly into the hands of these same small depositors for whom the savings banks were originally established. As a consequence of these and other changes, savings banks are no longer considered so helpful in the business world as they once were; and arrangements have been made in several instances for the mutual to turn over its affairs to a commercial bank and go out of business. This has happened conspicuously in Maine, where the omnivorous Wyman-Gannett interests, operating through their bank holding company, Financial Institutions, Incorporated, are ready to relieve almost any mutual of its anemic existence. When the trustees of the Topsham and Brunswick 25¢ Savings Bank officially asked permission to turn over their bank to the Brunswick National, a Wyman-Gannett affiliate, Chief Justice Pattangall is reported to have sighed that he hated to see a mutual savings bank go; but he nevertheless signed the order for its dissolution and it is now being absorbed by the Brunswick National. Still more recently another institution, the State Savings Bank of Saint Paul, Minnesota, has gone out of business as a mutual and taken on new life, along with over a hundred other commercial banks, as a unit of the First Bank Stock Corporation.

Pressure of competition for the mutuals also comes from the building and loan associations, but it is a competition that regular banks feel even more. These associations are also cooperative, of course. They are a new "danger," for though they have been in the field a long time, their growth in recent years has been spectacular. Something must now be done about them—not because they make mutual banking harder, but, what is far more important, because they make banking-for-profit harder.

The record of the mutuals and of the building and loan

associations and of numerous other cooperative financial institutions contrasts sharply, it should be pointed out, with that of union labor banks in recent years. The latter have little to their credit; they have simply collapsed under the strain of inverted high finance as practiced by amateurs. The weakness afflicting them has been internal, though perhaps none the less unavoidable. They could do too much. The mutual cannot do enough.

The mutuals may persist a long time in their present half-slave state, but as things are their relative importance must inevitably diminish. At a time when small-scale enterprise is breaking down, and economic services are being socialized by functional realignment and grouping, it must be impossible for them to grow competitively unless they are allowed to extend and diversify their activities. And even if they are allowed greater powers, they cannot make themselves a force in our economic life unless they are filled with a vision of their own significance and a will to make the most of it. That they should have had so far a practical rather than an idealistic management is a blessing, provided their capacity for idealism has not become atrophied, for the trouble with most social pioneering is that it is done by persons whose virtues disastrously fail to include an ability to balance out at the end of the year. The mutuals are probably the best proof we have in this country that cooperatives will work; and though it is proved that they will, it is at the moment a grave question whether anything is going to be done to keep them functioning.

So long as responsible persons let remain obscure what they ought instead to climb up on the roof and shout, the public will continue to regard the mutuals as anomalies, and the mutuals themselves will continue blind to their own future. They will continue to sit in a rut with all their money—opulent, cooperative, sterile—wondering how soon the philistines will come and bag them.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has always maintained that the daily newspapers contained more hair-raising tales to the square inch than any drug-store thriller or six-penny shocker ever written. For every romance of unrequited love, dare-devil escape, high adventure, wild-cat speculation, for every story of heroism or tragedy, for every fictional happy ending, the newspapers print a true story documented with dates, ages, and addresses. There is, for example, the old story of the attempt to sell the Court House to the unsuspecting, innocent visitor to the city. Yet only last week a bona fide advertisement appeared in the columns of the Kingston (New York) *Freeman* offering the Ashokan Reservoir for sale to the highest bidder. The Ashokan Reservoir is the most important part of New York City's water supply. Yet it was actually offered for sale for nonpayment of taxes, and only a hastily applied-for court order restraining the sale stopped the proffered bargain. It was explained that a dispute over the assessment of the property had arisen, and was still pending. Meanwhile the enterprising town officials in upper New York State had taken this occasion to rebuke the great city with which they find themselves always at odds.

THEN there is the story of Dr. G. A. I. M. Sykes, who took, so the newspaper accounts allege, $8,000 in good hard money from the Westchester Racing Association because he had, by means of mysterious gadgets and mechanical devices known only to himself, been successful in keeping rain from the Belmont Park race-track during the week of September 6 to 13. The strange feature of this affair is not that Dr. Sykes thought he could make or prevent rain at will, but that actual cash changed hands for his operations. Less amusing, but equally romantic, is the tale of the young lady from Mississippi, Miss Sally Le Blanc, who advertised herself as willing to marry any man who would pay her $1,000 for the care of her aged and ailing mother. Applicants were forthcoming, and a Japanese named Sukerji paid $750 of the required sum to Miss Le Blanc before the matter was revealed as an old-fashioned matrimonial confidence game, and the young lady explained that she already had one perfectly good husband and could not engage to take on another.

* * * * *

WHEN New Yorkers saw a play last year that showed a noble young man, unjustly sentenced to prison, the victim of the prisoners' code which would not allow him to squeal on another—even though that other was the murderer of another squealer and the play's hero would hang for keeping his mouth shut—they might have dismissed the matter as "only a play." But the other day at Welfare Island a twenty-one-year-old prisoner named Louis Elia was found stabbed to death in his cell, and while it was generally believed that he was a squealer and had suffered the vengeance of his prison mates, no prisoner could be found who would say he had knowledge of the crime or its perpetrator. So it goes on. A bank is robbed of $40,000 cash and securities while the bandit car waits at the curb and keeps away a detective by a well-displayed machine-gun—in the pages of a novel? Not at all; in Lincoln, Nebraska, on September 17, 1930, at a little after ten o'clock in the morning. Truth beats fiction every time. The Drifter's advice to booksellers, if they would keep from going bankrupt, is never let their customers read the newspapers.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Tired Radical Hangs On

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do get so tired of your God-forsaken journal whenever you animadvert (one cannot call it thinking) upon the church.

Your article on the Lambeth Conference was so extremely silly! The very first phrase "organized Protestantism" showed that here we had a hack writer who lacked the faintest notion of his subject. And why be so grudging in praise of the splendidly sane yet liberal pronouncement on birth control? And as for science, what did you want the bishops to do, become fundamentalists? And for our social and economic wrongs, they have gone just as far as Christ went, as also in the matter of remarriage after divorce.

Truly it makes one wonder if your attitude toward the tariff, concerning which I know nothing, may not be as mistaken

as your guesses about the church, of which I know a good deal.

I may be a tired radical, but if so, it is such pieces as that on the Lambeth Conference that have made me tired.

The renewal of my subscription will follow shortly.

Lincoln, Nebraska, September 9 JOHN H. LEVER

Costigan in Colorado

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am glad to see that *The Nation* has finally mentioned the sensational campaign that has been carried on in Colorado for the office of United States Senator by Edward P. Costigan, former member of the Tariff Commission in Washington and progressive of many years' standing.

Mr. Costigan was opposed by the majority of the Democratic machine and the older and more conservative politicians. He selected as his chief assistant Oscar Chapman, a young lawyer, who made up for his few years of political experience by his pleasing personality, wide acquaintance, unbounded enthusiasm, and respect for the rights of the people. He astounded the State convention by selecting to make his nominating speech John Keating, a lawyer a few years out of law school and practically unknown in the political world. His two seconding speeches were made by persons of like age and experience. The Result was the capture of the Denver delegation.

His campaign for the primary election was carried on in a like manner. Gathered around him was the largest and most enthusiastic group of young volunteer workers ever assembled by a political candidate in the history of Colorado. The work of this group, assisted by strong backing from the labor organizations and from Mr. Costigan's many progressive friends who have followed his splendid career of more than twenty-five years, resulted in his nomination on September 9 by at least 1,500 votes more than were cast for his two opponents combined.

Denver, September 10 DEXTER P. BROWN

Contributors to This Issue

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Liam O'Flaherty's

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Books, Drama, Films

The Wall

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

I

Oh, stately though we walk
our flippant shadows break
on walls our dignities.

II

Nor are there walls so vast
or squinted so convex
as are our neighbor's eyes
that build upon our sight.

Then your all gentle grace
and I who am not more
gross statured than the rest

dare never kiss but see
our vast disfigures cast
immediate on the wall.

The Cult of Anonymity

A GROUP of literati in Paris have founded a cult of anonymity, and have already succeeded in securing considerable publicity for it. There has come to my desk a pamphlet, with the simple title "Anonymous," published by the Carrefour Editions of Paris. It is a manifesto —it may even be *the* manifesto—of the new movement. It is of course unsigned. Like most manifestos of new literary cults it is very solemn and mystical, and it leaves the impression that if its program were generally adopted we should somehow rush into a renaissance. We learn, among other things, that though the artist who joins the movement does not see his name signed to his work, "as compensation he has a unity with the world and with his art"; that "for the individual name and the individual symbol, Anonymous substitutes the world name and the world symbol," and even that anonymity will "reestablish the bond between man and the universe." I am not sure that I know exactly what all this means, but if man has lost his bond with the universe it seems a matter to be regretted, and any proposal for effecting a reconciliation should at least be examined in a friendly spirit.

For all its rhetoric and pseudo-profundity, the manifesto has some very sensible things to say. It wishes to curb the exploitation of personalities, and to establish "the art as an ideal, not the ego." The anonymous artist "demands a continuous aliveness from the audience because he is continually offering it unlabeled work, fresh work which presents itself on its own merits without the asset or liability of preconceived notions." He would stop reviewers from patronizing his work as "promising," for each anonymous author's book, each painter's canvas, would be "his last work, final and posthumous." (For some reason the pamphlet does not point out that it would also be his first, and so prevent reviewers from damning the artist's later work by comparison with his earlier; reviewers would be compelled to judge this later work, too, on its merits.) The anonymous author, under no compulsion to fulfil preconceptions by continuing to write in his supposedly characteristic vein, "can stop and start afresh at any time." Anonymity, generally adopted, would "remove the crushing, competitive weight of the established name and reputation" and make it "simpler for unusual work to be recognized, to arrive, and to survive." Finally (unless I am reading into it what I think ought to be there), the manifesto proclaims that anonymity would end the exploitation of mere eccentricity and factitious individuality and lead authors and artists to seek an impersonal perfection. There are in addition a number of perhaps minor arguments that a manifesto of this sort ought surely to have put forward—that if reviews, for example, were anonymous (as they still are in the London *Times*) there would be fewer friendly or timid notices, less temptation on the part of reviewers to bid for quotation in publishers' advertisements, by the use of preposterous superlatives, and criticism might be less wantonly impressionistic and more objective.

Yet when all the real or supposed advantages of anonymity have been set down, I cannot bring myself to favor it as a consistent practice. (Of course, as a professional reviewer I might be accused of bias anyway. The critics in "Fanny's First Play" pointed out that they could not possibly know what to say about the play until they knew who had written it. With this warning to the reader, I may continue the argument.) Anonymity seems, to begin with, an unfair discrimination against the writer or artist. Business men are not anonymous, nor bishops, nor athletes, nor statesmen, nor explorers, nor lovers, nor generals—only the Unknown Soldier, and the honor he reaped came after, and indeed because of his death. A business man, making a large enough profit, might well be content to remain anonymous, but the author or artist, if his ideals are high, is supposed to get his real external reward not in money but in fame. Bubble or not, reputation is a constant stimulus for the artist to put forth his best. If that reputation finally acquires a commercial value, if the author gets himself "established," that seems little enough compensation, and he ought to have the benefit of it. Nor does it seem reasonable to assume that the common tendency of authors who finally acquire reputations is to rest upon their laurels; rather, with a reputation to maintain or increase, most authors or artists must be encouraged to put forth their best constantly. Anonymity would only increase, not lessen, the temptation to write potboilers, to aim solely at commercial returns. And so far from discouraging experimental work, it seems to me that established reputation makes it far easier for daringly experimental work to win recognition. It was surely less difficult for Joyce to achieve a hearing for "Ulysses" when he was already known as the author of "Dubliners" and "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." It is almost certain that neither "The Great God Brown" nor "Strange Interlude" would have achieved stage production if O'Neill's already established name had not been attached to it. And even when we turn to criticism, it seems to me that the signature on a review acts to curb the malicious and cowardly attacks so frequent in former generations.

But the most important, the practically indispensable advantage of the signature, is its enormous aid to all of us in economizing our time. It acts in two directions. The signature of Shaw, Strachey, Gide, Thomas Mann, Santayana, A. N. Whitehead, Hemingway is a sign that there is probably something of value to be found in the volume that bears it; just as hundreds of other signatures are practically guaranties that you are missing nothing. Signatures act as a guide in still another way: they tell you how to allow for the wind. It is important to know whether a given review is by Gorham B. Munson or by Burton Rascoe. The value, again, of being able to view any artist's work as a unit—say Shakespeare's plays, Rembrandt's paintings, or Plato's dialogues—is considerable; anonymity would reduce such comprehensive views to mere guesswork. But we come back to the economy of time. The problem of the book editor who must often eliminate eleven out of every dozen volumes that come in for review is already desperate enough. Each year brings its crop of new authors. The editor cannot possibly read them all through before assigning reviews. But he can at least clear the way for new authors by eliminating the volumes of authors known to be consistently mediocre. If every one of the ten thousand new volumes published each year were without a signature the book editor's task would become impossible, and the reader for whom reviewers are supposed to act as middlemen and guides would be left completely at sea.

"Who built Notre Dame?" one of the members of the new cult asked a reporter. "Who sculped the Winged Victory? Who wrote the Bible? Who wrote Homer?" These rhetorical questions seem to me to involve a slight fallacy of implication. There are certain great works of the past that happen at present to be virtually anonymous, though they may not have been so at the time they were produced. But I can see no reason for supposing that their greatness was caused by their anonymity.

HENRY HAZLITT

Ex-Literary Radical

Roadside Meetings. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

ONCE upon a time Mr. Hamlin Garland was aflame with a passion for social justice. In this new book of his he can complacently write: ". . . as I write this sentence . . . six dollars for an eight-hour day is the wage of sewing women, and scrubwomen are almost as haughty as cooks—the poor are almost obsolete." Once upon a time he was a literary radical. Now he can covertly sneer at the active writers: "our present-day school of pornographic fiction." Once he was a veritist and a proponent of local color and looked toward the future. Now he is a member of the American Academy and rests on his laurels. Yet in spite of his terrible respectability he is a sad man. He feels that he fell between the two stools of journalism and fine letters. Journalism was the *Home Journal* of Bok, the *Post* of Lorimer, and *McClure's*. Fine letters was Alden's *Harper's,* and the *Century* of Richard Watson Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson. Mr. Garland wrote for the former and chummed around with the editors of the latter. He feels that this attempt to maintain a split personality brought him pretty low.

If my reading of his literary autobiography is correct he was brought low to an even greater extent by his confused sense of values. There is something tragically ironic in his deference to Gilder, Johnson, and Alden when one considers that he was supposed to be a radical. But the situation reveals the important fact that Garland never quite knew where he was going. He wanted to be truthful in his own stories, but he got himself confused by thinking about "wholesome" realism. He sensed the immense brilliance of Stephen Crane, but regretfully concluded that Crane would never develop like Booth Tarkington and Owen Wister! He never quite understood the position of Henry B. Fuller, who was vastly more "radical" than Garland and who was *not* confused. In spite of it all, though, Garland did rather better than Bret Harte, who came to a complete bankruptcy.

For with all his trials and befuddlements Garland at least wrote "Main Traveled Roads," the Middle Border series and, at last, this valuable book. "Roadside Meetings" is a superb literary document, full of information, strewn with brilliant portraits (brilliant even in their misunderstandings), and stuffed full of evidence to support Van Wyck Brooks's most pessimistic generalizations about the American literary life.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Au Revoir, Mr. Douglas!

Good-Bye to Western Culture. By Norman Douglas. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE reason why such sociological erotica as "Mother India" are so false as the indictment of a culture and so true as a psychoanalytical autobiography is rather simple, for all of Miss Mayo's cleverness. The dirty little things she may be partly right about fail to rise to the dignity of social evils because they are too maliciously isolated from their larger social context, while her salacious pleasure in their presentation purrs with its own unmistakable enjoyment.

Yet Mr. Douglas accepts Miss Mayo as a competent social observer, though of all men he should have recognized an old lady from "South Wind." It was "Mother India" which inspired him to publish these "footnotes" on the West, footnotes which rush about in brilliant confusion and which he threatens will carry him from our midst. With the perversity of the professional *enfant terrible* he decided that the West is far worse than the East, that India is sage while Britain is obscene, that Asia is great and fundamental while we are petty and officious, and so on. Now, I do not mean to say that one may not argue plausibly and with conviction that one prefers India to England, or Siam to Texas, or vice versa. But Mr. Douglas's reasons, whatever their motive, amount to added insults to Miss Mayo's injury to India. Smartness may be the breath of life to Mr. Douglas, and so his cleverness may be his actual philosophy of life. But it is a peculiarly irrelevant gauge for social criticism.

To Mr. Douglas the obsessions of "Semitic Christianity" are obscene, which is quite right; and he illustrates this point with his usual gift for felicitous absurdity. Therefore, it seems to him, the sacerdotal prostitutes of India, the Devadasis, are delicious. There are too many women in this world. To cope with them we in the West have birth control (*sic*), "by which means we destroy males and females indiscriminately," while the high-mindedness of India has developed "two straightforward attempts to tackle the problem—infanticide and polygamy." Abdul Hamid of happy harem memory was a sexual connoisseur and gentleman, while the Westernized contemporary Turks are drab monogamous swine. Our "professors" are the pundits of their own overdeveloped ignorance; ergo the illiterate Hindu peasant is a gentleman, the lousier the more dignified. Because

our political-mindedness has nothing better to show for itself than the British Labor Party, therefore the political inertia and idiocy of India (rather questionable in these revolutionary days in the East) is a sign of true and eternal wisdom. Because our parsons are fakers or simpletons or both, therefore Indian fakirs are honorable and profound in *their* idolatries to bemuse the public mind. Because our science is a fratricidal weapon practically beyond our control, therefore Indian science is much higher. In short, because our social evils are the outgrowth of social stupidity and crime, Indian social evils, by some mystical syllogism, are the outgrowth of historic wisdom and benevolence. Even the caste system in India, being more rigid than ours, is therefore better because less hypocritical.

Of course, no Indian leader in his senses would be grateful to Mr. Douglas. The mere fact that our Western literacy has resulted in such vast vulgarity of excited ignorance and that the ancient culture of India may have given a certain dignity to her illiterates is certainly no plea for the darkness of the Indian masses, which darkness is incidentally British-enforced. The stultification of the Western mind by the Judaeo-Christian religion is certainly no plea for the cruel atrocities of the Eastern religions. The mere fact— But then why argue? A civilization of such dimensions in time and space as India's is certainly not great because her illiteracy is high, because her caste system is an honest outrage to the human spirit, because her political capacities have been so long aborted by foreign conquest, because her prostitutes are gentler though no less venereal than in the West, because her servants are more silent and easier to handle, and primarily because she has invented the delights of "curry." India is great for reasons which Mr. Douglas's individualist snobbishness has no will to fathom. But, of course, one cannot argue with Mr. Douglas, for cultural preferences, genuine or alleged, are beyond dispute. Far more interesting than Mr. Douglas's epigrams is the reason why a man of his extraordinary sensitiveness, his creative gifts in another field than social opinion, and his great intellectual vitality should say that he believes in them.

The answer, I believe, lies in the eternal distinction in *all* dissident criticism between the revolutionary and the bohemian critic. By revolutionary criticism I do not mean, of course, merely the ukases of the Third International. I mean by it the constantly creative revaluation of values in any given field of human interest. Besides the gifts of temper and endowment, the revolutionary critic has certain obligations. He must have *learning* in his field of criticism. He must know the history and theories of its struggles, and be able to tell the winds of doctrine from philosophical formulations; and the cheap excuse that many "professors" are as stupid as they are wrongly learned is no alibi for him. He must have, in the nature of all creative criticism, a *philosophy* of values. Dissidence without an outlook is mere personal maladjustment. And he must have intellectual courage, he must have the audacity to get himself in wrong with the philistines of the values he attacks. The bohemian critic, on the other hand, is an amateur in his scholarship, and forever mistakes the hoary platitudes he rediscovers for original contributions, though his rediscoveries may be brilliant. The bohemian critic is a dilettante and hence is proud of his philosophy of having none. And he lacks courage. He never frightens the philistines. He is "stimulating" but never dangerous. He loves nothing as much as the glory of dissent, but he never hoists its flag to the mast. He nails it to the fence, and uses words for wind.

Mr. Douglas, as a social observer, is the bohemian par excellence. His learning is episodic, irresponsible, clever, empty. His philosophy of criticism is "Ain't we got fun?" And the courage of his "Good-Bye to Western Culture" is really but an au revoir until we meet him in his next book. Let's hope it will be a good "South Wind" in the field of little esoteric souls whom he knows with such delicate perfection. Even in this book, so empty and so smart, his long and exact and intimate mastery of the English tongue occasionally throws up a sentence of such unimprovable felicity that it is a joy in itself. "That air of pointless preoccupation. It hangs about like influenza, infecting the sanest and most self-possessed of us." The "devastating epidemic of unreason called Christianity, from which we Europeans have not yet acquired immunity." "Theology has left the Mark of the Beast upon our Statute Book." Such sentences are worth many pages of annoyance with bright piffle and $3.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A New Star

Flowering Judas. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MISS PORTER'S stories have appeared in some of the more "literary" magazines whose circulation is not large, and her great distinction as a prose stylist has been known only to a few readers. This collection of six stories, which is her first book, is a limited edition of six hundred copies—evidence of the notoriously mysterious character of the publishing mind. It is doubtless better for the author to win six hundred readers of six stories in book form than to continue to be sampled by a thousand or ten thousand in the scattered and scattering medium of the magazines. But there is no reason why she should not win six or sixty thousand readers—unless indeed the formidable integrity of artistic purpose evinced in every one of these stories is, according to superstition, necessarily detrimental to popularity.

This is not to say that Miss Porter is an author for the "few," or an experimenter writing for other craftsmen. I mean rather that she neither overworks a brilliant style capable of every virtuosity nor forces the background of her material into those sensational effects that are the besetting sin of American prose fiction. There is almost no American writer who escapes the one vice or the other. Of the former, the works of Hergesheimer and Cabell are conspicuously guilty types; types of the latter range all the way from the "social thesis" novels of writers like Miss Glasgow and Sinclair Lewis to the borings into Negro life of Mrs. Julia Peterkin and Du Bose Heyward.

The distinction to be drawn here concerning Miss Porter's work is this: while American fiction as a whole is chiefly occupied with the discovery and then the definition of its materials (witness Glenway Wescott's uneasy speculation on the Wisconsin background), Miss Porter already has a scene which is her instinctive, automatic, unconscious possession; a background that she does not need to think out, nor approach intellectually; a given medium which at once liberates the creative impulse from the painful necessity to acquire its material and sets it about the true presentation of it.

This is roughly the character of European fiction as opposed to the more uncertain, more speculative, and thinner American variety. To return to the two American vices—we have excellent precisians writing about nothing, or we have authors who never achieve a style because they lack that single, unitary mind which comes out of a fixed relation between the author and his material. The results, in the one case, are an excessive subjectivism or plain egomania, and, in the other, a continual blurring of the fictive characters in the constant rationalizing of their social condition. The character does not exist in his own complete and full-bodied right simply because his creator cannot distinguish him from the other rather similar examples of this or that social trend.

Miss Porter's mind is one of those highly civilized instru-

ments of perception that seem to come out of old societies, where the "social trend" is fixed and assumed. The individual character as the product of such a background also has a certain constancy of behavior which permits the writer to ignore the now common practice of relating individual conduct to some abstract social or psychological law; the character is taken as a fixed and inviolable entity, predictable only in so far as familiarity may be said to make him so, and finally unique as the center of inexhaustible depths of feeling and action. In this manner Miss Porter approaches her characters, and it is this that probably underlies many of the very specific virtues of her writing.

For one thing, her style is beyond doubt the most economical and at the same time the richest in American fiction. Only in the first story, Maria Concepcion, is there any uncertainty of purpose. In the five others there is not a word gone to waste—and there is no under-writing. There is none of that alternation of natural description and character exposition which is the hall-mark of formula-made fiction. There is much sensuous detail, but no decoration. For Miss Porter has a direct and powerful grasp of her material as a whole; this makes every sentence, whether of description, narration, or dialogue, create not only an inevitable and beautiful local effect, but contribute directly to the final tone and climax of the story.

For another thing, Miss Porter's stories are never told in the same way. Each character, or set of characters, in the given scene requires a different approach; their own inherent quality, their inviolable isolation as human beings, determines the form; and no two of these six stories have anything like the same form. While the quality of the style is the same in all of them—there is the same freshness of imagery, the same rich personal idiom—the method is always different. And—this is her great distinction—the method is always completely objective. It would be difficult to "place" an art like this, unless we may timidly call on the word classical. For here is a combination of those sensuous qualities usually accredited to a dissociative romanticism, with a clear, objective, full-bodied outside world.

"Flowering Judas" is not a promising book; it promises nothing. It is a fully matured art. We may only hope to have more of it.

ALLEN TATE

The Negro World's Capital

Black Manhattan. By James Weldon Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

I SOMETIMES wonder how much worse the North would have treated the Negro than the South has if the North instead of the South had been left with a great population of ex-slaves after 1865. A good deal worse, I imagine. Somehow the puritan conscience would have found divine sanction for humiliations and injustices a little more acute than any that have occurred in, say, the easygoing State of Mississippi.

Some support for this conjecture is to be found in Mr. Johnson's volume, which indicates that just before the Civil War the freedmen of the North were in as unhappy a plight as Negroes of the United States have ever known. New York State abolished slavery in 1827, but it did not give Negroes the same voting rights as whites until a decade after the Civil War. In the middle of the last century there was a Jim Crow rule in New York City whereby Negroes could ride only in certain street cars bearing the sign: "Colored People Allowed in This Car."

In his preface Mr. Johnson says that the book is not "in any strict sense a history." He has written primarily as a narrator, rather than as an analyst or interpreter, and his volume is largely an account of the musical, dramatic, and literary emergence of Harlem. This is an evolution with which the author has been closely connected, and naturally he has been able to enrich his narrative, which he tells spiritedly, with valuable personal recollections and memoranda. The volume is packed with information hitherto obtainable only in scattered form.

Mr. Johnson notes that although white Americans have always been interested in Negro music and folk-lore, in earlier days the Negro profited only by a quickening in the white man of a vague humanitarianism, while our present enthusiasm is for the Negro as an authentic native artist. European writers, as readers of their comments on the United States are aware, recognized the black man as an artist long before we did, and it has been the subject of recent remark by Keyserling, Jung, and Siegfried. One may hope, perhaps, that our acceptance of the Negro as an artist may do more for him than any previous humanitarian feeling. Comparatively few Americans care anything about justice, but practically all of them are enamored of financial success. The recognition of Negroes as artists has meant financial success for some few of them. So possibly a race which hitherto has been able to appeal only to a god of mercy (with poor eyesight and exceedingly hard of hearing) may now do more for itself by snuggling up a little closer to the great god Prosperity.

ARTHUR WARNER

Books in Brief

Robert Peckham. By Maurice Baring. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The subtitle to Mr. Baring's quiet and charmingly written sixteenth-century novel is: "The Sad History of Robert Peckham of Denham Place, Buckinghamshire, sometime Member of Parliament, Knight and Privy Councillor of Queen Mary, as set forth by himself, Together with sundry sonnets letters and papers; and an Account of his death at Rome in 1569 written by his friend Monsr. Claude Mangot, Jurisconsult." Robert Peckham errs and suffers solely because of his gentleness, his generosity, his striving ever to do what is right. Of two women he leaves the one he loves to marry the other in order to be faithful to an old promise. A devout Catholic, he looks askance at the reform wave sweeping over England. But he remains loyal to the Tudors, being an instinctive and a complete loyalist. Eventually he leaves England to live in Rome. There he finds the solace of his religion; but he remains homesick and unhappy for England. The story has moments of great poignancy; and throughout it is pervaded by a delicately rendered sadness. The many glimpses into sixteenth-century homes, ways, manners, language, historical characters give the book an added interest and distinction.

Seed on the Wind. By Rex Stout. The Vanguard Press. $2.

One may enjoy Mr. Stout's second novel without being quite convinced by it. He writes a good story. Lora Winter is an honest woman, given neither to coquetry nor promiscuity, and one who is neither hard nor sentimental. Up to the point where the novel ends she has had five lovers and as many children—one by each. She is a good mother but hardly a doting one. Lora takes life as it comes. She has long since become entirely freed from the conventional moral code in which she was brought up. It is apparent that Mr. Stout sees in her the truly perfected and fulfilled female. He has drawn a portrait which is a little hazy, however, and he has stacked the cards a little too obviously before dealing them out in the games between Lora and her five successive lovers. But Mr. Stout has handled with skill, even distinction, his technical problem. He starts the story with Lora's last affair

Edwin Arlington ROBINSON'S

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By the author of TRISTRAM

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—*Percy Hutchison, New York Times.* $2.00

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THE OPEN ROAD

and works backward to the true dramatic crisis—her first. As yet, however, Mr. Stout has not struck out a new or important path into the jungles where dwell the emotions and the impulses.

Witches Still Live. A Study of the Black Art of Today. By Theda Kenyon. Ives Washburn. $3.50.

Miss Kenyon's thesis is that "to more than half the people on earth today, the Power behind witchcraft is a dominant factor of daily life." It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the author sentimentally magnifies this Power. Witchcraft, or sorcery, undoubtedly arose when the first tribal medicine man discovered that there was an easy living in fooling some of the people all of the time. It endures among the ignorant for the same reason. Miss Kenyon's credulity leads her into some curious errors. She assumes, for instance, that the Oriental magic-mongers are peculiarly potent. In fact their efforts have been proved crude and amateurish in comparison with the art of sleight and misdirection as practiced by a Keller or a Houdini. Miss Kenyon also attempts to show, by a description of "black masses" and other ritualistic practices, that witchcraft is devil worship, as opposed to the true Christian faith. Yet sorcery antedated Christianity by thousands of years, and some of its rituals were taken over in the more modern religions. Thus, in remote Russian villages, one may find the local sorcerer and the local orthodox priest practicing virtually the same hocus-pocus in pretending to cure organic diseases by "driving out the evil spirit." When the new regime establishes a medical clinic in the village the two rivals may combine to persuade the illiterate peasant that modern therapy is inspired by the devil. A serious study of the delusive practice of magic would be of great value. Miss Kenyon's book is a jumble of every sort of folklore and superstition, presented in the style of a hysterical tabloid reporter.

The Sea Devil's Fo'c'sle. By Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

To one who has read the story of Count Luckner's adventures during the World War—how he ran the blockade of the Allies and single-handed preyed on their commerce on the high seas—this volume will seem like skimmed milk after a diet of Grade A cream. It is made up of pictures of the Count's early days at sea and of years he served in the forecastle—neither very vital. The last chapter, on how Luckner was made a doctor of philosophy, is amusing:

> Honorable Rector and Gentlemen, I could never get any education [is what Lowell Thomas says Count Luckner says he said to the assembly]. I was never able to pass through the third grade, and my teachers said I surely would become a bum. What would they think of me now if they knew I was a doctor of philosophy? There was old Professor Stinkel. He tried so hard to pound something into my head, and he was surest of them all that I would be a bum. He was a doctor of philosophy, and now I am a colleague of his. Honorable Rector and Gentlemen, I could never have expected this honor you have given me. Maybe I might have dreamed of being a king, an admiral, or maybe some day an angel in heaven, but I never expected to become a doctor of philosophy.

A Challenge to Neurasthenia. By Doris Mary Armitage. London: Williams and Norgate, Ltd. One shilling.

This is a brief tribute from a patient to a very remarkable doctor, L. S. Barnes, of Whitwell, Herts, England, who died in August, 1927. It is an explanation of the great success this unusual man had in dealing with neurasthenic cases while carrying on a wide country practice in general medicine. Brief as it is, this little volume should be in the hands of both the sufferers from and students of neurasthenia.

Drama

Two Good Tries

NEWS from the theater still cannot be very rapturous, though there are two good tries that deserve consideration. One of these is Dr. Louis K. Anspacher's "Rhapsody," produced by George M. Cohan and acted by Louis Calhern and some pretty good players; the other is "That's Gratitude," written by Frank Craven, and acted by him and some pretty bad players, produced by John Golden.

"Rhapsody" is Dr. Anspacher's investigation into the split personality of a war-shocked young composer who makes money with jazz tunes, aspires to do a symphony, and about once in so often slips off into the night—and many ensuing days—with a pistol in his pocket, and some befuddled murderous impulses in his head.

Of course there is a psychoanalyst, and the curtain has no more than gone up before the conversation between the doctor and the old family friend turns to repressions and fears and complexes, and various ways to get rid of them. There is a fine play to be written around an analyst, of course, probably a hundred of them, and the first few at any rate will have to make a fairly cumbersome start in order to educate their audiences. But Dr. Anspacher does seem to have begun his at a singularly early kindergarten stage. Once begun, although his play is not any miracle of suspense or intensity, he moves along pretty well until he comes to his big scene at the end, but there he comes to grief. Mental surgery is not so different from the physical kind. Good analysts don't go in for violent emotional explosions, scenes of confrontation, and so forth, any more than good surgeons hurl meat cleavers. However, Dr. Anspacher could have been excused on the ground that his device was good theater, if it had just been good. Mr. Calhern's acting was good theater.

Mr. Craven did better by himself than Anspacher and Calhern. "That's Gratitude" also has a fine idea, and any amount of humor, both good and sly. It is all about how dangerous it is to get people too much in your debt. Mr. Craven's own part is, as usual, one of those shy, somewhat shiftless and kindly young men who don't seem to behave very efficiently except in an occasional crisis. Most of the play occurs in Hutchinson, Kansas, and there are many, many things about it that recall "The First Year." In fact, it is hard to put your finger on precisely what is the matter with "That's Gratitude," because on paper it adds up to the king's taste. But there is some quality of warmth that is missing; it has a kind of dry and crackling texture. Perhaps it is that the whole play is too reticent, too much in the modern manner of ellipse and understatement.

But perhaps it is something a little worse than that—it may be that Frank Craven himself has become a little unloving. He seems to be a lot more remote from Hutchinson, Kansas, than he ever was from Joplin, Missouri. Of course it is no part of tact to keep talking about all the Craven plays in terms of "The First Year," but since most of us have also talked of almost every other play by every other American author as measured by the same old "First Year" standard, perhaps he will forgive us. How can we help it, since it was head and shoulders above all other comedies in the depth of its feeling, in its ability to leave us helpless between laughing and crying. "That's Gratitude" will make you laugh. And George Barbier plays it almost as well as Frank Craven does, which is perfectly. Nothing further shall be said about the rest of the company.

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Films

Screen Musical Comedy

MUSICAL comedy is not a subject to be approached lightly by a critic. He may be excused writing about it in the facetious tone characteristic of the genre itself, but may he be serious about it? At the risk of appearing a low-brow to some, and a bore to others, I propose to be nothing but serious in discussing "Monte Carlo" (Rivoli) and "Animal Crackers" (Rialto). After all, entertaining as these two pictures are, the question why they are not more entertaining does not seem to be particularly funny, except for the comedy, of course, that belongs by the very nature of things to all doings of Hollywood.

Strictly speaking the problem is not the same in both pictures. "Animal Crackers" is essentially a farce in which a quartet of delightful loonies is let loose regardless of consequences. The loonies being those excellent entertainers, the Marx brothers, the only quarrel I can pick with the picture is the tameness of its direction outside of its dialogue and gags. A little detail, the *painted mustache* of Groucho's make-up, may serve to illustrate this point. That a character supposed to be merely a freak should be stamped as a *stage comedian* is an incongruity to be explained only by the inability of the actors and director to shake off their memories of the stage.

Incidental in "Animal Crackers," this problem of the stage and its conventions becomes the dominant factor in "Monte Carlo." Here we are presented with the deft and at times very witty efforts of that grand master of Hollywood, Mr. Ernst Lubitsch, to acclimatize the familiar musical comedy to the screen. Be it remembered, the musical comedy in question is not that of "The Jazz Singer" or "The Dance of Life," where singing and dancing flowed naturally from the fact that the characters were singers and dancers. No, in "Monte Carlo" as in his earlier "Love Parade," Mr. Lubitsch is out to capture the very spirit of the artificial, conventional musical comedy, with its music and dancing as means of dramatic expression independent of the realistic requirements of the plot. It must be admitted that these realistic requirements have balked Mr. Lubitsch, as they have balked others. In fact, every time he introduces singing (in solos, duets, and even choruses) he feels obliged to disguise the procedure by some device, at which he is often extremely ingenious. It must be even regretfully stated that most of Mr. Lubitsch's ingenuity in "Monte Carlo" is directed at disguising the staginess of the musical comedy convention, whereas in "The Love Parade" he allowed himself a few brilliantly successful flings at something much more creative and original; viz., at combining independent sounds and images by the process of cutting. Seeing that the final solution of the problem of musical acting on the screen can be found only in the direction of such assembling of sounds and images, I am baffled by the short-sightedness of the Hollywood producers who have not set a single director to explore to the full this tremendous field of cinematic possibilities.

The artistic justification of musical comedy on the theater stage lies in its frank emphasis of its staginess. But no actor on the screen can make the audience accept him as an actor. He is and will always remain a character. On the screen the power of direct contact with the audience can be wielded only by one person, the man who pulls the strings behind the scenes, the director. For this, however, he must stress the arrangement, the graphic pattern of his images on the screen in their interrelation with sounds. There is much more to be done in this direction than merely to diversify visual images that are

strung together by a continuous dialogue, song, or orchestral accompaniment, as in most of "Monte Carlo"; or to combine independent characteristic sounds into a dramatic unison, whether simultaneous as in the train scenes in "Monte Carlo" or consecutive as in the barking dogs and other episodes in "The Love Parade." Particularly do I look forward to the technique of the "split screen," which more than any other method promises to develop a purely cinematic convention of musical comedy and drama.

It is difficult to say what particular qualities in Pudovkin's "Storm over Asia" (Cameo) aroused so much enthusiasm in France and Germany, unless it be the rather cheap thrust at British imperialism (in the American version of the film disguised as White Russian imperialism). Apart from this the only thing that seems to be of interest in the picture is its record of the exotic types and manners of Mongolia.

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The German Crisis

By REINHOLD NIEBUHR

ACCORDING to press reports, the moderates, liberals, and Socialists of Germany, who first succumbed to complete despair after the disastrous election of September 14, are now in better spirit and are busy devising means for frustrating the designs of the anti-parliamentary parties of the right and the left which won such a striking victory in the election. The republican parties are probably whistling to keep up their courage, for the situation could not be graver.

When it is remembered that the crisis which necessitated the election was caused by the fact that the Socialists and the various bourgeois parties of the middle were no longer able to continue the cooperation by which alone parliamentarism and republicanism had been maintained in Germany, that the possibilities of finding a working combination between these parties have been greatly restricted by their loss of seats in the election, and that the fascists who won the most striking victory in the election are about as unprincipled a group of political demagogues and freebooters as ever preyed upon a people it may be realized that Germany faces a winter of very serious difficulties. Whether Chancellor Brüning tries to form a cabinet or that task is assigned to Dr. Braun of the Socialists the situation is equally grave. The fact is that there are any number of forces in the so-called republican parties which will give only a very dubious allegiance to any government formed with the cooperation of the Socialists and which may actually decide to throw their strength in the direction of the National Socialists or Hitlerites rather than make any concessions to the tax program which the Socialists regard as a minimum protection of the workingman's interest in the present critical economic situation.

A survey of the parties of the middle will reveal that they have not only been weakened in strength and prestige but are almost without exception less liberal than they were in 1928. The Democratic Party, which has, next to the Socialist Party, been most faithful to the policies of republicanism and international conciliation, has been steadily losing in strength, since its great achievements in helping to frame the Weimar Constitution first gave it a claim upon popular favor. In the recent election it tried to save itself from extinction by uniting with the Young German Order, a veterans' organization which has been traveling steadily from the right to the center in its political orientation, but which was still so far from the liberal position of the old Democratic Party that the fusion of this group with the old party of that name resulted in the loss of the left wing of the Democrats to the Socialists. Furthermore, the addition of the veterans' organization did not increase the representation of the party in the Reichstag by a single vote.

The People's Party has been traveling steadily to the right and conservatism since the death of Stresemann, and its recent working arrangement with the fascists in Thuringia proves that it has become more interested in defeating socialism than in preserving the fruits of Stresemann's international policy. Furthermore, it lost one-third of its representation in the Reichstag.

The Catholic Center Party, which maintains its equal strength in season and out of season and which has rendered statesmanlike services to the maintenance of republicanism, has become steadily more conservative under Brüning's influence. The cooperation which it has given Socialist governments has played a large part in the political history of Germany in the last decade. It may probably be counted on to resist the fascists, even when the People's Party flirts with the Hitlerites, but its present loyalty to the cause of cooperation between the middle and the Socialist groups seems to depend rather too much upon its fear of disturbing the Catholic-Socialist coalition which has been ruling Prussia so successfully and has brought so many advantages to the church in this largest of German states.

The conservative groups led by Treviranus, Schiele, and Westarp which have from time to time dissociated themselves from the conservative party which is under Hugenberg's leadership, have done so chiefly because they believed that they could combat socialism more successfully by becoming strictly parliamentary rather than by following Hugenberg's method of embarrassing every government, no matter what its policy. They may be counted on to stand for parliamentarism against Hugenberg's growing tendency of cooperation with Hitler; but they may also be counted on to make demands as the price of their cooperation which no government supported by the large Socialist Party will be willing to pay.

No government can exist in Germany at present without the Socialist Party. The Brüning Government attempted it when circumstances were more propitious than they are now and failed. But no government including the Socialists can count any longer on the certain support of any of the middle parties by the aid of which Germany has been governed for the past decade. Even if the State Party and the Center Party should prove fairly loyal, their combined votes with those of the Socialists will total only 231, less than a majority. Practically all of the other parties carried on an anti-Socialist campaign in the last election. Peril to the Republic will undoubtedly persuade some of them to retreat from certain of the positions taken during the campaign; but whatever support they may give to the government will be grudging and unreliable. The reason for both the disintegration and the drift toward the left of the middle parties is fairly obvious. The economic depression which is imperiling the whole structure of German business can be overcome, in the opinion of the German business community, only by lowering prices and capturing world markets by general deflation. The worker is expected to carry the brunt of this deflation. The business and middle-class world wants him to accept lower wages in order that lower prices may become possible and it also tries to reduce the ever-growing costs of social insurance, which is indeed a heavy burden upon industry but which becomes increasingly vital to the worker as unemployment continues. There is some logic in the posi-

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tion of the business community. Under the Versailles treaty a charge of a half billion dollars per year is levied upon German business. Whether this reparation payment is paid in cash or goods or is met by increased loans, the result in any event is to make fluid capital scarce and therefore dear. Eight and nine per cent for loans are minimum charges in Germany. The industrialist therefore contends that since circumstances force him to pay high interest for his money he can lower prices only by lowering wages. Thus the German workers would carry more than their share of the reparations load. It is surprising, in view of this fact, that so many of the German workers have resisted the blandishments of the Communists and have remained true to the Socialist Party, which had such a prominent part in all the international agreements by which the present debt load was settled upon Germany.

Surprising as is this constancy it is not surprising that an increasing number of Germans should express their resentment against what they regard as their political and economic slavery by voting for the National Socialists. This party of demagogues tries to capture the worker by spurious socialistic planks in its platform. The fact that the planks are spurious is proved by the liberal support which the party secures from some of the great industrialists of the nation, who believe that fascism is their only security against communism. By exploiting at the same time the discontent of the worker and the outraged pride of the Nationalists the party has won its tremendous victory. It is possible that its lack of any constructive program may in time render it innocuous. It opposes the Versailles treaty and the Young Plan, but it offers no alternative to the present arrangements. It exploits the weaknesses of parliamentarism which the internecine conflict of the parliamentary parties has made obvious but it does not explain how it proposes to govern Germany, except by making vague allusions to a dictatorship. Its chief emphasis in the campaign was placed upon its anti-semitism and by this it has succeeded in reviving a type of racial animosity which is unworthy of a cultured state. The only basis for this antagonism to the Jews seems to be that they had a rather large share in both the industrialization and the democratization of Germany; the Hitlerites correctly suggest that the former was basic and organic to the latter. Every campaign poster in the recent election (and the Hitlerites placarded every billboard of Germany) added to the annoucement of the fascist meetings the words "Juden haben keinen Zutritt."

A party which draws its strength from such prejudices and builds on such hopes and fears as the Hitlerites managed to excite in the breasts of German citizens shows that Germany is politically not healthy. For its lack of health the entire Western world is responsible. Just what the victory of the fascists may mean for the political life of Germany is not yet apparent. But it is obvious that the republican government of Germany is seriously menaced and that the fascist victory which French observers are so eager to interpret as evidence of the faithlessness of the German people is really but the natural consequence of the whole international policy of the Allied Powers which expects a self-respecting people not only to acknowledge a guilt from which the sober opinion of the world has freed it long since, but to accept political and economic slavery for two generations as penance for this guilt.

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The Nation

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 361
EDITORIALS:
The Soviet Sphinx 364
Dictator or Parliament 365
What Is an American? 365
The Lure of the Land 366
THE COLLAPSE OF THE A. F. OF L. By Louis Stanley 367
RUSSIA'S COLLECTIVIZED FARMS. By Louis Fischer 369
ON THE COLLEGE FRONTIER. II. THE ROLLINS IDEA. By Hamilton Holt 372
THE DOUKHOBORS IN CANADA. By James Montagnes 374
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 375
CORRESPONDENCE 376
BOOKS AND DRAMA:
Bats. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin 379
The Art of Being Happy. By Henry Hazlitt 379
The Revival of "Maurice Guest." By Morton Dauwen Zabel 380
Early Lawlessness. By Holger Cahill 380
An Earl Prophesies. By William MacDonald 381
The Talents of Mr. Robinson. By Granville Hicks 382
Sidelights on the Classics. By Joseph T. Shipley 382
A Seventeenth-Century Mind. By Eda Lou Walton 383
In the Vestment of Paradox. By Benjamin Ginzburg 383
Books in Brief 384
Drama: At Hollywood's Expense. By Heywood Broun 386
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 388

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RALPH S. KELLEY, Chief of the Field Division of the United States General Land Office with headquarters at Denver, has resigned his position in a letter sharply attacking the Department of the Interior for its administration of the Colorado oil-shale fields. Mr. Kelley declares that these 800,000-acre fields contain more than 40,000,000,000 barrels of oil, worth at least as many dollars, and that "the large oil interests are endeavoring to secure titles by fraud and failure to comply with the requirements of the United States mining laws." He charges that although his office has submitted to the department during the past five years a large number of detailed reports on the activities of these companies, "yet I can scarcely recall an instance during that period that the demands of the oil men have not received favorable consideration by the Secretary of the Interior, nor instances in which the rights of the public have been upheld." Secretary Wilbur, declining to comment specifically on Mr. Kelley's charges, is reported as declaring that "practically all he says is nonsense." Unhappily, the history of the Interior Department under various Western secretaries sharing more or less the pioneer point of view that the important thing to do with natural resources is to get them developed on almost any terms is filled with cases in which mineral and timber resources of immense value have been turned over to private claimants for utterly inadequate compensation or no compensation at all. We trust that Secretary Wilbur will not content himself with a blanket denial, but will seek without delay a sifting of Mr. Kelley's charges, in order that no shadow of question, even by those of us who disagree with his policies, may overhang his administration of the department. With the rich prizes always at stake, the Department of the Interior cannot fail to profit by constant and rigid public scrutiny of both its policies and its administration.

THE NYE COMMITTEE has dug up some highly interesting facts about the primary campaign against Senator Norris. George W. Norris, the young grocer whose trick filing against the Senator was frustrated only by a court decision holding that his papers had arrived too late, and his lawyer, A. Paul Johnson, after previously telling another story to the committee, testified that Grocer Norris's candidacy was instigated and financed, as far as it went, by Victor Seymour, who has been handling the Republican Senatorial campaign in the West. Miss Esther Alton, secretary to Mr. Seymour during the primary campaign, testified in detail to his activities against Senator Norris and stated that his office was maintained by checks that came regularly "from the East." The primary campaign over, the checks ceased coming, and Mr. Seymour left Lincoln for Denver to handle the Republican Senatorial campaign. Mr. Seymour, who had previously testified to his entire innocence of any knowledge of Grocer Norris's candidacy, issued a blanket denial from Denver and offered to appear before the committee at any time after November 15. Senator Moses and Senator Fess, according to a *World* dispatch, "do not know Victor Seymour." The amount of ignorance displayed in connection with this affair is touching. The Loyal Republican Club, consisting of two men, sent out during the campaign scurrilous literature connecting Senator Norris with Tammany. Its secretary, testifying before the Nye committee, understood Tammany to be "some sort of a Catholic domain somewhere in the East," while the other member, the president, described it with startling accuracy as "some sort of a club formation in New York that is a real political organization, with welfare as a side line." Mr. Seymour has resigned his position with the Republican Senatorial committee and Senator Nye announces that United States District Attorney Sandall, of Omaha, is prepared to bring perjury charges against him.

A PRETTY PIECE of diplomacy was consummated when Nicholas Roosevelt decided that he did not, after all, want to go to Manila as Vice-Governor of the Philippines and when Mr. Hoover, accordingly, designated him Minister to Hungary instead. Mr. Roosevelt's was a recess appointment to the Philippines, following the refusal of the Senate to consider his name at the last session, and from the time he was suggested it was plain that he would be persona non grata to the Filipinos. His book, "The Philippines, a Treasure and a Problem," was publicly burned at a demonstration in Manila last August, and more formal protests were repeatedly made against his incumbency. It

was pointed out that Mr. Roosevelt had declared himself as opposed to independence for the islands and had expressed very decided sentiments on the inferiority of the Filipino race. It would have been even more diplomatic if Mr. Hoover had considered these matters before sending in Mr. Roosevelt's name to the Senate. But once the appointment was made and found unpopular, it was sensible to accept his resignation and give him another post. One is grateful that neither Mr. Roosevelt himself nor the President is going to insist on seeing through a relationship that would make the United States seem even more of a bully with small nations. And one can only wish that Mr. Roosevelt's Hungarian ministry may be felicitous both for himself and for the people to whom he will be sent.

WILL THE GOLD SUPPLY run short? The gold delegation of the League of Nations financial committee in a report just published indicates the possibility of a shortage of new gold for monetary purposes by 1934. The question is highly technical; the practical consequences involved are of the utmost seriousness. Gold shortage means falling prices, which historically has meant business depression and hard times. In fact, one important group of economists attributes our present difficulties in no small measure to the effect of gold shortage on prices. During recent years much progress has been made toward economy in the use of gold, especially through a more skilful use of reserves by banks, but despite such economies the experts still fear a shortage. Public thinking on the money question has made much progress since the good old days of 1896, when our fathers settled the problem forever as they thought by voting for honest money, that is, gold; but we are not ready and perhaps never shall be for that purely scientific money system which would be entirely independent of the value of any metal. Until that day comes we shall continue to worry our heads about the question whether we can dig enough gold out of the earth and manage it skilfully enough to keep prices from changing sharply. While the Western world is alarmed by the danger of an increasing value of gold, China and the other silver-using countries find their business prostrated by the unprecedented low price of the white metal, which makes trade with the gold-using countries well-nigh impossible. While most of us never think about it, the money question affects fundamentally and constantly the well-being of everyone in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR UNRESTRICTED RADICALISM give us the business man. Speaking recently before the Boston conference on retail distribution, Rudolph Spreckels, president of the Sugar Institute, urged as a means of overcoming the existing depression a system of government control of industry and allocation of output comparable to that which existed during the war. "Immediate steps," said Mr. Spreckels, "should be taken by our government to regulate competition as it did during the World War. By allocating to each manufacturing company its legitimate share of the existing demand and requiring them to sell at a price fair to consumers which will insure a reasonable profit, confidence would be quickly restored." We suspect that Mr. Spreckels has perhaps not troubled himself to work out completely all the implications and the necessary consequences of a program such as he suggests. None the less, it is interesting to note the recognition by a prominent business man of the necessity in troublous times like these for an organization and control of business such as profit-making private groups are themselves unable to accomplish unaided.

TAMMANY TESTIMONY about political crookedness in New York City would probably make extremely interesting reading just at this time, and Governor Roosevelt seems bent upon bringing some of it out. In a letter to Mayor Walker he has denounced as "contrary to sound public policy" the refusal of a number of the city officials to waive immunity when called before the special grand jury which is investigating the alleged sale of judgeships and other offices, and has asked the Mayor to suggest to "these gentlemen" that they change their minds and "freely answer all questions relating to their official acts." Mayor Walker, who has lately developed an exalted state of mind about corruption in general and Tammany corruption in particular, has promptly announced his agreement with the Governor's "purpose" and declared that the suggestion "will be carried out promptly." What the interchange of amenities means is that the Tammany organization is under one of the darkest clouds in its history, that a number of its leading members appear determined to do all they can to make the investigation that has been launched a fizzle, and that Governor Roosevelt is insisting that the opposition shall cease and the whole truth be made known. The fact that the political scandals already unearthed in New York reflect seriously upon the morality of Governor Roosevelt's party, and that his own political fortunes cannot help being affected by the disclosures, makes his summons to Mayor Walker the more praiseworthy.

THROUGH THE DOWNFALL of Chancellor Johann Schober, the strong man who was to have been the savior of the Austrian Republic, Austria appears to have taken its place alongside Germany in facing a period of political hard times during the coming winter. Schober was in power just a year, having been elevated from the post of police president of Vienna to that of Chancellor of the Republic in September, 1929, at a time when civil war was threatening Austria. His firmness, his refusal to be bluffed by the Heimwehr, the military machine of the Right extremists, ended the threat. It was presumed that his inflexibility, his moderation, and most particularly his foreign support would serve to keep him in power and to bring about some semblance of order and progress in the Republic. He was rewarded with a certain measure of public order, and the financial position of the government did show improvement under his rule, but by changing their tactics from open threats of violence to purely political maneuvers his enemies, the fascist-Clerical extremists, have finally unseated him. It was not the embarrassing legislation that the Christian-Socialist (Clerical) Party in alliance with the fascist group tried to force upon Schober that finally led to his resignation, but it was the demand of the Clerical-fascist combination that the government accept a Heimwehr leader, Dr. Trafelia, as general manager of the state railways. This young fascist, curiously enough, is an adherent of the anti-Clerical wing of the Heimwehr, which has announced its opposition to ex-Chancellor Seipel and to Dr. Karl Vaugoin,

who will probably be asked to form a new government. Thus there are already indications of trouble ahead for the next Cabinet. What other immediate results the Schober downfall may have are rather problematical, although it appears certain that the faith foreign capitalists and governments had in Schober-governed Austria will largely disappear.

OUR AFFECTION for Heywood Broun, Socialist candidate for Congress, is strong enough even to withstand his arrest as a would-be picket in the New York dress strike, his ride to the station house in a taxi in the company of a policeman, and his subsequent speedy release, with handshaking all around. But we do not think this sort of thing helps the labor movement and we are not sure it will get Mr. Broun any votes. To do him justice, he probably was not thinking of votes when he did it; his campaign managers may have been, but he undoubtedly went out to join the parade of dress-strike pickets because he believed the strikers should be supported by every honest man. Mr. Broun is like that. But the fact is that pickets are not ordinarily so tenderly treated by policemen nor do they as a rule hear the charge against them dismissed so promptly. In getting himself arrested Mr. Broun obscures the issue. The question of the right to picket is not advanced one jot by his genial meeting with the police, nor will any common or garden variety of picket be any better treated next time as a result of his temporary incarceration. Mr. Broun can do more for picketing by writing about it in his column than by demonstrating how pleasant the police can be when it seems expedient.

"WAR GUILT" is the title given by the *World Tomorrow* to a questionnaire sent out to some four hundred odd "leaders of public opinion," the results of which are summarized in the October issue. Out of 429 professors, college presidents, editors, social workers, clergymen, labor leaders, lawyers, business men, and military and naval officers who were asked: Do you believe that Germany and her allies were *solely* responsible for causing the World War? 364 replied in the negative. Whether or not this means that wisdom came to some of these persons with knowledge of how propaganda for wars is created we do not know. Many of those whose names the *World Tomorrow* gives are well-known pacifists who never thought otherwise. But more interesting than the replies to this question of war guilt are the all but incredible quotations the *World Tomorrow* prints from the war-time utterances of public men. Beginning with Elihu Root and going all the way down to Newell Dwight Hillis, there stands a record of shame that it is salutary to be reminded of. Fifteen years after the fact, we need not soberly considered answers to questionnaires, but these frenzied outcries against a neighbor nation to tell us that we must not let this happen again.

THE FAILURE of John S. Sumner's complaint against "Casanova's Homecoming" is important not only for the result itself but for the principles on which Magistrate Gottlieb based his decision. Holding the novel not to be obscene, he declared:

> The book is not to be judged . . . by the standard of mid-Victorian days, but . . . by the standards prevailing at the present time. . . . The standards of life today as to plays and books, and the very habits of the people, have so changed that what was regarded as obscene and immoral yesterday is today reckoned as being in proper taste.

Magistrate Gottlieb also took into consideration the opinions favorable to the book expressed by such writers as H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser, Heywood Broun, and Sinclair Lewis, and by the *Times, Evening World,* New York *Telegram, Herald Tribune,* and *The Nation.* The court, he held, could not "brush aside the comments of leaders in their field . . . and substitute a prudish opinion in place of . . . liberal ideas." So long as Section 1131 of the penal law remains on the books, it is to be hoped that the courts will continue to give it this interpretation. The tendency in recent years has been, in fact, for them to do so, and "Casanova's Homecoming" merely joins "Madeleine" and "The Well of Loneliness" in the imposing string of Mr. Sumner's failures. Indeed, as counsel for Simon and Schuster, the present defendants, pointed out:

> In not a single case brought to the courts by the Vice Society during the last fifteen years have the courts ultimately suppressed a book which had been openly sold by the publisher, openly accepted by the press, openly commended by institutions of learning, and openly sold by the book trade.

DYING AT NINETY, Henry Phipps lived through the rise of young America from a struggling country of 17,000,000 people which hugged the Eastern seaboard and straggled only vaguely toward the Mississippi River to its present position as one of the great Powers of the earth. He was beginning to lay the foundations for his great fortune acquired in the steel industry before the Civil War had begun; he saw, or he could have seen, the struggles of Reconstruction, the fierce battles between the railroad giants, the winning of the West, the rise of industry to magnificent and unheard-of heights. Associated almost from the beginning of his career with Andrew Carnegie, he helped create the power that is now the United States Steel Corporation. His fortune was estimated at something like $80,000,000 when he retired from active business in 1914. Many millions of it he had given away—for the study and treatment of disease, notably for the establishment of the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins University, for the erection of model tenements, for many other things which contributed to the amelioration of human suffering and privation. He was a modest, shy little man, who liked to give away his money unostentatiously, without publicity, even in many cases secretly. In 1900 he built himself a splendid mansion on Fifth Avenue—and it has already given place to a skyscraper apartment house. It is perhaps significant of the fact that the era he represented is over.

WITH THIS ISSUE Mauritz A. Hallgren joins the staff of *The Nation* as associate editor. Mr. Hallgren began journalistic work on the Chicago *Daily News.* After serving on the staff of three other Middle Western newspapers he went to Washington, where for some years he covered the State Department for the International News Service and the United Press. From 1928 to 1930 he was a member of the Berlin staff of the United Press. He brings to *The Nation* a wide and varied experience in newspaper work and an unusual knowledge of foreign affairs.

The Soviet Sphinx

SECRETARY HYDE emerges with small credit from the fracas in the wheat pit. Even the newspapers declined to take seriously his grotesque suggestion that the Russians were trying to break wheat prices in order to foment discontent among our farmers; yet it is possible that the Secretary's maneuvers have not been wholly unsuccessful. If low wheat prices can be coupled in the popular mind with Russia in particular rather than with the world wheat situation in general, then resentment at Russia may take the place of calm understanding of the true facts, and that might not be wholly disadvantageous to Mr. Hyde's political associates. Three things ought to be clearly understood.

First, what the Russians are charged with is an ordinary business operation, carried on daily by every big dealer in speculative commodities. The Russian government, which, it must be remembered, monopolizes foreign trade, is exporting to other countries a considerable quantity of wheat, estimated at from 40,000,000 to as much as 100,000,000 bushels. One of its business agencies here, the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, on September 9, 10, and 11, sold for future delivery on the Chicago Board of Trade some 7,765,000 bushels of wheat, if we may accept the official Russian statement of dates and amounts. Apparently anticipating a further fall in price, which has actually occurred, the Russian agency did exactly what any professional trader would have done, that is, sold short. It sold at the going price wheat that it did not have, expecting to be able before it was called on to make delivery to buy at a lower price the grain required to make good the contract. According to market rumors, it has already covered these contracts in considerable part at the lower prices of the past few days. If it has not yet done so, it must buy before delivery date comes around. How have its operations affected prices? In sober fact, scarcely at all, because the amounts involved were so small a part of a daily turnover on the Board of Trade averaging 60,000,000 bushels. But so far as they had any effect, they tended to depress prices slightly on the three days when the Russians sold, and to raise them on the days since, when they have been buying.

Second, leaving this small speculative transaction aside as relatively unimportant, there is no reason whatever for isolating Russian wheat exports and holding them responsible for present low prices. They are one among the many conditions of world demand and supply. The visible supply in the United States, 202,000,000 bushels, is the largest ever known. We have a bigger crop than last year, and indications are that our exports will be smaller than a year ago. The Farm Board is holding over the market a stock estimated at 60,000,000 bushels. The Canadian wheat pool, which for once apparently misjudged the probable course of prices, is supposed to have carried over into the present crop year (beginning July 1) not less than 100,000,000 bushels. These are simply two or three among the many conditions responsible for present low prices. Russian exports play a part, but by no means a dominant one. Sensible men will see them in true proportion.

This brings us to the third point, and the important one. What is actually going to be the situation of Russia in world economy if and when the present plans of her rulers are in fact carried through? With foreign trade a government monopoly, and with agricultural and industrial production under government control, is not Russia going to be able to dump goods of all kinds on the world market at prices that will ruin producers in other countries? Some such fear animates the panicky talk of today, and lies behind Senator Oddie's hysterical proposal for an embargo on Russian wheat, manganese, coal, lumber, pulp wood, gelatine, and glue. American farmers, for example, are likely to read with concern Louis Fischer's account elsewhere in this issue of the great Russian state farms and the plans for their future. It is fear of Soviet success that alarms Western farmers and industrialists alike.

But in all these matters it is necessary to utilize common sense and sober economic analysis. It must not be forgotten that even a completely communist state, just like a capitalist one, would sell abroad only in order to buy; it would export those things for which it had comparative natural advantages in order to import others, just as Russia today is exporting wheat, manganese, lumber, and pulp wood in order to import machinery and other goods that it can get more advantageously abroad. It is only a silly panic that looks forward to a powerful communistic state going about like a roaring lion seeking to destroy the lambs of capitalistic enterprise by dumping its cheap products of all kinds on them. Communists, with all their eagerness for world revolution, have no more enthusiasm than the rest of us for giving their goods away to foreigners, and nobody except those lunatics who imagine that it is possible for the United States to sell everything abroad and buy nothing ought to fancy that the Russians ever could or would do the same thing. A communist state particularly will sell abroad only in order to buy.

Further, it ought to be remembered that it is just the present desperate need of the Russian government for foreign credits in order to get the goods it needs that has made it willing to sell its wheat and other commodities at sacrifice prices if need be. If the need for such credits is lessened, as it will be if the Russian industrial program meets with success, then the danger of foreign industry's being obliged to meet the competition of Russian goods at slaughter prices will be by so much lessened. Again, it must be remembered that the Russians today are almost inconceivably poor. If their rulers should in fact be successful in raising the standard of living materially, there would be made possible a great expansion of profitable trade between Russia and the capitalistic states. No one can tell today whether the Russian experiment is going to succeed or not. We must frankly face the fact that even a qualified success would present us with new problems in trade relations, but we ought to face those problems without panic. We ought to realize that the basic principles of international trade will remain unchanged, even if a communist state is one of the traders, and that honest trade is a matter of mutual advantage.

Dictator or Parliament

NOW that the smoke of the recent electoral battle in Germany has lifted somewhat, it is possible to see more clearly what the outcome of the remarkable increase in the fascist and Communist vote may be. It appears reasonably certain that the parliamentary regime will not be immediately and violently destroyed. If the present constitutional system is to be scrapped in its entirety, it will be only after Adolf Hitler and his fascist followers, or some other party group equally ruthless and energetic, shall have become strong and hardy enough to seize control of the political machinery, send the leaders of the opposition to the guillotine or the firing squad, and by repudiating the peace treaties invite Europe to go in for a trial by combat if it feels so inclined. There are two reasons in particular why the inauguration of such a spectacle will probably be delayed. The first is the occupancy of the presidential office by a stout-hearted and patriotic old warrior who may be expected to make short work of any revolt that is not nation-wide. The other is the disagreeable fact that a repudiation of the Young Plan, one of the important items in the Hitler program, would automatically revive the punitive provisions of the Versailles treaty, with a renewed military occupation of the Rhineland as one of the imminent probabilities.

A revolution of a different kind, however, seems to be pretty clearly foreshadowed. What its incidents may be is indicated by the program which the Brüning Government is understood to have worked out for dealing with unemployment and the financial situation generally. In place of the dole, it is believed, Germany is to try conscription of labor. The disordered budget is to be balanced by the aid of a drastic reduction of expenditures, substantial cuts in the salaries of civil servants, a similar cut in wages if the trade unions can be induced to agree, and a severe pruning of the staff of the nationally controlled railways. To what extent the inauguration of forced labor would reduce the actual burden of unemployment relief if the workers are to be paid a living wage is not clear, but the government would at least have something tangible in the way of public works to show for its outlay where under the dole system it has nothing, there might be a greater volume of manufactured or agricultural products for export, and the rehabilitation of national and state finances might be more easily accomplished.

How is all this to be done? At that point Chancellor Brüning appears to have very definite intentions. Ignoring the quarrels of parties and their demands for representation in a new ministry, the Government is expected to lay its program before the new Reichstag and ask for support. If support is refused, the Reichstag will be dissolved or its further sittings indefinitely suspended, and the control of affairs will be taken over by a small directorate headed by President von Hindenburg and backed by the Reichswehr. The consultation of the Reichstag is to be, apparently, hardly more than a matter of form, since it is hardly conceivable that the Government, convinced that it is facing an emergency, will allow its program to be materially altered or even subjected to prolonged debate. For every practical purpose the only alternatives will be to take the program or leave it.

An actual dictatorship, then, severe or lenient as circumstances may suggest, temporary or indeterminate as time may show, appears to be in store for Germany. The grave question of the sufficiency of parliamentary institutions for the needs of a great economic and political emergency is to be put at issue. It is not necessary to recall how persistently that question has been raised in Europe during the past few years. It is at the bottom of the hard-and-fast dictatorship of Mussolini in Italy, just now, apparently, on the point of being further strengthened, of the dictatorship in Jugoslavia, of Pilsudski's brusque interference with parliamentary government in Poland, and of the evasive and repressive methods of Berenguer in Spain. It is implicit in the remarkable statement put out by a group of leading English industrialists declaring that the people "are tired of the waste and extravagance of the successive governments and the slavish adherence of the political parties to economic theories which have lost all relation to the facts of modern business life," and proposing to undertake through an unofficial body the tasks, in this case tariff regulation, in which government has failed. It is no merely theoretical agitation that is going on; the whole principle of self-government through freely elected representatives is at stake. If Germany, hard pressed by internal as well as external difficulties, turns to a dictatorship as its only hope in time of stress, the repercussions of its surrender will be world-wide.

What Is an American?

A MOTION-PICTURE producer last season entitled his slightly vulgarized epic of the American Indian "The Vanishing American." Let us allow him the title; the Indian was the true American, the first heir to the riches of the West. If any civilization is indigenous to this country it is the civilization of the red man. And the red man is gone, relegated to a limited tract of land, his ancient traditions forgotten, his children sent to white government schools, his proud dignity reduced to incompetent fumbling with a civilization which he does not understand. The first American has gone. Who has taken his place?

The *New Republic* last week published an article which provides one interesting answer to that question. A questionnaire sent out to 1,400,000 readers of an agricultural weekly drew 13,431 replies. It would be interesting to compare these replies with an equal number received from the readers of, say, the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Liberty*. But in themselves they are worth pondering, as an index of what sort of persons these Americans really are. The questionnaire asked questions which would appeal strictly to rural readers, questions dealing with control of district schools, with the movement of the farm population to town, with farm relief, with the industrialization of farming. The large majority of answers indicated that America believes in the one-family farm, that the drift to the cities is a bad thing, that farm relief does not promise much for the farmer. More interesting to urban readers were the answers to the following statement:

> I believe that farm papers and magazines have a right to print advertisements that encourage:
>
> (a) The use of tobacco in general. [Fifty-eight per cent said no.]

(b) The use of cigarettes. [Seventy-two per cent said no.]

(c) The use of cigarettes by women. [Eighty-four per cent said no.]

And to the statement "I believe that every farm which grows tobacco should stop growing it," 35 per cent said yes.

It is not surprising that of this group 78 per cent were in favor of federal prohibition and believed the law should be enforced to the letter; that 81 per cent should be "opposed to making divorce easier to obtain." Indeed, the only surprise in the entire questionnaire was that 67 per cent were in favor of the legalized dissemination of contraceptive information to married couples. This last might be explained by the changing status of the farmer, whose sons were once an asset, offering free and unlimited labor to the farm, and now have been sufficiently replaced by machinery to make them a liability.

The questionnaire ended by asking that a twenty-five-word message be appended "to place before America the thought that you feel most needs to be emphasized throughout all America at this time." Of the messages, the large majority urged a return to the old ways, to a belief in God, to a reverence for the home, to keeping children in their place, to the time-honored virtues of self-denial, simplicity, honesty, temperance. Fifteen per cent were willing to make an economic change, to take a chance on machinery, on new methods of agriculture; 25 per cent advocated social change: self-expression, birth control, leisure in the home, better schools, simpler divorce. Two per cent only concerned themselves with improvements of the world in general, with arbitration, world courts, world peace. If these answers are indicative of the heart of America, if they describe the true American, he is true to the traditions of his fathers, he is a conservative, he distrusts anything new, anything "modern." Nor do we need to depend upon this particular group for evidence of the same thing. A federal-census analysis of women in gainful occupations from 1870 to 1920 showed that although in the latter year 8,202,901 women, or 24 per cent of those over sixteen years of age, were gainfully employed, only 952,000 of these were native-white and married. After she marries, the American woman's place is in the home—because she stays in the home. Economic necessity has not yet driven her out of it. And when she is driven out, she turns to the domestic occupations, to domestic service, teaching, waiting on table, clerking in stores, laundry work. The professional woman is so negligible that she is not even dignified with a separate classification but is lumped with "all other occupations."

What is an American, then? He is a man who likes the limits of his own home, who keeps his woman there, who prefers to behave as his fathers behaved, who is not interested in the world outside his own town, who likes corned beef and cabbage better than any other dish, who wants life to be simple and definite and easily understood. The forces of the machine age are assembling to engage this creature in mortal combat. What will be the result? Will he emerge triumphant, single, unassailed? Or will he come out industrialized, robotized, with his leisure as closely marked out as his working hours, with every member of his family a part of the great communal machine? The next century may tell the tale, and a questionnaire then will make interesting reading.

The Lure of the Land

G. W. RUSSELL, Irish man of letters, better known as "Æ," has recently arrived in America with a message. He is trying to turn the tide of population back to the land. He is advocating for America what he has been advocating for Ireland—farming not only as a desirable way of life but as a necessary way for at least 20 per cent of any nation's people if that nation is to survive.

> I was alarmed [said Æ] to learn recently that in your country since 1920 4,000,000 persons have left the land, 19,000,000 acres have gone out of cultivation, and 89,000 farms have ceased production. It is a dangerous situation. In a generation you will have 90 per cent of your population in urban centers and only 10 per cent on the land. That is a danger to life. After the fourth generation the energy of the countryman is worn out in the city. How is the city going to perpetuate itself out of its own energies?

There are few who would argue with Æ, least of all those who live in the great cities of America which are the symbol of the economic and more intangible forces which have depopulated the farm. And we predict that Æ will find a sympathetic audience wherever in America he delivers his lecture on "A Philosophy of Rural Population." For Æ comes at a time when more than ever before city dwellers are asking themselves why they live in little boxes stacked one above the other to insane heights, in an atmosphere in which grass and trees cannot survive, forever assailed by noises that rack the brain and rasp the nerves. He comes, too, at a season of the year when green fields and silent air have only recently yielded to stone-bound days in office buildings for an ever-increasing number who have found that life in great cities is bearable only when periodic escape to the country is possible.

The movement back to the country has, in fact, already begun in a small way. At least, the cult of the city, which was so assiduously fostered a few years ago, has fallen into decay. It would be interesting to know how many thousands of acres within an expanding radius of our large cities have passed into tired city hands in the past ten years. For the most part there has been no attempt to make a living from the land. Brush continues to overrun the meadows and poison ivy covers the apple trees. The land has been reclaimed, not as an economic investment, but as an important part of the pursuit of health and happiness. Vegetable gardens flourish, and city apartments resound these autumn days with boasts of broccoli and pride in pole beans. But the farm, to this relatively small group, is a luxury supported by the income from a city job. And because it is a luxury, the farm continues to be deserted in winter.

This movement back to the land has, of course, not touched the great mass of city dwellers in any practical way. But there is undoubtedly at present a widespread cult of the country. The farmer has taken on the romantic glamor once accorded to the "noble savage." And now that the rosy glow of prosperity no longer illumines the brick and stone of cities the cult will grow. Psychologically, a large portion of the American people is ready to return to the land. There is lacking only the economic miracle that would make it possible to obtain a comfortable living from the soil.

The Collapse of the A. F. of L.

By LOUIS STANLEY

HAS the American Federation of Labor outlived its usefulness? The festive fiftieth annual convention of the A. F. of L. which opens in Boston on October 6 may supply the answer. There is a simple test for the effectiveness of the A. F. of L. Its primary job is to organize. The extent to which it does organize or maintain organization is the measure of its worth.

The function of the American Federation of Labor is to provide that aid in unionizing the workers of America which a central organizing machine can render. This aid it can give, and has in its time given effectively, in two ways: first, it can send out its organizers to induce wage earners to form local unions affiliated directly with the A. F. of L. until such time as these locals are strong enough to form national or international unions of their own trade; secondly, it can serve as the agency through which any one of the nationals or internationals of which the federation is composed may draw upon the resources of all the other affiliated unions in time of distress. In the first instance, it is creating a supply of local unions out of which to form internationals, as both nationals and internationals are indiscriminately called; in the second, it is strengthening the internationals already in existence. How has the American Federation of Labor accomplished these ends?

From 1890, when statistics were first published, to 1929, the latest year for which a report is available, the A. F. of L. issued charters to almost 12,000 directly affiliated locals. The record by decades is as follows:

DIRECTLY AFFILIATED LOCALS CHARTERED AND ORGANIZERS' EXPENSES, 1890-1929

Years	*Charters Issued*	*Organizers' Expenses*
1890-1899	2,289	.....
1900-1909	4,911	$505,963.07
1910-1919	2,949	840,661.50
1920-1929	1,532	1,644,063.99
Total	11,681	$2,990,688.56

Between 1890 and 1899 organization work of the American Federation of Labor was on a voluntary and part-time basis. Business was slow to recover from the depression of 1893 and much energy was spent by the A. F. of L. in combating its rival, the Knights of Labor. Yet during this period more than 2,000 locals were created and chartered by the federation. In 1900, for the first time, sufficient funds were available to keep full-time organizers in the field. During the first decade of this century the number of charters issued was more than doubled, most of the gain occurring in the first four or five years. In 1903, the peak was reached when 1,139 locals received charters. President Gompers's reports to the convention during these years breathe a spirit of militancy and pride in what the central organizing machinery was achieving.

During the next ten years, despite the scarcity of labor resulting from the World War and the government's mobilization of workers into the trade unions for the improvement of production, there was a further decline in the number of charters issued. The record of the past decade is even worse. In 1920 the post-bellum peak was reached with 770 charters. Then came the business crash. In 1921 only 211 charters were issued and in 1922 the number fell to 71. Since that time the number of charters granted to directly affiliated locals in recent years has reached paltry figures: in 1923, 98; in 1924, 70; in 1925, 66; in 1926, 52; in 1927, 69; in 1928, 65; and in 1929, 60.

The A. F. of L. organization machinery has practically collapsed. A. F. of L. organizers have forgotten how to organize. They may be effective as lobbyists, negotiators, or public speakers, but their usefulness in the grueling task of organizing the unorganized has almost ceased This is forcefully shown by the figures for the organizers' accounts, which appear by decades since 1890 in the accompanying table. In 1900, when full-time work was begun, organization expenses amounted to $16,399.69. During that year 734 locals became affiliated with the A. F. of L. In 1920 the largest sum in the history of the A. F. of L.—$285,584.45—was spent on organizing 770 locals. In 1929 organization expenses remained at a respectable sum, $125,357.26. The number of locals organized, however, dropped to 60. We know that the saturation-point in organization work is still far away. Unionization of American workers has declined from 20 to 10 per cent in the past decade. The basic industries are untouched. Evidently the strenuous work that the well-paid organizers for the A. F. of L. are doing is not in the field of organization.

What this means in terms of building up the national or international unions in the American Federation of Labor can best be realized by an analysis of the relevant statistics. From 1896, when the A. F. of L. may be said to have superseded the Knights of Labor as the central body of organized labor, to 1929 the federation granted charters to 151 national or international unions. Of this number three-fifths had been formed out of directly affiliated local unions. Or to look at the matter from another viewpoint, there were 105 national or international unions in the A. F. of L. in 1929. At least two-fifths of these had originated in locals formerly chartered by the American Federation of Labor, most of the others having been founded before the existence of the A. F. of L. or in the years when it was trying to displace the Knights of Labor. In other words, there have been no new national unions in unorganized fields because the process of pushing the organization of locals of unorganized workers has stopped.

In the old days the American Federation of Labor might even revoke the charters of directly affiliated locals if those locals refused to join the national union of their trade. Today the A. F. of L. does not encourage the efforts of locals to unite into nation-wide organizations. There is a score of local unions of stenographers, bookkeepers, and office clerks. The unionization of the clerical workers is urgent not only because of the genteel exploitation of these "white-collar slaves," but also because of the strategic position they occupy in modern industry. Nevertheless, their

request to form a national union has been denied. The neckwear makers, consisting of three locals in New York City, have at various times formed locals in other cities as a pressing necessity in their struggle against the "runaway shops." They have asked in vain to be chartered as an international union. The International Pocketbook Workers' Union, which in spite of its optimistic title was but a directly affiliated local of the A. F. of L., organized locals in several cities in order to control the out-of-town trade. It was refused an international charter. In recent months it has been able to achieve partial autonomy by affiliating with the defunct United Leather Workers and paying enough monthly tribute to support the officials of the international which is lucky enough to possess an A. F. of L. charter.

One of the most interesting cases is that of the Pullman porters, who organized in 1925 as the Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters and after heroic battles established locals at various railroad centers. The brotherhood made repeated attempts to gain admission into the A. F. of L. Finally, after its organization campaign had slumped, the porters were permitted to enter. But under what conditions? The Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters was broken up into its constituent locals and these received separate charters from the A. F. of L. as directly affiliated locals. In 1918 the United Automobile, Aircraft, and Vehicle Workers, as it came to be known, was expelled from the federation because it refused to distribute its membership among the craft unions which claimed jurisdiction over automobile manufacturing. This destroyed the possibility of tackling this basic industry by the method of industrial unionism, and therefore eliminated any chance there was of organizing the workers therein. The union as an independent organization languished, and when there was hardly anything left of it the A. F. of L. in 1929 consented to charter the two or three remaining locals as direct affiliates.

This astonishing record of neglect or even sabotage is usually accounted for by the A. F. of L. on grounds of overlapping of jurisdiction or smallness of size of the local unions. These reasons are inadequate. The federation officials, were they so inclined, could overcome the jurisdictional obstacles, for the vested interests involved have been weak. If they cannot, it is only condemnatory of the craft unionism of the A. F. of L. Insufficient membership is but a pretext. The unions of clerical workers, the neckwear makers, the pocketbook makers, the Pullman porters, and the automobile workers number their respective members in the thousands. In 1929 there were affiliated with the A. F. of L. fifteen national or international unions which had less than a thousand members.

No, a determining factor in keeping these large local unions in their present state of disorganization is the revenue which the American Federation of Labor derives from them. The locals pay 35 cents per member per month, while the internationals pay 1 cent. The locals pay 25 per cent of their initiation fees, but a minimum of one dollar, while the internationals contribute no portion of their initiation fees. The locals pay one dollar for every reinstated member, while the internationals go scot-free. Every time a directly affiliated local becomes part of an international the A. F. of L. loses for every member 34 cents minus the 12½ cents which is placed in a defense fund for the locals, or 21½ cents.

How important are the directly chartered local unions to the A. F. of L.? Their membership was 25,286 in 1928 or .0087 per cent of the total membership of 2,986,063; yet they paid 20 per cent of the entire per capita tax received by the A. F. of L., excluding the sums going into the defense fund. Their membership in 1929 dropped to 21,704 or .0074 per cent of the federation membership of 2,433,545, but they paid 13.5 per cent of the per capita tax. Including the 12½ cents earmarked for the defense fund, and the initiation and reinstatement fees, the locals paid $114,554.31 in 1928 and $98,995.74 in 1929. The internationals' contribution was $267,850.50 in 1928 and $373,573.24 in 1929. The puny membership of the local unions paid to the A. F. of L. more than 40 per cent of the amount paid by the comparatively immense membership of the internationals. In 1929 it contributed more than 25 per cent.

If it should be argued that the American Federation of Labor must charge the directly affiliated local unions more than the internationals because it serves in the capacity of a national or parent body to the locals, the facts belie the allegation. Local unions expect little help from the A. F. of L. In time of strike or lockout red tape restricts their actions and the A. F. of L. frowns upon their easy resort to the defense fund for help. In 1928 only two locals, involving eighty-six members, drew upon the defense fund; in 1929 only seven locals with a total membership of 100. As a consequence the unused moneys in the fund have accumulated until last year they amounted to $278,678.64.

It is this fund which enables the A. F. of L. to conceal its financial weakness. It can report a balance of $334,560.57, though actually it has only $55,881.93 unencumbered for any emergency that might present itself. With this petty sum at its disposal the central body of organized labor must face the accumulated millions of the United States Steel Corporation, the General Motors, and the textile barons of the South.

The international unions have no common defense fund at all. As has already been pointed out, they pay only one cent per member per month to the central organization. When these unions are in distress, the A. F. of L. can do but two things: (1) it can place an assessment upon the internationals of one cent per capita per week for no more than ten weeks in any one year; and (2) it can call for donations. It is significant that the total amount of assessments collected by the A. F. of L. since 1889 is $386,945.25, as compared with a total of donations to various causes since 1908 of five times as much, or $1,874,476.47. Even in crises the federation, as at present constituted, must depend upon voluntary action. In fact, the levying of assessments has been abandoned since 1918. In 1926 the A. F. of L., meeting in the open-shop city of Detroit, made a great fuss and bluster about combating the company unions. The convention authorized the Executive Council to levy an assessment to fight these employers' organizations. This assessment has never been collected. Is it a measure of the earnestness of the American Federation of Labor in organizing the unorganized?

It is not intimated here that constitutional or mechanical changes will revive the A. F. of L. The difficulty goes deeper than that. It is a question of leadership, of sincerity of purpose. If the leaders become militant enough, however, they must face the situation here presented. To organize the awakening Southern workers, to invade the anti-

union automobile industry, or to recapture the iron and steel stronghold demands the will to organize and, then, millions, perhaps billions of dollars.

The American Federation of Labor, if its affiliated unions have a sense of labor solidarity, can raise these funds with ease. Increasing the per capita tax on internationals from 1 cent to 10 cents per month will produce an annual revenue of three and a half million dollars. A compulsory defense fund for the internationals will insure the sinews for industrial warfare. Encouragement of directly affiliated local unions and their consolidation nationally will then be no threat to A. F. of L. finances. In short, if the American Federation of Labor as the central agency of organized labor is going to do the job for which it exists it must organize the unorganized at whatever price. If it does not, it will soon be as dead as the Knights of Labor before it.

Russia's Collectivized Farms

By LOUIS FISCHER

Rostov-on-the-Don, August

I

GIANTS OF THE STEPPES

ROLLING prairie as far as the eye can see. Miles and miles of steppe with the air above it made visible by the white heat. Not a fence; for Russia, especially after collectivization, is a fenceless country. Here and there a Cossack village with its one-story huts and tall, dome-crowned churches, surmounted by a gilded Greek cross. Wheat and sunflowers stand high in the field, for it is harvest time in northern Caucasus and in many other vast stretches of Soviet territory.

We leave Rostov, the capital of the North Caucasus, and proceed southeast by auto into the wheat belt. "What will happen," asks one of our party philosophically, "when the Russian churches begin to crumble and disappear? What will take their place as the monotony-breakers of the dull Russian horizon?" We had the answer soon enough. Graceful, steel-gray grain elevators are the new landmarks of a rejuvenated and industrialized country. They have been springing up everywhere since the agrarian revolution started in earnest a year ago.

But the Russian rural scene has acquired an even more striking feature. Indeed, it was the most remarkable of the many startling things we met with on our trip. One might have thought at first that it was mirage. (We saw water mirages.) No, it is real. A town. Out in an endless plain where even the natural roll of the earth seems to disappear, a town rises with three-story concrete buildings, with a single central-heating station for the entire settlement, with post office, telegraph offices, flower beds, machine and tool plants, two-story theater and clubhouse, and with a perfect road on which we later drove at 100 kilometers an hour. Yet this is not a town. It is a single state farm, one of the new government "grain factories" established to solve the Soviet bread problem.

The manager of this *sovkhoz,* or grain farm, a young brilliant organizer named Margolin, realized that if he told us his farm had an area of so many thousand hectares it would mean nothing concrete to us. So he took us in his Buick to the northern boundary of the farm. From there we traveled on one straight unbending highway for eighty-six kilometers. It made an unforgettable impression. From farthest north to farthest south on this *Sovkhoz* Number 2, known as "Camel," would be an hour's non-stop dash by an express train.

But the next day we visited an even bigger *sovkhoz,* "Gigant" or giant. Its director uses an airplane to get from one sector of the farm to the other, otherwise management would become impossible. Gigant covers a surface of 220,000 hectares—a hectare is about two and one-half acres—of which 113,000 were cultivated this year. It employs 3,541 workers, 220 tractors, 230 combines, and 450 tractor seeding drills. Its machinery alone cost 7,000,000 rubles; its buildings 16,000,000 rubles. It has a total population of 17,000. Both Gigant and Camel publish their own daily newspaper.

Outside Russia, the world's largest farm is that of Mr. John Campbell in Montana. But Gigant is seven times as big as the Campbell farm. Mr. Campbell, incidentally, has been retained as consultant by the Soviet Government and only recently visited Gigant and other *sovkhozi.*

Gigant and Camel plant only high-quality wheat. Gigant's harvest this year amounts to 7,000,000 poods, or 116,000 tons (more than 3,800,000 bushels). Margolin raised 1,500,000 poods. The experience of *sovkhozi* indicates that owing to the use of machinery and the application of specialized knowledge their average yield per acre is double that of the peasant and costs much less. Camel this year produced grain at eighty kopeks a pood but sells it, on account of its fine quality, at one ruble seventy kopeks.

When the idea of founding *sovkhozi* was first broached two years ago, many Russians, many foreigners, and even some of the Right-wing Communists laughed. But they quickly proved a success and are producing results far beyond the wildest expectations of their most sanguine protagonists. Now nobody questions their value as sources of the best seed and of the best grain for export. This year the several *sovkhozi* throughout the Union planted 1,160,000 hectares, but the coming year this figure will, according to plan, rise to 4,500,000 hectares, and at the same time an additional 4,500,000 will be prepared for cultivation. Moscow wants 15,000,000 hectares of *sovkhoz* farms by the end of the Five-Year Plan—in 1933. At that time, therefore, these *sovkhozi,* all owned and operated by the government, should produce no less than 22,000,000 tons of wheat—which is about twice as much as Russia ever exported in a single year before the war.

Several questions naturally present themselves. First, how big can one farm be? Margolin at Camel said 300,000 hectares. Bogomolkin, the manager of Gigant, put it at 1,000,000 hectares. But Margolin is the better agronomist and abler administrator, and we were therefore inclined to

prefer his moderate estimate. A farm of 300,000 hectares or more, however, would require its own railroad, airplane service, and radio-communication system. In Siberia, in Kazakstan, and in other parts of the Union many such large stretches of land can be found which are fit for agriculture and now untilled.

The second question deals with labor. How can a farm be run like a factory? These giant farms do not look like the ordinary farm we have grown accustomed to. They resemble model towns that have grown up around new factories in the American Middle West. The employees are of the city type and dress like city people. The traditional Russian farmer is a strange anachronism on these farms. A *sovkhoz* workingman works eight hours a day. For the first two hours of overtime he receives time and a half; beyond that he gets double the usual pay. But overtime is unusual. In harvest season, seasonal help is brought in, and the farm operates in two and sometimes three shifts.

There is no slack period. I presented the usual argument to Margolin: "How can you employ men all the year around and pay them wages when they have nothing to do for months in winter?" In reply he gave me a carefully itemized account of the operating program of his *sovkhoz*. I discovered that work on the fields is possible for nine months of the year. During two of the remaining months all the workers, the vast majority of whom are mechanics—for the *sovkhozi* are completely mechanized—will repair, reassemble, and recondition the machines of the farm. The twelfth month will be the regular vacation.

The *sovkhozi* have a bright future in Russia, not only because the government is intent on establishing more of them, but because their advantage over individual farming and even over collective farming is so obvious that a widespread demand for additional *sovkhozi* is sure to make itself felt. In the *sovkhozi* as well as the collectives we heard that the members of the latter flock to big state farms to find work under what are practically ideal farming and living conditions. Moreover, the *sovkhozi* help the collectives in their plowing and harvesting, and one already notes a tendency toward the establishment of mixed *sovkhoz*-collective farms which the government is encouraging.

It is a far cry from the present stage to the complete proletarianization of the Russian peasant. Many years must elapse before all Soviet grain is produced in state-owned-and-operated "factories" by citified workers. Many decades must pass before the mujik disappears. I do not say it will ever happen. But in a country easily adaptable to extensive cereal culture and to the use of tractors there is every reason to expect that the giant mechanized factory-farm will play a rapidly increasing role. The government should, as a result, become independent of the peasant for export grain. And in bad years the state will be in a position to cover the bread deficit of the cities with the production of its own mammoth farms. The *sovkhozi*, therefore, rob the mujik of the power to force new policies on the Bolsheviks by applying his best weapon—passive resistance, or starving the town.

The *sovkhozi*, however, must first learn to use machinery with greater care. In this respect Gigant is guilty of criminal negligence. Machinery was spoiled, overworked, and worn out this year in order to achieve record figures which would impress the Moscow authorities. Such practices will, if continued, make economic production impossible.

II

Socialist Cossacks

Building socialism is a strange task for the backward Russian mujik. But it seems a perfect paradox in connection with Cossacks. In the mind of the average Russian, "Cossack" summons up a picture of a cruel though handsome warrior mounted on a wild charger dashing into a workers' or students' demonstration with whip in hand. The Cossacks were the mercenaries, so to speak, of Czarism. Yet today they are organized in agricultural collectives which the Bolsheviks regard as the finest guaranty of the success of socialism in Russia. Some 60 per cent of all the Cossacks in North Caucasus have been collectivized, and the complete collectivization of the entire vast district is probably only a matter of a year or two.

Outwardly the collective need not look any different from an ordinary village. Except that many of them are building or have already built piggeries, grain elevators, and cow barns they are, indeed, nothing more than villages. It is their internal organization that determines their novel and special character. The outstanding feature of collectives is common cultivation of the soil and common ownership of machinery and work animals.

The mujik in a collective has no land of his own except the small plot immediately adjoining his house. Here he may plant vegetables and fruit, raise his own privately owned poultry, and domicile his privately owned cattle. His house is his own. But this is the limit of the capitalistic, non-collectivized elements of the farming collective. The rest is socialized. The fields are not divided among the peasants. No peasant in a collective has his personal horse or ox or plow or harrow. They belong to the community.

Cossacks take exceptionally well to collectivization. They are accustomed to discipline and readily accept organized forms of activity. The management of a collective, elected by the peasant members, instructs each Cossack or mujik where and how much he is to work. It gives him the necessary implements, seed, and animals. Plowing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, and threshing are done in groups, often under the supervision of trained agronomists. The harvest is deposited in the collective barn and then distributed.

The question of harvest distribution agitated everybody during our tour. Threshing was in progress. Who would get the grain, how much, and in what form—flour or money? Each man and woman collectivist is paid according to the number of days he or she has worked and according to the quality of the work. There is thus room for individual initiative, personal incentive, and a reward for superior abilities. Advances in money are sometimes made, but more often wages come in bulk after harvest time. The usual method is to send the first grain harvested to the elevator and thus make it available to the government. Then sufficient grain is stored away to feed the population throughout the year, to feed the live stock, and to be sown in the next planting season. At the time of our visit several poods of flour had already been distributed to each family-member as the initial instalment, to be followed by further grants from the common warehouse. Moreover, a reserve fund is created to provide for unpleasant eventualities. What remains is sold to the state or the cooperative grain-procuring agencies at prices ranging, this year, from one ruble twenty

to one ruble sixty kopeks for a pood of wheat. Since the present harvest is unusually good, many peasants in the North Caucasus and elsewhere will receive in cash some three to five hundred rubles—which is much more than the income of the uncollectivized farmers in the same district.

In addition to a share of the harvest the collective members receive a dividend on their capital investment. This is the result of one of the most notable reforms introduced after the publication of Stalin's article last March. Theretofore all peasants—those who owned animals and machines and those who did not—were admitted into the collective on an equal footing. The propertied mujik therefore argued, very wisely, that it would be best for him to kill and eat or sell his cattle, dispose of his equipment, keep the proceeds, and then join the collective as a propertyless member. In consequence, millions of head of cattle were slaughtered everywhere in the Union. The country is still experiencing the sad after-effects. But now the man who contributes property to the collective gets a dividend on that investment in proportion to its size. These are concessions to the capitalist instincts of the mujik. The collective is by no means a commune.

One of the severest Soviet problems arising from collectivization, and from good farming and good harvests generally, is the presence of too much money in the pockets of the peasants. It sounds like a bad joke, for the Russian mujik is still relatively quite poor. Yet owing to the acute shortage of goods for consumption the peasant can buy only limited quantities of textiles, shoes, nails, and the like, and the rest of his rubles remain unused unless he follows Communist advice and buys state bonds. The government is at present bending every effort to ship all available supplies to the villages. The cities are frankly being denuded of anything a peasant may wish to purchase. Such measures cannot wholly solve the problem; indeed, they create or accentuate a similar problem in urban centers. For several years, therefore, Russia will witness the strange spectacle of excess money. The government must print money with which to buy grain from the peasants and labor from the workers. But then it takes back only a small part of these printed bits of currency, for it can give the people only limited amounts of manufactured articles. Since this process is repeated regularly, the volume of paper in circulation increases steadily. And since the peasant is too shrewd to accumulate paper for any length of time, he tries to hoard small silver coins.

Another important by-product of collectivization is excess labor. Unemployment always existed in the Russian village, but it was invisible; that is, everybody worked, but the work might have been accomplished by approximately three-fourths of the workers. This circumstance resulted, even before the revolution, in a regular flow of population from the country to the town. Now, however, the activity of a collective is scientifically planned by experts and is being progressively mechanized. In one *kolkhoz* we visited, the work-ration per soul or "eater" was 32 days a year, which meant that if a man had a wife who stayed at home and three children, he worked five times 32 or 160 days annually and was paid accordingly, whereas if a young peasant had a young wife likewise capable of working in the fields or dairies he was given work by the management for only 32 days in twelve months. This is of course a theoretical paper reckoning. Actually, many men seek work in neighboring state farms or in nearby cities; they then pay a small percentage of their income to the collective, and those who remain in the village consequently have more to do. But the surplus of labor is obvious and great. Two solutions are possible and both will surely be adopted: (1) agriculture must be intensified and industrialized—more mills, creameries, bacon plants, tanning factories, canning shops, and the like must be built; and (2) the Soviet Government must industrialize more in the cities so as to create wider fields for the employment of hands not needed on the steppes. All this suggests what far-reaching changes are yet in store for Russia as a result of collectivization.

The problems of collectivization reflect its benefits. The peasants get more money and the nation gets more labor. There are innumerable additional advantages. The most important is cultural. To one who knows Russia in all her backwardness—and the Russian village is the most antiquated economic unit in Europe—it is indescribably impressive that day nurseries are being opened in many collectives. However badly equipped they may be at present, they create standards of education, cleanliness, and hygiene which the children carry to their parents and homes. All the collectives will have free public schools in a year. Tractors bring electric light and more reading. Every collective has a bookkeeping department. This, perhaps, was the most interesting single feature of the *kolkhozi* I saw: card catalogues and itemized cross-reference bookkeeping telling each collective member his assets, earnings, and debts. Careful accounting out on the steppes where the Cossack simply knew that he must plant and reap at certain seasons without bothering about efficiency and finance!

Some 25 per cent of the peasant households and 40 per cent of the arable land of the Soviet Union have been collectivized. No reforms or changes of policy were intended to interrupt or even slacken the pace of collectivization. In fact, after the present good harvest we found many peasants applying for admission into the collectives which they had spurned early last spring. In one Cossack collective the inevitability of collectivization was forcibly illustrated by several uncollectivized peasants whose homes I visited. They had courageously and stubbornly resisted collectivization earlier in the year. Two thousand households of the settlement had enrolled in the *kolkhoz,* but 130 remained outside. Now these 130 have organized their own collective, and its members realize that ultimately they will join hands with the larger group. The moment a machine must be purchased which no single peasant can afford, the moment the peasant sees that eight horses hitched together plow faster and deeper than eight horses dragging eight poor plows, he understands the gains inherent in collectivization.

The inevitability of collectivization was likewise illustrated by the attitude of the youth. We spent one night with a private farmer in a Cossack village. When we had made our beds of hay under his plum trees, he and his shrill-voiced wife sang Cossack lays in the bright light of the full moon. And then we engaged his eighteen-year-old daughter in conversation. She told us that the young girls and fellows in the collective were having a good time working in common, while her work and life were boring. If she does not force her father to enter the collective she will marry and go in with her husband.

On the College Frontier
II. The Rollins Idea*

By HAMILTON HOLT

TO make the process of learning as vital to young people as the quest for a news story is to a good reporter, or as intensively gripping as football to the members of the college team, is the Rollins idea of education. It is not a new idea. Every real teacher since time began has had the same desire. It is only the method of achieving the end which is different at Rollins College.

At Rollins we hold the belief that the individual student's growth and development are the all-important things, and that to justify itself every course, by its subject matter and manner of being taught, must deepen and broaden the student's understanding of life and enable him to adjust himself more quickly and more effectively to the world in which he lives. This theory assumes an approximation of college life to normal living as well as a correlation of subjects to be studied.

On this premise, we have shifted our emphasis and our forms of responsibility from faculty and administration to students. We find that because young people really accept responsibility willingly and carry it well, and because they like being treated as adult, reasonable beings, they soon lose, if they have it on entrance, the average college student's resistance to things academic. They learn to recognize education for the thing we believe it should be: a joint adventure and a joint quest.

For the past four years at Rollins we have concentrated our attention on what we like to regard as improvements in teaching methods. My own personal experience as a student and as an observer of the difficulties of other students had shown me that both the lecture and the recitation system in use in our colleges and universities are in whole or in part failures. In pondering over what I considered were the evils of the lecture and recitation systems, it seemed to me that the fundamental difficulty with present-day education could be traced to two causes: the method of teaching and the personal qualifications of the teachers. In any case, the students are raw material.

The lecture system seemed to me to be a failure because under it students are regarded as so many passive objects into which a professor pours information for an hour two or three times a week and then asks for certain amounts of it back in periodical examinations. Neither the professor nor the student needs to be more than half awake for the process to go on—the professor may regard it as a necessary evil in the way of his pet occupation of research or writing; the student feels that if he fills his seat and makes some show of taking notes he is doing his part.

Almost as completely a failure, it seemed to me, had been the recitation system under which the teacher acts as inquisitor and marks or grades the student on his ability to answer occasional questions on material he has been assigned to study by himself. The student needs the teacher's help, not when he has learned or failed to learn his assignment, but during the process of learning. Under the recitation system as practiced in most colleges the classroom becomes a sort of criminal court where the teacher—as judge, prosecutor, and detective—attempts to find out, often unsuccessfully, whether or not the student has mastered his lesson, and the student is mainly interested in creating a good impression, by bluffing or otherwise.

At Rollins we have established the two-hour conference plan. Both morning and afternoon are divided into two two-hour periods. In the forenoon the two periods are devoted to those subjects in which the student primarily works with his mind. As far as possible the first period of the afternoon is taken up with laboratory or field work and the last period with athletics, outdoor work, and recreation. The student's evenings are free, except when a lecture, a play, a debate, or some similar activity takes place.

A visitor to a typical classroom at Rollins will find the students seated in comfortable chairs scattered around a book-lined room or gathered about a table. The room may be silent with everyone quietly reading or writing, or there may be a buzz of conversation as various groups discuss some aspect of the subject they are studying. He will find the teacher seated at his desk, neither lecturing nor hearing a recitation. The teacher's primary function is to sit still, keep quiet, and be ready to help anyone who needs help. His job is to answer rather than to ask questions, not to do the work for the students but to guide and stimulate their work. He may even refuse to answer questions if he feels that it will be more helpful for the students to work out the answers for themselves. Although parts of some periods, of course, are given over to talks by the teacher, assignment of work, group questioning, even old-fashioned quizzes, the teacher's work, for the most part, is with individual students, each of whom may be at a different stage of advancement in the course. When there is something to say, they talk. When there is nothing to say, they work.

Regular term and yearly examinations have been minimized and even tests and quizzes are not stressed. Since all required studying may be done in the classroom, it is intended that virtually all the student's outside time shall be free. We hope that for the student there will be time to think, to engage in semi-serious intellectual discussion, to digest the lessons of the day, or, if he desires, to do advanced work.

Another characteristic of study at Rollins is the fact that students are given every opportunity to get at the source of information themselves. Nothing is taken second-hand which may be acquired first-hand. No opportunity is lost to replace textbooks with life: a biology class journeys to Tarpon Springs to study the sponge industry, where "a barefoot Greek diver on a picturesque ocean sailboat" may be for the moment the instructor of the class; students inter-

* The second of a series of articles on educational experiments. The third, Experimenting at Columbia College, by Dean Herbert E. Hawkes, will appear in the issue of October 15.—EDITOR THE NATION.

ested in journalism attend the State Press Conference; the surveying class goes to Tampa to study cement-making; the International Relations Club gathers at the President's house to meet informally with a recent prime minister of Italy and an officer of the French Academy; the entomology group meets with a great neurologist whose hobby happens to be beetles; the sociology class spends a week-end digging in ancient Indian mounds; a physics class drives to Daytona Beach to study the high-powered wind-resistance and cooling systems of the cars of two world-champion drivers; a class in the history of the book follows the actual production of a book from the original manuscript to a beautiful finished volume issued by the professor's private press; a history class makes a trip to St. Augustine to meet with the Florida Historical Society to study the oldest city in the United States and to discover the part it played in our early colonization.

Whatever we have started at Rollins, it is not a cut-and-dried system. We have given able instructors who were dissatisfied with older methods an opportunity to experiment with more direct means of promoting the intellectual and aesthetic development of their students. And the results have encouraged the indefinite continuance of the plan. In adopting this system we make no claims to revolutionary departure from the established order in the educational field. Rather we have simply harked back to a much earlier period in the development of educational theory, as when Socrates gathered a few pupils around him and made the objective of his inquiry into this or that subject "consistent thinking with a view to consistent action." For in the effort to build up the most elaborate machinery in the world for turning out academic degrees it seemed to me that we had somewhere lost the essence of true education, and that to find it again we must revert to simpler methods, fewer rules, less emphasis upon information and more upon thinking.

What are the demands made upon teachers and pupils under this system at Rollins and how does it work out?

To make successful a system which depends so much upon personal contact and the individual guidance of young minds who must be shown the inspiring possibilities in gathering knowledge, the chief requisite seemed to me to be teachers who not only were qualified to teach but loved to teach. We therefore sought inspiring teachers wherever we could find them, disregarding the modern fetish for research and weighing not only the ordinary and official recommendations as to a man's teaching ability but the opinions of his former students. If the verdict of a teacher's former students was "thumbs down," we made no offer to the teacher under consideration, no matter how scholarly the man might be or how many books he might have published. In other words, he was not considered unless he seemed to have that divine gift for guiding and encouraging others which is the essence of good teaching.

We have made sure of close contact between students and faculty by limiting classes to groups of twenty, since it seemed hardly possible that one teacher could handle a class of forty or fifty students in a manner to give inspiration to them all. Our present resources at Rollins limit our student body to about 400, but for these students we have more than 40 teachers. And because we believe in the small college and wish to develop and perfect a system of teaching that focuses its emphasis upon the individual student's growth and development, we have limited the ultimate growth of Rollins to 700—400 men and 300 women. In so doing we aim to perfect and dignify the small college at a time when our small colleges are trying to become large colleges and our large colleges are trying to become universities.

Though it is true that the Rollins plan directly affects only about 400 students, even the defenders of our standardized pedagogy are aware that the importance of an experiment depends not upon its dimensions but upon its outcome. In an effort to "take stock," to help us pass judgment upon the efficacy of the plan, and to predetermine the possibilities of its success, the faculty and students were asked by questionnaire, at the end of the third year of the plan, to state their opinions frankly. The response—from students and faculty alike—was overwhelmingly in favor of the conference system. One undergraduate wrote: "It has taught me to think." Said another: "How fine to work for one's friend—not one's boss!" Said a third: "We feel here that the college really wants to put itself at the disposal of the student rather than merely to subject him to a course of sprouts." And a Rollins professor wrote: "Instead of being on the defensive and of trying to escape work, most of my students are anxious for it. The initiative is with them now, and they take it. Instead of prodding them, all I need do is to help." "To me," wrote another professor, "Rollins has proved an education in the way to educate."

I hope I shall not be accused of offering the Rollins Idea as a cure-all, a panacea, or even a solution of what I have already indicated as the evils of higher education. While we at Rollins thoroughly believe in the conference plan, we realize that its adoption by all liberal-arts colleges might be a questionable procedure. Possibly climatic conditions contribute to the success of the plan at Rollins. Perhaps it is the care-free attitude permeating Florida that sets up an ideal environment for the working out of this kind of informal instruction. Certainly I am ready to admit that the elimination of lectures and recitation periods in the technical and professional schools is not always desirable. I am positive, moreover, that no college, large or small, can make a success of the conference system unless it is manned with a hand-picked faculty who are primarily teachers and love teaching. I sincerely believe, however, that modified forms of the conference plan can be used to advantage in most schools and colleges.

So far at Rollins we have been concerned primarily with methods. We are now giving our attention, in addition to methods, to contents of courses, particularly courses in liberal arts. Thinkers such as John Dewey and Goodwin Watson of Columbia University are raising a cry against the standardized curriculum on the ground that it does not fit into our present scheme of life. These men are making us feel less sure of ourselves, less complacent in setting up rules that require so many units for excellence in mathematics, languages, chemistry, and literature before we grant degrees to candidates. We have already taken steps to conduct an inquiry into this question by calling a conference on course contents at Rollins this year. John Dewey has consented to preside over it. We want to know how well or how poorly we are educating young men and women for their activities of after-college life. We suspect, even now, that the standardized curricula in liberal arts contain much that is useless and omit much that is of possible benefit if students are to be educated, not for a livelihood, but for life.

The Doukhobors in Canada

By JAMES MONTAGNES

IN January of this year two policemen entered one of the communities of the Doukhobors in British Columbia, one given over to the Sons of Freedom, the most daring and radical branch of that strange sect. They had come to arrest two men, the ringleaders in the movement to keep Doukhobor children from going to the provincial schools. The day was very cold and there was snow on the ground. The officers wore heavy coats to keep themselves warm. They were met by a welcoming committee of one hundred yelling, dancing, snowballing Doukhobors, men, women, and children—and all of them were as naked as the day they were born. Against them the officers had no chance. They retreated in a hurry.

But the Sons of Freedom knew well enough that constables do not give in so easily. Therefore the Sons of Freedom from all the neighboring communities gathered at Grand Forks and waited. The officers came back, twenty-five strong. Ten times that many Sons of Freedom were ready for them. The officers of the law knocked on the door of the community hall. The door opened and two naked men emerged and walked down the steps. More nude bodies showed in the doorway ready to follow.

But the unexpected happened. The people in the doorway saw the constables draw guns which did not speak. They saw their two naked comrades lower their heads and begin to cry. Then they were aware of gas, and their eyes ran. They had never heard of tear gas. They huddled together inside. In their stumbling they knocked over the stoves. Smoke filled the hall, tear gas came in also. There was but one thing to do. They rushed outside and ran for their homes. The police caught the men they wanted and took them away to Vancouver, where they were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

The Doukhobors came to Canada from Russia thirty-one years ago. They are a type of communist, for they believe in and practice community ownership of land, houses, and goods. At the same time they believe in God and always seek their Christ. In Russia they were oppressed, harassed, and often sent to Siberia. In 1899, with the help of Tolstoy and of Quakers, 8,000 of them gathered together money enough to pay their passage to Canada, where the government, desiring settlers, had promised them a grant of 450,000 acres in Saskatchewan and complete exemption from military service. The Doukhobors arrived in Canada penniless and leaderless—their leader, Peter Verigin, was imprisoned in Siberia. Winter was not far off. But the women pulled plows over the virgin soil while the men went to work in the cities to get enough money to buy the lumber and machinery necessary for settlement.

In 1902 an electric thrill ran through the struggling community. Two messengers from Peter Verigin, in Siberia, brought the incredible news that he was soon to be released and would come to resume his place among them. Words could hardly convey the excitement that followed. The Doukhobors dispatched three payments of $1,000 each to three cities through which their leader might conceivably pass and worked with renewed vigor. Meanwhile, under the combined spurs of hope, discontent, and suspense, a new and radical religious movement arose within the community. The Doukhobors had always been vegetarians, but to Ivan Ponamarov, one of Verigin's messengers, must be ascribed the new theory that it was wrong to exploit cows, horses, and hens for human purposes. His disciples threw away their leather boots, ate no more butter and eggs, and began to expect the immediate arrival of Jesus. What part their anticipation of Peter Verigin's coming played in this last belief is obscure; but the fact remains that on one snowy day in the winter of 1902 a crowd of about 1,700 men, women, and children assembled and began an epic march toward Winnipeg to meet Jesus. Hatless, shelterless, shoeless, provisionless, but full of the Spirit, they reached Yorkton, where kindly neighbors fed them and where they slept under the open sky. There the women and children were detained, while the men struggled on another hundred miles to Minnetosa. When it became evident that they would all die of exposure if they went on, the Superintendent of Immigration bundled them into a special railroad train and sent them home, though they resisted after the Doukhobor fashion by locking arms together and standing still.

When Peter Verigin arrived he discountenanced the excesses of the faithful in the most tactful way possible. To the objection against exploiting horses in farm work he replied: "Very well; let us buy steam plows." He praised the religious spirit of the pilgrims so highly that another group, mistaking his meaning, organized a second pilgrimage in the spring of 1903, with a new and bizarre feature. On entering any town or settlement the pilgrims laid aside their clothes and appeared stark naked. Had not Jesus praised the lilies? But this second pilgrimage was speedily stopped.

The Doukhobors today, still under Verigin's leadership, own farm lands and industrial equipment valued at something over eight million dollars. In addition to the Saskatchewan grant they have lands in Manitoba and British Columbia. A radical, or perhaps reactionary, element among them, the Sons of Freedom, referred to above, clings to the prohibition of the use of animal labor and products and keeps up the practice of disrobing in public as a means of protest. The main body of the Doukhobors look upon the Freedomites with more or less disapproval. On the other hand, the Sons of Freedom accuse their more conventional brethren of taking on too many capitalist ways.

The Doukhobors believe that they are the Sons of God. They believe that land is to be tilled and should not be sold. They drink no fermented liquor and do not chew tobacco. When they marry they merely take a partner without ceremony. If the union is unhappy, the partners tell the elders of the community and the partnership is thereupon dissolved. New ones are immediately made, however, for marriage is compulsory among the Doukhobors.

They live in houses designed to hold two families. In each settlement there is a community hall. They are strict vegetarians, their food consisting of vegetables, nuts, and

fruits. Tea and bread also are usually to be found on their tables. After all, they are Russians. The Doukhobors, for the most part, are thickset and broad-shouldered, indicating their Tartar Russian descent. As for clothing, their religion requires none since God made man naked. But they have compromised with worldliness and dress simply in homespuns, with very little color.

In contrast with their simple way of life, their agricultural and other equipment is entirely modern. They drive motor trucks and automobiles; their offices of administration are up to the minute in organization and efficiency. Their communities are equipped with electricity.

Everything is owned by the community. The proceeds of the sale of canned goods, which amount to half a million dollars a year in the British Columbian settlements, and the money obtained from the sale of wheat and other products go into one treasury. To these settlements buyers come from everywhere for their preserved fruits. Manufactured supplies are ordered from the big wholesale houses in eastern and middle-western Canada. When a school has to be erected, a factory painted, a road built, the whole community takes part. Everyone works for everyone else. There are no rich and no poor. And the fruits of their joint labor are jointly shared.

For the most part the Doukhobors are a peaceful, prosperous people. But they have come in conflict with the Canadian government at several points. The Doukhobors regard all people, including government authorities, as their equals. Therefore they do not consider the demands of these authorities binding if those demands conflict with their own consciences. They call themselves subjects of the world and especially at the beginning resisted naturalization. They were averse also to registering births, deaths, or marriages. When the government took away 360,000 of the 450,000 acres originally granted—acres which had been cultivated and made fruitful—it did so on the ground that the Doukhobors refused to obey certain regulations which the government had laid down.

The most serious conflicts between the Doukhobors and the government have arisen from their resistance to sending their children to the provincial schools and their aversion to paying taxes. They object to paying taxes because, they argue, tax money is used for wars and their religion bans war. They object to sending their children to schools where they are taught capitalistic and other satanic ideas which are alien to their religion. They are afraid that their children will be weaned away from the communal system of living, will be taught to take lightly the folklore and the religion of their people.

The Doukhobors and their peculiar customs have given rise to anomalous and sometimes very amusing situations. Twenty years ago, for instance, 5,000 of the Doukhobors migrated to the Kootenay Valley in British Columbia. There they settled on 15,000 acres of land which Peter Verigin had bought. By hard work they have transformed what was once a wild stretch of timberland into a garden spot; they have established canneries, mills, and granaries, and have branched out into several communities. And above all their gates, machine-shops, barns, and other buildings is painted the following: The Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood, Limited—the last word being required by the incorporation laws of Canada.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, humble fellow that he is, has been reading "Who's Who in America"—a borrowed copy. He has discovered that there are 340 Smiths contained therein, not including the Smythes, Smyths, or Smithers. He finds that Bobby Jones is there, but not Babe Ruth, that Harold S. Vanderbilt, who lately distinguished himself by sailing the Enterprise to victory in the yacht races, writes himself down a capitalist and refrains from identifying himself in any way with amateur yachting, even to belonging to a yacht club. He discovers that Nicholas Murray Butler requires 105 lines, or a little over a column, for his autobiography and that he is the recipient of twenty-eight honorary degrees, which makes him seven ahead of President Lowell of Harvard and one ahead of Herbert Hoover, President of the United States. He finds that William Hosea Ballou, mycologist and ichthyologist, evidently knows more about fungi than any man living and "discovered cancer on tail of a boa constrictor in Honduras, 1890"; that Henry L. Mencken wrote in 1917, "Damn—A Book of Calumny"; that George M. Cohan and Calvin Coolidge were born on the Fourth of July; that Wade Cothran Smith "specializes in training for evangelism."

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INTERESTING items like these might be listed at infinite length. But to the Drifter one of the choicest items is an analysis of the relative education of persons included in the volume, arranged according to occupation. Arbitrarily permitting the educators a percentage of one hundred, business men are rated at just over 60 per cent, artists are lowest in the list with a flat 60, writers reach 80 per cent, but editors ignobly trail along with 70. The Drifter thinks this is a splendid jest at the expense of his colleagues. Editors, in fact, are third from lowest in the list, being worsted only by the artists and business men mentioned above. Above them come scientists, army and navy officers, public officials, clergymen, lawyers, and engineers. In the matter of offspring, editors do a little better, averaging 1.94 children each, and towering above the artists with their 1.11. Clergymen and bankers have the most children —2.86 and 2.51, respectively. But at this rate candidates for "Who's Who" will have to be recruited from the ranks of the lowly.

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IN all there are 29,704 names in "Who's Who." Eighty-five per cent of them went to college. What this means the Drifter does not know. For of the many hundreds of thousands who go to college every year, only about 25,000 can at this rate ever get into "Who's Who." And most of their reasons for being included seem to have little to do with their college education. An analysis of the current volume of distinguished Americans leaves the Drifter completely at a loss for advice to aspiring young men and women. "Do not," he might say, "be the best baseball player in the world; do not be heavy-weight boxing champion—for Mr. James Joseph Tunney is not included." About the easiest way seems to be to write a book or be on a committee. Short of being the son of a Who's Who-er, this seems to work best. The Drifter is tempted to try it. He would so like to see,

properly under the "D's," the following item: "Drifter, A., no occupation; b. Never Mind Where, Never Mind When; s. Guess Who and His Wife; no education, no career, no clubs, no religion, no address. For information apply

THE DRIFTER"

Correspondence

From a Loving Friend

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Karl Schriftgiesser's letter, printed in your issue of September 24, might well have been even more emphatic in its defense of the Boston *Transcript* and no doubt would have been had not the writer been guided by a certain restraint in speaking of a paper on the staff of which he is employed. Such observance of the proprieties is probably lost upon you.

As he says, however, it would be most unfortunate for any reputable institution to have to suffer your editorial favor, and in being spared it the *Transcript* is the more distinguished. It is difficult to understand what satisfaction *The Nation* can derive not only from its continual blackguarding of the manifestations of decency and good breeding which the social scene can boast, but also from its perverted championing of the futile, thwarted, and rebelliously inferior elements of the community in general. There is no gutter filth of liberalism but you hail it at the expense of established decency, no outland boorishness that you do not support.

It is fortunate that the dissatisfied, incompetent, and generally worthless whose opinions you represent are such an inconsiderable factor in the world today.

New York, September 18 LUCIUS BEEBE

"Fruit of the Vine"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Seiler, in his article Cantaloupes and Communists, in your issue of September 3, makes the common error of speaking of "the fruit of the vine" as a vegetable. He says that "the principal vegetable crop is cantaloupes." Funk and Wagnalls say: "Muskmelon. The juicy, edible gourd-like fruit of a trailing herb; cantaloup."

High Point, N. C., September 15 REID MARSH

A Real National Disaster

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The condition into which forces outside of his control have thrust the average American farmer in the past few years are too little understood in the country as a whole for the real scope and tragedy of the great drought of 1930, still continuing in many sections, to be fully appreciated. Tens of thousands of small farmers and tenants are facing a winter not knowing how they will be able to feed their families, let alone their live stock.

I have recently made two trips through the worst parts of the drought area. One took me through most of Tennessee and Kentucky, the other through southeast Missouri, Arkansas, and Mississippi. According to the United States Department of Agriculture reports Arkansas is the worst hit of all the States with a crop average of only 32 per cent of normal; Kentucky is next with a crop average of 39 per cent, and Tennessee, Mississippi, and Virginia are almost as hard hit. Crop averages, statements of Mr. Hyde or Mr. Legge, or official surveys do not tell the story of human struggles, of human suffering, of privation, and black despair.

Wherever you go in Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi you pass farm wagons hauling water for the stock and for the families. Streams, springs, wells, ponds have gone dry this year that were never dry before in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Birds and wild life of all kinds have suffered. In the hill sections there is hardly a snake, bird, or rabbit left, as they have migrated to the larger rivers and streams or lakes, where water is still obtainable. Way back in July the beautiful rolling pastures of the famous Blue Grass region of Kentucky were burned browner than I ever saw them in December. In southern Indiana for mile after mile corn was hardly knee-high in August and as brown and dry as stalks that have been left in the field all winter. Hay fields were stunted and withered; gardens burned to a crisp; chickens and hogs sold off because there was nothing to feed them on; dust covering everything in sight as the blinding, blistering, scorching sun beat down day after day without let-up.

Finally came showers that did more harm than good but still no general rains in more than half the area I have seen. Cotton, cash crop in a large part of the section I have seen personally, is stunted, with small bolls, light in weight, poor in quality, price so low it is hardly worth picking and, to cap the climax, a late infestation of leaf worms which are fast eating up the crop except where the larger planters can afford to buy arsenate to fight the worms with. Tobacco, cash crop in the remainder of the section I have seen personally, stunted, with small leaves, light in weight, poor in quality, price so low it will hardly pay out.

I have said nothing about another class of farmers, owners of large farms who employ many tenants. They will not make expenses this year, many will not be able to pay their taxes, few will be able to help their tenants over the winter. They are in despair, facing ruin, and the thousands of tenants, who are dependent on the landowners, are facing starvation.

In these areas the banks, those that remain, for they have been failing right and left the past few years, are loaded up with land loans and cannot help to any great extent. The merchants themselves are facing bankruptcy, for they will be unable to collect their accounts this year and they cannot extend any further credit. The county governments are mostly in bad shape and cannot help to relieve the suffering, in spite of county drought committees which have been set up at the request of State drought committees which have been set up at the request of the national drought committee, set up by President Hoover. The only hope seems to lie in the Red Cross, which is already preparing to give out rye for fall planting and turnip seed for fall gardens. Right here in my own section we will have to have a good rain before these can be planted, but in some other sections the rains have come, too late to benefit crops, but in time for fall planting. These fall forage crops will aid many farmers to hang on to their live stock a little longer, and fall gardens will help fill some stomachs that would otherwise be empty.

Just a few days ago a delegation of farmers in worn cotton jeans came into the office of the *Commercial-Appeal* at Memphis and presented a petition signed by the heads of over 100 families at Lepanto, Arkansas, setting forth the terrible plight of themselves and their live stock and asking that the petition be forwarded to President Hoover so they could have immediate aid to prevent their live stock from dying and their children from going hungry. And they are no worse off than a thousand other communities. The drought is a real national disaster.

Hickman, Ky., September 15 A. ROBBINS

An English Reader's Protest

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was sorry to read the editorial article in your number of September 3 headed Mr. Churchill Runs Amuck. I suppose most British people are sorry to read such articles. What can we write that will impress you at all, that will make you reach different conclusions? The Simon report seems impotent as propaganda.

In the *Times* this morning I see the following prices quoted for 3½ per cent dominion and colonial securities (government): Canada 85, Cape of Good Hope 84, Natal 86, New South Wales 68, New Zealand 89, Tasmania 81, Victoria 68, and India 63. The Bengal Nagpur Railway 3½ per cents are at 75, the Eastern Bengal Railway 4½ per cent debentures stand at 67, and the 3½ per cent debentures on the East Indian Railway are at 60.

These prices are not good; the situation in India is not good. But your leading article says, "British industry totters."

English people would be very angry if they thought their news was being doctored. We think we can trust the honor of the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian;* Scots would swear to the honor of the *Scotsman.* Yet their detailed reports of the fighting around Peshawar bear little emotional resemblance to your "meanwhile on the Peshawar frontier blood flows steadily. No man, outside of a few officials, knows how great is the loss of life, or how many villages have been bombed or destroyed." What you say may be true; it is the emphasis you give that is so unfair. For instance, it may be that one hundred villages have been destroyed. Please, however, remember that the inhabitants were given twenty-four hours' notice to hide by our planes, and that the huts can be rebuilt in about a month. Most of the tribes seem now to be quiet.

London, September 12 F. M. Kenyon

Mr. Epstein's Rejoinder

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial entitled Life Insurance in your issue of September 17 comments upon my article in the September issue of the *American Mercury.* You refer to two charges against my article made by Mr. Henry E. Niles of Woodward, Fondiller, and Ryan, consulting actuaries. These charges are as follows:

1. That I have misrepresented the facts by "comparing commissions alone on old business in 1905 with commissions and all other old-business expense in 1927." Mr. Niles contends that in the case of the strictly regulated insurance companies doing business in New York State the actual commissions constitute only 6 per cent of the total of 14.3 per cent of the renewal-expense rate. Mr. Niles does not question the correctness of the total expense rate, which I stated was higher than in 1905. He merely argues that the commissions' part in this is only 6 per cent. This is in line with scores of letters which I have received, since the publication of the article, from insurance agents throughout the United States, who complain that while the costs of writing insurance and the costs of living have been growing, the commissions to the agents who actually "do the dirty work" have been reduced. All Mr. Niles seems to say is that while only 6 per cent of the cost of renewal insurance in the best companies goes to the men who do the real work, 8.3 per cent more is mysteriously spent on "all other business expenses."

2. That my article misquoted the testimony of President

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Ecker of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company before the New York Commission on Old Age Security. My statement reads that Mr. Ecker testified that "85 per cent of the industrial-insurance policies lapse in the first year." Mr. Niles correctly contends that what Mr. Ecker actually stated was that "85 per cent of the lapses occurred in the first year." Significantly, the entire insurance fraternity seems to have rallied behind this inadvertent inference. I admit the inference is as unwarranted as it was unintentional. The entire reference to Mr. Ecker's statement, however, was only casual and had little to do with the main body of facts presented in the article.

Lest your readers may think there is really a very serious difference in the two statements, permit me to submit the following figures:

During 1928 all the companies reporting to the New York Insurance Department issued a total of 9,708,793 new industrial policies, amounting to $2,612,922,083. From the inference in my article, it would mean that 8,252,474 policies to the sum of $2,220,983,770.55, or 85 per cent, were lapsed. Actually, however, the lapsed policies numbered 5,802,441 and amounted to the sum of $1,594,979,261. In addition, 1,759,987 policies to the sum of $317,320,916 were surrendered. In other words, the difference between the two calculations is only in 609,046 policies to the sum of $308,683,593.55, which from the point of view of the total of nearly ten million policies is not, after all, so significant.

Of greater importance, it would seem to me, is the fact that the high-pressure insurance salesmanship brought in 1928 a grand total of 11,481,006 policies of all kinds through the big front door, while 7,562,428, or 65.9 per cent, were lost through the back door of lapses and surrenders alone.

New York, September 22 ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

The Nation Club of Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Nation Club of Chicago will resume its activities Tuesday evening, October 14, 1930, in the Cliff Tea Room, 120 South Clark Street. Meetings will be held on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month.

Our discussions for the coming season will be on current problems in India, Russia, and the United States. Readers of *The Nation* in Chicago are always welcome.

Chicago, August 25 MORRIS APPELMAN, *Secretary*

Mill Workers in Marion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Following an editorial paragraph in *The Nation* to the effect that the Federal Council of Churches would receive clothes and money for the tent-living mill workers of Marion, I found that the council had discontinued this and that contributions would be received and distributed by Mrs. Grace Elliott of East Marion, N. C.

Recently I received a note from Mrs. Elliott including the following, which I ask you to print in the hope that others may help:

> . . . anything you care to send will be greatly appreciated and is much needed. We have a number of school children here who do not have sufficient clothes to wear to school and also don't have books. After being out of work for fourteen months you can imagine the condition the workers are in.

New York, September 16 VEE PERLMAN

Books and Drama

Bats

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Night would not be night unless
These velvet angels led the way
With their wings like a caress
And eyes too delicate for day.

They are the last of gentle things,
Of leprechauns and elves, whose curse
Is their fragile hearts and wings
Built for a gentler universe.

There is no mercy in the sun
For the plushes of their hair,
They must wait till day is done
Before they whisper in the air.

Birds and beasts disown their kind,
Men see devils in their flights.
They wait until the world is blind,
Night's lovely, shy hermaphrodites.

The Art of Being Happy

The Conquest of Happiness. By Bertrand Russell. Horace Liveright. $3.

THOUGH perhaps no subject is more important to us than our personal happiness, intelligent persons seldom read books that attempt to tell them in any direct way how this happiness may be attained. They suspect, no doubt—and their suspicions are nearly always entirely correct—that such books have almost nothing to offer them but rhetoric and platitudes. Mr. Bertrand Russell's rare sincerity and candor protect us against any display of false rhetoric; it would be too much to expect that he could write a book on happiness that would not contain a number of platitudes. The present volume, indeed, does contain a generous number, but I think it is greatly to Mr. Russell's credit that he is not afraid of a platitude. When he finds it necessary to write one, he sets it down simply, without apology and without any effort to make it seem more profound than it is. He can afford to do this because he has quite evidently thought the immemorial problem through for himself, so that when he writes what might otherwise be a platitude. he does so because he has rediscovered it; because he has both seen its implications intellectually and felt its force emotionally. The final impression the book leaves, therefore, is of something unusually fresh and penetrating.

Mr. Russell begins, wisely, on the negative side, by inquiring into the causes of unhappiness. Putting aside the great personal catastrophes, he finds that day-to-day unhappiness is largely caused by mistaken views of the world, mistaken ethics, and mistaken habits of life. He begins with what he calls Byronic unhappiness, the mood best expressed in our time by Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's "Modern Temper." This view, in Mr. Russell's words, is briefly that the more enlightened among us have seen through all the enthusiasms of earlier times and have become aware that there is nothing left to live for. Mr. Russell believes that the men who hold this view are genuinely unhappy, but proud of their unhappiness; he does not himself think that there is any superior rationality in being unhappy. He is persuaded, also, that those who quite sincerely attribute their sorrows to their views about the universe are putting the cart before the horse: the truth is that they are unhappy for some reason of which they are not aware, and this unhappiness leads them to adopt an unhappy creed. In general, he believes that this type of disillusion, which goes as far back as the author of Ecclesiastes, is born of a too easy satisfaction of natural needs. "If your child is ill, you may be unhappy, but you will not feel that all is vanity. . . . A rich man may, and often does, feel that all is vanity, but if he should happen to lose his money he would feel that his next meal was by no means vanity." The human animal, in brief, is, like other animals, adapted to a certain amount of struggle for life; and hence arises the paradox that it is probably an indispensable part of happiness to be without something one wants.

Mr. Russell next turns to the enormously exaggerated emphasis, particularly in Western nations, upon competitive success. Such success can at best be only one ingredient in happiness, and is usually too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of other ingredients. The fatigue and nervous strain it brings about poisons leisure as well as work, since it leads to a pursuit of tense pleasures and excitements that make wholesome relaxation impossible. Closely connected with the race for competitive success is envy, which leads a man to derive pain from what others have rather than pleasure from what he himself has. Another element in unhappiness is the sense of sin, and this remains even with enlightened persons who have consciously rejected the superstitious elements of the morality they absorbed in youth but retain the ancient code subconsciously. Still other elements in unhappiness are fear of public opinion and persecution-mania, from which almost everyone suffers in some degree.

Having devoted more than half of his book to these causes of unhappiness, Mr. Russell is ready to consider the causes of happiness. The most universal and distinctive mark of the happy man is zest, which bears to life much the same relation as appetite to food. This zest, for various reasons, is difficult to retain under modern conditions, but much may be done if the individual avoids an unhealthy introspection and develops as wide a range of impersonal interests as possible, and if his reactions to the things and persons that interest him are as far as possible friendly rather than hostile. He must be generous in his affections, for "of all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps most fatal to true happiness." Mr. Russell has found the happiness of parenthood greater than any other he has experienced, and he believes that when circumstances lead men or women to forego this happiness a very deep need remains ungratified, which produces "a dissatisfaction and listlessness of which the cause may remain quite unknown." He turns next to work, and finds that even the dullest work is less painful to most people than idleness, which results in unspeakable boredom. Continuity of purpose, which for most men comes chiefly through their work, is one of the most essential ingredients of happiness in the long run. Finally, in addition to effort, Mr. Russell feels that we all need a certain amount of resignation.

I am afraid my summary has made the book seem much thinner and less original than it actually is. It may be that "The Conquest of Happiness" is a potboiler—in the sense that it might never have been written had not Mr. Russell needed money to support his experimental school, which no millionaire in the world seems to have had sense enough to endow. There are, indeed, one or two signs of haste in the book. As an admirer of the lucidity and dignity of Mr. Russell's prose, I feel slightly uncomfortable when I find him, for example, constantly using such a shopworn gallicism as "camouflage" in the simple sense of disguise. But this is to speak of petty flaws in an acute and delightful essay.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Revival of "Maurice Guest"

Maurice Guest. By Henry Handel Richardson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

"MAURICE GUEST" was first published in 1909. In the following twenty years Henry Handel Richardson has written four other novels, three of them comprising the trilogy "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony." The indifference which these distinguished volumes encountered undoubtedly constitutes one of the foremost examples of injustice in modern literature. Not until 1929, with the unexpected success of "Ultima Thule," did the accident occur which reclaimed its predecessors from the oblivion of contemporary neglect. The publishers now advise us that "Maurice Guest" never went out of print in England, but this fact, as well as the uninterrupted esteem accorded its translation on the Continent, does little to account for the absence of its author's name from the current manuals and from every list of "arriving masters" such as W. L. George, Arnold Bennett, and André Maurois have compiled from time to time. However, the injustice may be claimed less by the author, whose passionate comprehension of her task and exhaustive patience of craftsmanship require no popular corroboration, than by the public who, but for lack of critical publicity, might have profited by the indubitable authority which lifts these novels far above the average fiction of the century.

Our increasingly complex knowledge of the experience which provides the basis of a novel, together with the crippling uncertainty of our scientific devices for gaining this knowledge, has generated a curious distrust of fictional creation. Novelists avoid the burden of this distrust either by specialization (fantasy, satire, photography, miniature fables) or by resorting to experiments in consciousness and memory—territories wherein even the brilliant mastery of Proust, Joyce, and their few reputable disciples has failed to provide safe guidance. The full seizure of life which the nineteenth-century masters felt no scruples in attempting has largely disappeared. The Mahony trilogy restores to current fiction the full panoply of objective experience, grasped and mastered with an authority missing even in the fine chronicles with which it has won comparison—the Jacob Stahl novels of Beresford, Ford's Tietjens trilogy, and "The Forsyte Saga." Those who demand in these ambitious histories more than a fortuitous calculation of the factors shaping an era or a lifetime are able to find Mahony a more significant index of the forces surrounding him in pioneer Australia than Beresford's hero or Soames Forsyte. Aided by a style both vivacious and compassionate, but always dominated by the sure detachment that creates the highest sympathy, Miss Richardson wrote a human history which must be designated, at whatever risk, a masterpiece. "Maurice Guest" was a worthy predecessor. After twenty years it reappears as one of the great tragedies of love in modern literature.

The scene here is the world of modern music in Germany at the end of the nineteenth century, a souvenir of the author's four years in the Leipzig Conservatorium. Differing in material respects as it does, Guest's tragedy is worth comparing with Mahony's at every point. Each concerns a man unable to resolve the conflict between his private moral scruples and an external situation. With Mahony it was a pitched battle between a relentless pride in his spiritual superiority and the raw philistinism of pioneer Australia. With Guest it is the struggle between his dedication to the absolute idealism of music and his love—sharpened by the rivalries of his friends Krafft and Shilsky—for Louise Dufrayer. The subtle portraiture of this woman earns comparison with other characters of a high company: Emma Bovary, Anna Karenina, Proust's Albertine, and Sudermann's Lily. With little beauty but with high intellectual and sexual powers, Louise lays waste the flaring idealism of the young Englishman, transforming an exalted love into a destroying passion, and winning through his defeat and suicide her first knowledge of shame and humility. Around this conflict is built, with fastidious authority, a picture of the age when modern music was beginning to win over the academic dead hand of the nineteenth century under the inspiration of Wagner. Debussy is emerging, pedagogy is being transformed, the concert platform is being exploited on a great scale, and the insurgence of a new spirit is in the air. With subtle logic and a sure mechanism, a plot is developed which is supported on every page by the *richness* of these materials. In mastering that richness Miss Richardson has offset the frugality of her output and the modesty of her pseudonym. She has rested secure in the knowledge of her high ambitions. The profound sympathy in her novels overshadows such defects as have grown out of their massive themes and complex designs. "Maurice Guest" comes back in a new edition which should remind the reading public of the value of absolute aesthetic integrity. Such integrity has become so rare a commodity that Henry Handel Richardson's name may stand secure in any record of modern fiction. She has triumphantly survived the test of a revival within her own lifetime, and has restored to the English novel the quality of compassion which, though long surrendered to Continental writers, is really its own proper heritage.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Early Lawlessness

The Outlaw Years. By Robert M. Coates. The Macaulay Company. $3.

AMERICANS have a tendency to idealize their origins. This is a very human trait which they share with other peoples. It is natural that in writing the early history of the colonies our historians should make much of the God-fearing pilgrim and the cultured gentleman planter, and little of the transported criminal. So in the story of the West the high lights have been thrown on the sturdy pioneers and not on the floating scoundrelism that preceded and followed them.

Mr. Coates, in his story of the land pirates of the Natchez Trace who terrorized the southern Mississippi valley between 1800 and 1835, has done a useful work. He has changed the focus of history a little and has placed beside the romance of the hero of pioneer days the darker romance of the anti-hero; beside the conventional picture of the fortitude, religion, and respectability of the pioneers he has placed the picture of their violence and brutality. There was a wide streak of lawlessness in the early settlers of this country. Not only the lawlessness of which we are supposed to have been so fond at one time, that of the rebel against religious and political tyranny, but also that of the rebel against all law. Compared to the Indians of the southern Mississippi region—the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Cherokees—the pioneers of whom Mr. Coates writes must have been a rowdy and obstreperous lot.

"The Outlaw Years" is, in a sense, a prelude to the history of crime in our own day. Mr. Coates's outlaws, the psychopathic Harpes, Mason, Hare, the dandified Murrel, John Ford who "combined the functions of justice of the peace, ferryman, and bandit chieftain," are the ancestors of gang leaders who fill the columns of current newspapers. Their methods of organized murder and robbery and their crude attempts to get "protection" from the officers of the law have been carried to higher efficiency by the picturesque gangs

of Chicago and the less explosive but more smoothly functioning gangs of New York. The stories of these men give us glimpses into the life of a people well schooled in violence and early inured to the habit of murder. The attitude toward crimes of violence in the communities of the West a century ago was almost as casual as it is today. The killing of "persons unknown by persons unknown" they forgot very easily.

There are vivid pictures of the rough and ready pioneer life in "The Outlaw Years"; pictures of men and women pressing into dark forests rich with curious trees and flowers; adventurers, pioneers, criminals, all drawn west by the lure of the wilderness—its promise and its menace. The wilderness is hero and villain of the book. It sank deep into its people, and when the physical wilderness had been cleared away its bitter fruit remained—violence, lawlessness, and indifference to lawlessness, with here and there a stir of armed vigilantes and Judge Lynch cutting through the knots of legal process to strike down, as often as not, the wrong people.

All this is well told, in warm and romantic color, with a good eye for pattern and atmosphere. An occasional mannerism or a too heavy loading of atmosphere are minor flaws in a style well fitted to its subject. HOLGER CAHILL

An Earl Prophesies

The World in 2030 A. D. By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead. Brewer and Warren. $3.

MOST people would probably agree that prophecy, if it is to be exercised at all, had best be confined to fields with which the prophet is specially familiar, since in such case the predictions, being backed by exceptional knowledge, would seem to have a better chance of coming to pass. The Earl of Birkenhead, in his vivid and highly disturbing description of the world as it is likely to be a hundred years from now, not only goes in for prophecy in the large, from air travel to housekeeping and from television to the Chinese peril, but also confesses that in science, "that aspect of our development which will assuredly be most fruitful," his "inferior equipment" prevents his discussion at that point from having "any real weight." Nevertheless, having set out to reveal the future he goes bravely forward, as a gentleman should, with such knowledge as he has, leaving to his readers the task, if they choose to essay it, of showing that his forecasts are unsound. If some of his predictions savor of Jules Verne, Bellamy, Wells, or the learned Haldane, he disarms reproach by acknowledging in his preface that he has, *longum post intervallum,* followed in their steps.

It is a weird and puzzling society which the Earl predicts. Between physics and chemistry the incalculable resources of energy now only slightly tapped will be released, and limitless power available everywhere will lighten almost to nothingness the physical burden of work. Agriculture will disappear save perhaps as an amusement of the rich, and synthetic foods will be poured out in abundance from scientific factories. There will be no need to cut the roast beef thin or be sparing with butter, for science will insure continuous and rapid replacement. The factory, artistically built to fit into the landscape, will be the social center; thirteen hours or so of labor per week will be enough for the family support; the automobile will give way to the airplane, and a safe speed of 500 to 600 miles an hour may enable the tired business man, if there be then any that are tired, who has done his bit from nine to twelve in England to have an afternoon of golf in Greenland and be home in time for dinner. Unemployment will be banished, not by supplying more work but by lessening it. The people of 2030 will be unbelievably clean, healthy, orderly, well fed, conveniently housed, happy, and amused. A molecular-energy motor may turn the Atlantic journey into a ferry transit, and there may even be visits to Mars or the moon, after a sufficient number of scientists have died in learning how to get acclimated, provided the landing-place is not missed and the traveler left roaming helplessly in space with nowhere to go except round and round.

The population, of course, will also change. The Earl of Birkenhead appears to be convinced that science, in addition to ending the perils of childbirth, will master the problems of ectogenesis and that children by 2030 will in the main be produced by laboratory process. Since, however, children brought up at home seem to him to be better looked after than children nurtured in institutions, we are offered the prospect of childless women, relieved by the universal practice of contraception from the cares of maternity and for the most part desiring no children of their own, nursing ectogenetic babies as an outlet for mother love and as a duty to the state. The revolution will not be without its dangers, since the state may at any time order from its laboratories the kind of population, geniuses or demi-morons, that it wants, and the political possibilities of the arrangement are staggering; but as politics, by some process which the Earl does not make quite clear, are to be ordered and purified beyond anything now known, the dangers of scientific control of the voting list will doubtless be averted. Rejuvenation, on the other hand, will become a regular periodical process, with 120 to 150 years as the normal span of life—a condition which, as the Earl admits, may make it less easy for youth to get on in businesses or professions.

Apparently the world of 2030 will not be a very peaceful place, for while the Earl of Birkenhead deprecates war, he sees no hope of general disarmament and devotes a whole chapter to telling how wars will be carried on. War will be more rather than less humane a century hence, especially if the League of Nations shall lift its ban on the development of harmless gases, chiefly because the object of war will be subjection and not destruction. The great instrument on land will be the tank, developed to a point where it can do almost anything except fly or climb a precipice. And war will be on a grand scale. The only hope of a European union appears to the Earl to lie in the necessity of resisting attack from without, and such attack may come from a reorganized China or from a Negro empire, fanatically Christian with a Methodist flavor, which is foreseen as rising in Africa. As the Earl envisages the Sahara desert transformed into a winter resort for all nations through the simple device of cutting a canal from the Mediterranean, the African invasion may conceivably be checked by the soft resistance of gilded delights. The British Empire will remain intact, with South Africa dropping secession and India blessing the hand that rules it, and in place of the discordant nationalism which President Wilson aggravated there will have emerged other world empires and possibly an Anglo-American understanding.

The dark cloud on the horizon of all this progress is psychology, which the Earl sees advanced to the dignity of a science. With psychology regnant, nothing shall be hid that shall not be known. No statesman will be able to hold an audience while he expounds or defends his policies, for his hearers, skilled in all the resources of logic, character reading, and thought detection, will be in a position to comprehend the whole matter at once. It will be hardly worth while to listen to a play or read a novel, for plot and denouement will be discerned from the beginning, and no composer will be able to write music whose phrases and harmonies will not be foreseen. The saddest fate seems to be reserved for the clergy, whose "every insincerity and evasion" will be made so patent that "until matters adjust themselves and a larger laxity is permitted . . . the wretched men will hardly dare to engage in conversation except among members of their own kind."

Such, in merest outline, is the Earl of Birkenhead's new world. Does the prospect attract him? Apparently not without reservation, for he writes at the end of his entertaining and brilliantly written book: "As I look forward toward the world in which my great-grandchildren may live, and in which I hope they may distinguish themselves, I find a certain solace in reflecting that my own birthday occurred toward the latter end of the nineteenth century."

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Talents of Mr. Robinson

An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson. By Charles Cestre. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The Glory of the Nightingales. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE title of Professor Cestre's book is modest, but perhaps not unduly so, since no one could pretend that the volume is a definitive study of Robinson's poetry. By discussing all the longer poems and many of the shorter ones, Cestre does give the reader a fair idea of the scope and the more obvious qualities of Robinson's work; but though the book may be of some assistance to the beginner, it has little to say to the careful student. The only inclusive critical judgment that Cestre attempts is the assertion that Robinson is a "modern classic." The phrase is, as he defines it, not utterly meaningless, but it can scarcely be regarded as embodying a complete evaluation. Indeed, Professor Cestre's comments almost always seem incomplete and his critical principles inadequate. In particular, his belief that the function of figures of speech is to be decorative is unfortunate, for it leads him to praise indiscriminately passages of uncommon imaginative force and passages of merely superficial prettiness. When it has been further pointed out that the book is rather repetitious and its style often unidiomatic, it becomes obvious that Professor Cestre's study, though by no means wholly useless and certainly not wholly unintelligent, is for the most part disappointing.

What Cestre's book does make clear is that Robinson's work is strikingly of a piece and that though his work, like any other poet's, is uneven, there has been no breakdown of intellect and imagination such as occurs with unpleasant frequency in American artists. Robinson's new poem confirms both these observations. Its theme is analogous to the themes of some of the poems in "The Children of the Night," Robinson's first volume, and the problems it raises are similar to the problems raised by the series of longer poems from "Captain Craig" to "Cavendar's House." In it Robinson employs his well-tested methods, exhibits the familiar and apparently ineradicable faults, displays in the conception of the situation the same subtlety and precision, and achieves a few passages whose rendering of a delicate insight is as perfect an accomplishment as can be found anywhere in his work.

As in a number of other poems, Robinson chooses for "The Glory of the Nightingales" a plot that is almost melodramatic: Malory seeks out Nightingale to shoot him but finds him an invalid and stays his hand; Nightingale, after considerable conversation with Malory, wills him his property, to be used in carrying on research, and commits suicide. But, as usual, Robinson selects these moments of high emotion and bloodshed in order to disclose complicated but not unrepresentative psychological processes. We examine the motives of Nightingale's crime, of Malory's proposed revenge, and of Nightingale's atonement; and in the end, as the poem lifts itself above the depiction of sordid deeds and the recording of gloomy thoughts, we feel once more that mood of cautious, quiet, but dogged affirmation in which Robinson's seeming pessimism invariably resolves itself.

It is this attitude of affirmation, one feels, that has given Robinson the strength that has sustained his poetic efforts for some forty years. It has never been just to call him a pessimist, but it is not surprising that he has been called one. Never has he refused to contemplate the suffering to which man may be subjected, the evil of which man is capable, or the disillusionment to which man is liable. The restraint to which Cestre refers has never been with Robinson a refuge from painful sights and unpleasant thoughts. He has been aware of the strain of contemporary life and sensitive to the implications of contemporary thought, but he has neither turned his back nor broken his head against the wall. Though one cannot explain the secret, one can see that it is the secret of his survival as an artist.

That Robinson has weaknesses, and rather more important weaknesses than Cestre is willing to admit, "The Glory of the Nightingales" once more makes clear. There are times when his methods become mannerisms and his psychological analyses move along, in the worst Jamesian manner, by their own momentum. His perceptions, it is obvious, function only within a limited area of experience, and his imagination is subtle rather than intense. He has known, however, how to make excellent use of the talents with which he is endowed, and the method he has evolved for his longer poems is close to perfection. For passages of exposition his blank verse lapses into an unobtrusive flow that has all the useful flexibility of prose, but it can rise, when the occasion requires, to an elevation richly poetic.

It would be easy to say only—that Robinson has learned how to make a little genius go a long way and hence has kept on when men of greater promise have fallen by the wayside. But that is not the whole story. Robinson has had the strength to contemplate steadily and without fear so much truth as it has been granted him to perceive. That is why there emerges, out of the tangled and perhaps not very profound analysis of motives in "The Glory of the Nightingales," a sense of human mastery, of successful confrontation of destiny, that is reminiscent, however faintly, of the mood inspired by the greatest poetry.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Sidelights on the Classics

On the Margins of Old Books. By Jules Lemaître. Coward-McCann. $3.

THE genial preface to these flavorous old stories conveys the personality of the author, bibliophile par excellence, loiterer along beaten pathways of the spirit. So well are the "realms of gold" known to him that he steps here and there off the dusty path to wander in the fertile fields beside.

The two score episodes of this volume present the gleanings of the fields, tales of famed heroes earlier untold. "On the margin of the Iliad," for example, one sketch shows the Greek straightforwardness as a wall against crooked Thersites; another pictures "the innocent diplomacy of Helen" winning place for her among the respectable ladies of Troy. There is both understanding and love of the old stories in these recapturings of their characters, yet often—as in the tale of the Siren and the sailor of Odysseus—a shrewd rending of glamor's veil to duller actuality. That keen vision looks within the Wooden Horse; and from the practical eyes of the Roman Mucius finds flaw or sham in all the words of Jesus, yet subtly and without sentimentality discovers their ultimate truth.

The marriage of Panurge is a masterpiece of deft parody (though few of the sketches seek to reproduce the style of their original); one almost turns to Rabelais to locate such phrases

as "all husbands are doomed to be cuckolds, but not to be deceived; that happens only to husbands who hoped their wives would be faithful." Others of the great classics come pleasantly to mind in these obiter recollections, which in their English rendering by Clarence Stratton preserve a pleasing patina; rare slips, such as "epicure" for "Epicurus," do not check the impulses of friendly recognition and surprise, as when after brief absence a pretty woman reappears with a new fur coat.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

A Seventeenth-Century Mind

Poems. By Ruth Pitter. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

RUTH PITTER'S poetry is almost a literary anachronism. She does not seem to have happened rightly in this twentieth century. Her poetry belongs much more certainly in the seventeenth century, not only in style of versification and in language, but in its religious yearning. She has, therefore, a quality for the most part lost today, a quality, if it is authentic, which should be timeless and true in poetry.

It is difficult to judge Miss Pitter as a poet: her poems are full of literary echoes, so interwoven with them, in fact, that one at times questions her own individuality of craftsmanship or of interpretation. It seems obvious that she has schooled herself in the lyrical manners of the seventeenth century and of the pre-Raphaelites. In her collected poems she includes examples of her many imitations of these older poets. Only now and then does she strike free of them and write a poem which is distinctly her own. Such poems have beauty of music and an intensity of mystic conviction:

NIGHT

This is Finality who lives in the dark.
Mistake me not, I say not she is fair,
For I'll not have my lady made a mark
To guide strayed sheep or hearten weak despair.
And here I sit with her. The secret air
Moves not her mantle, and her unknown mien
Makes a great empty stillness everywhere
Proclaiming black that which the day calls green,
And what is black by day, nothing, a shade.
Only that which is clear as snow can be
Discerned upon her dark; that's truth, I say,
Which by no blackness can obscure be made.
Small wonder, Lady, that fools fly from thee
And all who wish the eternal seek that way!

The somewhat archaic flavor of Miss Pitter's lines and her search after truth and beauty are refreshing. She should write well, once she clears herself of echoes.

EDA LOU WALTON

In the Vestment of Paradox

Identity and Reality. By Emile Meyerson. Authorized Translation by Kate Lowenberg. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THE works of M. Meyerson are in the French tradition of using the history of science for working out a logic of scientific method. They combine historical scholarship of the highest order, a lucid style, and a philosophic thesis that is vigorous and provoking in character. It is the combination of these qualities that has earned M. Meyerson's writing an increasing popularity among scientists, philosophers, and the general public, a popularity that is now beginning to spread from France into Germany, England, and the United States.

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Goethe's
FAUST
Translated by Bayard Taylor
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"Identity and Reality," the first and most fundamental of M. Meyerson's works, was originally published in 1908, and it bears some of the marks of its date of origin. It starts out as an answer to the thesis of positivism, which was first enunciated by Auguste Comte and which was at that time being revived in the works of Mach. This is the view that science is concerned merely with the description of phenomena and the ascertainment of their empirical regularities or laws as a guide for human action and prevision. According to M. Meyerson this view of science is by far too narrow. Science does more than describe phenomena and chart their laws: it seeks to explain phenomena and to get at the ultimate structure of reality.

But in attempting to explain phenomena and to uncover the structure of reality, science is affected by the basic limitations of human reason. We shall get an idea of what these limitations are when we reflect upon the criticism we have been hearing more and more in recent years—that science gives us a static picture of reality. According to M. Meyerson things are much worse than this. Scientific explanations are for him reducible to a common type, and this type is the principle of causality, which in turn is guided by the logical principle of identity. In short, when we explain the flow of phenomena in time we simply bring them down to an antecedent cause and then apply the reasoning that A is A and cannot be anything else. In such an explanation we deny novelty and we deny diversity: we say that nothing has really happened and that the effect is simply a manifestation of the enduring and permanent cause.

If there is any doubt as to the manner in which the scientific explanation of reality is guided by the causal principle and its reliance on identity, we may examine the structure of the dominant ideas of modern science. M. Meyerson traces in succession the development of the principle of inertia, the conservation of mass and energy, and the belief in the unity of matter; and he shows how all of these ideas, so far from being experimentally demonstrated, are really the expression of the instinct for causal explanation, which is ever looking for something that is self-identical and permanent in time. The principle of inertia, he points out, may indeed be demonstrated experimentally though in a rather awkward fashion; in the case of the principles of conservation the experimental demonstration is always defective although the facts can be made to accord with the principles; finally, in the case of the unity of matter, the belief was actually contrary to experimental evidence for a long time, until at length it triumphed in the electrical theory of matter. Thus we see that these scientific principles, while far from being fictitious and untrue, are in a peculiar sense the product of the causal instinct which seeks to reduce reality to identity. If it directly finds an identity or an element of conservation in reality, well and good; if not, it may even impose the identity by violence—that is to say, by regarding the identity it postulates as privileged and inventing auxiliary hypotheses rather than abandon the cherished principle.

The ultimate goal of this causal method of explanation goes beyond the customary picture of a universe of material atoms behaving in billiard-ball fashion. The goal is the reduction of all diversity into sameness. Concretely it is the assimilation of matter with empty space, which is to say, the complete annihilation of the external world. Science, remarks M. Meyerson, is traveling on a path leading to complete *acosmism*, where it may be expected to meet philosophic idealism, which travels on a different road but tends to the same goal at infinity.

But while this progressive reduction of reality to identity is going on, reality reacts by posing the problem of the irrational. The irrational is for M. Meyerson something that cannot be reduced to causality and identity. Thus we cannot explain sensation on the ordinary mechanistic principles; nor can we explain within mechanism the action of one piece of matter on another. Finally, the most noteworthy example of the irrational is that which has forced science itself to modify its customary trend—it is the famous second law of thermodynamics, which, contrary to the ordinary laws of mechanics, implies that there is real novelty in time and that the flow of phenomena is in a definite and irreversible direction. The lay reader may not directly see why this should be regarded as irrational, but it is enough here to mention the repeated but vain efforts of scientists to reduce this second law to "rational" mechanical principles—that is to say, to principles which would involve reversible reactions and the equality of past and future.

This, in substance, is M. Meyerson's double-barreled philosophic thesis. On the one hand human reason tries to reduce reality to sterile identity; on the other hand reality rebels and proves in many of its aspects irrational and irreducible. Obviously the dramatic effect and the contrast of the rational and the irrational depend upon the narrow interpretation which M. Meyerson has given to the nature of rational explanation. His critics all raise the question whether his concepts should not be merged into a higher conception of rationality, and whether a proper theory of causality should not embrace something more than the application of the principle of identity. The criticism is just. At the same time there is a certain advantage in M. Meyerson's procedure. It clothes the truth in the colorful vestment of paradox. And while paradox is not the only truth, as Chesterton says—one should rather say that the truth itself is not paradoxical at all—it is probably the best way of approaching the truth.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Books in Brief

Krupp. A Great Business Man Seen Through His Letters. Edited by William Berdrow. Translated by E. W. Dickes. The Dial Press. $5.

Friedrich Krupp, founder of the great steel enterprise which bears his name, died in 1826, leaving to his son Alfred a tiny business burdened with debt, "a belief in the future of steel, and a determination to work in the service of that belief." The letters of Alfred now published reveal, in a dry and matter-of-fact record of projects, journeys, and events, the long, hard struggle of the son to convince the world, and especially Prussia and its conservative military experts, of the value of crucible steel, and his disheartening efforts to put the business on a paying basis. The slowness of his progress, in view of the world-wide repute which the Krupp name eventually acquired, is amazing. The turn of the tide came in 1851, with the Krupp exhibit at the London International Exhibition, but Krupp's fame as a gun-maker dates only from 1859, when he obtained from Prussia an order for 300 guns, and even after that success the profits of the works continued for many years to be derived principally from railway and shipbuilding material, and the practical monopoly of gun manufacture was won only after the Franco-Prussian war. Krupp had no sympathy with the trade-union movement and refused to allow his employees to form labor organizations, but he did his utmost to avoid the discharge of workers even when his establishments were running at a loss, and spent money liberally in philanthropic and welfare undertakings.

The New Generation. Edited by V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen. The Macaulay Company. $5.

The fact that human beings are the victims of their own savage fears, their own arrogant egoisms, has always been most clearly marked in the attitude of society toward children. What a growth of sentimentality has kept the clear light of reason from penetrating to this nursery of all our human conceptions! The present book, cool, informed, and incisive, has

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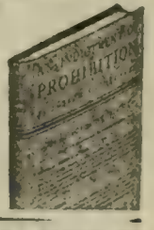
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The History of Biological Theories. By Emanuel Radl. Translated and Adapted from the German by E. T. Hatfield. Oxford University Press. $6.

Dr. Radl's work has deservedly achieved international notice. He writes well, and consequently a work undistinguished by any discovery wins a high place merely by facilitating the rediscovery of the familiar. Dr. Hatfield has translated only the half of Dr. Radl's work dealing with modern developments in biology. This half is occupied largely with a criticism of Darwinism. The criticism begins with impressive claims, but ends in demonstrating that Darwinism is a hypothesis as yet unproved, which leaves the issue exactly where it was on the day after the publication of "The Origin of Species." This and a tendency to explain in terms of nationality and race what can be explained in more tangible terms are the chief defects of the book, to counterbalance which there are a vivid and effective style and a full realization of the value of the historical method in the study of biology—and in any science.

Drama

At Hollywood's Expense

I CANNOT imagine anybody's having more fun in a theater than can be had at "Once in a Lifetime," the lampooning of the movies and the talkies that Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman have written and Sam Harris has produced at the Music Box. Moreover, I cannot believe that anybody would be done out of at least 90 per cent of its possible fun by never having been to Hollywood and never having had any kind of encounter with "inside picture-making." It will have to be granted that the completely initiated will get a few grins and chuckles and warm satisfactions that the uninitiated will lose, but there is enough left over for everybody. Absolutely nobody should miss it, and I don't suppose that anybody will.

The authors introduce you to Hollywood at just that momentous time when the dirges were sounding for the silent pictures, and all the established stars, directors, authors, and what-not had to turn on a dime. They take you there in the persons of three not very distinguished vaudeville players who see in this upheaval the opportunity that comes just—thus the title.

What happens when they get there has, of course, nothing to do with faithful or honorable reporting. Apparently that was the last notion these authors entertained. But it was nobody's fool who said that anything had to be true before it could be funny. It is part of the joyous scheme of "Once in a Lifetime" that the hero should buy two thousand airplanes, and that they should swarm down on the horrified magnate in squads of fifty, but that scheme only works because magnates do buy twenty airplanes when two would do as well. It is uproariously comic to find an author sitting for the twenty-first day in an uncushioned chair in the reception room, waiting for the keeping of his appointment, only because so many authors have waited in hard places in Hollywood for at least two days and a half.

This is about the scale of "Once in a Lifetime." But let

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*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
*The Last Mile—Ambassador—beginning Monday, Sept. 22.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
*Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
A Farewell to Arms—National—208 W. 41 St.
The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
Once In a Lifetime—Music Box—45 St., W. of B'way.
Roadside—Longacre—220 W. 48 St.
Symphony in Two Flats—Shubert—44 St., W. of B'way.
That's Gratitude—John Golden—W. 58 St.

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Atlantic, English Version—Cohan Theater—44 St. and B'way.
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it not be thought that Mr. Hart and Mr. Kaufman have fallen into the pitfalls of pure formulae. For every proffered extravaganza they have the saving grace to give you a hint of its healthy deflation. Three or four sane creatures move about in the bedlam. Perhaps an accurate estimate of this gorgeous fooling should include the acknowledgment of one flaw—you yourself may not even notice it—there is a very inferior love story dodging about in the piece.

"Have it or don't have it," one is moved to say, "but if you are going to have a romance, have a good one." This one merely gets in the way. It does not, however, get in the way much. There isn't that much of it. Incidentally, for an honor roll of acting, the cast of "Once in a Lifetime" ought to be dropped in almost intact. Hugh O'Connell and Jean Dixon are the chief players, and they can pick their own superlatives. George Kaufman makes his debut as an actor, and—this is no log-rolling—he is just swell. In this personal opinion, Grant Mills was miscast, or something. Otherwise, I double-star straight down the list.

It would be fine to be able to report as glowingly on the week's other dramatic opening, Laurence Stallings's arrangement of Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." In any dramatization there is always the perpetual difficulty of pleasing you if you have read the book, of trying to sift out what you would have thought of the play if you hadn't read the book, of trying to measure either the advantage or the disadvantage of the transfer to a new mode of expression. Well, a personal opinion is the most you can give, and here it is for what it is worth: "A Farewell to Arms" in the theater is not a patch on what it was in a book. Perhaps it will seem better to those who never read it.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS STANLEY, associate editor of the *New Leader*, has previously published in *The Nation* articles on Matthew Woll and on the Illinois miners.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, has just published "The Soviets in World Affairs."

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BENJAMIN GINZBURG will publish this fall a volume entitled "The Adventure of Science."

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 389
EDITORIALS:
Mr. Hoover in the Campaign 392
Less Work—More Pay 393
A Tariff for Britain 393
The Poor Author 394
DEGRADATION OF AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGY. By Benjamin Stolberg 395
ON THE COLLEGE FRONTIER. III. EXPERIMENTING AT COLUMBIA. By Herbert E. Hawkes 398
DETROIT ELECTS A LIBERAL. By R. Rothman 400
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 401
CORRESPONDENCE 402
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
An Ocean Clearing-House 404

FALL BOOK SECTION

IS LITERATURE POSSIBLE? By Lionel Trilling 405
UNCLE MELLS AND THE WITCHES' TREE. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts 406
AFTER READING A HISTORY OF BIOLOGY. By Isidor Schneider 407
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:
An Exquisite Materialist. By Henry Hazlitt 407
Theories of Criticism. By Eda Lou Walton 408
Henry Adams. By James Truslow Adams 408
Introducing Franz Kafka. By Gerald Sykes 411
Disillusion, Late and Early. By Florence Codman 412
Little Edwardians. By Clifton P. Fadiman 413
The Riddle of Depression. By Henry Raymond Mussey 414
A Catholic Novelist. By Fred T. Marsh 416
The Mexican. By Ernest Gruening 417
Richard and Cosima. By Ray C. B. Brown 418
The News Services. By Oswald Garrison Villard 420
Books in Brief 421
Drama: Joe Cook. By Heywood Broun 422
Films: The Grafted Narrative. By Alexander Bakshy 424
SOME NOTABLE FALL BOOKS 425
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 430

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ANOTHER TRAGEDY of the air! England's dirigible, the R-101, has met disaster in France with a loss of forty-seven lives—and again the question arises of the utility of lighter-than-air craft. Unconsidered judgment should not, however, be passed upon the value of dirigibles because of this accident. The deplorable tragedy that overtook the R-101 at Beauvais does not prove that airships of this type have no place in the future of aeronautics; it merely proves that much has still to be learned, at least in countries other than Germany, concerning the construction of dirigibles. The fate of the R-101 proves beyond question the need for developing a non-explosive and non-inflammable lifting gas similar to the helium used by the United States Navy. Dirigible travel cannot be made wholly safe, according to Dr. Hugo Eckener, until helium, of which the United States has a virtual monopoly, has been made universally available or until some substitute non-inflammable gas has been developed. This latest disaster has once more shown how far ahead the Germans are in building and navigating rigid airships. Every one of the dirigibles built since the war, with three exceptions, has been destroyed by explosion or structural collapse while in the air. The British-built R-34, ZR-2, Shenandoah, and R-101 and the Italian-built Roma and Italia have all met this fate. The three exceptions are the Los Angeles and the Graf Zeppelin, the only airships built in Germany since the war, and the British R-100.

ENGLAND'S LOSS of an airship, however, is of small moment compared with its loss of a number of its leading aeronautical authorities, included among whom were Lord Thomson, Secretary of State for Air, and Sir Sefton Brancker, director of civil aviation. Lord Thomson's death will come as a shock to liberals in England and America. His rise from the position of an obscure retired army officer to the ministry of aviation was rapid. He turned his energies to the Labor Party after serving on the Supreme War Council and watching the creation of the Treaty of Versailles. In 1920 he went to Ireland and not only observed but harshly criticized the activities of the Black and Tans in their attempts to suppress the Irish nationalist movement. Moscow saw him often and he was always eagerly aware of every new phase of the Soviet experiment. He was a member of the Labor Party delegation which went to the Ruhr during the French occupation. Under the first Labor Government he was appointed to the Cabinet and returned to his former post with the return of Premier MacDonald to power in 1929. The Prime Minister was one of his closest friends. "To me," said Mr. MacDonald after hearing of Lord Thomson's death, "no one can now fill his place of genial companionship and friendship."

SECRETARY WILBUR has refused to accept the resignation of Ralph S. Kelley as chief of the field division of the General Land Office at Denver, at the same time demanding that Mr. Kelley file the names of the companies which he charged with seeking to obtain oil-shale lands by fraud. The Secretary also promptly and properly called for an exhaustive investigation of Mr. Kelley's charges, and in answer to his demand the Department of Justice named Assistant Attorney General Seth W. Richardson to carry it on. In response to a request from Mr. Richardson for cooperation, Mr. Kelley declines to give such aid, charging the Assistant Attorney General with prejudice, and expressing the opinion that "members of the President's Cabinet are much too closely bound together to permit impartial investigations of each other." Mr. Kelley has begun the publication of his story in the New York *World* with the evident purpose of forcing a Congressional investigation; and Senator Nye is quoted as expressing the opinion that in view of Mr. Kelley's long service and excellent reputation his charges cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. With a political campaign in full swing it is embarrassing to the party in power, already staggering under a load of difficulties, to have charges of this kind brought forward. In fairness, the public can do nothing else than keep an open mind until the facts are known.

LO, THE POOR POWER companies! Crisp County, Georgia, recently built an electric plant in Cordele, the county seat, and started business on August 1 by announcing a rate schedule some 15 per cent lower than that of the Georgia Power Company, which operates throughout the State. The company retorted with a 35 per cent rate cut in Crisp County. Thereupon the Public Service Commission incontinently suggested a similar reduction throughout the State, but the company interposed legal objections, and the matter is now in the courts. Meanwhile the company is publishing full-page advertisements designed to show that the Crisp County undertaking is an economic waste (which of course may be quite true), and that Georgia will be injured if it supports such experiments instead of continuing to enjoy undisturbed the blessings of Georgia Power Company service—at rates, it points out, nearly one-quarter lower than the national average. It fears the effects of the nation-wide publicity being given to the "unfair competition" of Crisp County with a "legitimate industry" and, in general, it seems all hot and bothered. It does seem too bad, particularly as the uninstructed public, ignorant of the mysteries of local rate-making, will be likely to forget everything except that a great privately owned power concern faced by the competition of a local public undertaking cut its established rates in the competitive territory by 35 per cent. It is all very trying.

POSTMASTER GENERAL BROWN, politician-in-chief to the Hoover Cabinet, in an order promulgated on January 3 and published in the *Postal Bulletin* of October 3, reminds Presidential postmasters (first, second, and third class) that they "have a right to engage to a reasonable extent in political matters so long as the required time and attention are given to postal duties. Postmasters should, however, bear in mind that a post office must not be used as political headquarters or for partisan political conferences." The older regulations which are superseded by this order specified that postmasters could not manage political conventions or be chairmen of political committees. Despite departmental denial that the order has a political purpose, there would seem to be justice, accordingly, in Senator Barkley's charge that it is "a back step with respect to political activities of Presidential postmasters." Even non-partisan observers, we fear, are too likely to share the Kentucky Senator's conclusion that the order "must be regarded as both an invitation and a command to them [Presidential postmasters] to take an active part in the campaign this fall." The struggle to pull the postal service out of the mire of partisan politics has been a long and hard one. Such progress as has been made ought not to be jeopardized by any backward step at the present time.

THE GUBERNATORIAL CONTEST in Pennsylvania, officially between Gifford Pinchot, Republican, and John M. Hemphill, Democrat—or Gifford Pinchot, dry, and John M. Hemphill, wet—is dominated, as are Pennsylvania politics in general, by the struggle between the Mellon and the Vare forces. Mr. Hemphill's latest adherents are a group of former Republicans who are avowedly fighting the "evasive summer resident" of Pennsylvania, Mr. Pinchot, "whose total business experience consists in the cutting of coupons." If this means that the Vare crowd is throwing in its strength with the wet Democrats in order to defeat former Governor Pinchot, it will inevitably tend to bring the Mellons over to the side of the latter. For if he is elected, it will be for a mere two years, which in the intricacies of State politics are hardly more than a day. But the Vare-Mellon fight goes on forever. If Mr. Pinchot is to be merely the tool whereby one set of political rivals defeats another, his own chances of independent leadership, if he is elected, are slim, and his dry program falls by the wayside.

NEW YORK CITY has been enjoying a first-class scandal in connection with the alleged sale of judgeships. Investigation has led thus far to the indictment of a magistrate and three other persons implicated, and the resignation from city office of a Tammany district leader who borrowed $10,000 without interest from the wife of the magistrate just before the latter received his appointment. The scandal became so great as to lead to the demand that the Governor initiate a wide investigation of the city bench, but he has thus far held himself without power to authorize such a course of action. The special grand jury which indicted Magistrate Ewald and which sought to investigate charges in other cases has been much hampered in its efforts by the refusal of John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall, and several district leaders to waive immunity in testifying before the jury—a move which led to much political maneuvering in Albany and New York, and which raises once more in acute form the whole difficult question of constitutional protection against self-incrimination. Meanwhile the Appellate Division has ordered an inquiry into charges of corruption in the minor courts, and the bank accounts and private financial records of every city magistrate in Manhattan and the Bronx have been subpoenaed. In addition, a Bronx County grand jury is just starting an investigation. Despite the most strenuous political efforts to prevent it, New York may yet get a glimpse of some of the realities of partisan political rule.

DESPITE THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S superficial complacency with respect to the situation in Cuba, the news from Havana is anything but comforting and the metropolitan journals have thought it necessary to rush war correspondents to the scene in anticipation of a revolution. Murmurs of disaffection in Cuba, traceable to the unexplained murders of labor leaders and recusant editors and to the ruthless suppression of all opposition to the Machado regime, have come up to us for years. Lately these murmurs have taken the form of outspoken predictions of imminent insurrection. Times are hard in Cuba; sugar is selling at one-fifth the normal price; the resultant widespread discontent has encouraged the opposition leaders; inspired by the success of rebellions elsewhere in Latin America, these men apparently are ready to strike. President Machado, having read the signs correctly, has received from his congress the authority to suspend constitutional guaranties throughout the republic until after the elections on November 1. Under the direction of the General Sugar Committee of the Cuban producers, emergency measures are being taken to limit the production and export of sugar, Cuba's main crop. Meanwhile the State Department in Washington is considering what action it should take in the event of a revolt. Under the Platt Amendment the United States is

obligated to intervene in Cuba when necessary to protect the Cubans in their right to an independent government. It is under no obligation to protect the Machado regime against insurrection, but with American bankers and sugar men supporting Machado and with no other promising government in sight what other course can a befuddled State Department be expected to take?

RESORT TO REVOLUTION as a remedy for real or fancied political evils is again being illustrated in South America, this time in Brazil, where the important states of Rio Grande do Sul, Pernambuco, Parahyba, Santa Catharina, and Minas Geraes have been seized by rebel forces, while in five other states, Paraná, Matto Grosso, Ceará, Piauhy, and Rio Grande do Norte, they claim advances not yet confirmed. The imposition of a strict censorship has made it difficult to learn what the federal government is doing, and reports from insurgent sources are subject to question, but there appears to be no reason to doubt that the revolution was carefully planned. The causes of the outbreak are somewhat obscure, but the main incitement seems to have been a rather widespread jealousy of the economic and political influence of the state of São Paulo, and the alleged intrigues of the retiring President of Brazil, Washington Luiz, to insure the election last March of Dr. Julio Prestes of São Paulo, said to be a mere tool through whom Luiz plans to continue his control of the federal government. The revolutionists hope to prevent the inauguration of Dr. Prestes, although it is not clear to what extent the defeated Liberal candidate, Getulio Vargas of Rio Grande do Sul, has general support. With this attack on the presidential political ring go also charges of denial of constitutional rights in a number of states, while the financial and business depression, affecting particularly the coffee trade, of course adds its weight.

"AUSTRIA EXPECTS Violent Elections," say the headlines. This not very pleasant expectation is principally due to the sudden intrusion of Prince Ernst Rudiger von Starhemberg, Heimwehr leader, upon the Austrian political scene. After the downfall of Chancellor Johann Schober, Starhemberg and two of his followers were given portfolios in the interim government formed by Vice-Chancellor Karl Vaugoin. The fascists thereupon demanded permanent control of the army and police in event of a Right-wing victory in the November elections. That was enough to alarm the other Right extremist group, the Christian Socialists, but on its heels came a communiqué from Starhemberg announcing the fascists would seek to "capture the Fatherland for our ideas" should the Social Democrats win out at the polls. Later the prince modified to an unimportant extent the suggestion that the fascists would seize power by violent means. It may be doubted that the Christian Socialists will allow this gesture to go by unchallenged; as the strongest political party in Austria they have too much at stake. The Starhemberg maneuvers have also brought the Social Democrats and the moderate pan-German party closer together in their determination to prevent an election victory for either of the Right-wing groups. Moreover, the rest of Europe has more than a passing interest in Starhemberg's activities, particularly because of his personal relations with Adolf Hitler, the German fascist leader.

THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD, youngest of the English lord chancellors, belonged by temper and manner to the fast-dwindling class of British aristocrats who know their social place and expect everybody to recognize it. By birth, however, he was a commoner, and his rapid rise through a succession of high offices—he was Solicitor General, Attorney General, Secretary of State for India, and Lord Chancellor, all before he was fifty-three—was due to his extraordinary legal ability and his aggressive and dominating character. It was generally believed that he would have become the leader of the Conservative Party and Prime Minister if he had not, in 1918, accepted the office of Lord Chancellor in the government of Lloyd George, for he was already, as he continued to be, a forcible speaker and a formidable opponent in debate. He was best known in this country, as he certainly was in Ireland, as the Frederick E. Smith, familiarly referred to as "F. E.," who as Attorney General conducted the prosecution of Roger Casement for treason following the attempt to land arms in Ireland for use in the famous Easter rising in 1916. It was not in him to show mercy, and the pleas for clemency for the Irish patriot voiced in the *Manchester Guardian* and elsewhere met with no sympathy from him.

THE REVEREND W. G. VOLIVA, Zionist leader, of Zion City, Illinois, is a man after our own heart. He has just embarked on a round-the-world cruise, yet he offers $5,000 to any man who can prove to him that the earth is not flat. In other words, he is about to make personally the most compelling test that adherents of the round-earth theory have for proving their case—that the earth can be circumnavigated—yet he refuses to believe the evidence of his own eyes, ears, and nose. We are like that, too. We do not, for example, believe that houses can be moved bodily and intact. It is true that more than once we have seen a building propped up on rollers being inched along at considerably less than a snail's pace from one site to another. Nevertheless, our conviction is that houses cannot be moved, that if they are moved they will fall down, and that anybody who believes otherwise is plain stupid. We have listened many times to the click of the telegraph instrument; it is said to be transmitting, by a series of long and short clicks at irregular intervals, messages from one part of the earth to another. We have never quite been able to convince ourselves that the clicks meant anything intelligible to anybody, although we know that many great men started as telegraph operators and that is why they are head of the firm today. So with many other matters. The evidence of the senses is not enough. And in a world where no two persons see or hear quite the same thing, perhaps this is just as well.

HEYWOOD BROUN'S CAMPAIGN for Congress has enlisted generous support from his many friends in the fields of journalism and literature. In view of the great pressure on his time during the weeks between now and November 4, four well-known dramatic writers and critics have arranged, as a contribution to his candidacy, to supply his weekly dramatic article to *The Nation*. Robert Benchley writes the first of these articles, which appears next week, to be followed by articles by Marc Connelly, Newman Levy, and John Mason Brown. We take this occasion to express our appreciation to these "guest conductors."

Mr. Hoover in the Campaign

IN announcing Mr. Hoover's impending departure from Washington to attend the opening game of the World's Series at Philadelphia and address the American Bankers' Association at Cleveland, newspaper correspondents at the capital took pains to say that no political significance attached to the Cleveland speech or to the speeches to be made later at Boston and King's Mountain. Mr. Hoover, it was declared, did not intend to mix in the Congressional campaign, and his sole purpose in making four public addresses in close succession was, as one correspondent put it, "to outline some major problems of his Administration." Exactly how he could discuss such problems without saying something that would be interpreted as an expression of opinion about issues or candidates was not clear, for the campaign is on, Mr. Hoover is President of the United States, and what he says is assured in advance of wide reading and careful scrutiny; but the public was evidently invited to expect a wholly non-partisan discussion of matters to which, in Mr. Hoover's view, its attention should be called.

Mr. Hoover must certainly know very well that whether he speaks or remains silent, whether he goes afield or bides at home, he cannot possibly take himself out of a campaign in which the entire membership of the House of Representatives and one-third of the members of the Senate are to be elected. To be sure, he let it be known, even before he took the oath of office as President, that he expected Congress to attend to the business of legislation without executive interference, but the theory fell by the wayside when, after months of profitless wrangling in Congress, he intervened to remove objectionable features from a farm-relief bill and demanded a tariff board after his own heart, and his influence was later brought to bear upon the Senate to insure the ratification of the London naval treaty. Now, with a Congressional campaign in full swing, he may indeed avoid expressing his preference for this or that candidate, but assuredly he needs no one to tell him that, personal or local considerations aside, Republican success or failure in November will depend primarily upon what the country thinks of him and his policy.

Until he met the bankers at Cleveland Mr. Hoover had been for some weeks conspicuously out of the news, his last notable appearance coming at the time when he was exerting himself to relieve the drought-stricken areas by covering them with a network of committees. In the interval the emergence of dominant political controversies has gone on apace, but without any word from him. Not since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment has the revolt against prohibition appeared to be so widespread or the demand for a return to State control of the liquor business more insistent, but nothing has come from the White House or Rapidan to indicate that Mr. Hoover has any doubts about the nobility of the great experiment, or any interest in checking the violations of constitutional right which characterize federal enforcement. No marked concern has been shown at Washington over the rapid growth of retaliation abroad against the Smoot-Hawley tariff, and while it is not to be supposed that every rate in that schedule of abominations commends itself to Mr. Hoover, he still remains, as far as the public knows, a staunch supporter of the doctrine of high and higher protection which has earned enmity for the United States in every quarter of the globe.

The same policy of silence has attended the demonstrated fiasco of farm relief. Mr. Hoover has said a good deal about the plight of the farmers both before and since he became President, and we have no doubt that he is deeply chagrined at the breakdown of the much-touted scheme which was to lift agriculture out of the dumps and make it as efficient and prosperous as manufacturing or railroading. It is difficult to understand, however, why Mr. Hoover, even if he himself had no wise counsel to impart, should have allowed his Secretary of Agriculture to pounce upon a short sale by Russia of a few million bushels of wheat in the Chicago market as a terrifying example of what dumping might do, when the Federal Farm Board is believed to be holding some 70,000,000 bushels of wheat and a million or more bales of cotton to be discharged upon the market if, as, and when a satisfactory price can be obtained. The only conclusion to be drawn would seem to be that the mess must, in Mr. Hoover's opinion, be left to unscramble itself, save as the mention of Russia may create a political diversion, and that the dawn of prosperity for the farmers has become, like the immortality of the soul, only a pleasing hope.

So much for the greater silences. What has Mr. Hoover to say now that he has decided to take the country into his confidence and speak out? The beginning can hardly be called auspicious. Mr. Hoover's Cleveland speech, for example, will add nothing to his reputation as an economist, and his two addresses to the conventions in Boston are no better. The review of the business situation which he offered to the bankers evinces little more than a complacent and uninspired optimism, joined to a state of mind akin to the "comfortable fluidity" which he sees obtaining in the particular matter of bank credits. It is amazing to find him emphasizing the mischievous notion that the United States, if only it will tug a bit harder at its own bootstraps, can get on tolerably well when the rest of the world is troubled and distressed, and to perceive his apparent satisfaction with what are obviously only temporary remedies for unemployment. These three occasions called for a clear, strong, bold evaluation of the world situation as it affects particularly the United States, and this Mr. Hoover did not give.

We have already expressed the opinion that Mr. Hoover, all things considered, must be counted a liability rather than an asset for his party. The burden of that liability will, we think, be increasingly manifest as the campaign draws to its close. Nevertheless, the Republicans must shoulder it. In the face of a party record in Congress which is notoriously bad, the only hope is in keeping Mr. Hoover to the fore, standing behind him in all that he has said or done, and laboring to explain his failures as due to causes beyond his control. There could be no better opportunity for the Democrats and insurgent Republicans to press the battle all along the line, and administer to the Republican stalwarts and their leader the rebuke they have richly earned.

Less Work—More Pay

FROM 14,000,000 to 16,000,000 men are out of work in the world today, according to the estimate of James O'Connell and John P. Frey, president and secretary-treasurer of the metal-trades department of the American Federation of Labor, in their annual report just submitted. They attribute this situation largely to "the failure of those who control the management of our industries to stabilize production," and as a remedy they urge a twenty-five-hour week combined with wages higher than those paid at present. The legislative council of the federation, in its report, likewise places on management the responsibility for business fluctuation, and urges in addition to the conventional remedies a reduction in hours of labor, the introduction of the five-day week, and the formation of a national economic council to set up machinery for stabilization. The council's general view of the situation is naturally much the same as that of Messrs. O'Connell and Frey.

The analysis made by these leaders goes by no means to the bottom of our troubles, nor do we regard their remedy as adequate; nevertheless we believe that they are looking in the right direction. Thoughtful men will scarcely fail to note the fundamental agreement that underlies certain apparent differences between them and Henry Ford, who in his latest book predicts a general minimum wage of $27 a week by 1950, together with a universal five-day week. According to both Mr. Ford and the labor officials, the basic factor in our present problem is the enormous and unending increase in the productive power of industry. This increase, plainly enough, ought to make everyone progressively better off, but in fact we see it throwing men on the street instead.

To take a single example from many quoted in the report referred to above—at the present time four men in three minutes unload a quantity of copper ore that only a few years since occupied 100 laborers for four hours. A process similar in kind, even if less striking in degree, is constantly going on throughout industry. We pile up new and improved plant, and create what we call excess capacity. If we actually ran our present manufacturing plant to capacity for only four hours a day, say Messrs. O'Connell and Frey, we should turn out more goods than we now do. So we keep the whole machine throttled down—a process against which Mr. Ford protests violently—and at that, producers periodically have their warehouses filled with goods for which they can find no profitable market, while millions of families go hungry because they can find no work to do. We are able to produce so much that a good share of us live in perpetual fear of having nothing, and all of us periodically, as at present, stop producing because we can find nobody who is able to buy the things everybody wants. Surely there was never a more insane situation outside a madhouse.

The trouble, as the labor men suggest without going far enough to indicate a real remedy, is basically in our distribution of income, and is not to be cured without great changes in the economic machinery by which income is distributed. To put the thing broadly, the great body of buying power in every advanced industrial community is in the hands of those who live by wages and salaries. On the other hand, the owners of industry, of all classes, collectively receive income vastly in excess of their power to consume, and they therefore almost automatically invest it in the form of new plant and equipment, with the aid of which we proceed to turn out consumers' goods in excess of the power of people to buy them. We are aware that the idea of relative over-saving is vigorously attacked by orthodox economists as a fallacy, but if there is any other satisfactory explanation of our acknowledged "surplus capacity" we have yet to see it. We are not concerned, either, to insist on such over-saving as the sole cause of business fluctuation, but we do hold that no continuous and uninterrupted economic progress is possible unless and until the right balance between saving and spending in the community at large is established. At present we leave it to the choice of individual and corporate investors, with no governor but the ineffectual fluctuations of the interest rate, and the investors automatically choose wrongly.

In the establishment of a right balance lies the social justification of the high and higher wages that both Mr. Ford and the labor officials demand, but they fail to indicate the practical means of reducing the excessive proportion of income that now goes to owners, which must be lessened if such a balance is to be established. Intelligent tax systems, public management of fundamental monopolies, a broad extension of social services—these and other methods offer a means of orderly progress along the road to that more equitable distribution of income which is essential to a sound balance between saving and spending and in time between production and consumption. Those who urge such means are not the enemies, but the friends of the existing order, for if the problem of unemployment cannot be solved by the processes of orderly change, the alternative of communism forever presents itself to those who are out of work. Unemployment is an effective agitator for revolution.

A Tariff for Britain

VISIONS of still higher tariff walls and of yet more trade barriers to hamper the natural and logical flow of commerce among nations have been conjured up out of the newspaper dispatches reporting the deliberations of the British Imperial Conference now in session at London. These deliberations will concern themselves to a considerable degree with suggestions for rigging up some sort of inter-imperial preferential-tariff scheme. That the visions may be only illusory we fervently hope, but this hope is frankly based on a sorely beset Labor Government in England. Just around the corner, according to political observers in London, stands a Conservative Government avowedly eager to sacrifice the present free-trade policy of Great Britain and to come to terms with the dominions upon some basis whereby a new tariff fence, set up around the British Empire, will be added to the increasingly complex and uneconomical maze of international trade barriers.

Coming to London, the Prime Ministers of the dominions have frankly revealed that their chief interest in an imperial tariff arrangement lies in the desire to help the mother-country out of her present difficulties. They do not see that their constituents would benefit to any great extent from a preferential system under which British products would compete on even terms with the products of their own industries.

Nevertheless, they are apparently willing to go part way toward meeting England's desire for new outlets for her goods, in return for a preferred position for their own products in the English market.

That happens to be the crux of the problem. England's economic difficulties may be attributed to a considerable extent to her loss of foreign markets. Her primary imports consist of raw materials and foodstuffs. These commodities are precisely what the dominions want to sell to her, but in compensation for the tariff privileges in their own markets that England needs, they want countries competing with them in the sale of these commodities to be barred from the English market. This, in short, would have the effect of putting a tax on food and materials coming from outside the Empire, and, in the words of Lloyd George, England "cannot afford that luxury." Moreover, the Labor Government has declared itself firmly opposed to the scheme. Mr. Snowden, far from leaning toward any arrangement whereby the cost of living in England would be increased, in his last budget speech favored restoration of the historic free-trade position. If the Prime Ministers assembled in London entertain any hope of arriving at an agreement on a preferential-tariff basis they are undoubtedly doomed to disappointment. Indeed, the London *Daily Herald,* mouthpiece of the MacDonald party, has already warned the Imperial Conference that it should not expect Great Britain to "change her fiscal system in order to give preference to the dominions," while the Conservative *Morning Post* agreed that "there is nothing to be done" in the present situation and suggested that the conference would probably fail.

This might be very cheering news were it not for the growing probability that a Conservative Government may soon take the place of Labor. The Conservatives in unmistakable terms have declared their opposition to the MacDonald-Snowden free-trade stand. Just before the Imperial Conference convened, Neville Chamberlain, who may be the next Prime Minister of Great Britain, told a Conservative gathering that if returned to power the Conservative Party would be ready "to enter into negotiations" with the dominions on the tariff question. The bulk of British opinion may not yet be prepared to go the whole way in the matter of an imperial tariff scheme. Certain influential organizations, as for example the Trade Union Congress at its recent meeting at Nottingham, have declared against it. The Trade Union Congress urged instead the need for closer and more continuous consultation between Great Britain and the dominions on the problem of market possibilities, while the London *Economist* in commenting upon this suggested that the present circumstances of Britain "call for a maximum of concerted cooperative planning if our vital foreign trade and our domestic production are to be maintained." It is a problem that concerns not the British Empire alone, however, but the entire world. A "maximum of concerted cooperative planning" is the goal toward which all countries engaged in foreign trade should strive, and with the attainment of that goal we shall no longer have need of purely selfish and nationalistic trade-restriction schemes such as the Federal Farm Board plan for pegging American grain prices by open-market purchases, the Stevenson rubber plan, and the sugar and coffee price-fixing schemes of Cuba and Brazil. An effort must be made to ameliorate the intolerable situation created by the world-wide network of overtowering tariffs.

The Poor Author

THE future of authorship, which seems on the whole to be in a parlous state at the moment, has at least one bright spot, that created by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. Rumors of the fabulous sums that have been offered to—and accepted by—popular writers have been current for some time. Louis Bromfield, for example, so the story goes, is to be richer by $180,000 in five years if he presents the Cosmopolitan with three novels in that time. Mr. Bromfield has no complaint to make of his publishers to date, who have obligingly sold his books and advertised him as one of America's most important authors in this or any age. But $180,000 is $180,000, and a poor author is a poor author. There are probably few persons strong-minded enough to resist so alluring an invitation.

Under this scheme, however, we find ourselves substantially back in the old days of the rich patron who kept his artists at his pleasure. The only difference was that the patron suited his own tastes and the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation seeks to satisfy several million readers. The level is necessarily lower. What will become of Mr. Bromfield, who has been a writer of intelligence and discretion, in attempting to please this mass of readers, one does not know. But his situation brings up anew the problem of what happens to the artist under a subsidy. A well-known humorist, still alive, suffered a severe decline in power and popularity some years ago—shortly after having been given a large sum of money by a rich man who admired his work so much that he thought the humorist ought to be relieved from anxiety about it. There is probably not an author living who has not at some time or other dreamed of how he would work and how his work would improve if he did not have to be bothered with making a living at the same time. It is cruel to have to warn these dreamers that they would probably cease to work at all from the moment of becoming financially independent.

Daniel Guggenheim, who died the other day, had a more practical solution of the endowment problem. Give an artist a little money, Mr. Guggenheim seemed to say, and he may find it possible to keep on working. The Guggenheim fellowships, to which Mr. Guggenheim's will added another million and a half dollars, provided for small sums ranging from $2,000 to $3,500 to be given writers or painters for a year's work abroad. There are no strings to the gift and the trustees of the fund do not act as watch-dogs to see if the money is honestly earned. Yet there is testimony from recipients that even this sum, freely given, acts as a restraint on artistic endeavor. One feels, it is said, an obligation to have something definite to show for a year's work. In the case of the research student, this is simple enough; for the poet or painter or novelist it is not so easy. There is likely to be the shadow of the subsidy between the artist and his typewriter or his easel. How disillusioning it would be if the fact were firmly established that an artist could do his best work only under pressure of necessity! The classic example of Sir Walter Scott, writing furiously his best novels to pay debts, is only one of many similar cases. An artist works because he must; and one of the most compelling "must's" of all is the need to live.

Degradation of American Psychology

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A NATIONAL philosophy is the most native of arts. It is the consciousness of a culture. The American philosophy, characteristic of the era of institutionalized and impersonal big business, is pragmatism. Pragmatism is as characteristic of contemporary America as the decadent empiricism which mistakes the Reform Bill of 1832 for a "Labor" government is British; as the ponderous extract of philosophical idealism and the romantic movement is characteristic of Germany from Kant to Kautsky; or as the Russian anarcho-syndicalist version of Marx is unexportably characteristic of the Soviet revolution.

The first philosophical sproutings of pragmatism appeared long before the period of which it is now the enlightened alibi. It began shyly in the days of our second industrial revolution, when the foundations of our industrial empire were being laid by the great robber barons of the closing third of the last century, when captains of industry were captains of industry, and not our present conference hounds of institutionalized monopolies, those ant hills of yes-men. It began as an innocent epistemology, as the still, small voice of a new theory of knowledge. But soon the early esoteric logical considerations of Charles Peirce fructified the brilliant simplicity of William James into his psychological pragmatism. James's philosophy, from his horse-sense epistemology to his celebrated view of religion-as-perhaps-the-best-policy-after-all, was the "pluralistic" apology for the wild economy of his day. I do not mean to say that he was a conscious philosophical defender of this catch-as-catch-can national economy. With the paradox of genius he unconsciously formulated in the most articulate of arts, in technical philosophy and psychology, the then American temper, just as Professor Dewey with the same paradox expressed it far more systematically for our own day. On the whole, James's two monumental volumes on the "Principles of Psychology" are the great psychological, indeed the great intellectual, work which closed our industrial frontier. But the future of William James's influence by no means lay in his acute reflection of a passing age. Between the lines of all his writings we can read the pragmatic injunction to an over-competitive age that it had better be good, or at least careful, which injunction served to unify his pluralism under the pragmatic sanction as we now know it.

Under John Dewey pragmatism developed into a regular "way of life," or rather into a complex signal system of social traffic lights. He began, like all good philosophers, as a logician. In his "Essays in Instrumental Logic" and later on in "How We Think" he developed the methodological base for his subsequent social psychology. He elaborated the argument that truth is not an abstraction of verities but a process of verification, not a thing in itself but the way we attend to it, not a system of inner conclusiveness but the best available method of bargaining for knowledge. This way of looking at truth is almost as old as philosophy itself. What made Dewey's pragmatism so uniquely American was his use of technical philosophy as an instrument of reform in the field of social phenomena, an instrument which later social forces beyond his sagacity perverted into the means of conformity to the dominant social control. In time this "instrumental" attitude proliferated itself into hundreds of organizations, schools, societies in the field of social reform, education, religion, social politics, and business. He sums up his social psychology in his "Human Nature and Conduct." In it Professor Dewey perfects the theory that tolerance is a technique, the good life a laboratory, and truth a matter of social research. The early Jamesian pragmatism of a homely metaphysics and shrewd personal psychology becomes a logic of action, an ethics of optimism, and above all a social psychology of public adjustment. Hence Dewey's pragmatism is the ideal psychology for the American conference group, for "creative discussion," for shifting responsibility from personal character to institutionalized group action.

Suffice it to say that under his enormous influence pragmatism became the philosophy of the majority of educated Americans. And since the American temper is bound to make a thing "work," is forever turning ideas to their vocational usage, pragmatism became ever less philosophical and ever more behavioristic. It reflects that curious psychological similarity, constantly growing, which unifies our American life from professor to flapper with a certain excited optimism, usually expressing itself in pointless organization.

After establishing the rationale of pragmatism Dewey proceeded to apply it in the great divisions of American culture. He first became interested in the social settlements, the original nurseries of our modern "scientific" philanthropy. And as the result of the impetus he gave to these primitive milk stations of human kindness, they have grown into our present monopolies of social reform. He fixed the "scientific" obsession in the mind of the American reformer, the notion that society is a laboratory, that the life of man is subject to "case work," that social politics is a sort of sociological physics, and that social justice must be achieved by professional investigation. And so in the course of four decades the early humanitarian movement has grown into the present jobocracy of "social workers" in the application of technical goodness, into "community chests" promoted by the chamber of commerce, into a welter of agencies administering their own organization, and latterly into social-research foundations which are endlessly hoarding "data" to keep them from being interpreted. One of the most fascinating psychological literatures of our day is that curious, meaningless, pseudo-scientific jargon of this whole apologetics for sterilizing social justice into "applied sociology." The "project methods" of social investigation, the papers and reports read at hundreds of conferences of such professional secretariats, and the books in the field bristle with this unctuous, quasi-psychological abracadabra. The unconscious motif of all this "scientific" ado is rather simple. "Scientific" reform gives one more power than plain intrusion. Scientific status gives one more prestige than an ordinary job. And, above all, it is the rationalization of a social cowardice, envious of the legitimate neutrality in the social struggle enjoyed by the genuine scientist.

Next, Dr. Dewey became interested in education. He founded the first really modern "teachers' college" at the University of Chicago almost three decades ago. Since then this institution has reproduced itself into hundreds of its own kind from New York to Tri-City. His own writings constantly stress that education should be purely "experimental." And in a small way he has lent his authority to genuine revaluations in educational theory as expressed in some progressive schools. But, by and large, the psychological impetus of his empirical method, in a culture which was being constantly subverted to the needs of a monopolistic plutocracy, was to corrupt the ends of knowledge to the means of its measurement. All the "teachers' college" has done so far is to complicate vastly the simple stupidity of the old public-school system. The work of our "educational psychologists" is almost altogether an alchemy of far-fetched presuppositions, as revealed in the conference reports, papers, blue-prints, tables, and other such literature of an insect-like industry in the "psychology" of the learning process.

In volume the production of this literature in the technique of smothering the ineffable art and tradition of human learning is enormous. Probably the most distinguished figure in this indoor sport of "educational psychology" is Professor Edward L. Thorndike of Teachers College at Columbia University. He has written several shelves in the higher mathematics of the "learning process." One of his best-known works, which he concocted with several of his students, is "Adult Learning." It is quite characteristic of all such research. I am quoting one brief passage from this book which can be duplicated on every page. It seems that

> Partridge ('00) measured the amount of practice required by two adults in learning not to wink when a hammer of rubber struck a plate of glass in front of the eye. The course of learning not to wink at the sight and sound of the hammer was as follows, each number giving the number of times that the winking was inhibited in each hundred trials:
>
> Subject A:—0, 0, 11, 6, 16, 20, 34, 53, 36, 42, 57, 45, 42, 53, and 50.
>
> Subject B:—0, 0, 2, 4, 4, 0, 8, 2, 6, 4, 0, 28, 8, 4, 21, 32, 65, 39, 81, 83, 77, 92, 86, 97, 99, 88, 98.

Literally hundreds of such "studies" are being turned out by Dr. Thorndike's and other such factories to shape the curricula of our educational institutions from kindergarten to the doctorate, not forgetting the "adult learning processes" of the rest of us. The faculties in the legitimate colleges and graduate schools of the arts and sciences, and even in the professional schools, are being constantly bedeviled, to their helpless consternation, with all kinds of "new examination" systems with which to test the genuineness of scholarship by some such metric idiocy.

But the height of such "psychological" senselessness is reached by Dr. Lewis M. Terman of Leland Stanford. In a two-volume work edited by himself and called "Genetic Studies of Genius," which has achieved scriptural sanctity in the teaching bureaucracy, he runs amuck with a statistical mania which requires considerable mathematical patience to diagnose. "Gifted" children are organized into all kinds of "control groups" and subjected to experimentations in playing "ring around the rosy" and thousands of other similar activities, all of which are arranged and classified by "preference indices." The results stare us in the face in hundreds of "tables" in plus and minus decimal figures which make as much sense as Rube Goldberg cartoons, any one of which might be the perfect laboratory for such "investigations." The most understandable thing in these two volumes is an elaborate "psychological" obituary record of great men. With painstaking meaninglessness Dr. Terman dissects these immortals in "case records." The "mental tests" of the distinguished historic characters whose "case records" he presents are, he tells us, "82 per cent reliable," on the basis of a "reliability coefficient of historic data" which he has worked out. Here are some of the I. Q's. of helpless dead genuises "between the ages of seventeen and twenty-six." Copernicus's I. Q. is 130. Copernicus falls short of a medieval German theologian named Johann Reuchlin, whom Dr. Terman marks 150. Abraham Lincoln deserves an I. Q. of only 140, while somebody named Matastasio is entitled to 145. John Adams in the eyes of Professor Terman was rather foolish with a mere I. Q. of 130 as compared to an English divine named Francis Atterbury who rates at 150. Wolsey's "intellectual capacity" is 200 or "even higher" (*sic*), while Cromwell shook the world with an intellectual voltage of a mere 115. Spinoza beat Cromwell by 30 but he couldn't quite make the grade of Robert Southey, whose I. Q. was 155. Dr. Terman's tentative conclusion is that eminence in the father is likely to lead to eminence in the son. No doubt he has discovered in his genealogical studies some geniuses about whose paternity the rest of us have been in the dark.

Some years ago Mr. Walter Lippmann wrote a brilliant series of articles attacking these I. Q. monkeyshines, especially Dr. Terman's well-known Stanford-Binet test, a puzzle which might have been worked out by Joe Cook. Today we can even more definitely assert that such mental tests test nothing but our purely animal abilities of coordination. When the emotional and mental life of the individual does not rise above his mammalian needs, as in the case of idiots, these tests might conceivably serve as an objective affidavit for institutional commitment, provided of course the examiner has more sense than the subject. But they have no meaning as a measure of human values, and their results, especially as an index of ability in the higher reaches, are totally false and hence dangerously misguiding. Yet these tests are being applied for entrance examinations to our colleges and are being constantly elaborated into judgments on the "total personality" of the victim. They are being used with increasing enthusiasm in business, in the employment of white-collar slaves, in the management of labor, in the treatment of normal offenders, indeed everywhere as a "psychological" *numerus clausus* to the disadvantage of underprivileged minority groups and as an eliminating process of those who think for themselves.

The influence of the pragmatic psychology is also visible in the "modernist" church. The liberal minister still abstains from giving us the divine I. Q. But he is more and more "reconditioning the reflexes" of the saints, transmuting them into a species of glorified psychiatric social workers, and the Trinity is decidedly an American committee of social workers engaged in "scientific" reform, saving souls through personnel administration.

At its latest and clearest, we can read this movement of robotizing the national mind in our business literature as influenced by the schools of business administration, the most up-to-date factories in the mass production of little yes-

men. This literature abounds in discussions on personnel administration, whose "psychology" is really a variety of sublimated strike-breaking, in problems of management, vocational guidance, sales resistance, the development of personal charm, and what not. And it is all highly verbalized in the current quack psychological jargon.

Dr. Dewey, of course, is no more to be blamed for this tragi-comic racket in American psychology than Hegel is to be blamed for the writings of Treitschke. But the intellectual derivation is quite clear in both cases. The vulgarization of the earlier pragmatism into the contemporary psychology of "success" was inevitable with the growing impersonalism and colorlessness of institutionalized business control. In this growing vulgarization it was inevitable that the latest apostles of American psychology should find even pragmatism, for all its experimentalism, far too metaphysical, intellectual, and dignified. The mental test and the other half-wit metric movements in American psychology are really part and parcel of the natural drift of pragmatism into behaviorism, which began before the World War and which has gathered momentum under the ever more dominant cultural influence of institutionalized monopoly since then. Most of the work by the younger men in our psychological laboratories until the last three or four years was "behavioristic," under the influence of Dr. John B. Watson, the "founder" of "genetic" psychology.

The scientific contribution of Dr. Watson's work at its best, even in his Johns Hopkins days, has never been much more than an amateur physiology, or rather neuro-physiology. No biologist would deny that whatever Dr. Watson took from Pavlov's great work on the conditioned reflex well merited the Nobel Prize which Pavlov received for it in 1904. What Dr. Watson really did was to sublimate Pavlov's work on digestion into opinions on man and society. In the latest edition of his volume on "Behaviorism" he elaborates in even greater detail his theory that our mental life is the process of silent "verbalization" by the muscles of the larynx, a sort of chronic intellectual laryngitis. And our emotions, we are told, are entirely "gut reactions," a sort of spiritual ventriloquy. With astonishing irrelevance Dr. Watson quotes "gratefully" seven pages from Professor Jennings's brilliant study on "The Biological Basis of Human Nature" in which Professor Jennings shows the influence of heredity, thereby implicitly dismissing Dr. Watson's fantastic claims for environment. Dr. Watson's pet aversion of course is Dr. Freud, whom he indicts in pseudo-felicitous vituperation, along with contemporary American psychiatry, which sold its soul to this Mephisto from Vienna.

According to Dr. Watson, "social psychology" should be nothing but a "genetic" study of the "conditioned reflexes" of the social Leviathan. This same view of social psychology permeates the work of such writers as Professors Bernard and Allport. But its latest and most sophomoric expression we can find in the volume on "Social Psychology" by Professor Kimball Young. His book is a sustained rigmarole of awkward behavioristic terminology about the "biological foundations . . . of social relations." And he winds up with the hope of "the ultimate emancipation of the social sciences . . . in the possibility of developing a set of concepts of social reality which will be definite, consistent, and logically universal."

Dr. Watson's personal career is extremely significant of the intellectual dignity of this whole trend in American psychology. He is now the chief psychological mentor to the "profession" of advertising, "reconditioning the reflexes" of the American public to the overproduction of useless goods. His occupation is of a piece with his conviction that "a yearly increase in salary is an important factor in the progress of an individual." ". . . if the individual is a writer, we should want to draw a curve of the prices he gets for his stories year by year. If from our leading magazines he receives the same average price per word for his stories at thirty that he received when he was twenty-four, the chances are he is a hack writer and will never be anything but that." Our greatest literary genius, it seems, is Calvin Coolidge.

It was inevitable in these days of popularization, which might be called the growth of ideas to their largest possible publicity, that innumerable books and magazines in "popular" psychology should be flooding the market. Some years ago Dr. George Dorsey published his well-known treatise on "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," written in the best style of an old Connecticut Yankee giving the psychological low-down to the boys in the village store. Every so and so often Professor Harry Overstreet contributes a volume, combining the best features of psychoanalysis and behaviorism, on how to be happy, healthy, and wise. The latest arrival in this field is Professor Walter B. Pitkin, whose "Psychology of Happiness" was quickly followed by the "Psychology of Achievement." He writes in the rather startling style of slapping the reader on the back in every other sentence, so that when one lays the book down one has the feeling of having spent a long evening with a practical joker. The chapter headings sparkle with sales talk: A Case in a Billion; Absolute Zero; Kicked Upstairs; Batting Averages in Various Fields; Mind Will Out!

Achievement, according to Mr. Pitkin, has three phases —the wish, the chance, and the man. Since you no doubt have the wish, now and then have a chance, be a man, if you can. But even though you might be impotent of achievement you needn't turn up your nose at this book, for you are in it just the same. Everything is in it.

Mr. Pitkin's favorite technique of illustrating his view is the "case-record" method. We are treated to the "case records" of Amos Piddlebury, Marie McBlagh, Clareda Clukklety, and Charles Evans Hughes. Graphs of other interesting lives are presented in profusion. If you can, you may decipher the mental life of a "supersalesman in the iron and steel trades" in a graph which looks like the blueprint of a power-house. The "supersalesman" almost, but not quite, touches the circle of "genius" at several points.

But the greatest of all the arrivists is Babe Ruth. Mental tests at Columbia have established the indisputable fact that the Babe is one in ten million. "Babe Ruth's eyes are the best of five pairs. His ears are the best of five pairs. So the combination of his eyes and ears are the best out of twenty-five men. His general attention is the best out of one hundred men. So the combination of his eyes, ears, and general attention is the best out of 2,500 citizens." By this method of geometric propulsion the Babe runs so fast that he reaches the home base ahead of 9,999,999 of the rest of us, which leads Professor Pitkin to the statistical conclusion that "he should be receiving $10,000,000 annually instead of the paltry $80,000 he now pockets."

Such is the story of the degradation of American psy-

chology from its earliest pragmatism to its contemporary racket. Like all cultures, our institutionalized plutocracy has created its own philosophy, its own "scientific" method, and its own psychological apologetics. And in being an essentially vulgar and dull culture it created them in its own image. In every major division of American life it is training robots for its own perpetuation. It is pragmatic, "experimental," full of service, prosperity, and liberalism, whose original critical functions, its tremendous power of social pressure has molded to its own needs. As Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, with his usual perspicacity, recently said, liberalism is the culture of contemporary capitalism. And he is right. It is the culture of all's well in this best of all possible worlds of institutionalized profit control.

There are signs that the American mind is beginning to rebel against this complex hokum. But that is another story.

On the College Frontier

III. Experimenting at Columbia*

By HERBERT E. HAWKES

IN days not so very long ago the whole educational system from bottom to top was based on the assumption of individual similarity. In collegiate education, which is the concern of the present article, this principle showed itself in terms of the fixed course of study for all, at any rate during the early part of the course, regardless of what the individual might consider important or what might have any relation to his interests, immediate or remote. The assumption was that the classical languages, mathematics, and a few other studies varying more or less from college to college would tune up the mind, so to speak, to concert pitch.

Recently many so-called educators have gone to the opposite extreme of placing emphasis on individual differences, an extreme that is no more tenable when employed without check than that of exclusive attention to individual similarities. Starting with the kindergarten and working up from that point, the individual personality of the child has been the center and the soul of modern educational technique. This tendency has reached the college and serves to augment the impulse in the same direction given by the system of free electives initiated by President Eliot of Harvard. Under the influence of this movement the colleges have multiplied the number of courses offered so that any taste, however specialized or even erratic, may be satisfied.

Without going into any profound analysis of personality, either individual or social, it seems evident that there are many aspects of young men and women in which they are similar and many in which they are different. Any system of education that does not keep its eyes open to both facts is certain to be lopsided. The existence of individual similarities among students lies back of the almost uniform practice in college, or school either for that matter, of devoting a certain part of the course to subject matter that constitutes a sort of highest common factor of what any young man ought to know. Of course, opinions will differ more or less as to what comprises this highest common factor, but that it exists for students who are to be members of the same social, economic, and governmental order no one can doubt. This highest common factor may be looked upon, from still another point of view, as a body of knowledge, broad in character and stimulating in intellectual effect, through the medium of which a student may obtain an insight into the various directions in which a more detailed study of the field would carry him.

In its essence the idea back of the highest-common-factor survey is a belief in individual similarities, while the work that follows is modified according to individual differences. Shot through the whole process should be an attempt on the part of the teacher to know the individual in order that the conditions, both material and psychological, under which he does his work may be favorable for effective work on his part and for his making a wise choice of the one out of the ten thousand directions in which he may throw his energies when the time comes.

This again is on the assumption that our college boys are on the whole serious in purpose and anxious to make the most of themselves. My own experience may be narrow and misleading, but such as it is it leads to the overwhelming conviction that the large majority of college boys are fully as anxious to use their time and opportunity wisely as their elders are to have them. They may differ as to ways and means but they are not trying to fool anybody. The man who loudly proclaims that college students today are not interested in learning anything is generalizing quite inaccurately from a relatively small group of noise-makers to the whole body of American collegians.

Although many educational experiments have been entered upon, some of which have been carried through successfully, it is farthest from my desire either to assume that wisdom in collegiate education begins and ends in Columbia College or to attempt to prove it. Every college must try to work out in a manner best adapted to its tradition, resources, and personnel the best solution of its problem. I think that many colleges have adopted policies entirely consistent with what I have said. But the way in which they have done it differs more or less from that developed in Columbia College.

At Columbia College the administrative framework is such that educational ideas can be planted, can germinate, and can be fertilized without so much heat or drought as to kill them. If too embryonic a proposal is presented to a faculty, or to any other group of persons for that matter, the tendency is almost inevitable for all hands to take sides prematurely. If this is done it is almost impossible to get the real question disentangled from the talk about it.

One way of avoiding this tendency toward stagnation

* The third of a series of articles on educational experiments. The fourth, the Antioch Faculty Trust, by J. F. Kirkpatrick, will appear in the issue of October 22.—EDITOR THE NATION.

is to provide ample opportunity for the discussion of educational matters in smokers and in small groups where no formal business is done and where no one is trying to get something put through that he is committed to, but where constructive criticism is sought. To this end also, an executive committee of the faculty, elected by the faculty, with rotating membership, is almost essential. To this committee every suggestion for development and modification of any aspect of the college under the jurisdiction of the faculty is presented, and in the committee these ideas are discussed. Those who would be affected by the results if they were put in operation are called in conference, and the project is either reported to the faculty for action if it seems desirable, or killed if it ought not to live. This procedure makes a formal faculty what it really ought to be—a legislative body. It leaves executive functions for executive officers and avoids the ruction that so frequently is associated with faculty debates. With an administrative framework adapted to cultivate an attitude toward new ideas that is not only unafraid but usually actually sympathetic, much has been done to foster a sane attention toward the individual differences of students without forgetting their similarities.

A moment's reflection will make it clear that there is nothing inherent in the situation or the make-up of the college or the university in the great city that renders attention to the individual unlikely or even difficult. In fact, if adequate resources are available it is an easier task than that faced by the small college in the country. For example, the boy who needs to work for his partial support can certainly be more adequately served by a good employment office in a city where there is a great variety of jobs than in the country where there are very few. If the boy's health needs watching, it can probably be done more skilfully by an office that can command all the skill in a great medical school than by a single doctor in a country town. The whole argument of the small versus the large college hinges upon the relative size and competence of the staff in the two institutions.

Most of the advances in college education during the past decade depend upon the fact that we are now beginning to apply more exact methods in the educational processes than were known twenty years ago. It is all very well to enlarge upon the reality and the importance of the intangibles and the imponderables. It is perfectly true that they are real and very important, but not because they are intangible or imponderable. In fact, they would be more useful and more real and more usable if they could be touched and weighed. This very thing is what we are beginning to do with various features of our college education. By means of the psychological test, so called, we are able to get a clearer estimate of some of the qualities of mind that have to do with success in college. This test is not used to the exclusion of any of the other means that are more familiar and more subjective. It merely supplements them. The whole theory and practice of examinations has been revised by the newer types of examinations. Even a body as solid and conservative as the College Entrance Examination Board is beginning to become interested in such techniques. It is not too much to say that Columbia College has done its share in developing in a careful but scientific spirit the whole large area of questions that center on examinations of all types. Evidence of this may be found in the fact that the most extensive and perhaps the most promising study in educational history, the so-called Pennsylvania Study, depends largely on the scholars of Columbia College. Here also is the headquarters of the Co-operative Test Service, which has recently been organized under a subvention from the General Education Board, and which promises during the course of the next ten years to carry to a much higher degree of accuracy than ever before the art of examining.

Every attempt is made to capitalize the enthusiasm with which a boy comes to college. When a youth enters college something is supposed to have happened. He assumes that he is entering upon a new and higher level of intellectual life. If after a few days he finds that he is threshing the same old straw in the same old way a golden opportunity is forever lost. To meet this situation every student takes placement examinations, the object of which is to find out at just what point the boy is competent to take up the study of language, mathematics, science, and the rest. The results of these tests reveal the startling fact that about half of the incoming students are competent to take work one or more half-years in advance of the point indicated by their entrance record. With the promotion of these men to a point where they cannot float but must do some work to maintain themselves, the whole morale of the college is lifted from a state of apathy and listlessness to a condition where each student feels that he has something to bite on and that unless he bites hard he will not get far. Furthermore, the facts regarding each student are examined and an amount of work is assigned to him that depends on his ability, his preparation, his health, the amount of time, if any, that he must spend earning money for his education, and the amount of time he requires for commuting, for athletics, or for other outside activities.

After all this is done, an effort is made through the medium of a very broad and inclusive course on contemporary civilization to introduce the student to a consideration of the great problems of education, religion, economics, government, and social procedure that face the individual in our American life. If a youth gets nothing else than a conviction that there are two or more sides to most questions, and that those who support each side are equally honest, he has learned one of the most important lessons that he will ever master. If in addition he finds out that no one can have an intelligent opinion on any controversial subject until he has tried to look at it through the eyes of the man with whom he does not agree, he has gained still more. As a matter of fact, one learns all this and much in addition in this course.

Space prevents further elaboration of the way in which the whole collegiate curriculum is developed toward the end of affording each student a chance not only to lay a solid foundation, but to build a superstructure the architecture of which conforms to his own individual ambition, ability, and temperament.

The organizing of a coordinated personnel service which brings in all of the offices and officers that come into contact with the students, instead of an isolated office chiefly interested in statistics, is another important contribution to our technique of knowing the student. A theory of discipline which looks upon each case as an opportunity not to punish a malefactor but to strengthen a weak morale is worked out with the help of the teaching staff. And more important than all the rest, an atmosphere that amounts to a tradition has come to be recognized—that when any man, student or teacher, has a real conviction it is treated with respect.

Detroit Elects a Liberal

By R. ROTHMAN

FRANK MURPHY, liberal, humanitarian, champion of the rights of the masses, was on September 9 elected Mayor of Detroit. Significantly, he was chosen in a popular upheaval after the recall from office of Mayor Charles Bowles, and he was elected in the face of a vitriolic attack from the conservative press and the big-business elements of the city.

The recall of Bowles had such widespread publicity that no review of that event is necessary. His administration was marked by such stupidity, mismanagement, and corruption that he was recalled from office by a majority of 30,000 votes. Following upon the heels of Bowles's recall, the Detroit *Free Press* announced that a "citizens' committee" had named George Engel as the logical successor to the mayoralty. The *News* added its indorsement. Both papers announced, moreover, that Engel must be the only candidate. The recall in Michigan is defective in that it provides for no primary election, and Engel's supporters maintained that another candidate would so split the field that the reelection of Bowles (automatically a candidate) would be a certainty.

Radicals, liberals, conservative exponents of honest government, every progressive group in the city were alarmed. Engel was known as a politician who had held office years before under the discredited regime of Mayor Marx. His campaign manager had also been a member of that administration. The liberals turned to Murphy, a judge in Recorders' Court, and urged him to enter the race. They circulated petitions and within five days produced 73,000 signatures. Murphy resigned as judge and entered the race.

Who is Frank Murphy? Readers of *The Nation* have already learned of him through an article by J. A. Fellows which appeared in the issue of May 14, 1930. That article described the enlightened scientific methods employed by Judge Murphy. In his court the histories of prisoners in felony cases are investigated and charted, and sentence is decided not by the judge alone, but by a sentencing board which is guided at least in part by the charted case histories. This plan to diagnose and treat the criminal is illustrative of the intelligent social point of view that has characterized his entire career. After the war, as special United States district attorney appointed by President Wilson, Judge Murphy was assigned to the prosecution of war profiteers. For his work in this field he won national recognition. During his three years in office he never lost a case, and though pitted against the best legal talent in the country, he secured the only convictions of war profiteers.

He reorganized the Recorders' Court so that responsibility for its acts, instead of being vague, would be centered in an executive judge. He organized the bond bureau to eliminate the professional bonding evil—a system which has been imitated in many courts of the country. But, most important, his attitude upon the bench was humane, tolerant, and scientific—the Negroes of Detroit still revere him for his fair hearing of the Sweet trial at a time when prejudice and bigotry were rampant in the city.

Murphy's decision to run for mayor was a courageous one. The big-business interests of the city were lined up against him, and the newspapers supporting Engel were apparently prepared to employ any device to discredit Murphy. On Murphy's side were his youth, his vitality and enthusiasm, and his almost religious zeal for reform. For him the big issue of the time was the general economic distress and the attendant widespread unemployment in the city. His interest in this problem was not new or political. He has worked on the problem for years on the bench, and has been a member of the Unemployment Insurance and Old-Age Pension leagues. On his side also—for rather complicated reasons involving past support and present personal friendship with the local editors—was the Hearst paper, the Detroit *Times,* which earnestly supported his candidacy.

Murphy's campaign was one without an organization or a machine, a spontaneous affair devoid of one incriminating promise or alliance. His headquarters were crowded with volunteers—men and women from every walk of life, of every race, creed, and shade of opinion. The movement assumed the proportions of a huge crusade to recapture Detroit. Murphy issued to his workers only a few general instructions. There must be no alliance with any clique or group, no campaign promises made. No contribution of more than one dollar would be accepted. The actual cost of the campaign, conducted without flamboyant advertising, was less than $3,000. Large contributions were offered by selfish interests eager to climb on the band-wagon, but they were all refused. "I will go into the mayor's office a free man or not at all," Murphy said.

In the two weeks of his campaign Murphy relied mostly upon his speeches throughout the city. Wherever he spoke he was thunderously received. And he did not deal in generalizations. His economic program was as follows: to provide city agencies for determining accurately the extent and nature of unemployment in Detroit; to create a competent unemployment commission to study and act on the problem; to form civic employment agencies to centralize the problem of distributing employment and counteract the evils and waste of private agencies and personal street-tramping for jobs; to concentrate the use of public money on those city improvements that are socially most important—health, sanitation, lodgings for the homeless, relief for economic distress—rather than on the improvement of privately owned real estate; to agitate for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions; to bring large employers together in an attempt to regulate production and labor so that work might be uniformly distributed throughout the population. Engel, the business candidate, promised to solve unemployment by increasing the city's bonded indebtedness in order to make public improvements and provide more jobs thereby. In answer, Murphy pointed out that the city was already in a maze of delinquent taxes, and that increasing such projects as street-widening would be a feasible method of relieving unemployment only under a taxation system that took from the rich and distributed among the poor.

During the Bowles administration the municipally owned

system of street railways had been made a political football. Its management had been turned over to opponents of city ownership and it was being bankrupted. Murphy pledged a defense of municipal ownership without a fare increase, and promised to introduce civil service and employment security into the system. In his speeches Murphy pointed to his past record. He boldly labeled himself a "radical" and pledged his every effort to rid the city of corruption and control by the moneyed interests.

The hostile press singled Murphy out for their attack. First they accused him of deliberately entering the race to split the vote so that Bowles might win. The Detroit *News* warned readers of this "plot," and asserted that responsibility for Bowles's reelection would rest with Murphy, that Engel was the only man who had a chance to beat Bowles. The *News* and *Free Press* openly expressed a belief that Murphy was in a deal with Bowles, that Governor Green was involved in the deal, that whichever of the two, Murphy or Bowles, lost in the election would be appointed to the judgeship left vacant by Murphy's resignation. Green promptly squelched the rumor by appointing a new judge.

The attacks became personal. Murphy was young, inexperienced, a dreamer. What Detroit needed was a practical business man—Engel is the owner of a furniture store—and not a visionary who promised an administration of "dew and sunshine." This theme was played and replayed in editorials, while a witty columnist of the *Free Press* harped upon "Sir Galahad" with his vision of "dew and sunshine" *ad nauseam*. Murphy, the newspapers continued, had only the support of the underworld (a newspaper term meaning "poor people"). On the eve of the election the voters were warned that it was not the respectable Circuit Judge Alfred Murphy who was running; it was candidate Frank Murphy, who had often secured votes because citizens confused the two men. The Detroit *News* published pictures of both men. The clean-cut Judge Alfred A. Murphy was easily recognizable. But those who had seen Frank Murphy and remembered his clear, sensitive, intelligent features, could not believe their eyes when they saw his name attached to the picture of a man resembling a thug just emerged from a street brawl—cauliflower ear, battered nose, scarred cheek, and all.

One mysterious aspect of the battle was the entrance of John Smith, former Mayor of Detroit, into the field of candidates. He had always drawn his votes from the same "underworld" that Murphy was expected to win and he was known to have been in conference with the Detroit *Free Press* before he announced his candidacy. It was believed that he had entered only to split Murphy's vote, inasmuch as no one conceded him a chance in the election. Smith gave weight to this belief when he centered his attack almost entirely upon Murphy, sparing Engel, who in turn spared him. When Murphy advocated shelter for the homeless unemployed, Smith said, "He wants to turn the workers out of their homes and make them sleep in flop-houses." Even more significant was the announcement Smith finally made that he thought Engel could fill the mayor's job creditably.

Election day came. The hundred per cent American districts stuck by Bowles—with rather heavy desertions to Murphy. The silk stockings clung to Engel—with heavy desertions to Murphy. Murphy received a plurality in eleven of the city's twenty-two wards. The result was: Murphy, 106,442; Bowles, 94,151; Engel, 85,973; Smith, 21,632; Raymond (Communist), 3,544.

Without a machine, without money, Frank Murphy was elected. To hopeful liberals, he is a liberal leader, sane, clear-minded. They believe that he will launch a progressive movement in Michigan with more energy than even Couzens knew how to exercise.

In the Driftway

A KIND friend the other day made the Drifter a present of a Virginia ham. The grateful recipient mentions the gift with some reluctance, for he is aware that the curing of hams is almost as delicate and individual an operation as the raising of children, and there are as many theories about one as about the other. He himself was raised on the notion that while bacon might be improved by the wholesale and allegedly scientific treatment it received in large packing establishments, hams were better cured at home. About the smokehouse hangs as romantic a flavor as about the sugar-house where the maple sap is treated. And the product of one is hardly sweeter than that of the other.

* * * * *

THIS particular Virginia ham was very long and rangy. It required to be set to soak for many hours in the wash boiler, and to cook for almost as many in the same receptacle. By the time the boiling was over, it just managed to squeeze into the oven. And when it emerged, stuck with cloves and smeared with brown sugar, it was a joy to both the eye and the nose before it made its way joyfully down the gullet. The Drifter has it on unimpeachable authority that in the United States "hams are . . . trimmed and cured in a pickle made of salt, sugar, and a nitrate or nitrite. After pickling and soaking, the ham is smoked with fumes from hard wood or from sawdust." He does not know for sure that his ham was treated in this way. He suspects that instead of a nitrate or nitrite, a certain amount of ambrosia was injected into it somewhere in the course of the process. And if there was any sawdust in his ham it was not apparent to his not undiscriminating palate. However, he is willing to believe that out of nitrates or nitrites and the smoke of sawdust came the delectable dish he bore to the table with his own hands, cut with his own knife, and was personally soothed and refreshed by.

* * * * *

NEXT to the proper method of curing ham, there is no more debatable subject than its fitting accompaniments. Ham might perfectly well be served alone, its own excuse for being. But as a rule it is offered along with certain companions, and the strangest of these is certainly spinach. Now, the Drifter has no objection to spinach. In its own sharp, sandy way it does very well; when it is thoroughly drained before it is eaten it has a tang that deserves respect. But it is no more an adornment for a ham than a string of limp seaweed would be to a mermaid all fresh and glistening from the sunlit sea. The Drifter once knew an old lady who said that when she had her teeth she thought nothing more tasty than a dish of ham and sorghum cooked up together. Without recommending this mixture, the

Drifter thinks it to be on the right track. For proper garnish to ham should be sweet, and of all sweets, fruit is the best. With his Virginia ham the Drifter had bananas sliced and browned in butter. Pineapple similarly treated is equally good. After such a dish nothing more is needed but plenty of coffee, preferably black. It remains only to look forward to the next day, when the ham can be sliced thin and eaten cold, right out of the hand.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The National Safety Council and Mr. Resnick

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Louis Resnick, in his recent series of articles on the safety movement, performed a service to the movement by directing public attention to the magnitude and importance of our national accident problem. Unfortunately, his story is marred by a number of statements which are half-truths, or inaccurate and hence misleading.

For example, the general impression is given that our accident record, as a people, is getting steadily worse. That this is considerably less than the whole truth is shown by the following facts, from United States Census Bureau reports:

> The accident death-rate (per 1,000 population) is lower now than at any time before 1919, though higher than in 1919-22.
>
> The accident death-rate, excluding automobile accidents, is lower today than ever before—30 per cent lower than in 1913. This includes the death-rate from industrial accidents, making it almost certain that the latter has declined, though such accidents are not shown separately in the official records. In 1929 the other-than-automobile deaths (including industrial) declined from 1928 in such important industrial States as New York, Ohio, California, Indiana, and Massachusetts. . . .
>
> In less than twenty years railroad accidents (even including grade-crossing crashes) have declined by more than one-half and other major items show substantial decreases, including falls, drownings, and burns.
>
> The only real blot on the record is furnished by automobile accidents, which have increased five- or six-fold since 1913, owing of course to the even more rapid increase in the number of vehicles. Even here, numerous communities large and small showed reductions in 1929. But even including the automobile, our accident death-rate is far less than in the days before the present organized safety movement was born.
>
> The aggregate experience of several thousand industries reporting to the National Safety Council shows a steady decline in accident frequency from year to year.

Quite naturally, the men and the activities comprising the safety movement are open to easy criticism, some of it just. But in bemoaning the lack of safety leadership, did Mr. Resnick overlook the fact that safety in industry admittedly owes its genesis to Judge E. H. Gary, hardly a negligible figure in economic history, and that in June, 1930, the President of the United States, amid all the tribulations of tariffs and treaties, found time to open in person the third general meeting of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, which he himself as Secretary of Commerce had organized in 1924, a movement which has already brought about a considerable degree of uniformity in the traffic regulations of at least half the States and scores of cities?

The safety movement in industry is barely twenty years old; outside of industry, barely half that. It is making its own methods, its own leaders, and undoubtedly its own mistakes. It is making progress perhaps equal to that of any similar movement in a like time.

Chicago W. H. CAMERON,
Managing Director, National Safety Council

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Mr. Cameron of the National Safety Council regards my statements as "inaccurate" and "misleading," perhaps he will be more easily convinced by some of his own. A report of the National Safety Council entitled "Accident Facts—1930" made its appearance in June. The first sentence in the report says: "Accident experience in 1929 resembled that of other recent years in three respects: (1) an increase in the total number of persons killed; (2) an increase in the *death-rate per 100,000 population;* and (3) a marked increase in automobile deaths." (Italics mine.)

If Mr. Cameron read my articles he noted full recognition of Judge Gary's contribution to the safety movement. As for President Hoover's appearance at a safety conference, Mr. Cameron knows as well as anyone that such an appearance does not constitute leadership.

My articles were not written as an attack on the safety movement; I have too much respect for the hundreds of safety men who to my personal knowledge are all but laying down their own lives in the effort to save others.

New York LOUIS RESNICK

Exploiting the Negro

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is to be regretted that Mr. Gustavus Adolphus Steward, in your issue of September 17, wrote with restraint in paying his respects to Carl Van Vechten's novel, "Nigger Heaven."

There is room for some healthy, constructive literature on the color issue. The country has had more than its fill, however, of hollow stories such as Van Vechten's concoction and that huge array of hackneyed tales of which Nella Larsen's "Passing" is a fair sample.

Cleveland, September 20 DAVID H. PIERCE

Arms and Arms

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: S. Ralph Harlow in the *Christian Century* complains of the War Department for issuing a document of thirty-eight big pages to show by quotations from the Bible that war and armament are right, wherein the department quotes the Old Testament with great literalness but takes pains to explain that the New Testament is not to be understood too literally, and in the text "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" italicizes the last three words to show that armament should be perpetual.

Mr. Harlow appears to feel as if this last quotation were profanation. It may be profanation or what you like, but to me it looks like plain illiterate stupidity. A department that does not know the difference between arms and arms cannot be presumed to have intelligence enough to know the difference between a loaded gun and an unloaded gun.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., September 24

New MACMILLAN Books

"A Literary Achievement"

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON'S
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"A literary achievement, the magnitude of which must grow with renewed reading ...One exclaims that he has achieved, or nearly achieved, the ultimate in his elected genre."—*New York Times* $2.00

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ROADSIDE MEETINGS

By Hamlin Garland

"The record of a rich and industrious life; the picture of the American literary scene in a virile and changing period...Good reading...Deserves a permanent place on the library shelves."—*New York Sun* $3.50

MAHATMA GANDHI

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"An almost incredible autobiography... A necessary book to anyone who wishes to understand what is happening in India today."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* $2.50

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A very intimate view of the Mormon leader. $5.00

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MYTHS OF THE WORLD

By Padraic Colum

Stories of all mythologies retold by Padraic Colum and illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. One of the fine gift books of the season. $5.00

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By Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney

A novel which shows in microcosm the passing of the old plantation country of South Carolina. $2.50

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By the author of *Victim and Victor*

A novel of Canada and America. $2.50



SIR JAMES JEANS' New Book

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE

The author of *The Universe Around Us* presents a view of the universe disclosed by modern science. *Nov. 5* $2.00

A New Book by The Poet Laureate



JOHN MASEFIELD
THE *WANDERER* OF LIVERPOOL

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THE following interesting account of a proposed free port at Mortier Bay, Newfoundland, was written by a correspondent for the London *Times* of September 20, from which it is reprinted.

The Legislature of Newfoundland has given sanction to a project containing the germ of a wide expansion of inter-imperial and, indeed, international trade. The intention is to create a free port—the only free port on the continent—at Mortier Bay, an inlet of Placentia Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland, which shall constitute a transfer point, or ocean clearing-house, for goods in transit between the markets of the world, the industrial region of the Great Lakes, and the Canadian and United States Middle West and West.

The scheme is based on the geographical situation of Newfoundland and on the advantage of water over rail transport. What this means in economy may be gathered from the estimate in the report of the International Joint Commission that one ton a rail-mile costs as much as six tons a water-mile. The advantage is intensified by the rapid growth of the Great Lakes industries and by the increasing traffic congestion of the United States railway lines and terminal ports.

Newfoundland stands in much the same geographical relation to the continent of America as Great Britain to the continent of Europe. Great Britain has the hinterland of Europe to draw upon; Newfoundland has the even greater hinterland of North America. She has been aptly named the "gatekeeper of the St. Lawrence," and a glance at the map shows that Cape Race, at the eastern extremity, jutting far out into the Atlantic, lies at the intersection of the principal trade routes between the St. Lawrence and the Canadian and United States eastern seaboard. There is no suitable harbor at Cape Race, but Mortier Bay, eighty miles to the west, is admirably suited for all the purposes in view. It is an open port all the year round, quite landlocked, and ships of any size can lie there in perfect security, either at anchor or at wharves, at all seasons and in all weathers. Being on the short-circle track between the Great Lakes, the United Kingdom, and northern Europe, it provides the shortest and most direct route between those countries and all Great Lakes ports.

From Detroit to Liverpool via New York is 4,271 statute miles; via Mortier Bay the distance is 3,922 miles only, a saving of 349 miles. The New York distance includes a rail haul of 693 miles, while by Mortier Bay it is an economical water route all the way. Mortier Bay is 200 miles nearer than is New York to Pernambuco, and consequently the same distance nearer to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires, and it is nearly 700 miles nearer to those ports than is New Orleans.

While the export and import trade of the Great Lakes will be the primary object of the enterprise, the importance of Mortier Bay as a general port of call must not be lost sight of. Nor must its value as a potential air base, a junction for converging air lines, be omitted from calculation. Within a few years the North Atlantic may be traversed by a number of competing air lines, which will operate from different harbors and by different routes. There will be at least three routes—the northward, by the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador; the southern, by the Azores and Bermuda; and that by Ireland and Newfoundland. It may be argued that neither of the other proposed routes will be so direct or will draw to itself so many auxiliary air lines as will the route between Ireland and Newfoundland. . . .

There can be no doubt of the freight which is offered by the creation of a free port at Mortier Bay. The International Joint Commission described as "immense" the volume of traffic seeking an outlet from and inlet to the Great Lakes, "the largest producing area of the United States and a very large consumer of raw materials and manufactured products from abroad." According to another authority:

> The sixteen States which are united in the movement for a deep waterway connecting the Great Lakes with the ocean produce 75 per cent of the wheat, 65 per cent of the corn, 100 per cent of the flax, 85 per cent of the iron, 39 per cent of the copper, 74 per cent of the zinc, and 46 per cent of the lead produced in the entire country. The shores of these lakes are lined with industries producing in great volume a multitude of manufactured articles entering prominently into our foreign trade.

The quantity of raw materials imported for these industries is as great as that of the exported goods, but unfortunately the two do not provide balancing cargoes. "The trade with Europe," says the International Joint Commission, "represented exports seven times the value of imports, while imports from South America during the last four years had been practically double the exports." Hence the one-way freights which form such a handicap to North Atlantic shipping. A freight clearing-house at Mortier Bay will tend to lessen this handicap, while for the lake vessels it will assure full cargoes both ways, eastbound of manufactured goods, westbound of raw materials. But Mortier Bay will not be merely an Atlantic transfer station. The Newfoundland act contains authority for the import of raw materials under free-port conditions for conversion into manufactured goods. It may be anticipated, therefore, that some of the Great Lakes manufacturers will find it to their advantage to establish factories there for the export side of their trade, thereby saving the transportation cost of the raw material to the Great Lakes, and the still heavier transportation cost of the manufactured goods from the Great Lakes to Mortier Bay.

The act conferred upon the Great Lakes Newfoundland Atlantic Company, Limited (the G.N.A.), a company incorporated in Newfoundland with a nominal capital of $10,000,000, the right to construct and operate a free port at Mortier Bay. Contingent upon the company complying with certain provisions, the right carries with it any ungranted water-power rights free of rental or charge, together with a grant in fee simple of fifty square miles of land, including minerals, for the purposes of the port and of commercial enterprises established within the free-port industrial zone. The Newfoundland government does not guarantee the bonds for constructing the port, but in a section dealing with administration . . . the act provides:

> That there shall be a Harbor Board consisting of three members, of whom two shall be appointed by the Governor-in-Council and the third by the company, which shall have control and management of the harbor of the free port and its approaches and the shipping therein; shall impose and collect such rates and dues upon all vessels using the port and their cargoes as it may deem advisable; and shall expend all such sums so collected (*a*) in meeting the annual interest and sinking-fund payments upon any bonds or debentures which shall be charged upon the terminal facilities of the port, (*b*) in payment of its members and employees, (*c*) in the upkeep and maintenance of the said terminal facilities, and (*d*) in improvements of and additions to the same. . . .

FALL BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXXXI, No. 3406 Wednesday, October 15, 1930

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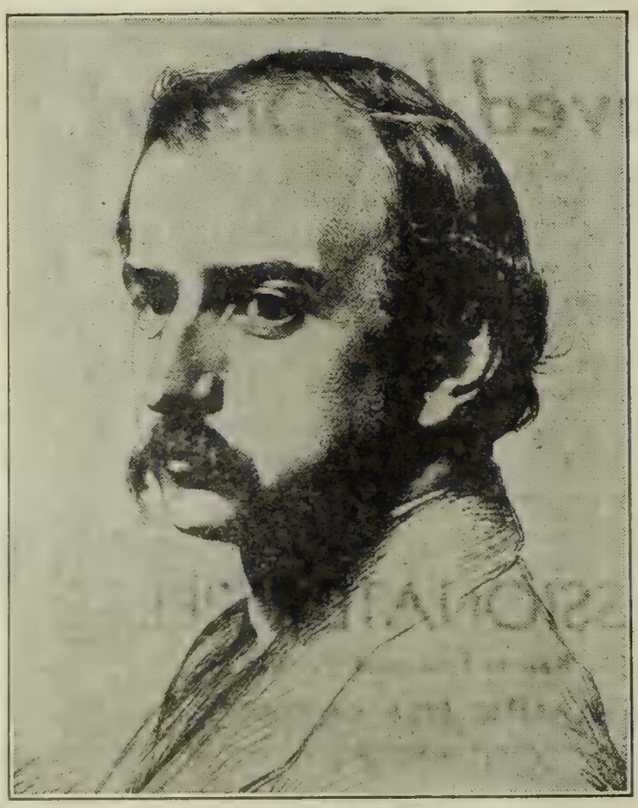
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Fall Book Section

Is Literature Possible?

By LIONEL TRILLING

I

IN the last twenty years, critical writing about American literature has successively occupied four main positions: first, the declaration of the non-existence of any literature worth the name; second, about 1915, the acclamation of a new literature, fresh in kind and spirit; third, the discovery, some five years ago, of an immaturity and insufficiency in the new writers; and fourth, now current, a sociological explanation of the failure of American writing and a prediction of the inevitable doom of all American art.

This last position is Spenglerian in derivation and tendency. The hope of the last generation, that the machine would make for a great improvement in human life, has ended in disappointment. That the machine, far from raising the plane of human life, exercises an intolerable tyranny over it has become one of the commonplaces of modern thought. Upon it the exponents of Spenglerian literary criticism base their explanation of the present inferiority of American art and their prediction of its eventual disappearance. They find that this tyranny of the machine over life affects art in three ways. It works on the artist himself, on the material of his art, and on the social validity of the very function of art.

At the very beginning of his career—so the argument runs—the artist is in danger. For in our age the rewards of business are far greater than the rewards of art, so that men of talent and of sufficient energy to make this talent effective are drawn off from pursuits that in previous ages they might have blindly followed, and are used in commerce and in technical pursuits. Or, if the artist is not tempted away from his art, to continue in it under our economic system is so difficult that he has not the equanimity to pursue it fruitfully. Further, he is forced to live in an environment that oppresses his spirit—an environment without joy, without gaiety, refusing him encouragement or fertilization.

This in itself would not be insupportable. But—continues the argument—not only is it difficult to possess the simple necessities of the artistic life: what is worse is that there is no important subject matter with which the American artist can deal. American life, reduced to a sordid uniformity by the machine, offers no break in its surface by which art can grasp it. The machine has impressed the individual into the mob. And with the mob art has never dealt and cannot deal. Then, too, that sense, which every writer of considerable genius has had, of influencing and directing, in some measure, his world, cannot be enjoyed by the American artist. He must feel the arrogant imperturbability of the social structure he inhabits; he knows that his word can have no part in changing its habits or form.

And finally—the argument concludes—not only is it difficult for the artist to survive; not only does he lack a reasonable subject matter for his art and the feeling that he occupies a place in a society which, in some degree, is resilient to his touch; but art itself becomes less and less a necessary function or instrument of life. For mechanism regiments the emotions and categorizes the problems of living; mechanism supplies in itself a satisfaction to emotional needs and an answer to all questionings. It supplants the old human values with new mechanical ones. Emotional desires are satisfied—or deadened—by minor mechanisms: an inclosed shower, a squad of drilled flunkies, a washing-machine, a new car. Or sometimes the means of emotional satisfaction take deceptively the forms of art, the mass-produced amusement of the magazines and movies. By mechanism, all the subtle problems of one's relation to one's fellow-men and the momentous ones of one's relation to the universe are reduced to the simple but insistent one of relationship to an economic state which is not a means but an end. And in such an order art can have no use.

II

This position, attractive with a sort of grim sentimentality and sealed with the seven irrefrangible seals of sociological logic, has become widely current. It is based undeniably on truth, but the conclusions which it draws are far from demanding an inevitable assent.

Beginning with the situation of the artist himself, we may reject at once the assertion that the artist is being diverted from art to commerce and technical pursuits. Not only are the rewards of art—even admirable art—still possibly attractive, but we may recognize, in the old romantic fashion, the existence of a distinct artist-type, incapable of choosing freely among the professions the one that will most practically reward his devotion, a man predestined to art. Undoubtedly, the American artist has a sufficiently difficult economic struggle, frequently having to devote too much of his time to pursuits unrelated to art. But this struggle is certainly not materially greater than that of many men in England's nineteenth century. The presence in America of so great a body of writing of not debased, although assuredly mediocre, quality must indicate the possibility of the artist's economic survival.

In regard to his spiritual survival we must be less sanguine. It cannot be denied that even for the non-artistic citizen the conditions of our environment are in many respects far too strenuous not only for spiritual but even for physical health. And it would seem that the great effort expended to support the conditions of our life must inevitably divert energy from the artist's creation. The answer to this must be a simple one, even a puritanic one. Now, as always, we have the right to expect of the artist that he will so order his life that, although he keep himself always sensitive to his environment, he will provide himself with sufficient insulation to keep from being done in by it. The nature of the artistic process is such that the artist can make as good use of repulsive as of attractive material, and since the beginning of the nineteenth century it has been the repulsive rather than the attractive that has been the preoccupation of art. Lawrence

and Joyce, to name only two Europeans, have based the great part of their work on the simple theme of repulsive environment. That they were forced to flee from this environment so that they might fully exploit it is of no consequence, just as, on the whole, the emigration and "expatriation" of the American artist is of no essential consequence. The question of whether America is an inhabitable country is not immediately relevant to the present point. The question that concerns us is whether Americans can produce an art comparable in quality to that of Europe since the beginning of the last century—an art of revolt, produced, we must remember, by men who were constantly fleeing from their native land.

But even if it be granted that it is possible for the American artist to survive, has he a scene which will yield fertilely to artistic treatment? Our Spenglerian critics will admit the validity of repulsive environment as an artistic theme, but they will assert that American life is of such a sort that even its repulsiveness cannot be treated. That is, it is so mechanized that nothing can be isolated for art. But this view is scarcely an accurate one, if only because it implies the existence of a kind of order and perfection. And perfection and order of even so debased a form as here implied do not exist in America; what we have is rather disorder under a superficial regimentation.

The material of art has always been the relation of man to himself, of man to fellow-man, of man to the universe. This material still exists, it is still the natural material of art, and in America it is being made both more subtle and more momentous.

If the existence of such material in America be admitted, it becomes impossible to deny the validity of an art which uses it. The indifference of the American public, for whom interest in art is not the major activity it conceivably should be, cannot invalidate it. The validity of art's function does not depend on the breadth or immediacy of its reception; we do not deny validity to Jeremiah's writing because it was not heeded.

If, then, the artist can survive in America, if he has a scene superbly ripe for artistic exploitation, if art still can have validity in America, why has so little art of major importance come out of us? Within limits, the process of the artistic mind reduces every environment to a common denominator, so that the philosophic worlds of Joyce, of Thomas Mann, of D. H. Lawrence, of Gide and Proust are substantially our philosophic world. And yet we have not had men who could treat our actual world in terms comparable to any of these.

It is difficult to state an all-inclusive reason for this failure. Perhaps there is no reason; perhaps in the last decade we have, by mere bad luck, lacked talent. But of this we can be certain: there can be no more disastrous critical move than to lift the blame for this failure from the artist and to place it on the environment. Such a shift, it is true, is in accord with a habit of modern thought in other fields, for example, criminology. But if there is one class of modern man that may be held accountable for its acts, it is the artist class. Nothing could more surely hasten the extinction of the artist than to convince him that he is a mere creature of his immediate environment.

This being the case, the function of the American critic becomes clear. He must cease making obeisance to "environment" and teach the artist that he too must heed his own god. He must make clear to the artist what the function of the artist is—which is not to be a mere literal expression of the life of his race but the imaginative understander, the wise investigator, the angry revolutionist. In short, the critic must help to restore to the artist something of his old function of seer and teacher. It does not much matter if the seer's vision or the teacher's precept be disregarded at the time of its utterance. It is a fate in which history will provide a fine array of colleagues.

Once art was synonymous with social rebellion and was therefore a cause of dread to the respectable. But now in America—if we may judge by any of our critics—the artist is deeply hurt because he cannot be at one with the establishment, because he cannot be a folk-artist whose art evolves, through the accidental medium of himself, out of the consciousness of the folk. But the salvation of American art certainly lies not in a greater rapprochement with the environment, but in its becoming subversive and dangerous to the social order.

The implications of this must not be mistaken. The art of simple realism and naive propaganda is essentially never dangerous. Inevitably it betrays itself in the half-truths which are the sure results of that lack of clear perception and precise expression which we call bad style. How true this is, the social literature of America in the past fifteen years will show. Two great tasks confront the American writer—the acquisition of considerable knowledge and the construction of a completely efficient style. One thinks of men—Mr. Dos Passos comes to mind, Mr. Edward Dahlberg—who understand the problem in large part and who are attempting, with a very fair measure of success, to solve it. They perceive the madness and hysteria in our life and they are rendering it admirably. Such writers should not be badgered with the insistence that their work is of no avail.

Uncle Mells and the Witches' Tree

By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

He said he was tired and sore all day,
His bones were stiff and his joints were tight.
The witches had turned him into a horse,
And they rode him all that night.

They rode him out by Briartown,
And they stopped by a tree and peeled some switches;
They broke them long and peeled them keen—
Two for each of the witches.

He made the sparks fly out of the stones,
And he swam a creek where there wasn't a ford,
Two witches holding onto his back,
And the moon went down in blood. . . .

When we asked him where they let him go,
And what kind of switches they were, said he,
"I wouldn't dare name that tree," he said,
"I wouldn't dare name that tree."

After Reading a History of Biology

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

I cannot jostle air so fervently
secure of self as once I did; unheard
my bones upon each other, and unheard
the clocks of blood and diverse eulogy
of nerves to sometimes sun and sometimes earth
grasped in the foot or trodden by the eye.
A million patient men have made me worth
to my own brain the years before I die.

I ask them life; for data give my root,
incline the mold whereby my second egg
hatches the thing repute in which I beg
cognizance in the world, and wedge a foot
upon oblivion. They tell me, "You should see
a stone's life mutual to yours; a grass
coeval yours in immortality;
as tragic as your lung a breath's impasse."

With pride the primal democrat I meet,
the atom in my flesh, the all-one sib
to any universe; like man he's glib
with his sole self but frightened in the street
of his concretion. Strange to him, as is
to us an ice age or a fresh fired star,
is spirit that we wind, parenthesis
by use, halo by desire, round what we are.

Hear now, my body, you must earn a soul
if your event a lasting shadow leave,
that so can serve you; make your sinews grieve
with labor as this million did whose pole
more than your spine supports you. You may then
survive your atom, contemplate serene
a world more populous with souls than men
who make your earth all memory, and green.

Books

An Exquisite Materialist

The Realm of Matter. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THE present volume completes what its author, with an ironic smile, introduced seven years ago as "one more system of philosophy." In "Scepticism and Animal Faith," the introduction to that philosophy, he sought to show that the main inadequacy of all preceding skeptical philosophies —no matter how radically Pyrrhonic they might appear at first glance—was that they were not nearly skeptical enough: at some point they tacitly assumed either what they had previously denied or something else perhaps even more dubious. A thoroughgoing skepticism, he sought to show, must inevitably end in the conclusion that nothing whatever is known to exist, not even the thinker who arrives at the conclusion. The most skeptical philosophic argument, before it can get under way at all, must rest somewhere on some assumption or assumptions that it cannot prove, and Mr. Santayana insisted that these obligatory assumptions must lie in that irreducible "animal faith" by which we are hourly obliged to act and to live.

The way was then clear for him to discuss the two great "realms of being." The first of these, the "Realm of Essence," was considered in the book of that title which appeared two years ago. The book was purely dialectical, and at once the most difficult and the dullest that its author has ever written. It was curiously medieval in tone and spirit—in its lack of reference to modern science, in its endless fine distinctions, in its use of such terms as "essence" and "substance," and most of all in its preoccupations. An essence, in Mr. Santayana's use of the term, might be briefly described as a quality, form, or pattern considered apart from its material basis. The realm of essence, according to Santayana, embraces the entire realm of possibility; it is therefore "far more garrulous than nature, herself not laconic." It includes not only every quality or form that exists, but that could be imagined, or even that transcends imagination.

I cannot myself attach very great importance to this realm of essence, huge as it is. My logic, I fear, is not sufficiently accurate or subtle to expose the lurking fallacies or assumptions in Mr. Santayana's argument in detail; but it seems to me that, on the psychological side, this realm of essence, infinite, eternal, and serene, is essentially a compensation, a substitute for religion, affording Mr. Santayana's soul a sanctuary from a noisy and chaotic world; while on the logical side, I suspect that the entire realm of essence may be nothing more than a dubious hypostasis, resting ultimately on an accident of grammar.

In the present (and concluding) volume, "The Realm of Matter," Mr. Santayana comes back to more tangible concerns, and I find him far more convincing and delightful. Not, to be sure, that I read the book without moments of irritation. There is about it that same odd medieval atmosphere, the result, in part, of what sometimes seems an intentionally archaic diction, and in part of a delight in dialectic for its own sake, resembling the joy that a Persian rug-maker might derive from weaving his intricate design. But it is again chiefly by the problems that preoccupy him that Mr. Santayana's mind seems so alien to our time, so homesick for the seventeenth century or the Athens of Plato. For this volume on Matter, appearing in 1930, is strangely indifferent to the problems—many of them almost, if not actually, metaphysical in nature—that absorb contemporary physicists. There are one or two perfunctory references, it is true, to Einstein and to Newton, but none whatever to Eddington, Whitehead, Planck, Bohr, or any other living physicist or philosopher. The volume is studded, on the other hand, with references to the views of Democritus, Descartes, Lucretius, Leibnitz, Plotinus, Spinoza, Malebranche, Socrates, and Aristotle.

Mr. Santayana adds to the reader's difficulties not only by a poetic vocabulary, with such words as "idolatry" for "prejudice," "passion" for "emotion," "spirit" for "mind," and so on, but by using a number of crucial words in a special sense of his own. His use of "trope," for example, bears no definite relation to the usual dictionary meaning of the word, and the "psyche" (with which he nearly always uses, incidentally, the feminine pronoun), does not mean the soul, the mind, or the spirit, as one might naturally expect, but a sort of combination of body and mind, the living organism considered as a unit.

These would be fatal defects in the work of almost any other modern philosopher; but Mr. Santayana is so richly gifted that all such vagaries, in the end, are almost forgotten beside the fundamental honesty of his thinking, his penetration, ironic wit, brilliant imagery, and a rhythmic prose that makes even the subtlest argument also a melody. He seems to me more delightful when he is attacking someone else's ideas than when he

is directly expounding his own, and my favorite chapters in the present volume are those in which he undermines the pretensions of teleology and uncovers the latent materialism of idealists.

For Mr. Santayana is an uncompromising materialist, in the sense that he believes firmly in the reality of the external world. "The postulate of substance—the assumption that there are things and events prior to the discovery of them and independent of this discovery—underlies all natural knowledge." The denial of that postulate "rescinds that animal faith, or that common sense, which is the beginning of art and of science and their perpetual presupposition." The belief in substance "must always remain an assumption, but one without which an active and intelligent creature cannot honestly act or think"; we cannot, in fact, outgrow materialism without outgrowing belief altogether. If the world were that described in such an idealism as Berkeley's, history would all be contained in mirrors, themselves existing in no temporal medium. A man can become a complete idealist "only by forgetting himself, and not inquiring into the origin or meaning of his quite contingent existence and quite arbitrary visions."

Why, then, is materialism in such ill-repute with philosophers? Why is there a prejudice against the word Matter in quarters "even where the thing and all its uses are most honored"? Mr. Santayana believes that part of this prejudice is the result of inadequate and absurd conceptions of matter, which select some special manifestation, such as deadness or heaviness, extension or impenetrability, as its essence. But that is merely a stone-cutter's view. The human body is material, and snowflakes and waterfalls, thunder and lightning, wind and sunshine: "weight and figure are not more characteristic of matter than are explosiveness, swiftness, fertility, and radiation." Another prejudice against matter, which we have been encountering frequently of late in the essays of the new humanists, rests on the astonishing notion that in a material universe there would be no place for values. But Mr. Santayana, as a genuine and profound humanist, has always seen the absurdity of confusing an objective (or at least unbiased) description of the universe with human aims and wishes. "The truth cannot dictate to us the esteem in which we shall hold it: that is not a question of fact but of preference." None the less, we must not blind ourselves to the part that our material constitution bears in determining what our preferences shall be:

> Reason is not a force contrary to the passions, but a harmony possible among them. Except in their interests it could have no point of application, nothing to beautify, nothing to dominate. It is therefore by a complete illusion, though an excusable one, that the spirit denies its material basis, and calls its body a prison or a tomb.

HENRY HAZLITT

Theories of Criticism

The New Criticism. Edited by Edwin Berry Burgum. Prentice and Hall. $2.50.

HERE is an admirable anthology of modern aesthetics and literary criticism, including essays from all the important modern critics of literature. The book answers, indirectly and by implication, the new humanists, who as a group are interested chiefly in the philosophical and moral significance of a work of art. The essayists included here are concerned rather with the aesthetic problems of style and form, which they seek to solve not in the light of traditional theorizing about aesthetic problems, but through a psychological approach, by a study of the creative process and of the pleasurable reaction to works of art. Within these limits the book is, of course, controversial, since the several writers do not reach the same conclusions. The essays of I. A. Richards on The Poetic Experience and on Poetry and Beliefs, along with the essay of DeWitt Parker on The Problem of Aesthetic Form, will illustrate the possible differences in method and result. Such controversy is by its very nature enlightening, and anyone reading the various critics here presented will come upon most of the problems discussed in criticism today.

Mr. Burgum's selection of essays is excellent: we find all the important modern aestheticians included. T. S. Eliot is represented by his essay Tradition and the Individual Talent; Ramon Fernandez by his two essays Autobiography and the Novel and On Classicism; Laurence Buermeyer by Art and the Ivory Tower; Elie Faure by On Civilization; Edwin Muir by James Joyce; and Oswald Spengler by The Arts of Form, to mention only a few.

The editor has, moreover, given in his introduction a very valuable review of the history of criticism and of the methods once employed in contrast with those used at present. Such an anthology as this has been needed for some time to make this material more easy of access.

EDA LOU WALTON

Henry Adams

Letters of Henry Adams, 1858-1891. Edited by Worthington C. Ford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THE publication of this handsome volume, uniform with the small quarto edition of the "Education," raises interesting surmises as to what may be called the case of Henry Adams. During his life he cared nothing about winning a wide circle of readers, nor, with the possible exception of two brilliant novels—one published anonymously and the other under a pseudonym—were his writings of a sort that might have been expected to be popular. He died in 1918, in the midst of the wild ballyhoo of war news, and his death was scarcely mentioned in the papers. Yet his fame and popularity have been growing unexpectedly and marvelously. The "Education," the copyright of which had been left to a historical society, amazed everyone by selling by the tens of thousands. Portions of that and even of "Mont-Saint-Michel," have run serially in a popular magazine. Within the past few months articles on him have appeared in three others. His "Letters" now are published in a volume of over five hundred pages. His "Collected Works," edited by the writer, with a biography, are at the moment in press in an edition of twelve volumes. To my knowledge three other men are at work on or contemplating biographies, and for all I know, there may be a dozen more. It is not a question of mere timeliness, for he has now been in his unmarked grave for more than a dozen years. It is clear that his writing is filling some need of the present generation, the generation, as far as I can make out, of the men around thirty. The problem is not to be resolved within the narrow compass of a review, but its presence adds a new interest to the first printed collection of his letters.

These begin with Adams in Germany as a young man, scarcely more than a boy. From then on the places from which they are dated range all over the world—Italy, Egypt, France, England, America, the West Indies, the scattered islands of the Pacific, Japan, ending in Paris in 1891. Those which were written during the twenty-seven years of life which yet remained are held for future publication, but in a sense the story is complete as we have it here. By 1891 the lines of his life and character were set, his mind was formed, the greatest emotional experiences had been lived through, his wide-ranging travels were over. Still in store were the annual shifts from a quiet

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life in America to an equally quiet one in Europe, a social life of interest and charm, a gathering of intellectual harvests in his best-known two volumes. Although the later letters will undoubtedly contain much of interest, we have now nevertheless, in those published and in the "Education," the main body of self-revealing writings from Adams's own pen. The rest will be gleanings.

It is clear that although we can use the term "self-revealing" with regard to Adams only in a very limited sense, the present volume is of prime importance for a study of the man. There had already been available scattered in print a few score of letters of his later period, and the immensely valuable ones of the Civil War years published in "A Cycle of Adams Letters," also edited by Mr. Ford. These latter are now supplemented by fifty-five pages of hitherto unpublished material, but in the years before 1861 and after 1868 this new volume is practically our only source beyond the "Education." That extraordinary autobiography was written when Adams was sixty-seven. There are not a few slips of memory in it, and it is, of course, the story of his life and mind in retrospect as viewed and toyed with by a fairly old man who had chosen to adopt an ironical pose. The letters enable us to check it at many points by his own contemporary self. In general, they validate the reminiscent autobiographer, though not in all respects. His interest in art, as a boy in Germany, for example, was evidently much keener than the ironical and disillusioned older man would lead us to believe. The development of character, however, is consistent, and the pose appears early, the difference between the letters and the "Education" being that in the earlier years the letters are shot through with youthful enthusiasms that are more natural and convincing than the all-gray tone of the later irony. Adams early "sized himself up," as the saying goes. Aside from earlier passages in letters to his brother, C. F. Adams, we may quote from one of 1869:

> I have told you before that I mean to be unpopular, and do it because I must do it, or do as other people do, and give up the path I chose for myself years ago. . . . You like the strife of the world. I detest it and despise it. You work for power. I work for my own satisfaction. You like roughness and strength; I like taste and dexterity.

He did not like the "repulsive bareness" of the Scotch mountains and was more than willing to leave our own West "in the possession of the noble savage without a pang. He may wander at will in the alkali for all of me."

If the letters help to interpret the "Education" in many places and in illuminating passages, they also supplement it with many facts. Adams himself left a gap of twenty years in his autobiography. That gap is in part filled in his "Letters." Particularly for the period following the tragedy of his life we now have a considerable mass of material. The long journeys through the Pacific, the object of which "is to tire myself out till home becomes rest," Adams had himself left unrecorded. Over one hundred and fifty pages of the "Letters" deal with the incidents and thoughts on the two voyages. A few covering this period had been printed in "Letters to a Niece," written to a young girl for her delectation, but Mr. Ford gives us the long journal letters to Mrs. Don Cameron, which provide far better and fuller descriptions of the daily incidents of travel and the contacts with native life. Henry Adams, unlike his brother Charles, was apt to be at his best with women. In his relations with very young ones, there was a strain of half-bantering sentimentality, but in these long, descriptive, wholly unsentimental letters to a woman of mature age, though younger than himself, we get the first real revelation of his restless voyagings in search of peace.

It would be easy to quote at length many passages illustrating Adams's aims, mind, and character, but that is a task

best left to the reader. A word of warning may be sounded. Personally I am very fond of letters, but any large collection read en masse is apt to create a false impression. A recipient gets his own, at intervals. The writer knows this. But, and this is especially true when there is any marked idiosyncrasy of style or pose or even whimsy, a great number read at once tends to overemphasize the mere idiosyncrasies, and to give a somewhat unfair and false impression. A reading of these letters and of the "Education" raises in my mind the old question of what is the best presentation of any man—his letters, his autobiography, or a biography? In Adams's case I am inclined to think that the genuine portrait awaits the biographer, but the subject will test a man's qualities to the utmost as gentleman and scholar. The motto over the dark portal in Dante may well be pondered by others. Meanwhile Mr. Ford, who is so eminently both, has given those of us who are interested in one of the most significant personalities in American life and letters a volume comparable in importance only to the "Education" itself.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Introducing Franz Kafka

The Castle. By Franz Kafka. Translated from the German by Edwin and Willa Muir. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN time much is sure to be written of Franz Kafka, for he is inevitably sure of a place, if only on the strength of this posthumous unfinished novel, among the foremost writers of our time. On the occasion of his introduction to the American public, however, one can hope simply to recommend him to the attention of that discriminating minority to whom essentially his appeal is limited and who will eventually construct his fame for him.

In the first place, it is difficult to do more than recommend "The Castle," because time and many rereadings are required to understand it. After a few pages one appreciates that its hero, known simply as K., has arrived at a village which in spite of its inns and telephones is timeless and unreal; that the castle which towers above the village is not a castle at all; that K.'s desire—and inability—to reach the castle are the expression of a religious struggle and defeat; that the endless minutiae of his relations with castle "officials" constitute by no means a satire on bureaucracy, as they might seem to do, but are instead a minutely exact description of certain theological realities which demand an extraordinary amount of patience and delicacy to be perceived. And at the end of the book one is so unusually impressed by its solidity of conception and execution that although its inner meaning is still not entirely clear, one feels that with time and reflection one could come to an understanding of every portion of its rich and intricate symbolism.

"The Castle," then, is an allegory; but it is also a remarkably bold, original, confident, well-made work of art. Its symbolism is by no means cut-and-dried, but always concrete and mysterious. Its mysteriousness, moreover, bears a subtle relation to the mysteriousness of the predicament in which the hero finds himself. K. comes to the village a stranger, and discovers that everyone is familiar with the laws of the castle, and resigned to them, except himself. He has to learn each of them painfully from the regular inhabitants. No obedience is commanded of him by the castle—he is given no orders; he is even provided for and cheered on—but after a while, of his own free will, he begins to desire to lose his independence and to obey. Slowly he relinquishes all hope of ever reaching the castle, and seeks only to find a place and a calling for himself in the village. He came there to be a land surveyor, but he is willing to stay on as the janitor of the school. (In his

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excellent postscript Herr Max Brod, Kafka's literary executor, remarks that the primitive "need to be rooted in a home and a calling, and to become a member of a community" had for Kafka a "religious significance," being "simply the right life, the right way.") There is not space to tell the rest of K.'s history, but, briefly, "The Castle" might be described as the record of a life in terms of the perceptions of a soul.

Perhaps the most interesting and valuable message of this religious novel, so decidedly a product of the twentieth century, is that of humility. With what relentless art is this unpopular theme developed and driven home! So sternly is the godless modern reader reminded of K.'s irremediable lowliness (and his own) that more than once, caught helplessly in a net of disagreeable truth, he actually loses his temper. There was a fine balance in Kafka between the artist and the moralist.

Perhaps it should be stated that Kafka was a German-Bohemian Jew, and died of tuberculosis in 1925 at the age of forty-two. It is fortunate for his reputation that his work has been championed by two such understanding critics as Herr Brod and Mr. Edwin Muir. The essays that they have contributed to this volume add considerably to one's appreciation of it. Let us hope that they will soon permit us to see the other two posthumous novels, the short stories, and the deleted fragments.

GERALD SYKES

Disillusion, Late and Early

Memoirs of an Infantry Officer. By Siegfried Sassoon. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

THE war never robbed Siegfried Sassoon of his consciousness of himself as an individual. Even during the first years, when he wished it to be a great experience, it never completely absorbed him nor stripped him of his identity. It never made him anything but a nominal member of the army. Under its pressure the diffident, sensitive fox-hunting man (who continues in this sequel to "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" to represent Sassoon) became a thoughtful, determined objector to the prolonged and futile slaughter of men. That the officials were moved to receive and treat his one outburst of censure as the result of shell-shock in no way modifies the force of the gesture.

Looking backward Sassoon permits himself only the quietest kind of sarcasm. As in "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," his full meaning is left to inference, to be searched out of the easy flow of words or within the richly colored pictures and clear, brief characterizations which constitute his style. A country gentleman takes time between bomb-throwing to note the changes in the seasons, to identify the birds and flowers, to watch the sky for portents about the weather, to read, to think a great deal about Kent and Sussex, even to hunt when the occasion arose. The result is a book about the war depending for its quality on none of the essentials which most of the recent war books emphasize. There is no more about sex than in "Journey's End," no loud bitterness, no coarseness, no exaggerated attitudes or emotions. Death, suffering, and horror are mentioned with mild cynicism: ". . . there is nothing remarkable about a dead body in a European war . . ." There is nothing remarkable, from a soldier's point of view, perhaps, about a young man who patroled No Man's Land alone in order to rest the exhausted soldiers who had been ordered to do it, but there is something remarkable in the fact that that same young man became convinced that the whole carnage was unnecessary. Sassoon's detachment, together with his acuteness as a poet, gives his book an unusual, composite unity. The war never grew in his mind beyond the figure of a monstrous intruder among the normal ways of men and their universe.

Moments occur, it is true, when one regrets the absence of the grim resentment which distinguished Sassoon's war poems and the lectures he delivered here in America. Time has not effaced the convictions, but it has softened and restrained the written word. The book is temperate as history, but as pleasant writing and the testimony of one man's lost faith and incorruptible integrity it is uncommonly satisfactory. The question, however, persists as to whether or not, by dealing with doubting, critical soldiers as victims of nerves, Britain avoided the possibility of any fervent English emulation of Barbusse.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Little Edwardians

The Edwardians. By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

"THE EDWARDIANS" is a gentle, well-bred, and highly sentimentalized picture of the declining days of the English aristocracy. To judge from the elaborate literary apparatus Miss Sackville-West employs, one supposes that she intended a scandalously bitter satire. It is true that the book has been so accepted in England, where even the most intelligent of critics appear to view the nobility from the standpoint of a housemaid devouring Society Tidbits. But it is doubtful whether Americans will look upon Miss Sackville-West's rose-water exposé as anything more than a neatly arranged waxwork exhibition of comical horrors.

What a pitiful lot they were, these Edwardians! A chattering crowd of moth-eaten old ladies and gentlemen, tittering and self-conscious in their adulteries, epidermal or merely fashionable in their sensuality, a million miles away from their lusty seventeenth-century ancestors. They believed themselves the rulers of England because they produced, every generation or so, a score of real aristocrats who had as much in common with their "peers" as with the meanest peasant. On what did they pride themselves? Their taste? Romneys and Raeburns, *petit-point* chairs, Coromandel screens, mahogany doors, jeweled clocks, crystal rabbits—why, the home-made furniture of a Tweedside cotter was an unconscious reflection of far better taste than was evidenced in the most expensive London drawing-room of 1900. Their culture? They despised or (the same thing) patronized the arts and sciences; reduced conversation to the back-fence gabble of fishwives; and the "code" on which they laid so much stress had no real independent existence. The aristocracy Miss Sackville-West believes she is depicting was nothing but a fief of the invisible manor of the lower classes. Its code was a function of the hero-worship of inferiors. It was essentially vulgar because it had one eye cocked on the admiration of gutter-snipes. Take away the gutter-snipes and not too much is left of the aristocracy. If these people had been *really* instead of traditionally arrogant, inalienable in their superiority, there would have been at least an aesthetic excuse for them. But they betrayed their weakness by their repeated proclamations that they were fulfilling a social duty by being "an example to the lower classes."

Theirs was a civilization which had no form—merely a pattern. The author draws an amusing parallel between the society above and the society below stairs at Chevron, the country house which is the major scene of her novel. But the limitations of her caste-mind prevent her from following out the final implications of the analogy. Mrs. Wickenden, the housekeeper, and Vigeon, the butler, stand at the head of a hierarchy just as complicated and inflexible as the "real" aristocracy which it apes. They represent a social culture which is, at bottom, interchangeable with that of the masters. What do the masters deem important? Manners, poise, the homage due to

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rank, tact in the spreading of infamy, the ability to be elegantly bored, and an inside knowledge of the minor doings of the major people. But it is precisely by these things that the servants live, it is precisely these things that they know and value. Yet one can tell the aristocrats from the serfs by one salient difference: the masters, having no jobs to hold, can afford to philander; and the slaves, who must work or die, merely long to. As for wit, insight, intelligence, courage, gentleness of heart—all of which made up the Renaissance aristocratic ideal—neither masters nor slaves paid any attention to these things. For these are peculiar to the really masterly; and the aristocrats of "The Edwardians" have become unaristocratic simply because they have protected themselves too efficiently against any incursion of the struggle for existence.

The hollowness of their pretensions is nicely brought out by the hero, Sebastian, the young lord of Chevron, who, because he is bored, stages a revolt against the prejudices of his class. But his very revolt is affected and gutless. Having been carefully educated to think poorly and to indulge himself like a pampered animal, Sebastian is incapable of more than a melancholy cynicism at his own expense and two or three inane love affairs conducted below his own social level. Miss Sackville-West tries to make the plight of her sensual little prig heavily symbolic; but the hero is a featherweight and so his tragedy is pinchbeck.

It is apparent that the author is in general aware of the three qualities which distinguish her characters: vulgarity, stupidity, and brutality. But she lacks either the skill or the courage to do more than poke a little fun at them, accompanied by a poetic sigh that all this lovely, if empty, pageantry must pass away. One feels that she cannot escape her own tradition; her satire is half admiration. She delights in long (and damnably dull) descriptions of aristocratic dinners and clothes—and then remembers that she is intelligent enough to be able to mock at these things. The whole treatment recalls those ladies who scoff cynically at the vapid social round without which, in very truth, they would collapse like pricked balloons. Miss Sackville-West's *enfant-terrible* air is heightened by the hushed naughtiness with which she refers to the rakish adventures of Edward VII, to the "discreet one-horse brougham . . . outside a certain door," and so forth.

For the rest, "The Edwardians" is a feeble and repetitious performance, entirely unworthy of the clever author of "Seducers in Ecuador" or the moving one of "The Land." It is a social error in what one hopes will yet prove a brilliant career.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Riddle of Depression

Rationalization and Unemployment. By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

FOR a generation J. A. Hobson has been fighting outside the breastworks, valiantly maintaining against the orthodox economists the possibility of general overproduction, or, to put it accurately in accordance with his theory, the inevitability of periodical general underconsumption. Today he is able to assert:

> It is now a generally accepted truth that in organized industry there exists a general excess of productive power, in the sense that any attempt to operate this power at its full capacity, so as to produce goods as fast as they can be produced, is soon checked by a failure of markets, followed by a suspension or restriction of productive activity.

Ten million or more unemployed workers in America and Europe today testify to the truth of his contention.

The primary cause of general overproduction, to state Mr. Hobson's argument in a sentence, is bad distribution, putting too much income into the hands of the richer classes, who can do nothing but invest it, and too little into the hands of the poorer groups, who want to raise their standard of living, and who must be relied on to furnish most of the market for consumable goods. This result is practically inevitable under our scheme of capitalism as at present operated. The surplus over costs produced by industry, a surplus constantly augmented by the progress of technology and organization, belongs to the owners of business, who almost automatically reinvest it. To quote again:

> The undue concentration upon the saving represented by enlargement and improvement of material capital and the neglect of the saving represented in enlarged and improved labor capacity constitute a chief defect in the operation of modern capitalism and in the economic thinking formed by it.

Investment in "improved labor capacity" through high wages and other methods, making the distribution of income less unequal, is also, be it noted, a means of keeping up general consuming power, thus assuring that steady expansion of the market the periodical lack of which is the cause of recurrent periods of business depression and unemployment. Continuous prosperity requires, then, a right balance between investment in material capital on the one hand and growing and improved current consumption on the other. In the existing scheme, we rely on changes in the rate of interest to induce changes in the amount of saving and thus to maintain such a balance. Mr. Hobson maintains basically that for the reason given above this scheme fails, producing almost automatically a relative "oversaving." The history of the past century and a half, in my judgment, proves that he is right.

If the decisions of capital owners guided by the interest rate do not yield the required balance, how shall we get it? Mr. Hobson urges, first of all, the increase of wages, not only in proportion to production (with which they have conspicuously failed to keep pace), but what is distinctly more, to productive power. Specifically, he maintains that the power of price-fixing by private business in order to make maximum profits has got to be controlled; and in the case of "close monoply in a vital industry" he comes out squarely for public management. He favors a surplus-profits tax so arranged as to stimulate supply and a low price level, and strongly approves heavy taxation in general for the development of social services:

> Such taxation confers the double benefit of reducing the maldistribution of the real income of the economic community in favor of the workers, and thereby of procuring an expansion of markets which stimulates increased production by enlarging the employment of capital and labor.

The establishment of the right balance between saving and spending, so sadly lacking in our present order, would do more than put an end to the disastrous movement of the business cycle, with its periods of industrial prostration and unemployment. In Mr. Hobson's judgment the increase of wages might mean the development of higher wants, calling for goods less amenable to the machine process and requiring labor more individualized and skilful, and therefore less costly in the important sense of life-cost. It might likewise mean an increased appreciation of leisure and an increased wisdom in using it. To quote another striking sentence:

> The supreme test of our economic intelligence is our willingness and ability so to organize the use of our growing "surplus" that after the real needs of economic maintenance and progress have been met, the whole of the remainder may be directed to providing the economic support and the leisure needed for the general enlargement and enrichment of non-economic life.

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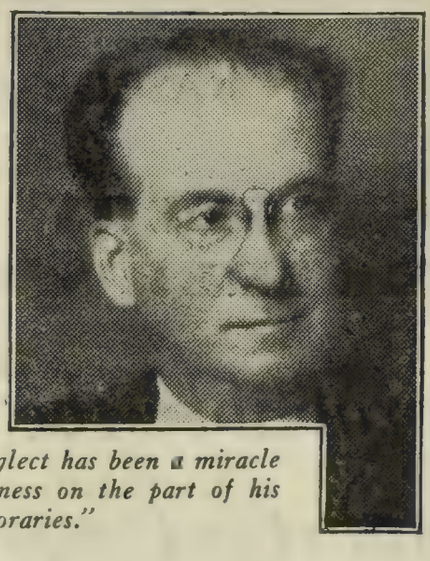
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Whether we shall succeed in attaining such an end depends on the success of labor and the consumer in curbing the profit-making greed of capitalism, and, more profoundly, on "the ability of a society, bred in the game of material accumulation and the prestige of material success, to extricate itself from this crude materialism." Furthermore, a country like Great Britain finds its possibilities of action sharply conditioned by what is done in other lands, and the problem thus becomes international. In Mr. Hobson's words:

> This economic internationalism . . . derives from the growing recognition of the fact that the modern powers of production can only be utilized by a government of industry consciously directed to secure for all a rising standard of life in which increasing leisure and non-economic values shall be the fruits of rationalization. How far and how fast this conception of the part to be played by the economic system in a world-civilization is realizable constitutes the most challenging problem of our age.

Mr. Hobson's present book, which constitutes a summary and development of all his previous work in the field, is a bold challenge to comfortable orthodox thought about the business cycle and unemployment; it contains a wealth of practical suggestion of the lines along which social action must proceed if we are to avoid revolution by moving effectively for the elimination of periodic business depression and catastrophic unemployment.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Catholic Novelist

The Family. By François Mauriac. Translated from the French by Lewis Galantière. Covici-Friede. $2.

THIS volume contains two of Mauriac's best-known short novels, "The Kiss to the Leper" and "Génitrix," both laid in the Bordeaux forest country which is the setting for all his best work, the two held lightly together by the fact of the family relationship existing between the Cazenaves of the second story and the dominating Péloueyres of the first.

Into the souls of a few of these people of the pines, of a few representatives of this family of bourgeois forest owners, Mauriac throws the light of his understanding. In Mauriac, who is a Catholic, that faint strain of irony which colors the whole of "Madame Bovary," that aloofness of the scientific spirit which characterizes the unbelievers among the French regional novelists are missing. There is a simplicity in his play upon his themes; and this often leads him to overload the slender threads of his stories with emotion. He does not look down on his people from the twin godlike heights of pity and irony. He is the father confessor, a little naive, probing gently but with firmness into the sins and disquietudes of people whom, he is sure, he understands so well.

But this may be misleading to those who have not read Mauriac. He does not obtrude the subject of religion, nor does he evade any phase of life or attitude of mind which touches his characters. He is the literary artist, one who happens to be a Catholic. He is a realist, but one who can no more leave his religious nature out of his work than any other artist can deny or conceal that which directs his spirit.

"The Kiss to the Leper" tells of the married life of Jean Péloueyre, the dwarfed and ugly son of the leading family of the district, and the handsome, simple, and virtuous Noèmi, a life which is bitter to both of them. Each suffers in silence. The pious wife, in her simplicity, strives to conceal the loathing which his body arouses in her. The husband cannot, in his self-humiliation, express his love. And so he dies because he can no longer bear to inflict himself upon her.

"Génitrix" is the more profound story. Indeed, it is the finest of all the novels of its author that I have read, a little masterpiece in its perceptions, in its suggestiveness, in the bits of illuminating truth that flash from its pages. Oftentimes it is these things in the Mauriac novels rather than the stories as units or the central themes that are most rewarding. In the weakling, middle-aged son of the Cazenave family, ruled and adored by his Péloueyre mother, ruled by her even after his marriage to Mathilde and until Mathilde dies, when the dead woman gains the ascendancy and controls him until the mother, in her turn, dies also—in this flabby, unreleased soul Mauriac has seen and been able to reveal glimpses of motives and impulses that are no less universal because they are so profoundly concealed. If one wishes merely to sample a French novelist who is much better known in Europe than he is here, one could do no better than to read this story.

Mr. Galantière has provided a translation of unusual beauty.

FRED T. MARSH

The Mexican

Tepoztlán—A Mexican Village. By Robert Redfield. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Mexican Immigration to the United States. By Manuel Gamio. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THESE excellent books complement each other. One shows the Mexican in his native habitat; the other, as he becomes, uprooted and transplanted across the border, an immigrant in a strange land.

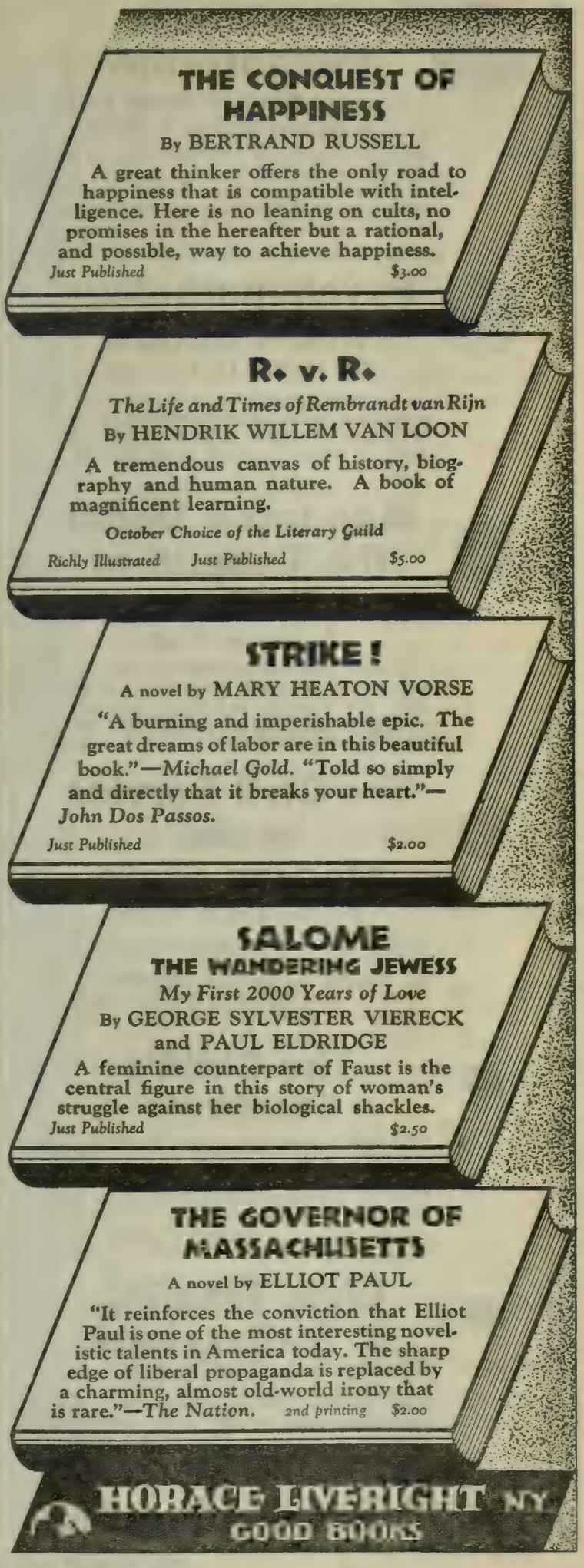
Robert Redfield's intimate study of the daily life, customs, and beliefs of the inhabitants of the Morelos mountain town of Tepoztlán is pioneer research. Its only Mexican precedent is Gamio's monumental but less intensive three-volume survey of the people of the Valley of Teotihuacan in the state of Mexico. Mr. Redfield is an ethnologist. And while he modestly deprecates the insufficiency of his eight months' village residence, his findings are of unusual value, and almost indispensable among works published in English for an understanding of our southern neighbor.

He begins by emphasizing the disparity, so vital in Mexico, between the official material relating to national history—government, foreign policy, and the like—and the actual folkways of a nation composed largely of "folk-people." And here is the heart of the whole Mexican puzzle. Mr. Redfield has laid it bare, chiefly by dispassionate recording, occasionally by shrewd and sympathetic comment.

Thus, in this collection of cliff villages, scarce sixty miles from the capital as the crow flies, Nahua, the tongue of the Aztecs, still prevails. Four hundred years after Cortez, these villagers specialize, as before the Conquest, in the manufacture of a few useful articles, trading them for other necessities in the markets of similar communities. Many pre-Columbian patterns persist, especially in cookery utensils and house furnishings. For, as Mr. Redfield points out, with the exception of ironworking, which soon made obsolete Indian technique in stone, bone, shell, and copper, the Spaniards supplemented rather than supplanted the native craftsmanship. Highly valuable is the classification of the Indian, Spanish, and mixed elements in the Tepoztlano's daily life.

The essence of Mr. Redfield's exposition may be sensed from the following profound lines:

> In Tepoztlán, as in other simple societies, the pulse of life is measured more directly than it is with us by the great clocks of the sky. Life everywhere is not a sustained adjustment, but a series of crises and lyses, an alternation of tension and release. The movement of this rhythm is



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set in the first instance by astronomical recurrences. The rotation of the earth, the revolution of the earth around the sun, even the waxing and waning of the moon constitute the metronome of human interests. Upon these cadences of nature the simpler people are more directly dependent. Elsewhere, artificial heat and light and the interchange of products of different climates go far toward making one hour, or day, or month like another. But while in Tepoztlán the clock in the tower of the Palacio Municipal strikes the hours, the sound of its bell reaches the ears of a small number of the inhabitants, and all are far more attentive to the chronometers of sunset and sunrise, and of wet season and dry.

Dr. Gamio has demonstrated how fascinating and freighted with human interest a presumably dry subject may be made. Fortunately also an ethnologist, he has illumined his treatise on Mexican immigration to the United States with the full implication of chronological and racial disparities. For it is Mr. Redfield's villager—from a thousand mesa and sierra pueblos—who comes to the United States in search of a livelihood. We learn what manner of man he is, why he comes, what happens to him here. Despite social prejudice and economic discrimination and exploitation, Dr. Gamio believes that "as a whole . . . Mexican immigrants are bettered in the United States in various ways." But "although contact with American civilization is of benefit to them, and they adopt some of its characteristics, the majority never become integrally assimilated to American civilization."

Dr. Gamio's conclusion is that while transient immigration is beneficial to both countries from the economic standpoint, permanent immigration is harmful to both. His suggestions for the control of immigration are particularly needed in the face of such rough-hewn and discriminatory legislation as the Harris bill.

ERNEST GRUENING

Richard and Cosima

Cosima Wagner. By Richard, Count du Moulin-Eckart. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $10.

SO tumultuous was the wordy tempest raging for years about the doughty little figure of Richard Wagner, and prolonging its violence far beyond his death, that one might fancy the deposed gods of Valhalla had testily summoned the elements in a vain attempt to destroy the presumptuous human who had celebrated their shame in imperishable music. While its fury has long since abated, the storm still lingers along the horizon with futile mutterings of "the truth about Wagner."

Aside from attacks upon Wagner's artistic conceptions and the technical methods of their embodiment, perhaps the bitterest contention has circled about the question of whether or not the composer, harassed as he was by incessant worries from without and by his irascible temperament from within, would have been able to finish the huge tetralogy of "The Ring" had not Cosima Liszt von Bülow braved disrepute to become his devoted companion. Every student of musical genius has pored over the reams of controversy, trying to reach a decision about the real character of the woman who left her husband in 1866, lived with Wagner without benefit of clergy until their marriage in 1870, and shielded him with her loving care while he wrought the towering finials of his life work. The debate, once so acrimonious, is a debate no more, for the Graf du Moulin-Eckart has spoken the crushing rebuttal in his exhaustive study of Cosima, in which he adduces the irrefutable evidence of her diaries.

Wagner's granitic self-confidence was split by a tiny crack of doubt that the world saw only in its effect upon his conduct

toward his associates. He was entirely conscious of his genius, and he had a superb belief in his powers of accomplishment, but his mind could not rest at peace without the assurance of others. From those who professed to admire and love him he exacted complete subservience; their faith in him must be absolute, their obedience to his whims unquestioning, that his own faith in himself might feel no tremor of dubiety. For such an immolation of personality he sought vainly until Cosima came to him.

In this minutely detailed biography, which ends with the death of Wagner and will be completed later in a work on "The Lady of Bayreuth," one sees that Cosima's nature was essentially that of an impassioned devotee. What she asked f life was self-fulfilment through service. She would have lavished her altruistic zeal on her father, had not Liszt held his children at arm's length, as it were, during their formative years. When she married Hans von Bülow in her twentieth year she devoted herself whole-heartedly to his advancement. She was his veritable helpmate, aiding him in his battles for the "new music" which he performed as virtuoso and conductor, and encouraging his ambition as a composer.

Although she discovered that the composer in him would never come forth fully because of weak inspiration, she showed no wavering until the hour when her intuitions crystallized into the realization that a greater man than Von Bülow needed her. Once the decision was made, there was no hesitation before the pains of action; where her devotion was placed, there was her heart also. With the story of her almost incredible abrogation of self before the demands of a genius from whose character affection could never cast out irritation and peevishness, the greater part of these two volumes is concerned.

While society scornfully condemned her for her treatment of Von Bülow, she served humbly the master she had chosen, outwardly indifferent both to the obloquy of the world and to the bitter tongue of her tyrant. In her diaries she set down the sufferings of spirit that she endured, and one can now read therein the full measure of the cup she drank. A single incident must suffice here. On the day that Wagner completed the scoring of "Götterdämmerung," Cosima saw the manuscript on his table but refrained from speaking about it because he had complained the previous day about being overstrained and tired.

> In order to distract him, I tossed him a letter I had just received from my father. . . . He was hurt, and told me that "Götterdämmerung" was finished, remarking bitterly that when a letter of Liszt's came, all interest in himself vanished. During the midday meal I concealed my suffering, but when Richard repeated his harsh complaints later, I could not help bursting into tears, and I am still weeping as I write this.
>
> And so I have been robbed of this supreme joy, but not by the stirring of any bad motives within me. The fact that I have dedicated my life to this work in suffering has not won me the right to celebrate its completion with joy. Therefore I celebrate it with pain—I consecrate this exalted wonderful work with my tears and thank the eternal God who has laid upon me the burden of being the first to expiate this completion by my suffering. To whom can I tell my pain, to whom lament it? With Richard I can only keep silence. I will confide it to these pages; they may teach my son to cherish no anger, no hatred, but boundless pity for that most pitiful creature, man.

In Richard and Cosima Wagner destiny brought together two complements—the complete egoist and the complete altruist; the one found an obscure satisfaction in inflicting pain, the other in enduring it. Of the two, the egoist is the more helpless. We now know what has long been suspected—that without Cosima, Richard Wagner would have met spiritual disaster in mid-career. In giving us this certainty, the Graf du Moulin-

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RAY C. B. BROWN

The News Services

History of Cooperative News-Gathering in the United States. By Victor Rosewater. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

MR. ROSEWATER has made a most elaborate and valuable study of the history of news-gathering organizations in the United States, and he has brought together a number of very interesting new facts about the origins of the various news services. He even includes a review of what he calls the supplemental services, such as David Lawrence's Consolidated Press Association and the radical Federated Press's Labor News Service. Even the work of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency and its Daily Bulletin are herein described. Having been himself, like his father, an editor of prominence, he has had much personal experience to draw upon. In addition, the files of some of the leading newspapers and libraries and the remarkable collection of books and clippings on journalism gathered by the late Professor Lucy Salmon of Vassar have helped him. Altogether, he has rather thoroughly covered the period which he himself describes as one in which news-gathering has grown from rowboat to radio.

Naturally, one turns first of all to his story of the Associated Press. While his story is in no sense meant to be a critical review he has set forth the facts and let them speak for themselves, as they often significantly do—as in the matter of the right of the Associated Press to discipline its members. He has faithfully recorded the various changes in that organization, in its ideals, its news service, its definition of what constitutes news and the function of a news association; and he ends with the appearance on the scene of Kent Cooper, the present general manager, untrammeled by previous traditions. He is not unaware of the regrettable tendency of the association constantly to reelect its directors, and he details at some length the revolt within the association against the small privileged class of bond-holding members which, from the outset, was in a position to monopolize the voting power. He naturally comments upon the curious fact that the demand for revocation of these special privileges should "have led the members into voting themselves as a whole the same privileges." He also points out the striking fact that the revolt against limited rights within the association to protest against the election of new members within a certain territory already occupied by members, in turn led to the protested rights being extended to one and all. As a result, instead of becoming easier to gain admission, it has become more difficult. In other words, the Associated Press has made it impossible for anyone to get in unless protest rights of existing members are waived. Mr. Rosewater clearly sees that this "tighter shutting of the door by Associated Press service must further and stimulate" the tendency to consolidation and extermination of dailies which is one of the most marked developments in the newspaper world today.

Especially valuable is Mr. Rosewater's summary of the development of the legal rights of the Associated Press, its meeting of the charge of monopoly brought against it, and its establishment of its right of property in news. Altogether, this book takes its place as a standard reference volume, and it will be placed on the shelves alongside the critical studies of the various news-gathering services.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Books in Brief

Every Mother's Son. By Norman Lindsay. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

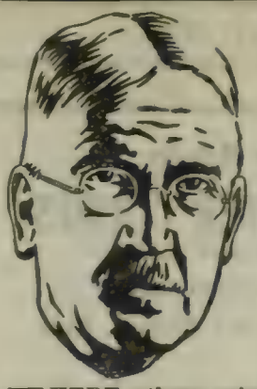
Norman Lindsay, the Australian artist, has written a first novel of adolescence which is so human, so engaging, so brilliant that it challenges comparison with Tarkington. But Mr. Lindsay's young people are of a different sort from Mr. Tarkington's. One might say that Mr. Lindsay does for the adolescent mind what Richard Hughes does for the child's mind in "The Innocent Voyage." Tarkington's young people are almost perfectly rendered. He is a master. But Lindsay writes of young Australians who are not quite so infantile, so anemic, so childish. Given an Old World setting his Robert might have written verses of merit instead of the imitative doggerel which is so perfectly woven into Robert's expression of himself. Robert wavers between the high realms of poetry and the equally enticing low society of his town friends, with whom he smokes and drinks beer and keeps a weather eye on all the town girls who look promising. And the story and portrait of his sister Helen, the quiet girl who early becomes familiarized with the art and technique of youthful love, is extraordinarily well projected. The book is a delight to one who knows whereof Mr. Lindsay speaks. To others it cannot help offering entertainment.

Tales from the Argentine. Edited with a Foreword by Waldo Frank. Translated from the Spanish by Anita Brenner. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

It is good to learn from the publishers that "Tales from the Argentine" is the first of many books from South America to be published under the authoritative editorship of Waldo Frank. The present volume includes a careful selection of stories from the pens of Payró, Lugones, Lopez, Sarmiento, Güiraldes, and Quiroga. All these writers, many of whom were political journalists, belong to an Argentina that is passing, to a land still untraversed and barbarian, untouched on the one hand by imperialist incursions from the north, and on the other by aesthetic innovations from Paris. Here are graphically drawn pictures of the gaucho before the picaresque had been squeezed out of him by big-business agriculture; of the war between the Unitarios and the Federales out of which strode the bloody figure of Rosas; of the small, melancholy country towns, unmindful of the airplane to come; of the jungle, gashed by enormous rivers, almost virgin of the footsteps of man. The difficult job of translation is beautifully managed by Anita Brenner; and Mr. Frank's notes and introduction are highly informing. Anyone interested in the intense, important life of the Argentine will hasten to peruse this book, and will await with eagerness Mr. Frank's promised volume of tales by the newer men.

Dartmouth Verse. 1930. Hanover, N. H.: The Arts. $2.

This anthology of undergraduate poetry has the usual range of subjects and treatments. Some of the verse included is over literary and some is eccentric. The young poets have such purely personal aversions as "licorice and onions fried," and are given to the use of such trite lines as "love and hope and little wisps of dreams." One or two interesting tendencies may be discerned: the desire to write about the city and modern life, and, in one case at least, the use of exacting verse form for personal expression, a turn in general agreement with the times. There are some very good sonnets and lyrics by William Kimball Flaccus. Vernon Michael Welsh and W. S. Siferd have contributed poems interesting for their originality of subject matter.



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Drama

Joe Cook

AN old hand at theatergoing ought certainly never to find himself as puzzled as this one was on his visit to the new Joe Cook show the other night, when by chance his eye fell on the first page of the program: namely, by whether a Joe Cook show is just a Joe Cook show, or is actually as much of a collaboration as the announcements would seem to show.

It is familiar enough to the ear of most New Yorkers to hear "Joe Cook is playing at so-and-so," or "Joe Cook has just opened" somewhere else, and all that, but it would seem very unfamiliar to hear, merely, for example, "Shall we go to see 'Fine and Dandy'?" which is the current Cook background. For myself, I said, "Well, I'll go around and see Joe Cook before I write this piece." But as I happened in a little early, and somebody gave me a program, I read as follows: "Morris Green and Lewis E. Gensler present Joe Cook in 'Fine and Dandy,' Book by Donald Ogden Stewart, Music by Kay Swift, Lyrics by Paul James, Many Nonsensical Moments created by Joe Cook, Entire Production directed by Morris Green, Settings by Henry Dreyfus, Costumes designed by Charles LeMaire, Dialogue directed by Frank McCoy, Dances by Dave Gould and Tom Nip, Routine of Abbott Dancers directed by Merriel Abbott," and so on; and then an enormous cast.

Rubbish, I said to myself, all that is here needed is "Joe Cook at this theater (which is the Erlanger, by the way), in a few nonsensical moments created by himself." But after the whole thing got under way, I wasn't so sure. I wondered if perhaps I hadn't often been misled in the theater by the effectiveness of the coworkers in making their star seem so reminding of "when only one is shining in the sky." Well, Joe Cook was perfectly marvelous, and the show was perfectly beautiful, and often exciting and pleasing even in the absence of Cook, so I didn't come to any conclusions.

I know that six months from now I shall still remember Cook playing with the telephones, and dancing with the high-school horses, and puttering around with gadgets. I won't probably remember anything else much. But in spite of his well-remembered, well-beloved hour in vaudeville, years back, when his aids were few or none, I think it is possible that "Fine and Dandy" counts heavily in his favor, and that the long list on the program is really an honor roll.

There is one tow-headed youngster in his company who is unquestionably a great help, and I think her name is Nell O'Day. She is the one who dances, in the pink dress, with a vigorous collection of young men who, I think, are the Tommy Atkins Sextet. Musical-comedy programs may give you food for thought, but they give you subsidiary information with a grudging hand.

All the good wishes in the world couldn't quite carry "Mr. Gilhooley" over the top on Tuesday night at the Broadhurst Theater, though the applause was gusty and genuine for the players. It is Jed Harris's production of Frank Elser's adaptation of Liam O'Flaherty's novel, with Helen Hayes and Arthur Sinclair starred, and Maire O'Neill tucked away in a tiny part. "Mr. Gilhooley" just wouldn't jell. It had a good many things in it that make a play better than the average—in fact it had too many of them. But they were mostly wasted. There was altogether too much emotion in it, seeing that none of it traveled in the same direction for five minutes on end. However, here is a profound hope that it will run long enough for all the persons who love good acting to see Miss Hayes and Mr. Sinclair.

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†Once In a Lifetime—Music Box—45 St., W. of B'way.
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*Symphony in Two Flats—Shubert—44 St., W. of B'way.
†That's Gratitude—John Golden—W. 58 St.
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*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
‡The Second Little Show—Royale—45 St., W. of B'way.
*Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.

First Nights

Civic Repertory—14 St., W. of Sixth Ave.
Marigold—49 St—W. of B'way.
Stepdaughters of War—Empire—B'way and 40 St.

Discussion

Dr. A. A. Brill—Sex Life and Proper Living—Sunday afternoon, Oct. 12 at 4 o'clock, Auditorium—150 W. 85 St.

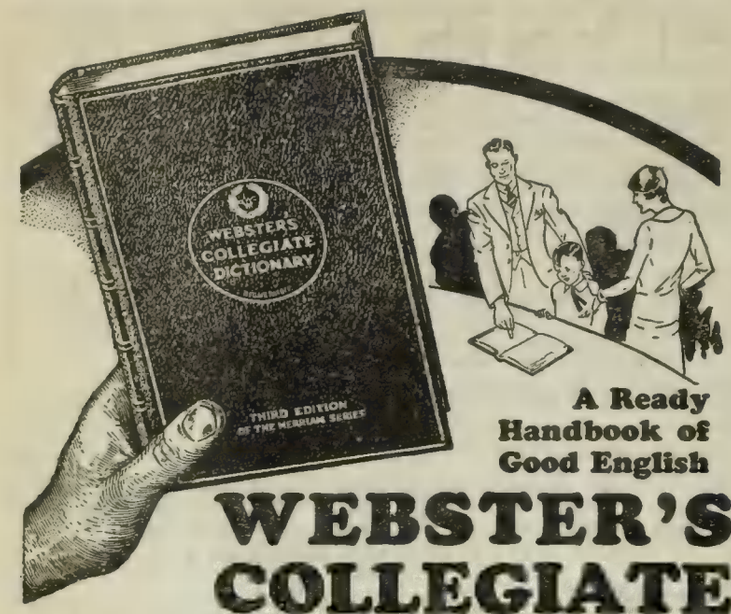
Films

Anybody's Woman, Beginning Oct. 11; Romance, Beginning Oct. 15—Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
Atlantic, English Version—Cohan Theater—44 St. and B'way.
Atlantic, German Version—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Outward Bound—Hollywood—B'way and 51 St.
Rasputin—Fifth Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
Storm Over Asia—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
The White Hell of Pitz Palu—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.

Concerts

Argentina—Town Hall—Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings; Oct. 14, 16, 17 at 8:30.
Florence Easton—Carnegie Hall—Oct. 13, evening.
Philharmonic Symphony, Erich Kleiber, Conductor, evenings; Thursday, Oct. 9, 16, Saturday, Oct. 11, 18, at 8:45. Afternoons: Friday, Oct. 10, 17 at 2:30 and Sunday, Oct. 12, 19, at 3:00.
Ruggiero Ricci—Carnegie—Friday evening, Oct. 17.
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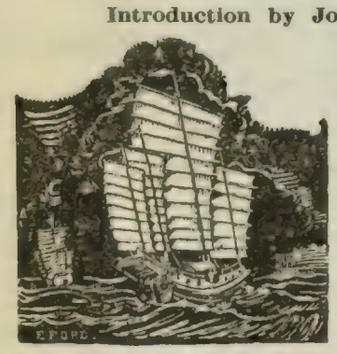
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Films

The Grafted Narrative

ALTHOUGH a great deal of the danger in which characters in screen thrillers are so frequently found is nothing but screen illusion, there is no denying the purely physical appeal of such a record of Alpine adventure as "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" (Cameo). Here nature itself is alive with drama as it bares its gaping abysses, rises in towering walls of ice, or breaks into the fury of blizzards and avalanches. Added to this there is a visual loveliness that casts a sweet enchantment even over the perils of Alpine mountaineering, or at least so it appears to one ensconced in a comfortable chair as he watches the Alpine glories so amazingly recorded in this German film. But of course, the wonders of the Alps do not make up the entire picture. It has a story, too—a rather juvenile affair of no particular consequence but good enough to do duty as the framework for the thrills of climbing a most formidable peak, and as the vehicle for fairly able acting.

There is one feature of this American version of the film that deserves special consideration. Like the recent film of Byrd's expedition to the South Pole, "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" is accompanied here and there by spoken narrative. Mr. McNamee, of radio fame, is the narrator in the present case, but his efforts, like those of Mr. Gibbons in the earlier film, never succeed in heightening the drama of the story. In fact, they rather detract from it. It must be admitted, of course, that the flights of both these narrators into lyrical and dramatic rhetoric are tinged, and rather heavily, with tabloid bathos. But it would be unfair to blame them alone for their failure.

The idea of a spoken narrative running parallel with the picture is not only legitimate in itself, but is also extremely promising as a novel cinematic form. It must be applied intelligently, however, and this implies a relationship between words and images that makes them inseparable from one another. It is said that in Japan silent pictures have always been explained to the audience in a highly dramatized comment supplied by a special and permanently employed actor. To a large extent this was an easy substitute for the foreign titles. But a silent picture, made as a silent picture, should hardly require such extraneous help. It is only when images are used to *illustrate* a spoken narrative that the combination of the two becomes natural, and it is only when pictures and words bear a close correspondence to one another that their joint use becomes effective. To be fully successful, however, this presupposes a new "hieroglyphic" technique of which Hollywood today has not the ghost of a notion.

One may not be inclined to accept "Outward Bound" (Hollywood) as a valuable contribution to religious or philosophic thought, for boiled down to its essentials it has singularly little to say, but it may be recommended as an entertaining fantasy that now and again rises to genuine pathos. Perhaps the most striking feature of the film is its well-sustained eeriness, however much is contributed to this effect by the hooting siren (alas, not without occasional slips into comicality). There is also some excellent acting in the picture, particularly by Mr. Leslie Howard and Miss Helen Chandler.

Another English play to find its way to the screen, "Young Woodley" (Cohan), has a sincerity and fresh naturalness about it that make it extremely attractive, although the story itself may seem to give a rather distorted perspective of the relation between youth and age. The film is well acted and is directed with considerable skill and sensitiveness.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

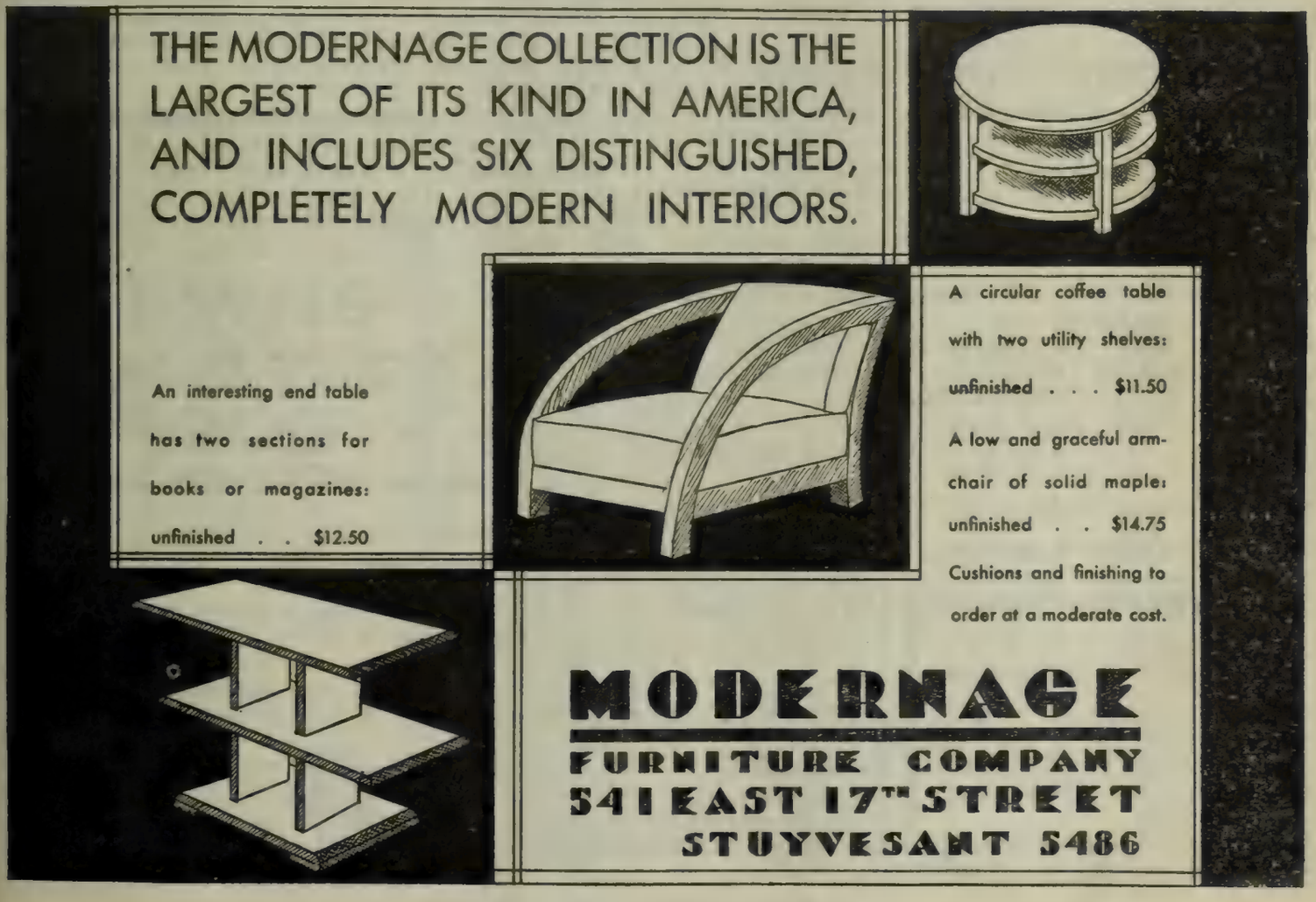
Some Notable Fall Books

ART, ARCHITECTURE

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Faure, Elie. The Spirit of the Forms. Trans. Walter Pach. Harper. $7.50.
Jewell, Edward Alden. Americans: Modern Art Series. Knopf. $3.
Kootz, Samuel. Modern American Painters. Brewer and Warren. $5.
Munro, Thomas. Great Pictures of Europe. Brentano's. $3.50.
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BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

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Craig, Gordon. Henry Irving. Longmans, Green. $3.
Drinkwater, John. Pepys: His Life and Character. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Edschmid, Kasimir. The Passionate Rebel: A Romantic Biography of Lord Byron. A. and C. Boni. $3.
Fyfe, Hamilton. Northcliffe. Macmillan. $5.
Gandhi, Mahatma: His Own Story. Edited Charles F. Andrews. Macmillan. $2.50.
Gladstone, Mary. Her Diaries and Letters. Edited Lucy Masterman. Dutton. $5.
Gramont, E. de. Pomp and Circumstance. Trans. Victor and Florence Llona. Cape and Smith. Vol. II. $3.
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Of *The Nation*, published weekly, Wednesday at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1930.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss:
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry R. Mussey, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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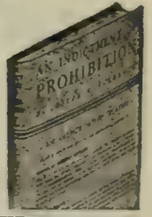
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 431
EDITORIALS:
Presidential Silences 434
South American "Revolt" 435
The World Court 435
Verisimilitude 436
SKIPPING BAIL. By Lewis S. Gannett 437
IS IT SAFE TO FLY? By Francis D. Walton 438
IN MEMORIAM (A. J.) By Eda Lou Walton 439
FRENCH PROSPERITY FADES. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 440
ON THE COLLEGE FRONTIER. IV. THE ANTIOCH FACULTY TRUST. By J. F. Kirkpatrick 441
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 443
CORRESPONDENCE 444
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:
Again This Quiet Day. By David Morton 446
"Progress" Without a Goal. By Henry Hazlitt 446
Portrait of a Family. By Dorothy Van Doren 447
The Great Senator Aldrich. By Claude Bowers 447
A Writer's Preparation. By Gerald Sykes 448
Russia in World Politics. By Frederick L. Schuman 449
Books in Brief 449
Architecture: Chrysler's Pretty Bauble. By Douglas Haskell 450
Drama: Making War Ridiculous. By Robert Benchley 451
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 452
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Weapons of Non-Violence. By George Slocombe 454

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CHANCELLOR BRÜNING'S drastic financial-reform program appears headed toward parliamentary defeat. A month of negotiations has failed to win any converts among the opposition parties to this scheme, although the Social Democrats, without whose cooperation the program cannot be carried through, have indicated they may support it should they be convinced that its defeat might imperil the republic. The emphasis the program places on salary and wage reductions has prompted several of the larger labor unions, from whom the Social Democrats draw their principal support, to announce their opposition to the proposed reforms, and in consequence the Socialists are now wavering. The National Socialists and the Communists, with 32 per cent of the votes in the new Reichstag, remain as determined as ever to defeat the program. On top of this the latest Berlin dispatches report a growing popular demand that financial reform be linked with revision of the Young Plan, a move Brüning believes would be fatal to his scheme. The hoodlumism which accompanied the opening of the Reichstag on October 13, in which Hitlerites broke windows and rushed the police besides engaging in furious verbal battles with Communist delegates, does not offer much hope of an orderly government. But President von Hindenburg is reported as not having lost hope of a parliamentary solution, although prepared to throw the entire weight of his official and personal influence behind the formation by the Chancellor of an extra-parliamentary government to rule in the crisis should the Reichstag refuse the financial program.

INCREASING UNEASINESS in financial and industrial quarters has paralleled the ever spreading confusion on the political side of the German domestic problem. The uneasiness has led to a "flight from the mark"; many Germans are converting their funds into foreign currency or are otherwise investing their money abroad; the Reichsbank has lost since the elections as much as $150,000,000 in gold, most of it going to France, because of this shift of capital to foreign countries. The Reichsbank directorate has deemed it necessary to raise the rediscount rate from 4 to 5 per cent to stem this outflow of capital, although the increase in the rate has made credit more expensive in a country that stands urgently in need of cheaper credit. European and American bankers likewise believe that positive action is necessary to relieve the internal financial strain in Germany. The $125,000,000 credit arranged for the German government by a group of American, Dutch, Swedish, and German bankers may, it is hoped, go a long way toward helping Brüning and the moderates weather the economic crisis and thus probably insure the continuance of constitutional government. Nevertheless it is acknowledged that the credit does not solve the German financial problem and must be looked upon largely as a gesture of confidence rather than as that positive action Brüning and Germany so sorely need. Moreover, the refusal of French bankers to participate in the credit transaction, even to the extent of only $5,000,000 as was suggested in American financial quarters, has left the unwelcome impression that France still clings to its theory that a weak Germany offers the best guaranty for French security.

BRITISH FREE TRADE will not, apparently, be exchanged for protection notwithstanding the ingenious proposal which R. B. Bennett, Conservative Prime Minister of Canada, has laid before the Imperial Conference at London. Mr. Bennett told the conference that Canada was prepared to offer tariff preference to Great Britain and the other dominions, in return for similar preference from them, on the basis of a 10 per cent increase in any existing or future general tariffs. A 30 per cent duty, for example, as between Great Britain and the dominions, would become 33 per cent for foreign imports. As there could be no preference unless there were a general tariff to be raised, Mr. Bennett's proposal was obviously a move in favor of protective duties in Great Britain. Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative leader, immediately jumped at the bait, and not only accepted the proposal as in harmony with the Conservative idea of free trade within the Empire and a tariff barrier against outsiders, but also announced that the next general election would be fought on that issue. The protectionist raid appears to have been halted, however, by the invincible opposition of Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will have nothing to do with protection in any form,

and by the counter-proposal, championed particularly by J. H. Thomas, Minister for the Dominions, for a government purchasing board which shall in some way favor the dominions. The whole question seems likely to be disposed of for the time being by referring it to a committee.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MITCHELL, in rendering an opinion that the power undertaking of the Appalachian Power Company on the New River is a minor project because the river is not navigable at the dam site, threatens a serious weakening of the federal power act. Minor projects under the power act are not subject to the same control as major ones in respect to their accounting and other restrictive features of the act; and if the Attorney General's definition of navigability is allowed to stand, it is asserted that practically all the power sites in the eastern United States, including the great Conowingo project, might be taken out from under the commission's jurisdiction over accounting and capitalization. The effectiveness both of rate regulation and of the recapture provisions under which projects go back to the government at the end of the fifty-year lease period depends entirely on the rigidity of the accounting control, and it is not strange that the companies have waged a ceaseless fight to weaken such control. The notorious confidential memorandum circulated among company officials in 1929, it will be recalled, suggested the desirability of distributing the commission's accounting among accountants in the Departments of War, Agriculture, and the Interior, which, it stated, "will not have men especially trained for this work." If the Attorney General's ruling in the New River case is sustained, corrective legislation ought to be promptly enacted.

THOSE SPECULATORS who interpreted the action of the New York Stock Exchange in "investigating" short selling as meaning that the practice would be forbidden and that security prices would immediately begin to rise suffered a crushing disappointment in the days following the Exchange's action. Though short selling is an indispensable stabilizing element in any market in which margin trading exists, it is habitually regarded as somehow unpatriotic and wicked, and nowhere more than in Wall Street itself, where the "bears" must take the blame for every violent decline. No one of any intelligence, however, imagines that short sellers of themselves can bring about more than a minor and temporary decline—certainly they can cause none approaching the collapse of the last thirteen months. In attempting to trace and put an end to false rumors meant to depress security prices the Stock Exchange authorities are, of course, doing no more than their plain duty. But such investigations have a way of being directed only at speculators who believe that stocks are going lower. Why did the Stock Exchange fail to take action early in 1929 to stop the thousands of false rumors at that time which allowed stocks to be sold to the public at preposterously high levels?

GIFFORD PINCHOT, the regular Republican nominee for governor in Pennsylvania, continues to have his troubles. All but one of the forty-eight Philadelphia ward leaders have now bolted his candidacy and announced that they would support John M. Hemphill, the Democratic and Liberal Party candidate. General W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and a leading figure in Pennsylvania politics, has resigned from the Republican National Committee because of his opposition to Mr. Pinchot, and Thomas W. Phillips, defeated wet candidate for the Republican nomination at the May primary, is out with a statement in which he attacks Mr. Pinchot as a politician whose party loyalty "is always secondary to and has been completely submerged by his personal ambitions." General Atterbury, as the head of a great railway system with immense interests in the State, should never have been a member of the Republican National Committee anyway, but the revolt as a whole, while perhaps serious, represents a phase of the old fight between the Mellon and Vare machines. Besides being dry, Mr. Pinchot has long been accounted radical in respect to the public regulation of industry, and radicalism of any kind is a heavy load for any candidate in Pennsylvania to carry.

WASHINGTON'S I. W. W. PRISONERS may derive some encouragement from a joint report just issued by three important religious bodies. The department of research and education of the Federal Council of Churches, the social-action department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and the social-justice committee of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, at the request of Washington churchmen, conducted an inquiry into the cases of the six men now serving sentences of from twenty-five to forty years in connection with the death of the commander of the American Legion at Centralia on Armistice Day, 1919. They declare that conspiracy to kill was not proved, and that while the men were legally guilty of a crime, "the crime was not premeditated and was committed under decidedly extenuating circumstances, in the light of which the sentences seem very severe." Going beyond the immediate legal question involved, they point out that the business men and the raiders also were responsible, the outstanding fact being "the passion of the community, which made sound moral judgment impossible." Yet of all the men to blame, these six are singled out, to spend a lifetime in jail. It is a lamentable example of class justice, and the churchmen of Washington and the religious bodies making this report deserve credit for their efforts.

THE BRITISH DELEGATES to the Round Table Conference on India all represent a moderate point of view, and their appointment is an indication of the present eagerness of the MacDonald Government for conciliation and agreement if possible with the Indian delegates. The government's own delegates are Premier MacDonald, Lord Sankey, Wedgwood Benn, Arthur Henderson, and J. H. Thomas. Conservative delegates include Earl Peel, former Secretary of State for India, and the Marquess of Zetland, formerly Governor of Bengal, while the delegates of the Liberal Party include the former Viceroy, the Marquess of Reading. Neither Stanley Baldwin nor David Lloyd George is included, and Sir John Simon, as previously announced, is also omitted. While the Simon report is to be the "basis of discussion," the complexion of the British delegation suggests a willingness to grant considerable concessions, if necessary, and no effort is made to conceal the government's anxiety over the situation. Conditions in India, meanwhile, appear to be quieter; but if Mr. Slocombe's observation of the spread of the Nationalist movement, as reported in our Interna-

tional Relations Section this week, is correct, then the real center of Indian affairs is still Yerovda jail and not London.

FASCISM HAS WON what on the surface appears to be an important electoral victory in Finland. The election was fought out on the sole issue of whether Communists should by law be barred from holding public office. The fascists and their conservative and reactionary allies have apparently won 144 seats in the new Finnish parliament, or more than the two-thirds majority needed for passage of the proposed law. The intense wave of reaction that has swept the Baltic republic in the last six months may be attributed almost entirely to the success that Russia has had in underselling Finnish lumber on the world market. As a result, the timber industry in Finland, which is the foundation of the country's economic position, is actually bankrupt. The interests suffering from this economic plight have taken up the fascist cry and have through effective slogans won the support of most of the peasants, who ordinarily are not politically minded. Their movement is not actually directed against the Communists, legislation adopted several years ago having outlawed the real Communists, but is aimed at the Left Socialists, who through clever propaganda have had the Communist label effectively pinned on them. These Left Socialists will apparently now be suppressed. The moderate parties who supported the fascists in the election may have cause for worry lest the fascists carry these tactics a step farther, hang the Communist label on them, and thus leave only the reactionary Right wing to govern a country which for years was thought a pioneer of parliamentary democracy.

AMERICAN SAMOA, a possession of the United States for thirty years, is to have a form of representative government, if the recommendations of the commission headed by Senator Bingham of Connecticut are approved by Congress. In place of a naval officer designated by the President and exercising full civil and criminal authority, the commission will recommend a governor chosen from naval, military, or civil life as the President may deem best, and a legislature empowered to make laws subject to a gubernatorial veto but with a right of appeal to the President. Appeal to the Federal District Court of Hawaii in important civil or criminal cases is also recommended. The new system, which appears to be modeled somewhat upon that of the Virgin Islands, would seem to be sufficiently elaborate for a population of only about 9,000 in an island where life is not hurried and where local politics are already well developed. It has been the policy of the naval governors to avoid interference with local customs without popular consent save where they conflicted with United States laws, and to prevent the alienation of land—important because practically all of the land is privately owned. This course, which it is to be hoped may continue under any new scheme, is in striking contrast to what a writer in the English *New Leader* of July 4 last described as "the record of tyranny, persecution, and callous brutality" which has characterized the administration of Western Samoa by New Zealand.

REVOLUTIONARY VERSE, even if so far recognized by law as to be duly copyrighted in the United States, is a dangerous thing to be connected with if an immigration inspector takes a notion to look into it. Robert Parsons, better known by his pen name Marcus Graham, is in the toils and threatened with deportation for having in his possession a copy of "An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry," from Euripides to Sandburg, which he edited. He is further charged, falsely it is said, with having crossed the Mexican border at El Paso without the permit required of aliens; for which offense he was arrested in California, confined in jail at Yuma, examined privately by a federal board of inquiry, and refused the public trial which he demanded. All this in the land whose Constitution and virtuous ideals and habits Mr. Hoover praised to the skies at King's Mountain. The American Civil Liberties Union is doing its best to secure justice for Mr. Parsons, and the group of Rebel Poets is spreading information about the case.

THE DEDICATION of the Harding memorial at Marion, Ohio, has been indefinitely postponed. The memorial was built in 1926; since that time attempts have been made from time to time to persuade first President Coolidge and then President Hoover to take part in a dedication ceremony. Both gentlemen are alleged to have refused. Can it be that Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge have at last heard some of the rumors that have been current about the doings in Washington during the Harding Administration? As Vice-President and as Secretary of Commerce, respectively, during the palmy days of the Ohio Gang, they were, of course, in a cloistered position which did not provide them with opportunity to hear and digest the local scandal or read about it in the newspaper accounts of Senatorial investigations. Now that they are out in the world, the one as a newspaperman, the other as President of the United States, they are more in touch with things. It might be thought, however, that having kept silent all these years about one of the most scandalous administrations in the history of American politics, they would have been a little more gracious to see the comedy through to the end, to assume, as perhaps the large majority of their fellow-citizens assume, that President Harding was the dupe of his ambitious friends, and to make the final ironic act of the play the dedication of his tomb.

AN INTREPID, modest, and fast-moving aviator is Captain Frank M. Hawks. This young man took the trouble to arrange for an official count on his flight across the continent and back, for which he now holds the record, as he does for the flight from New York to Los Angeles. But ever since then he has been quietly adding to his speed records whether there was someone to check his time or not. He flew from Detroit to New York several weeks ago in 2 hours and 41 minutes, declaring when the flight was over that he had not tried to make a record but "was just coming home"—at an average speed of 254.7 miles an hour. On October 6 he flew from Boston to New York, a distance of 190 miles, in 53 minutes, along about the time his wife was making the same trip laboriously in an express train that crawled along at 40 miles an hour. A day or so later, having occasion to fly from Philadelphia to New York, Captain Hawks made the trip in 20 minutes, an average of 270 miles an hour for the 90 miles! A short while ago speeds like these would have been incredible; in a little while we shall take them as a matter of course. When we do, aviators like Captain Hawks will deserve a good share of the credit.

Presidential Silences

PRESIDENT HOOVER maintains an eloquent silence on the many important questions before the people. That silence remained conspicuously unbroken during the addresses which he recently delivered; for, in fact, he said almost nothing except that the good old American ways were the best ways and that if we cling to them, all will be as well with us as possible in a relatively bad world.

In his speech at King's Mountain Mr. Hoover did give us in a sentence his idea of government and a good social system:

> In the American social system, through free and universal education, we train the runners, we try to give them an equal start, our government is the umpire of fairness. The winner is he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, the strongest character.

And this in the year 1930! The President's reliance is everywhere and always on business as the dominating active agent, while the government, without intrusion, "can sometimes give leadership and serve to bring together divergent elements and secure cooperation in development of ideas, measures, and institutions." In the present crisis, for example, the government has apparently, in the President's view, done about all that could be expected, and there is nothing now for us but to grin and bear it, remembering that we are not so badly off as some other nations, and that we might have been even worse off than we are if it had not been for the conferences of last fall at the White House.

Internationally, there is little that is more concrete or positive in Mr. Hoover's thinking. We are warned against "strange new doctrines" and are exhorted to maintain intact the superiority of our own institutions because "we know, in fact, that we have opened the door of a new social and economic system by which within our own borders we shall create the conquest of poverty without exploiting other nations." Practically we learn that "the maintenance of respect requires that we sustain a preparedness for defense that is impregnable yet that contains no threat of aggression." By the London naval agreement, it appears, "we have given demonstration to the world that we seek no domination but only adequate defense." But was there ever "preparedness for defense" that did not convey to others the "threat of aggression"?

Without wandering longer in the obscure mazes of the President's thought, it is perhaps fair to ask what might reasonably be expected of a national leader placed as he is. He need not, perhaps, go too much into detailed issues; yet it is certainly reasonable to expect him to realize something of the character of present-day society and the consequent positive nature of the duties of government. Social life, instead of being a race in which everybody is trying to beat everybody else, is really a huge cooperative undertaking in which nobody can succeed unless thousands and even millions of others play their part in working with him. Our automobile mechanics today may be out of a job because of a crop failure in the Argentine or a military disturbance in China. As a result of this greater extent and intensity of mutual dependence, governments today necessarily do a thousand things that they did not do even half a century ago. Government is no longer the police state that the President pictures. It is becoming a great agency of social welfare which performs a bewildering variety of services. In the fields of education, recreation, and public health, to mention but a few, this positive conception of government is rapidly finding expression and the President has an extraordinary chance for leadership in pointing out concretely the next lines of development. He ought to be coming forward today, for example, with a concrete program for the prevention and relief of unemployment, because unemployment cannot be prevented without positive action by government.

A word ought also to be said of Mr. Hoover's innocent notion that our government tries to give us an equal start and then see that we all play fair. On the contrary, our property system, which is maintained by government agency, inevitably handicaps the poor from before the day of their birth until the time they are laid in their graves. Whatever its merits (and they are many), it is a means to inequality, not equality. Instead of talking easily about equality under our system, then, might we not reasonably ask the President to give sober thought to practical questions of taxation, the socialization of monopolies, the extension of educational opportunities, and other practical methods of reducing inequality?

But even more pressing, perhaps, than positive social measures like those suggested above is the governmental task of bringing about the proper organization of our economic and, consequently, our political life, both domestic and international. The existing business depression and unemployment give evidence of the hopelessness of a continued reliance on higgledy-piggledy private effort guided only by prices in the mad rush for profits. What we need is bold, comprehensive economic planning, and nothing less will suffice. What Communist Russia is trying to do with its Gosplan, we have got to accomplish, if possible, by developing a scheme correspondingly adequate to our conditions. We must coordinate our productive forces so as to produce regularly the things we need and to distribute them to the people who need them. We got some beginnings of such a plan during the war, and promptly scrapped them. Much of the necessary information is already in hand, and we have made studies of agriculture, coal, transportation, and other industries that indicate some of the lines of action, but we have scarcely thought of any comprehensive planning. Is it too much to ask our Chief Executive to direct the thought of experts and business men in the direction of such an undertaking? In the international field it seems not unreasonable to expect the President to cease thinking in terms of force and to direct the thought of the people along the lines of friendly cooperative relations based on the freedom of mutually advantageous exchange of goods and ideas. Trade barriers and intellectual blockades alike are sources of mutual hostility and, ultimately, of war. We must organize our own life so that we can live in friendly cooperation at home as a condition to the establishment and maintenance of friendly cooperative relations with other peoples.

South American "Revolt"

INTERNAL economic disorders have brought out a rather fearful-looking revolutionary rash over the surface of the Latin-American body politic. The rash spreads from country to country and appears to be of a serious nature, but actually, apart from the deplorable loss of life in the attendant internecine fighting, the only concrete effect of the disease is to provide the world press with sensational headlines. Despite the transfer of power from one political group to another, the Latin-American system of government lives on, the economic ills that have produced the series of military coups are far from being cured, and the submerged classes continue to face endless dark years with as little liberty, opportunity, and prosperity as they have ever had. Except for the apparently sincere efforts that characterized the Mexican revolution of 1917, every successful Latin-American revolution of recent decades has had the same history. The victors have made glowing promises of reform, have espoused liberalism, and have resorted to beautiful gestures of friendship for the oppressed classes, only to sink back a few months later into the well-worn ruts of despotism and dictatorship. There is nothing in the present situation to convince the impartial observer that the new governments in South America will adopt any other course. Their leaders come from the same environment that produced Siles, Leguía, and Irigoyen, and these leaders have the same social, cultural, political, and economic outlook; it has been merely the accident of hard times that has supplied them with the opportunity for wresting power from their colleagues of the privileged classes.

Latin America has been one of the major victims of the world-wide depression. Never overwhelmingly prosperous, it now finds its markets all but wiped out by the drop in commodity prices. Not only is it having difficulty in disposing of its coffee, rubber, sugar, meat, grain, nitrates, metal ores, and other raw materials, but even when it does sell these wares abroad it can do so only at a loss or, in a very few cases, at a greatly reduced margin of profit. This state of affairs has had two immediate political results. First, it has created widespread discontent, which has given the opposition party in many of the countries the necessary additional popular support with which to carry through plans for overthrowing the existing governments. This doubtless was the decisive factor in the unseating of Irigoyen in the Argentine. Elected by a record majority only two years ago, Irigoyen awoke too late to find that the hard times, which he had done nothing to alleviate, had rallied virtually the whole population behind the rebels led by Uriburu. Second, the economic depression has sharply reduced the government revenues and thus has cut down the many ordinarily lucrative sources of graft. Without this graft the military and political retainers of the standard South American dictatorship are prone to turn against the party in power, offering their services to the strongest opposition group. This is apparently what happened in Peru. Leguía saw what was coming long before the revolution actually arrived; he sought to stem the rising tide by asking Wall Street to lend him $15,000,000, but failing in this he immediately booked passage on a steamer sailing from Panama to Europe. He also acted too late; a military outbreak in the south, led by Sanchez Cerro, the present ruler of Peru, was the signal for Leguía's satellites in Lima to turn upon him and force him to retire from office. Again, in Brazil the rebels are riding along on a wave of popular dissatisfaction over the coffee and rubber slump. Many insurrectionary attempts had been made in Brazil in the last five years, but until the effects of demoralization of the coffee and rubber markets had spread to the population not one of them had had a chance of success. Cuba tells the same story; the bottom is out of the sugar market; the talk of revolution is increasing.

Virtually the only encouraging sign on the whole South American horizon has been the changed attitude of the State Department at Washington, which shows less and less inclination to meddle in the private affairs of the Latin-American nations. Apparently Mr. Hoover has decided that discreet friendliness is the wiser course, particularly when the British and the Germans are making the most energetic efforts to take away from the United States the commercial supremacy in South America that it won during the World War. Hence the eagerness with which the Hoover Administration hastened to advertise its new policy of friendship by recognizing the revolutionary governments of the Argentine, Bolivia, and Peru before they had had a chance to place themselves on the constitutional basis usually required for recognition. The policy is one of expediency, but it is also realistic, inasmuch as it recognizes the South American revolutions as not being true revolutions, but merely transfers of power from one political group to another by violent rather than peaceful means.

The World Court

WITHIN the past month the reorganization of the World Court has brought to the United States from Geneva reverberations which have significance for the question of American entry. The Cuban reply of August 16 and the results of the elections to the court merit special attention.

In September, 1929, the League had proposed certain amendments to the statute of the court—increasing the number of full judges from eleven to fifteen, increasing their salaries, requiring their constant attendance at The Hague, prohibiting their engagement in any other professional occupation, providing that the court shall remain in continuous session, and particularly providing that the amendments shall come into force not merely by ratification, the customary method of adopting treaties or changes in treaties, but by an absence of objections.

Cuba alone among the nations had the courage to point out that these changes were both improper and unnecessary—that the court would not have business enough to warrant continuous sessions, that overseas judges were discriminated against by the unnecessary requirement of permanent residence in or near The Hague, that eleven judges and four deputies were sufficient, especially as the Assembly already had power to increase their number if deemed essential, that the economic condition of Cuba (and presumably of other countries) did not warrant increased salaries at this time, that the existing rules preventing the judges from engaging

in international cases were sufficiently restrictive, and above all that the absence of objections is not the equivalent of formal ratification, and that such a provision violates "the general principles of international law, constitutional law, and the established practice in contractual relations between countries."

The Cuban reply is unchallengeable both in substance and in form, and in presenting it Cuba actually served the League and the countries of the non-European continents. Cuba's reward consisted of violent denunciation by those who at Geneva wished to "put over" these changes. The changes seem nevertheless to have been acted upon by the League in the form of an Assembly resolution omitting the requirements of permanent residence and abandonment of professional practice, Cuba not objecting. Perhaps the election of Judge de Bustamente was the price of acquiescence.

The elections themselves indicate that those who help the League, and especially those who enjoy the favor of France, secure election. Others do not. Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, which have numerous competent international lawyers and judges, have not been in the good graces of the League managers and hence get no judges. Of course Russia, Turkey, and Mexico are disregarded. Guerrero (Salvador), a leader of the anti-American forces at the last Pan-American Conference, and Urrutia (Colombia), both of whom are in favor at Paris, secured election. Thus the Latin-American system of jurisprudence is represented by Cuba, Colombia, and Salvador! However, Spain, the mother-country, is favored by the reelection of Altamira, primarily a historian, and even Portugal obtains a deputy judge, Da Matta, a generally unknown person. On the other hand, among the nineteen judges and deputy judges Scandinavia has no representative, though it can furnish many splendid jurists, a term which would hardly include Hammerskjold of Sweden, the youthful registrar of the court who nearly captured a seat. France can probably count on seven or eight votes in the court, that of her own Fromageot, that of Belgium (Rolin-Jacquemyns), Poland (Rostworowski), Rumania (Negulescu), Jugoslavia (Novakovitch, deputy), Colombia (Urrutia), Salvador (Guerrero), and possibly Finland (Erich). Germany is honored by the election of Schücking, a warm pacifist and conciliator, but not especially distinguished as a lawyer. Van Eysinga of Holland has been an ardent worker for the League and presided over the Geneva conferences which rejected the important Reservation 5 of the United States Senate and adopted the Root formula. Redlich, of Austria, a deputy judge, while a profound scholar, has had no experience in international law. Erich (Finland) is a man of parts. Wang Chung-hui is promoted from deputy to full judge and deserves it. Hurst (Great Britain) and Fromageot (France), long the politico-legal agents of their governments, are on that account open to objection as judges. The reelection of Anzilotti (Italy) and the election of Adatci (Japan) assure a measure of first-class ability and high qualifications in the court. Mr. Kellogg's age and lack of knowledge of either French or international law will prove severe handicaps.

On the whole, the obviously political character of the elections, the preponderance of French influence, and the reception given to the Cuban objections will hardly strengthen the chances of American adherence to the court.

Verisimilitude

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, in his latest novel, "Cakes and Ale, or the Skeleton in the Cupboard," has raised anew the question not only of how far a writer may with taste and discretion describe the actual lives of actual persons, but how far it is humanly possible for him to do so. One of Mr. Maugham's chief characters in the current novel has been identified with Thomas Hardy; another with a well-known English novelist, still very much alive. In "The Casuarina Tree" Mr. Maugham paid his respects to all the critics who complained of him for telling secrets about living persons. The novelist, he said in effect, necessarily takes his material from life, either from his own experience or from the experience of persons he has observed; he could not possibly give a complete or accurate account of what had happened to any given person. There would not be space to write it or time to read it, even if he could ever know all sides of any situation. He must select; and in his selection lies his trade.

What does a novelist take from life? He can describe, and most novelists do with some success, his own experiences, in so far as they affect him and not somebody else through him. He cannot, of course, remember actual conversations, even those he has heard with his own ears. He must improvise here and there, trusting his inner ear to guide him to the essence of many conversations. His own childhood, when he tries to recapture it, he sees through a veil of later experiences, through years spent in acquiring information and discretion. Some things he actually remembers to have lived through, some he recalls only because he has heard them repeated by others. He writes of his nurse, who took care of him so fondly when he was six. He does not remember her very clearly, but he saw in the park the other day a nursemaid who had a mole on her nose. That will describe his own nurse. He could not say for certain what his nursemaid's sentiments were toward himself, but he makes her devoted before his parents, and a little querulous when they two are alone. So the fiction grows, inextricably mixed with the fact. It is even more mixed when he writes about his friends. Smith has run off with his stenographer; perhaps his wife was trying in private, although in public she seemed charming. The novelist, supposing him to be so wanting in invention as to steal such a story, must decide concretely that the wife, in private, made scenes, broke teacups, and cursed the butler.

If the novelist is of a pleasant and receptive temperament he is likely at least once a week to have to listen to the confidences of some acquaintance in the midst of an emotional turmoil—material, that is, for a novel. To retell it, the writer must fill in details he does not know and shape it to make it a work of art. Or must he not tell it at all? A popular American writer a few years ago wrote the story of his own marriage to a woman he hated. He wrote it in detail—with some details, probably, that were not true, but with many that he could hardly have invented. It was not, certain critics said, a gentlemanly thing to do; but the novel was excellent. "To be a writer and a gentleman," Mr. Maugham complains, "is so difficult." As difficult as to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Skipping Bail

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

THE young Communists who took refuge in Russia rather than serve five to twenty years in North Carolina prisons probably did not know how sharp a blow they delivered to the labor movement in America when they forfeited their bail. They knew that they were victims of a class war; that they had been convicted in a trial in which race, religious, class, and sectional prejudice characterized every act of the prosecution and invaded the bench, while men who had shot down labor organizers went scot-free; and no doubt they felt that they could serve their ideals better as free men than in unmerited jail. They, and the American Communists who defend their conduct, and the moguls of the Communist International who welcomed them to Moscow as heroes escaped from class-war dungeons should know the facts.

Let us go back to the days of red hysteria in war time and after. At Chicago in 1918 a hundred members of the I. W. W., including Big Bill Haywood, were convicted en masse of unlawful conspiracy and sentenced to serve terms of from one to twenty years in prison. The trial was a farce; it was a judicial lynching. But the higher courts upheld the verdicts. Meanwhile, however, most of the leaders were released on bail. They were needed—to raise money for the defense, to carry on the work of their organization—and they worked hard and loyally through three years that preceded the final court ruling. Then, just before they were due at the jail, in April, 1921, Bill Haywood and six others quietly took ship for Russia. Their bail—$65,000 of it—was forfeited. I saw Haywood in Moscow that summer. He told me that the Communists had assured him that the bail would be repaid—from Communist funds. It never was. The two friends who had pledged their home to get Haywood out of jail almost lost the house; it was finally saved through the almost superhuman efforts of the rank and file of the I. W. W. Those boys, by nickels and dimes, raised the $65,000. Not a cent of that bail was lost. If it had been, leaving a black scar on the record of American labor prisoners, it is probable that the seven Gastonia Communists would never have got the bail that released them from jail pending final settlement of their case. If the I. W. W. had not skimped and saved, and virtually broken their organization to pay that debt of honor, Fred Beal and his comrades probably would be in a North Carolina prison today, and would not have been out of it since their first arrest.

Because these men saved their skins in Russia the next class-war prisoners may have to stay in jail. Judges are only too ready to set vengeful bail against Communists. Communists should not forget that a New York judge first sought to hold William Z. Foster without bail and set the bonds of his comrades at the exalted figure of $10,000 each on a charge of assault. The flight of the five to Moscow gives judges a plausible excuse for what before was obviously sheer persecution. Judges will say unctuously: "We must keep these men in jail; Communists have no sense of honor and will forfeit any ordinary bail."

There is another story behind the history of bail. Back in the hysterical war days, when I. W. W.'s, Socialists, pacifists, and labor organizers without any coherent philosophy were being arrested wholesale—and, naturally, were appealing to their well-to-do liberal friends to bail them out—Albert DeSilver, Hollingsworth Wood, and others who had been indorsing such bail funds set up the National Bail Fund, a revolving fund which was to provide bail much more rapidly than was possible when appeal had to be made to individuals. It did so serve, though its funds were unfortunately tied up in interminable deportation cases. The recent recurrence of persecution of "reds" made it obvious that another such fund was needed. Accordingly, the American Fund for Public Service—the "Garland Fund," established with money which the involuntary millionaire, Charles Garland, turned over to Roger Baldwin and a group of colleagues—set aside a sum of $100,000 to bail out radicals. (It was the Garland Fund, too, which provided most of the bail for the Gastonia Communists.)

It was the legitimate hope of the directors of the Garland Fund that this sum could be made to cover, cheaply, rapidly, and effectively, the urgent bail needs of the American labor movement even in periods of hysteria and mass persecution. Its treasurer, Morris Ernst, arranged with a surety company to write, with this fund as security, bail bonds to a total of $500,000, and probably would have been able to have that sum doubled if the Gastonia defendants had returned to face the music. He was able to assure the surety companies that labor defendants were good risks, quite different from the ordinary run of bandits who take to their heels when they can. In all the long history of American labor prosecutions the I. W. W. defendants were the only cases known to the directors in which the defendants had deliberately skipped bail. The directors believed that an "experience table" would soon be built up, demonstrating that labor defendants were good risks, and that accordingly the surety companies would be ready to write more bail bonds and that thus it would be possible to guarantee that in all ordinary cases labor defendants would not have to stay in jail for lack of bail bonds.

All that belongs to the past. The exodus to Moscow has spoiled the experience table. The labor record does not look so good. The Garland Fund's $100,000 can still be used to write bail bonds, but it will cover many, many fewer cases, because bail will be higher and the surety companies will demand fuller coverage.

Doubtless the Gastonia fugitives were unaware of this story. Doubtless, too, the Moscow leaders who decided to treat these men as heroic refugees from class tyranny were not aware of the nature of the American bail system, and of the effect their action would have on subsequent labor prisoners in America. But the Communists in America know it. The people who have helped the Communists out of their scrapes know it. The American Civil Liberties Union has already, quite inevitably, voted that it will raise no more bail for Communists, though it will continue to help defend them.

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The five Gastonia defendants were at first divided as to what to do. Three of them wanted to stay in Russia; two, Beal and Hendricks, fully intended to return and go to jail, and the American Communist leaders were with them in that determination. They did their best to make all five men return. But the Moscow officials yielded to drama and sentiment, hailed the five as heroes, and persuaded all to stay; and since the Moscow decision the American Communists have been uneasily silent—except for one editorial outburst of approval in the *Daily Worker*. At first they announced that, like the I. W. W., they would raise the money to repay the forfeited bail. Now they seem to be accepting the easy theory that to do so would reveal a silly bourgeois sense of honor. The old Russian leaders carried conviction because they had what they called a "revolutionary" sense of honor, startlingly like what is today sneered at as bourgeois. They would not have saved their own skins at the expense of a whole movement.

Is It Safe to Fly?

By FRANCIS D. WALTON

ANOTHER dirigible, this one bound out for India from England, has gone down, carrying to death in flames forty-eight men, among them leaders of the Air Ministry to whom had been assigned the task of establishing the British empire in the air. The excuse-makers and the defenders of man's right to a place in the air—if he really wants it—rush forward to prevent a wholesale condemnation of a theory and practice of transportation through and above the clouds given to the world by the late Count Zeppelin.

We have assorted excuses: "It didn't have helium." "They shouldn't have used hydrogen." "After all, what is British airship experience? It stems, you know, from nothing more practical than the capture of the wreck of a German Zeppelin in the World War days." "Ours are sounder." "There was an error in navigation. They should never have been so low." And if these were not enough, the heavier-than-air men were on hand to offer others, to make clear the difference between "impractical Titans of the air" and our sturdier machines of wings that do not depend on gas to stay up.

But this time the heavier-than-air advocates were not permitted to smile and gloat so long as usual. The day after the R-101 crashed on a hillside near Beauvais, France, a Junkers plane of the Lufthansa Company, Vienna bound, came hurtling down from the skies to end in a tangled mass of metal near the Hellerau, Dresden's flying field, killing six men and two women.

These wrecks make big news stories, the dirigibles the bigger ones because there aren't so many dirigibles. The stories, with the alphabetized lists of the dead, in print hardly cold for breakfast consumption, make long and speculative reading. And reading we ask, "Is man getting anywhere in this dream of his to travel with the birds?" So each new failure brings demands for new answers to an old question, How safe is flying, really?

Each time it appears easier to give an honest affirmative answer to the query. For each time we have accumulated more figures, more impressive and more comprehensive ones than the last time, to show that between these regrettable accidents, frequently as they may appear to come, there is being built up a solid, safe, and world-wide use of aircraft that can no longer be ignored. The Transit and Communications Section of the League of Nations furnishes the latest and most authoritative answer on the present status of the transportation work being done today off the surface of the earth. The League has just released its 1929 survey of world aviation. It tells us that during the past year airplanes operating on regular schedule flew a distance of 41,250,000 miles. More than 600,000 passengers were carried during the year on these regularly operated airways, with an average of 145,000 passengers carried a distance of 625 miles.

Today there are 787,125 miles of railways in the world and there are 136,875 miles of established air routes. The first railroad was laid in the United States in 1828; our first regularly operated airway was opened in 1918. Last year 2,000 commercial airplanes were in constant operation over the existing network of the world's sky roads and successfully moved 14,000 tons of merchandise and postal matter. Here are more figures. There are now more than 10,000 airplanes of every kind in the United States, one for each 11,000 people. Several of this country's largest air-transport systems have a record of two or more years of regular operation without a single passenger death. The League's figures on air-transport mortality, based on statistics covering a five-year period, are one passenger death for every 2,441,405 miles flown in the United States; one for every 2,551,035 miles flown in Germany; and one for every 2,331,815 miles flown in Great Britain. This it must be remembered is for a five-year period, with the mortality rate falling in each successive year. Today the death-rate in the air in the United States is approximately one death in every 8,000,000 miles flown.

These are figures which should have some significance. There are more available for those who may care for them. But what can we make of them? The answer is, exactly nothing. This is so for the reason that a comparison of flying experience with railroad experience based on the present-day operations of both shows us that the railroads are about 100 times safer than air travel. But this conclusion does not take into consideration the comparative ages of the two forms of travel. We do find from studying the statistics of air transport that each year the record of safety in airplane operation grows stronger and the deaths become fewer per million miles flown. If then we should take the comparative ages of air and railroad travel and assign an arbitrary value to the difference, it might be possible to project the curves to a point that would show that in the future a seat in an airplane will be safer than a seat in a Pullman.

But we shall get nowhere with such comparisons.

America's 26,000,000 automobiles killed more than 25,000 people last year. The country's 10,000 planes accounted for 178 deaths. Shall we compare these? No, for there would be no satisfactory answer there to our question, Is there danger in the air? There is one thing pertinent in these last figures. The 25,000 automobile deaths do not deter the users of the four-wheel machines from continuing to drive their cars. And the reason does not seem hard to find. Common sense born of actual experience with the machine informs the automobile driver that the motor car each year proves a safe conveyance in covering millions of miles. The death-rate becomes really insignificant, not by virtue of the available statistics, but purely as a result of personal experience. It is because people generally lack personal experience in aircraft that the crashing of a dirigible on the other side of the world or a serious accident to a single plane convinces them that flying is dangerous. The 10,000 planes that flew successfully are ignored, the record of safe operation of the dirigibles is thrown out, and the two failures are taken as confirmation of a personal conviction that aviation is unreasonably unsafe.

For most of us there seems to be a mystery behind air accidents. It must once and for all be accepted that airplanes today do not just fall without reason or disintegrate in flight. Germany, Italy, the United States, France, and Russia—countries which do the bulk of the world's flying today—have been compiling statistics for some years on the causes of airplane accidents. In all these countries the largest single contributory cause is the same. It is listed as "personnel error" or "personnel failure," more commonly called "pilot trouble." In 1929 the United States government, through its Bureau of Aeronautics, reported that 55.75 per cent of all the air accidents were attributable to personnel. The next largest cause was engine failure, which accounted for 18.95 per cent. Airplane structural failures caused 11.26 per cent, this figure taking the burden of deaths in experimental aircraft, including stunt performances; and miscellaneous causes, 8.47 per cent. In the miscellaneous class weather was credited with 4.12 per cent; airport and terrain, 2.12 per cent; darkness, 0.61 per cent; and other miscellaneous causes, 1.62 per cent.

The figures as they come to us appear to be sufficiently eloquent to disprove any claim that human flight is inherently fallible. Rather the figures would suggest that we need a new type of pilot—not an ex-war flier or a dare-devil of the air-mail trails who has only his own life and a motto from the writings of Herodotus to consider. We need, rather, more "railroad engineers of the air." Science has recently given us through the inventive genius of the late Elmer A. Sperry the mecaviator, which automatically keeps a plane on an even flight keel without any attention required from the pilot. And although blind landing has not been solved, blind flying through fog, rain, and clouds is now possible and the airways division of the Bureau of Aeronautics has recently installed an electrical sky road over the Alleghanies, through the medium of the radio beacon, which mail and passenger pilots can now follow merely by reading an instrument on the dashboard of their planes.

Other improvements will come. The successful development of the autogiro suggests the possibility of slow perpendicular descent for all types of heavier-than-air machines. There will be further development of automatic weather reporting, and a widening margin between the top speed and the landing speed of planes, the real secret of safety in flight. All of these will place less and less importance on the obviously fallible human element. The airplane mortality rate will continue to decline, and the possibility of an accident in the face of the mounting total of safe mileage will dwindle into the insignificance which the auto accident now enjoys.

But for those who would fly today, thinking of the R-101 and the Junkers plane that crashed at Hellerau through the pilot's error in judging the gliding angle of his craft, and rejecting as an accident the Graf Zeppelin's five safe crossings of the Atlantic and her round-the-world trip, there is sufficient reason for assuming that air travel is near that goal where it will no longer be subject to the insult "But is it safe?" To believe that an unqualified negative is the correct answer to such a question one must ignore the record which seems certain to be made in the United States this year of one death for every 10,000,000 miles flown. That is the figure. Each individual must judge for himself if it indicates a sufficient margin of safety to lure him into the air.

In Memoriam

(A. J.)

By EDA LOU WALTON

Not thus: bewildered by the branching bough
That having plucked its heaven withers now,
Nor by thin snow enhanced and blinded in,
Chrysalis wound in silver and akin
To star, not thus your anguish break
For its perfected sake.
Never shall wind deliver its cocoon,
River with tears your Spring, the iron moon
Rose early here.
Pitiless heaven holds no vaster Word,
O bird, metallic, bright, unhallowed bird,
For all your plumage hushed, wind-hovering done,
For all your ruinous flying at the sun.

II

Thus to take Death: defiant and unbowed
Beneath the self-inflicted torture of a mind
Wilfully rimming chaos with its proud
Electric irony;
To see, with the eye widened, all heaven trod
By seared, forbidden, much-bewildered feet,
And like a lightning-rod convey this anguish down,
Withering ground.
Rod splits to star, pallbearer to your breast,
O stricken one, O stony bosom reft
By an intangible, destructive fire!
Even with wisdom in fair seed to yield
Immaculate lilies over your battlefield,
Lightning had so impaled each lily's heart
Fragrance were arrows in cruel counterpart,
Your frangible brow toward the iron sea
Put off the wreath of its mortality.

French Prosperity Fades

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

APPARENTLY France is human like the rest of us after all, subject to the same economic ills and by no means immune to the current hard times. Owing to the publicity given the remarkable industrial and commercial activity of the country, the impression has gained wide circulation that France was a country apart and would through some magical economic law unknown to the rest of the world remain prosperous in the face of depression elsewhere. This view has been shared by many publicists and business leaders in the United States and has been at least partly responsible for the strong political position held by France on the continent of Europe. Now, however, come reports of unmistakable industrial and commercial recession in France and, more important, of the beginning of a buyers' strike. The thrifty and cautious French are reducing their consumption even in the field of essential wants. Foreign trade is described as being "at an abnormally low ebb"; the industrial-expansion program has been sharply curtailed; car loadings have dropped off to a marked extent; tax receipts have decreased; labor troubles are developing; the number of bankruptcies has gone up some 15 per cent. Added to these difficulties has been the intensification of the decade-old agricultural depression by the low crop yields of the past summer. The economic indices already have revealed an unusual slump, but observers read into them the growing probability that France has yet to feel the full impact of the world-wide depression. They believe this will come late in the winter or early next spring.

French industrial and commercial prosperity of the past several years has been based upon a number of factors, of which three may be considered as having been particularly influential. These three are the reacquisition of Alsace-Lorraine, the reconstruction of the devastated areas, and the inflation. Alsace-Lorraine brought into the French economic system a highly developed iron and steel industry, a soundly established textile industry, an extensive supply of iron ore, and new and valuable chemical resources. The energy, labor, and material required in restoring the devastated districts stimulated industrial activity throughout the country and virtually wiped out unemployment. Moreover, the industries in these regions were completely modernized in the process, thus greatly increasing their efficiency and raising the level of efficiency of the French industrial plant as a whole. Inflation, however, appears to have been the dominant factor. The London *Economist* recently had the following to say concerning the French economic situation:

> The direct effects of inflation on French economic life are somewhat hard to trace . . . but whatever the exact mechanism, the inflation has for years undoubtedly held French prices, expressed in terms of gold, at a level rather under that of most other industrial nations. Even since stabilization the relatively low gold level of wages and of retail prices has been largely responsible for keeping French industry extremely active. Indeed, the only possible explanation of the continuation of high employment in France is to be found in the assumption that French internal prices have not yet been adjusted to the world level and, therefore, shelter France to a considerable extent from the influence of world-wide economic forces.

Taking this assumption for granted, it may with safety be said that the protection thus afforded France is wearing exceedingly thin. The rapid decline of commodity prices in other countries has brought the world price level somewhere near that obtaining in France. This is apparently already true of wholesale prices, the French monthly average having fallen consistently in the past several months more or less in unison with world prices. In view of the direct relation of wholesale prices to imports and exports, this at least partly explains the recent slump in French foreign trade. It cannot yet be said to be true of retail prices, which in France have increased 16 per cent since the franc was stabilized and which in the past year have continued upward in the face of falling retail prices elsewhere, showing an increase of 3 per cent since July, 1929. Thus, the French retail-price level is climbing toward the descending world level, and once these two have met, France will again become completely susceptible to outside economic influences.

Meanwhile more tangible evidence is at hand that France is on the verge of a period of very serious depression. A financial dispatch to the New York *Times*, dated October 3, said:

> The economic indices now show that French industry in general has slackened since July much more noticeably than is usual under the influences of the season. The conclusion is now drawn, contrary to hopes still entertained in some trade circles, that France cannot escape feeling the consequences of the world crisis.

The same view is suggested in a cablegram from the American commercial attache in Paris:

> The recession in French commercial and industrial activity registered in July was accentuated in August and particularly reflected in the continued decline in car loadings, the decrease in railroad receipts due entirely to freight shrinkage, and the smaller turnover tax returns. The basic causes for this contraction lie in the continued decline in foreign trade, which is at an abnormally low ebb, and the curtailment of the industrial-expansion program in view of the fact that present production appears adequate to meet most domestic needs.

Average daily car loadings from July 23 to August 19, the cablegram said further, fell off 10 per cent as compared with the same period of 1929, while automobile registrations dropped 20 per cent from last year's figures. Coal mining faces overproduction and increasing foreign competition. The textile industry, upon which much of France's latter-day prosperity has been based, continues depressed, with unsettled labor disputes aggravating the situation. Luxury purchases have been noticeably restricted "and in some cases the satisfaction granted to essential wants is reduced." It is even suggested that "the impairment of the national income may occur through unemployment," but this for the moment appears to be a remote probability, inasmuch as France doubt-

less can send back to their homes most of the million to a million and a half foreign workers who were imported during the peak of the boom, and thus adjust her labor supply to existing conditions.

Further proof that depression is approaching may be found in the growing volume and alarmist tenor of the complaints from industrial and business quarters against the current tax rates. "Give us relief from high taxes," they say in effect, "and we will guarantee continued prosperity for France; otherwise we doubt very much that France will be able to hold its own in the struggle for economic existence." Premier Tardieu has agreed that "there is a limit to tax-paying capacity" and has promised strict government economy to see whether that will not at least prevent a further increase in taxes. Incidentally, the French business man's philosophy in this respect is strikingly similar to that held by many business men in the United States, but it has not been recorded that the many reductions in federal taxes have served to stave off hard times in this country.

One important factor in the French economic situation that cannot be overlooked is the position of agriculture. France is still predominantly an agricultural country. The most recent census showed 53.7 per cent of her population to be wholly rural and dependent upon farm incomes for their living. The total value of the 1930 farm products has been estimated at $4,000,000,000, which is approximately half the value of all French production for the last twelve months. Hence depression in agriculture is bound to have a marked adverse effect upon the entire economic structure of France. It is true that there has been a farm crisis in France in almost every year since the war, but the reaction upon the rest of the country has been checked by the extraordinary factors already mentioned that have kept French industry and commerce prosperous. Now that the influence of these factors has been considerably weakened and some sort of economic crisis appears to be waiting just around the corner, the agricultural position takes on vastly greater significance. Particularly is this true this year, which has been an especially hard one for the French farmer. The 1930 wheat harvest has been estimated at 67,000,000 quintals, a 36¼ per cent reduction from last year and one of the smallest crops in the past decade. Twenty-five million quintals (about 90,000,000 bushels) will have to be imported to cover domestic requirements as against the normal imported volume of only 10,000,000 quintals. The present price of wheat, depressed because of the world glut, is too low to compensate the farmer for his capital expenditures. The government is fearful lest the wheat grower become panicky and dump his grain on the market at any price he can get to recoup his expended capital. As a precautionary measure the government is working out plans for financing the farmer so that he may store his wheat and other products until actually needed. Thus it is hoped to provide the farmer with sufficient funds to carry him through the winter and at the same time prevent a price collapse in wheat that might easily undermine other commodity prices. Whether the government plan succeeds or fails, the agricultural depression is already adding to France's economic difficulties, while a collapse of farm-produce prices would almost certainly hasten the advent of hard times for French industry and trade.

On the College Frontier
IV. The Antioch Faculty Trust*

By J. F. KIRKPATRICK

IN our still youthful American society we have a great reverence for institutions that begin to be aged. We have, too, an unusual faculty for keeping their physical forms alive after they are spiritually dead. This practice is to be noticed especially in the case of religious and educational organizations. Not only our reverence for them, as belonging to the golden age of the past, but our methods of organization and administration tend to perpetuate them after they have served their purpose. They do not depend upon the interest, ability, and lifetime of one man, or even of a family. We make them immortal, as it were, by forming a self-perpetuating corporate body which is in form and in law the church or the school. These gather not only tradition and reverence, but also something more appreciable by the practical people who come after the prophetic founders—they have property interests.

The boards of trustees of our institutions of higher education are an example of this tendency. The origin of this one peculiar feature of our American college organization, the lay board of control, is worth stating. It was not until early in the eighteenth century, when our third college, Yale, was organized, that this absentee board of control was invented. The Connecticut clergy, wishing to retain control of their school for the training of ministers, and to avoid the future domination by tutorial "fellows," a situation which just then existed at Harvard, organized themselves as the college, although they had no intention of becoming teachers or resident officers. A little later Princeton adopted a similar plan, and every American college for the next two centuries, whether State or private, was begun and continued with a board of governors or trustees. Not until 1925 did a group of teachers safely hidden in a beautiful Ozark valley dare to ignore the tradition and incorporate themselves as Commonwealth College.

That this pioneer American device of trustees, very efficient in its time and happy in many of its products, has now ceased to function as the college is evident to anyone who gives a second thought to present-day college organization and government. In almost all cases the board of trustees delegates broad powers to its resident agent, the president. In a few institutions we find an administrative board functioning as the college, while still more rarely the

* The fourth of a series of articles on educational experiments. The fifth, the Wisconsin Experiment, by M. C. Otto, will appear in the issue of October 29.—EDITOR THE NATION.

faculty actually is the college. The accidental origin of our lay board of control, its obvious limitations, and its present inactivity make it important to inquire what is to come next in our actual working academic constitutions. Conservative as we all are in constitutional and legal matters, we need not expect the academic world to abolish the lay board in the near or even remote future. We must somehow continue it, dormant though it be, a veritable vermiform appendix in the body academic.

At some schools, as at Antioch and Oberlin, the faculty has assumed a great deal of the authority legally vested only in the board of trustees. The story of Antioch is eloquent evidence in favor of the belief that those people most closely associated with the college should be intrusted with its government.

Antioch College was born in a period of venturesome educational activity. It had for its first president no less a pioneer in education than Horace Mann. He died a few years after his inauguration, but Antioch continued to live for some time a worthy life. In its early days it possessed a plant and some little property, but little or no endowment. It had also a body of alumni, a body of tradition, and a name to live by. It had also, of course, a near-immortal board of trustees. Then came the period of stabilization, or standardization, with its consequent stagnation of life in Ohio, the oldest of our Middle Western States. Antioch College became formal, conventional, orthodox, in the educational sense, if not strictly so in religious doctrines.

Antioch, like many of its neighbors, was in the way of death, and more in danger of physical death than they because it had so little of this world's goods and was located in an isolated village. Its student body sank to less than a hundred, a number quite large enough for a young and creative school, but fatal for an American college which must be large and growing if it is to be rated high. Its faculty was paid a paltry sum and its annual budget—which, next to enrolment, is regarded as the best indication of American academic prosperity—was not above fifteen thousand dollars. This was the condition in 1921. Antioch was about to close its doors and thus confess its deadness, when a miracle of resurrection took place.

There came to Antioch in the year 1921 a new leader, Mr. Arthur E. Morgan. He was a man of much experience in the profession of civil engineering, particularly in drainage and flood control. He was peculiarly free from academic habits or bias, having been a college student for only a few months and a teacher for still less time. He had discovered the chasm between the formal schooling of young people and the adventurous qualities required in his own profession. He had experimented somewhat with other non-academic people in organizing and supporting in Dayton a "progressive" school known as the Moraine Park School. He faced the problems of Antioch College much as he had faced the engineering problems at Dayton a few years earlier, when the city was suffering from devastating floods. He saw the situation as it actually was, free from hindering traditions and prejudices. He set himself to find out what needed most to be done and how the necessary ends were to be reached.

Mr. Morgan came to Antioch just when the old board of trustees at Antioch was at the end of its resources and ready to quit. Such a period offered a peculiar opportunity for a man of vision and genius. There are, doubtless, many half-dead, or quite dead, colleges in Ohio and neighboring States which will never have an opportunity for renewal until the members of their boards throw up their hands in a gesture of despair, in so far as their own management goes. These colleges must discover, as few of them have, that they have but one vital function to perform: to find the right leader and to give him and his associates a free hand. It was just on this point that the Antioch board showed unusual wisdom. It gave Mr. Morgan free rein.

The new president of Antioch passed this rich lease of freedom on to students and faculty to an unusual degree. Not only the ordinary details belonging to student "activities" were assigned to them, but also matters which are usually shared only with the trustees. The writer once heard the president of Antioch set before his students, at a specially called meeting, financial problems which would appall the ordinary faculty and seriously trouble the average board. These students, free to share in the major concerns of their college, felt also a resulting responsibility. They set about helping the president, even in a financial way. On this occasion they voted to raise their tuition fifty dollars a year, thus making a total of three hundred dollars for the half time they are in the college halls.

The faculty, as well as the student body, shares with the president the authority allowed by the board of trustees. The actual management of the college is now in the hands of the Administrative Council, which is made up wholly of faculty members and college officials. This council determines salaries, departmental budgets, and all college policies. It meets periodically with the executive committee of the board of trustees to discuss policies and problems, but the initiative belongs to the faculty committee.

Further, and still more important as insuring the future against an absentee government by laymen, certain changes have been made in the Antioch College charter. These make formal provision whereby the Administrative Council mentioned above has the right to elect one-third of the members of the board of trustees. Three members of this council, according to the provisions of the charter, are elected by the faculty and three appointed by the president. In addition, the president and the dean are ex officio members. It is true that the board retains the power of electing the president, and there is no formal provision for his nomination by the faculty; but with the board so elected and with the powers now exercised by the council, as well as the precedents now being established, it is not likely that presidents in the future will be selected and imposed without the knowledge or consent of the faculty.

Another quite unprecedented step toward self-government for Antioch College has been the incorporation by the State of Ohio of the Antioch faculty under the title of the Antioch Faculty Trust Fund, Incorporated. This very significant step, showing the unusual degree of freedom and responsibility which is exercised by the Antioch College faculty, was taken, upon the initiative of the president, in May, 1928. In its articles of incorporation the trust is authorized to "receive gifts and to accrue, convey, lease, mortgage, dispose, and administer all property, real and personal, received or acquired" by the faculty trust for the "purpose of research, improving the methods of teaching and of education, and for all other purposes proper and incident to the interest of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, and of its faculty

and officers." Here, after the several generations which have come and gone since the faculties of Harvard and of William and Mary lost their original rights, the power of the purse has again been intrusted to people of a regular American college as well as to people *not* of the college, but merely over it.

The faculty-trust plan is significant in the evolution of the American academic constitution. It is in no way revolutionary, novel, or startling, as it may seem at first sight to the average college pedagogue who has spent most of his prolonged school life working for credits and degrees. It belongs in the present evolutionary process. It offers the president an opportunity to pass on and to share with his faculty responsibilities too heavy for any one man to bear alone. It offers an opportunity for the American college to function in its government more consistently and more as all academic institutions outside the English-speaking portions of the Americas have done for centuries. Thus, in due time, the people who are morally and in reality the college may become so, not only in the classroom and laboratory, but in the legislative and administrative offices as well.

It remains, then, for this new Antioch Faculty Trust, as for others in their turn, to obtain the funds which will make its legal powers effective. It may well prove that there are people who have property which they wish to devote to educational purposes—experienced academic people, if not people of other professions and businesses—who will at once see in this faculty trust an organization which they would rather depend upon to make intelligent and continuously valuable use of their funds than the usual lay board of trustees. And if this faith is warranted, the time may not be far distant when the faculty will become the chief financial administrator of the college.

In any event, this notable movement at Yellow Springs shows that the Antioch faculty has already acquired a status of unusual independence and that it is trusted with responsibilities which mark its members as, in fact, the college. And if their formal overlords and the State of Ohio venture to trust them with the holding and administration of college funds, probably their friends will do likewise.

When the Antioch Faculty Trust atrophies, as doubtless it will, it is to be hoped that the people of that day will have the vision and courage to incorporate the Antioch Student Trust. But "Why wait a century or two," I hear one of the full-grown Antioch students ask, "before giving us formal as well as actual standing of equality with the faculty?"

In the Driftway

NUTTING has always been one of the Drifter's favorite pastimes, perhaps because he has looked upon it as a pastime and not, as squirrels must, as hard work and a means of livelihood. But nutting, like fishing and long-distance walking—two other activities which the Drifter considers hobbies of his—is a sport in which he indulges all too seldom. Either the nut crop is negligible, or the Drifter is in Timbuktoo—he goes in only for Nordic nutting—or he somehow forgets about it until the season is over and the squirrels and small boys have won the day. This year, however, the Drifter found himself on a crisp day in early October on a farm in New England handy to hickory trees that were loaded with the best crop of nuts in five or six years, according to native records. Nutting, therefore, was inevitable. And soon after lunch the Drifter, with a large gunny sack thrown over his shoulder, followed his host to four tall trees that stood along the stone wall between the meadow and the woods. A red squirrel at work at the foot of the wall darted away, rustling the brown hickory leaves and leaving behind him a half-eaten nut. In one of the farther trees, high up, other leaves rustled. Another squirrel, no doubt, was harvesting his winter supply. The Drifter and his host stopped and listened. A nut dropped on the meadow side of the wall with a gentle ripe sound. Brown leaves fluttered down with every breath of wind. Nutting had begun.

* * * * *

THE nuts on the ground were few and far between. The squirrels and the frost had not yet begun to cut them down in earnest. But high above they hung in clusters of two or three, their green shells bursting. A strong frost and a high wind would rain them down in a single autumn night. But the Drifter's host must bring them to earth another way. While the Drifter sat in the sun in the meadow his more agile host shinnied up the rough-barked tree, shaking each limb as he mounted higher and higher. And soon the dry showers had covered the ground with quartered green shells, half-hulled nuts, and brown leaves. When the tree was stripped the Drifter did his bit. On hands and knees he crawled over the fragrant grass, hulling as he went, while the nuts gathered slowly into fresh white piles and the autumn sun shone warm on stooping backs. No word was spoken.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has already intimated that he considers nutting a pastime. What is more, he feels that to regard it as a necessary task is almost a profanation. His host worked steadily until dusk. But the Drifter must confess that his labors ceased while the sun was still warm. In mid-afternoon, he lay down in the meadow to rest his back and to reflect on the pleasures of nutting. In mid-afternoon, in October, he thought, time seems to stand still, as if bound forever in golden October silence. There were sounds to be sure. A garrulous blue jay flew busily by. Some time later a flock of crows chased a gray hawk across the sky with angry caws. But they were the sounds of a world already half-asleep. A solitary black crow walked sedately up the meadow. The sun was pleasant. Hibernation, the Drifter decided as a high-hipped cricket hurried across his chest, is an excellent idea for men as well as chipmunks. The crackle of leaves as his host moved about, intent as any squirrel, was the last sound the Drifter heard. It was very soothing.

* * * * *

WHEN the first cool airs of sunset woke the Drifter at last, his host was not to be seen. The Drifter called and an answer came from deep in the woods. He was still at work. The Drifter sat still. A sack of nuts against the wall assured him that his host would return that way. It also reminded him once more that nutting, properly indulged in, was one of his favorite pastimes.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

It Seems to Heywood Broun

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My arrest while picketing for the striking dressmakers had very little to do with my campaign. I spoke at an organization meeting of the union seven or eight months ago at a time when I had no political plans whatsoever. I was invited to parade with the strikers and naturally accepted. There is no truth in the report that I tried to foment an arrest. We were almost back to the hall from which we had started when an over-zealous policeman said that we could not march on Fifth Avenue. We had received permission to do so and seven or eight hundred marchers had already finished their journey when we were told to get off the avenue. Naturally I was irritated, and when the policeman wanted to arrest a group of twenty or thirty people, I said that if he wanted a test case one would be enough, and I was perfectly willing to be that one.

It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that this was perfectly rational behavior. Naturally I know that pickets in labor movements are handled more roughly if they happen not to be newspaper columnists. But even an incident which had its farcical aspects might serve to call the attention of the public to the conditions which lie behind the strike of the Fifth Avenue dressmakers.

I am not so naive as to think that being arrested was helpful to me in my campaign for Congress on the Socialist ticket in the Seventeenth District. I am running in a silk-stocking district and the fact of an arrest always disturbs liberals. Of course, I lost votes, but in order to save them I would have had to surrender a principle. One of the best ways to fight police autocracy is for every individual to stand squarely on his simple legal rights. I intend to do that. I cannot be expected to grow violently angry at the individual cop who does a silly thing. He's merely part of a stupid system. Why shouldn't I shake hands with him? The brotherhood of man ought to be broad enough to include, in time, even the policemen of New York City.

New York, October 9 Heywood Broun

Grand Opera in America

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial comment in *The Nation* of October 1 on Mr. John Erskine's views on the future of grand opera in this country contains the following statement:

> A healthy American opera might catch its share of them [thousands of music lovers in America] but not, one suspects, European opera with its preposterous plots, its tiresome recitative, and its remoteness from American culture and American life.

What *The Nation* means by "healthy" American opera would probably be a difficult task even for the editor to explain. Certainly, I do not know what is meant by it. I would be interested also to know what the writer had in mind when he referred to American "culture" (in this case, I assume, referring to music). I agree that a good many operas (and they are all European), particularly the Italian and some of the French, have, especially from a libretto point of view, outlived themselves, and that it is difficult for the public today to get any sort of a thrill out of the usual stupid plots centering around a love triangle wherein a jealous lover kills his rival.

However, it would behoove *The Nation* to state exceptions. Certainly a colossal genius in opera is Wagner, and if your writer believes that recitatives in his "Ring" or "Tristan" are tiresome and preposterous, it simply means that the great symbolical depths are neither felt nor understood in all their significance, and that the listener (or in this case the writer) has not studied sufficiently the network of Wagnerian motive construction. Furthermore, if such works as Wagner's or any creation of musical genius are remote from American life, it is because the works of such masters are typically universal in character and cannot be adapted to suit nationalistic tastes or characteristics of any one country. Whatever is great in symphonic or operatic music in Europe remains also great in America, and vice versa.

New York, October 3 Hugh del Castello

A Southern Comment on Lynching

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Condemnatory editorial comment of the killing by a deputy sheriff of a Mississippi Negro under charge of cohabitation with a white woman had not ceased before the wires were spreading news of Mississippi's thirteenth and fourteenth lynchings during 1930 and of Georgia's thirteenth. The Mississippi cases are particularly ghastly. There is not even the usual flimsy excuse of "an unmentionable crime." Two Negroes robbed, but did not otherwise molest, a pair of tourists, relieving them of forty-five dollars. The Negroes were promptly arrested and were being held for trial when they were taken from custody and hanged. The Georgia outrage, which grew out of a trivial altercation between a policeman and two Negroes, seems equally without justification. The officer, according to news reports, accosted the Negroes as they were wrangling in the street. In the ensuing argument the officer was shot. The subsequent chase led to the death of another officer. One of the Negroes was apprehended and lodged in jail. Under the "protection" of the Georgia National Guard, armed with machine-guns, the Negro was shot by a posse of citizens.

I think I am fairly conversant with the South's racial problems; I sympathize with those who have tried to deal with them justly. I have long been opposed to the enactment of a law by the national Congress to punish lynchings, but if Governors Bilbo and Hardman and the executives of other Southern States cannot find a way to capture immediately persons guilty of mob violence and to punish them adequately, I think the United States had better enact a drastic anti-lynching law and enforce it rigidly until some more efficacious means of stopping lawless bloodshed is devised and put into operation. Our inhuman barbarism should be ended at any cost and by any legitimate means.

New Orleans, September 24 William Thornton

Edward W. Bemis

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Edward W. Bemis is dead. The public has lost an exceptionally competent servant, and a wide circle of friends is dismayed by an irreparable loss. But in these days of a growing appreciation of the importance of the utility issue and of campaigns organized in a dozen States to battle for the square deal in power matters, it is well to recall that Bemis

was one of the very first voices to be heard on the public side in protest against the untoward acts of gas, electric, water, and street-railway companies. About thirty-five years ago Mr. Bemis lost his associate professorship in political economy at one of our leading universities because he would not bend the knee in utility matters. In the intervening years he has been associated with countless utility cases. One of the earliest of these was the Des Moines gas case—fought all the way to the United States Supreme Court and there decided in favor of the people.

Dr. Bemis was always on the public side and, further, was energetic, able, and resourceful in battling for public rights in a field where the opposition has always been well supplied with both money and brains. Tom Johnson, when Mayor of Cleveland, referred to Bemis "as an expert on the valuation of public-service corporations and the only such expert on the people's side."

It is a goodly company now who understand the importance of the power issue and the necessity for effecting some genuine control over utility corporations. But when Bemis began his work, there were no shouting crowds. The opposition to anyone who had the temerity simply to advocate the square deal was bitter and relentless. Bemis never weakened and he was always effective. So let us remember him gratefully.

New York, October 15 MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

Capitalism or Cooperation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to the article in *The Nation* of September 10, England apparently is not "played out," at least not the working class of England. Might I add the following footnote to that article?

In 1929, year of unprecedented hardship for the English workers, cooperative societies reported the largest membership increase in their history, the net gain in membership being 8 per cent, to a total of 6,278,000. While capitalism was losing trade, the cooperatives made a 7 per cent increase, and for the twelve months had a business turnover of $1,124,000,000. Though the workers undoubtedly were decidedly hard up, they put an additional $65,000,000 of ordinary capital into their cooperative societies, and in addition increased the loan capital of those societies by 15½ per cent. The societies themselves returned in the form of patronage rebates to their members $135,000,000 as compared with only $123,000,000 in 1928. Moreover, while the great commercial and industrial order of Great Britain was laying off help, the cooperatives took on 14,000 additional employees. Gains in the first half of 1930 are correspondingly spectacular.

Some economist-prophet should tell us whether the increase for cooperation is as rapid as the decrease for capitalism. Is there to be an orderly transition from an exploitative economic system to a democratic order founded on the service motive, or is there to be chaos in the country where capitalism had its birth and where it has attained its highest development?

New York, September 20 CEDRIC LONG

Frank Norris

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am working on a biography of Frank Norris. I should be grateful for copies of letters from him that any of your readers may have or for accounts of personal contacts.

San Diego, September 12 FRANKLIN D. WALKER

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Again This Quiet Day

By DAVID MORTON

Now when these autumn days again are turning,
As other autumns turned, through rust and red,
And the broad maples and the elms are burning
Like torches lifted for the royal dead,
I walk again these roads where lights are lying
Across the stricken glory of the year,
A little sad that summertime is dying,
But glad to think of winter evenings near.

This homing heart of mine is happiest still
In moving thus through one more quiet day
That burns itself to embers on the hill,
And finds me coming, in my usual way,
Up to this house whose yellow window light
Has drawn me home how many an autumn night.

"Progress" Without a Goal

Individualism Old and New. By John Dewey. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

IT is not pleasant to talk of the limitations of Mr. Dewey, for his reputation as our profoundest thinker is in some respects deserved, and he has brought a penetrating analysis to bear upon an astonishing range of problems. What he has to say in defense of the scientific attitude and the need for its extension is always admirable. Yet in the realm of social and individual ideals his writing has always seemed to me deeply unsatisfactory, and this in spite of the fact that his sympathies are finely liberal, and that no one shows a keener resentment than he does of social injustice.

The present volume is disappointing first of all because the final impression it leaves is an extremely vague one. For an explanation of this we may turn first to Mr. Dewey's style. That style is notoriously careless and fuzzy. It is not merely that Mr. Dewey slips easily into deplorable clichés ("something really doing," etc.) nor that his prose lacks elegance; what is much more important, it lacks (as Mr. Joseph Warren Beach has several times convincingly shown) clarity and precision. In one chapter of the present book Mr. Dewey is attempting to show, for example, that our uniformity of thought is much more superficial than it seems to be:

> We think and feel alike—but only for a month or a season. Then comes some other sensational event or personage to exercise a hypnotizing uniformity of response.

Now Mr. Dewey does not mean that the *uniformity* is hypnotizing, nor even that the response is. He means merely that the event or personage seems to hypnotize us, because our response is so uniform.

It is possible to straighten out a sentence like this, because one at least knows what Mr. Dewey is trying to say in it. But one cannot always be so confident. His confusion of style is sometimes, I suspect, a symptom of confusion of thought. He is trying, for example, to answer those who insist on the social advantages of the individual's pursuit of his own material interests:

> They ascribe all the material benefits of our present civilization to this individualism—as if machines were made by the desire for money profit, not by impersonal science . . .

This is exactly as if Mr. Dewey were to say that a man who rushes to the hospital to see his wife is brought to the bedside not by his desire to see or comfort his wife but by a taxicab. It is, in brief, in a thinker of Mr. Dewey's reputation, an amazing confusion of motives with means. And when he goes on to say

> . . . and as if they [machines] were driven by money alone, and not by electricity and steam under the direction of a collective technology,

he is again clearly confusing the physical aspect of a process with its psychological aspect. To say that the machine is driven by electricity is a completely irrelevant answer to the claim that if it were not for the profit motive it would not have been built or driven at all. In making this criticism I do not wish it supposed that I accept the claim that "all the material benefits of our present civilization" are the result of the motive of private profit. But the proper answer to those who make this claim is merely that they exaggerate the importance of that motive, that the activities it produces are often parasitic or anti-social, and that other motives might prove at least equally efficacious economically.

From the title of this book one is led to expect an illuminating comparison setting forth in detail, perhaps with a historical summary, the elements and ideals of the "old" individualism, pointing out to what extent these are no longer applicable or desirable, and then outlining the essential qualities of a "new" individualism. I must admit that I closed this book without a clear idea of what Mr. Dewey means either by the old or the new individualism. It is true that he remarks that the old individualism has now shrunk "to the utilization of science and technology for ends of private pecuniary gain," and points to the "irony of the gospel of 'individualism' in business conjoined with suppression of individuality in thought and speech," but it seems to me that a fair statement would find more than that to say for the old individualism—as represented, say, in Adam Smith, Jefferson, Mill, or Spencer. As for the "new" individualism, I confess that I do not know what it means. Mr. Dewey's analysis, indeed, might lead one to believe that any sort of individualism has become impossible. He begins by pointing out that the United States

> has steadily moved from an earlier pioneer individualism to a condition of dominant corporateness. The influence business corporations exercise in determining present industrial and economic activities is both a cause and a symbol of the tendency to combination in all phases of life.

Amusements, sports, even crime are becoming organized and corporate.

> Our apartments and our subways are signs of the invasion and decline of privacy. Private "rights" have almost ceased to have a definable meaning. . . . The publicity agent is perhaps the most significant symbol of our present social life.

Yet it seems that it is the duty of the individual to construct "a new individuality consonant with the objective conditions under which we live"—which appears to mean that we must accept these conditions and make ourselves over to fit them rather than attempt to alter the objective conditions themselves. I do not say that Mr. Dewey actually recommends this, but I do say that his recommendations remain ambiguous. There is the same equivocation in his attitude toward the machine. Science and technology, he finds, "are the forces of present

life which are *finally significant.*" (Italics mine.) This seems a rather clear statement of the belief that man must submit to the drift of the mechanical and technological forces that he has himself developed. Mr. Dewey elsewhere appears to disown such a belief, but here again he leaves the reader in final doubt regarding his attitude.

I have said that I do not know what the "new individualism" means. Mr. Dewey does not seem to know either. "I am not anxious," he writes, "to depict the form which this emergent individualism will assume. Indeed, I do not see how it can be described until more progress has been made in its production." Yet it seems to me that only by formulating a clear idea of what we desire can we fix a goal for our efforts; otherwise we must simply drift with events. What would Mr. Dewey think of an architect who told him that he could not say what his building was going to look like until the workmen had made more progress in its construction? In the present situation, thinks Mr. Dewey, "fixed and comprehensive goals are but irrelevant dreams," and "all-inclusive ideals are impotent in the face of actual situations; for doing always means the doing of something in particular." Mr. Dewey, I suspect, is guilty of a deep-seated confusion, that between proximate and distant aims. "Ideals," he writes, "express possibilities; but they are genuine ideals only in so far as they are possibilities of what is now moving." If Mr. Dewey is talking of immediate aims this remark has practical shrewdness; if he is talking of ultimate ideals it is an abject surrender to whatever forces happen to be dominant at the moment. The sort of imagination that brings success, remarked the late Charles Horton Cooley, "is one that sees a distant summit, a general route to it, and just where to put your feet for the next ten steps." In his constant insistence upon the importance of knowing where to put your feet for the next ten steps, Mr. Dewey is fully justified. But his cardinal failure lies in his persistent refusal to tell us where the distant summit is, or what it would look like. For unless we know where we want to go, or whether it is worth while going there, what is the point in moving at all?

HENRY HAZLITT

Portrait of a Family

On Forsyte 'Change. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THESE new and, it is alleged by their author, final adumbrations of various obscure corners of the Forsyte saga were evidently a labor of love. Mr. Galsworthy in a foreword apologizes for writing again about the Forsytes, but declares they are hard to leave, after so long an acquaintance. And the reader who has found the accumulation of data about them as compelling as a lifelong friendship will not complain. It is this sort of anecdote about the various members of the family—mostly about the original ten—which makes their chronicle memorable. One can spare many pages of Michael Mont's speeches about the state of England in the "Modern Comedy" for the detail which Mr. Galsworthy has packed into "On Forsyte 'Change." The evolution from an inevitable Sunday dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding to Fleur Forsyte's elegant luncheon of lobster cocktail and chicken with rice (done in a foreign style) is more significant of a changing social attitude, more descriptive of the decadence of the sturdy English middle class, than many chapters of dialectic on the subject. If the Forsytes are the English middle class, and for sentimental reasons at least I am willing to believe they are, then the middle class is not what it was, it is even declining in virtue. It was once strong, long-lived, independent, obstinate, honest, and naturally unreceptive to any new idea; it has acquired the vice of broad-mindedness, and been betrayed by it. Its Fleurs do not know what they want, or if they know, cannot get it. The old Forsytes doggedly cut out their own destinies, and once they were cut, they were accepted as they stood.

Exception, of course, must be made of Soames Forsyte, he of the unconquerable passion for Irene. Soames never got what he wanted and could not keep what he had. And in this latest volume it is Soames again who stands out most authentically. Soames, full of the ardor of his desire, watching Irene's shadow at her window a fortnight before their wedding; Soames during the war, refusing to be excited, yet moved to his very heart by what might happen to England and by the peace that found England at last. The depth of this particular picture of a man makes Mr. Galsworthy a considerable novelist, and the background of family chronicle with which the portrait is embellished makes him even greater.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

The Great Senator Aldrich

Nelson W. Aldrich. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

SENATOR ALDRICH is happy in finding a biographer so completely in sympathy with his principles, policies, and rather exotic conception of government. Professor Stephenson has written in a charming style in zealous defense of some rather shocking theories, and if his partisanship is intense his portrait of his subject is none the less vivid on that account. Sometimes in his partisanship, his advocacy, the author is not entirely frank with his readers, and occasionally we find a significant omission and a misrepresentation, due no doubt to inadequate research on that particular phase of his story.

Senator Aldrich was a very able man, an astute master of the art of legislative management, and a reactionary of the most defiant sort. His long-acknowledged role as the protector and agent of the rich and powerful in industry and finance made him anathema to the masses, whose resentment aroused his sardonic mirth. "Demagogues" and dreadful sheets like the *World* were wont to abuse him as the prophet of plutocracy, and now we have it on the authority of the most zealous and partisan of biographers that he was all of this and more.

The most impressive feature of the biography is the portrait that emerges and bears a singular resemblance to the "caricatures" of his foes. After all, just as crude common folk suspected, he did not even pretend to represent the people of Rhode Island. The time had passed, it seems, for that sort of thing. His constituents—and the biographer appears to think it quite all right—were the bankers and manufacturers wherever they might abide. As for the masses, "contempt for that sort of humanity was instinctive in him," and "it was never his way to have dealings with them—he would not even disabuse them when they misunderstood him." He would condescend to talk with his "constituency"—the protected industrialists and bankers—and even to Senators, "but to the world at large he snapped his fingers." Indeed, "his aim was to bring business and politics together," and as the biographer says with evident satisfaction, "he could command the solid support of the classes that signed checks and contributed to the exchequer" of the party. He was "the man who refused to play to the crowd, the firm Hamiltonian, the rebuilder of the old social regime" which had been overwhelmed by Jacksonian democracy in the crushing of the incipient plutocracy that was budding in the back yard of the Biddle bank. He was sure that "industries and interests, as such, have a right to represen-

tation in government," and he was willing "to mold, even create economic conditions through legislation." He had "a contempt for the delusions of the crowd" and "a great respect for the exceptional man"—provided it was not a La Follette or Dolliver fighting the battles of the average man.

To sum up the Aldrich philosophy, of which Dr. Stephenson writes so sympathetically—"at bottom it was Hamilton's gospel of a hundred years ago," and "the conception of society as an economic hierarchy, which is the heart of Hamilton's vision"; which, translated into the vulgar language of Lincoln's and Jackson's "constituency," means an industrial feudalism with barons of iron, steel, lumber, cotton, sugar, and wool, and with the masses mere servitors of their betters.

We learn that Aldrich, as the leader of this Hamiltonian revival, "was in close and frequent communication with political managers in various localities," and that "being close to the source of supply, this made him stronger in molding members to his will." In other words, he had the slush funds. This is all set forth with such sympathetic enthusiasm that the reader is almost persuaded to applaud.

Strangely enough, Professor Stephenson is all too brief in his chapter on the making of the Payne-Aldrich act, and all too frequently misleading. Since Aldrich's triumph in this law saw the full flowering of his statesmanship, and resulted in the rising of the people and the wrecking of his party, it is unfortunate that the author has slighted this phase. His attempt to ascribe the insurgency in the Senate and the wrath of the people to La Follette alone is misleading and remote from the facts. But the most astonishing feature of his treatment of the tariff fight is his attempt to show that no responsible leader of the party had interpreted the tariff plank of 1908 as meaning downward revision. Thus he says:

> The truth is that in their ardor they [the wicked Westerners] had forgotten their own ambiguity, advocating downward revision with mental reservations. They would not believe that Mr. Taft could be as sincere as they while interpreting the phrase in a widely different manner.

This is an astonishing statement—comprehensible enough from a mere partisan apologist, but startling coming from a historian. The most casual reference to Mr. Taft's easily accessible campaign speeches gives a grotesque touch to the preceding quotation. It would have been so easy to have found Mr. Taft's Cincinnati speech of September 22, 1908, in which he said that the existing tariff rates had become "generally excessive" and that the "tariff ought to be lowered." Or his Milwaukee speech of September 24, 1908, in which he made a pledge of downward revision as his interpretation of the platform pledge. Or his Des Moines speech of September 25, 1908, in which he said: "It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff in accordance with the pledge of the Republican Party will be a substantial revision downward." Thus the biographer is scarcely frank with his readers when he so lightly suggests that Mr. Taft did not at any time place the same interpretation upon the tariff plank as the insurgents.

Quite as unfair is the biographer's assertion that the insurgents tried to maneuver the President into supporting them, and that "some of them have gone so far in their anger as to make the charge of virtual bad faith against Mr. Taft—as if that were credible." Surely no more incredible than that the Winona speech should have been made by the man who spoke at Des Moines. We have the public evidence of three reputable and veracious statesmen—Dolliver, Beveridge, and La Follette—that they made the fight for a downward revision on the actual request of Mr. Taft in the beginning. Incredible as it would seem that three such men would misrepresent for public effect, we need not rely alone upon these public declarations. In the private letters exchanged among these men the same claim is made, when they could have had no possible reason for misrepresentation.

This illustrates the special pleader, the advocate in full sail, the partisan in the biographer. Other similar lapses could be cited. But perhaps we should be thankful for the veracity of the portrait of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, the admission that his policy looked toward the domination of the nation by a plutocracy, and the new illumination of the Hamiltonian concept of government.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

A Writer's Preparation

Two Years. By Liam O'Flaherty. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THERE is a tradition that a young writer must knock about the world for a time if he is ever to know anything worth writing about. Were such a preparation the prime requirement for a writer's career, Mr. O'Flaherty would doubtless take his place among the foremost half-dozen figures in the history of literature. For if we can trust this autobiographical record of the adventures on which he set out at the age of twenty-two, without referring to his service in the World War and the Irish Revolution, he has had almost as varied an experience as any writer—at least until the era of Jack London—that ever lived. Was even the prismatic social eye of Balzac, for instance, permitted to see life as a brewer, a menial, a sailor, a teacher, a hobo, a millhand, a lumberjack, a miner, a messenger boy, a printer, a baker, a navvy, a waiter, a plumber, a fisherman, a cook, a smuggler? Was Melville ever knocked out in a fight with bare fists? Did De Quincey have delirium tremens?

Mr. O'Flaherty's "Two Years"—on four continents—makes unusually fast reading. It will appeal to those who are already very much interested in this talented young Irish story-teller, and to those who enjoy a true account of rough-and-tumble adventures. On the other hand, it will not appeal to those who expect an autobiographical fragment either to reveal some events of general significance or to portray an unusual man. There is nothing in Mr. O'Flaherty's experiences that is more than momentarily exciting or amusing, and what he shows us of himself only makes us realize that he is at his best when concealed behind his story-teller's mask. The man himself is not so interesting as his talents. He has a tart tongue and a strong pair of fists, but his inner nature contains none of that depth or complexity which we demand of a writer who engages to discuss himself. In narrating an incident, for example, he seldom resists the temptation to assume the role of its righteous hero. His intellectual operations betray a similar naivete. In the end we find ourselves smiling at certain of his opinions no less than at his anecdotes.

While reading "Two Years" one recalls another young Irishman who only a few years earlier than Mr. O'Flaherty was also serving his literary novitiate. If, however, we may go by Stephen Dedalus, who was also twenty-two, it would seem that for James Joyce the preparation for art consisted in just the reverse of action. The protagonist of "Ulysses" and of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" sought above all to know himself, and so he remained passive. Instead of striking blows he received them. But with Mr. O'Flaherty, a simpler man, it was otherwise. He sought to exhaust himself, to spend the last drop of his robust vitality in a series of escapades and debaucheries, before he returned to the Irish coast, "a ghoul, speechless, gloomy . . . a godless hermit," to write his picturesque novels and tales.

GERALD SYKES

Russia in World Politics

The Soviets in World Affairs. By Louis Fischer. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. Two volumes. $10.

MR. HYDE in hysterics. Wheat in convulsions at Chicago and Liverpool. The Quai d'Orsay excited over the relations between the Kremlin and Herr Hitler. Universal excursions and alarums over Soviet "dumping." Such phenomena as these combine to make most timely the appearance of this comprehensive survey of Soviet foreign policy. For years Mr. Fischer has represented *The Nation* in Moscow, and much of his time has been spent in delving into the archives of the Narkomindel, visiting the chancelleries of Western Europe, establishing contacts with Soviet and foreign diplomats, and collecting documents to illumine the half-light of international politics affecting the Soviet Union. Out of his labor has come not only the first complete history of the foreign relations of the first successful proletarian dictatorship, but a work which is brilliant and fascinating drama as well, handled as its theme deserves. It combines authoritative historical narration, based in large part on hitherto unpublished sources, with maps, documents, and photographs of absorbing interest and a racy, staccato style which makes the volumes as readable as a novel. The professional historian may demand more footnote references and bibliographical paraphernalia and less emotional enthusiasm for the subject matter, but for the academician and layman alike Mr. Fischer's work constitutes a definitive and indispensable account of an aspect of world politics of enormous import for the future.

The first volume is necessarily concerned in large part with the civil war and intervention of 1918 to 1921. The obscure and tragic story of the efforts of the Allies and the United States to drown the Russian workers' revolution in blood is told with many new insights and not a few surprising revelations gleaned from the Kolchak and Soviet archives. Except for cynics, revolutionaries, and students of class warfare, the tale does not make pleasant reading—and Mr. Fischer's pen is too sharp and too red for the application of whitewash. The Soviet Union's relations with the bourgeois states from the NEP to the beginning of the present year occupy the remaining 800 pages. If the author gives undue weight to the bizarre, the dramatic, and the unusual at the occasional expense of the realities of politics, international law, and commerce, the reader has no complaint.

One must search far to find fiction more thrilling than the accounts of Enver Pasha's death in his last amazing adventure in Turkestan, of Father Walsh's frustration of a Soviet-Vatican agreement, of the Kremlin's wooing of Amanullah of Afghanistan and the latter's overthrow by Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, of the drama of Genoa and Lausanne. Here are plot, counterplot, tragedy, and triumph, not unmixed with the judicious objectivity and fine sense of balance essential in a work of this kind. No other brief analysis in English equals Mr. Fischer's treatment of the Chinese revolution. The role of Moscow and of Michael Borodin is revealed for the first time from the inside, and the story presents in striking relief the realities of the present situation in China, just as the whole study illuminates the trends of post-war international relations.

Whether capitalism and communism can live side by side in "peaceful symbiosis" or are destined to clash in combat for the mastery of the world is one of the most fateful questions of the century. Mr. Fischer does not essay the task of the prophet, but his narrative furnishes the best basis for prognostication. He properly emphasizes the necessity for peace felt by the rulers of the U.S.S.R. if the industrialization of Russia is to be achieved. At the same time, without indulging in any horrendous exposure of the nefarious activities of the Comintern, he acknowledges frankly that though the Comintern and the Soviet Government are by no means the same, the Communists in the Kremlin are revolutionaries in foreign as in domestic affairs and remain faithful to the principles of Lenin. As a result, "the history of Soviet relations with the Western World is a chain of reversals relieved by little triumphs and temporary victories." Moscow is losing its illusions, both as to the world revolution and as to satisfactory collaboration with the bourgeois state system. The implacable and hostile fanaticism of the American State Department symbolizes the dislike which more realistic governments conceal.

> The Russians fear that the success of the Five-Year Plan of economic construction may so terrify the capitalist world as to make a foreign attack inevitable. There is perhaps more logic than realism in this approach. Yet, as the years go by, the Bolsheviks look to the outside world less for aid and more for passive enmity or even violent obstruction.

The prospect is not reassuring and the situation continues to develop at a speed which outdistances the swiftest observer. Mr. Fischer expects Soviet grain exports "within two or three years," but in consequence of collectivization and an unexpectedly good crop, the markets of the West are filled with Russian wheat as his book comes off the press. A few years ago Mr. Hoover pronounced Russia an "economic vacuum." Today, in the face of general hostility and the asininities of officialdom, Russian-American trade continues to expand rapidly despite a falling export market elsewhere, and Mr. Hoover's subordinates, with the eternal illogic of the economic nationalist, are scurrying about in unseemly haste to save America from Soviet competition. With Soviet economy becoming more threatening to capitalism than Soviet diplomacy or Communist propaganda, an amelioration of the inevitable friction is scarcely to be looked for. Every consideration of reason and self-interest would seem to dictate a resort to all possible means of conciliation and adjustment. But it may well be that here, as in another clash of rival economic systems, a house divided against itself cannot stand. Soviet salvation—and peace—will continue to depend upon the chronic family quarrels in the capitalist household which bar a united front and a return to the *cordon sanitaire*. But if the structure of pacific collaboration collapses, it is probable that more will be destroyed in the wreckage than anyone now foresees.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Books in Brief

Psychological Exercises. Edited by A. R. Orage. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.25.

This book ends a mystery in none too impressive a fashion. It reveals just what Mr. Orage's initiates meant when they spoke of his "psychological exercises." For a long time those who have stood apart from the Orage furor have imagined that these were something pretty impressive, but now anyone can consult this book and find that they are no more remarkable than cross-word puzzles, anagrams, and other parlor games that involve a certain literacy. Mr. Orage remarks in his preface that the older mental disciplines, Latin, mathematics, and Greek, have fallen by the wayside. They do not perform the function alleged to be peculiarly theirs. Mr. Orage would, as a mental discipliner, agree with the young man who refused to take a course in Greek on the ground that he was not going to run a fruit-store after he graduated from college. But what greater value, does he imagine, have games designed to teach one to read backwards, read intelligently passages where the words are all run together, and read passages where figures

have been substituted for letters? Evidently he thinks that this is a tremendous contribution to the pursuit of "perfection," a pursuit in which his chief American associate is Gorham B. Munson. One can imagine idle people having some good fun with Mr. Orage's exercises, but they won't, one fears, become much wiser in consequence.

Emily. By MacGregor Jenkins. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

A young girl, just beginning to meditate on the mysteries of life and to rebel against some of the conventions of her family and her village, makes a journey to Washington and thence to a city called Phillipston. In the latter city is a preacher who is married to a commonplace woman and who is beginning to doubt the value of his ecclesiastical labors. The girl goes to the preacher's church. Their eyes meet and they fall in love. In his study, immediately after the service, they pledge eternal fidelity. The girl, however, perplexed by the fact that the minister is married, flees to her home. The minister follows her and each is confirmed in his love for the other, but decision as to a course of action is postponed. The girl ponders the problem until the man comes a second time, determined to give up everything for her sake. But she is unwilling to have him sacrifice his future, and they debate the question. "So in the stillness of the night," writes Mr. Jenkins, "on toward the break of day, a woman held at bay the man she loved and fought to save him from himself." In the end she is victorious and sends the preacher back to his home and his church. The story, according to the author's foreword, is "based on the life and character of Emily Dickinson." As Mr. Ripley would say, believe it or not.

Miss Mole. By E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Some years ago a small, quiet novel of English provincial life called "William" was published here. It got off to a slow start; but its reputation continued to grow after the time when most first novels are entirely forgotten. In its sureness, deftness, maturity, penetration, and charm, "William," in its own quiet field, practically attained perfection. Miss Young's succeeding novels have never quite approached it, but all have achieved distinction. "Miss Mole" is, perhaps, the best of them. It is the story of an English gentlewoman, reduced in circumstances to earning her own living, who becomes housekeeper in the family of a Nonconformist minister, and who, while busy straightening out the disorder in the lives of this awry household, succeeds in solving her own involved emotional problems. The story is unimportant, though it is skilfully constructed, and the element of suspense, delicately created, is not lacking. In the sane and subtle delineation of her characters Miss Young shows extraordinary gifts.

Contemporary Immortals. By Archibald Henderson. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Dr. Henderson, who teaches pure mathematics and writes on Bernard Shaw, dramaturgy, history, literature, relativity, astronomy, and a few other subjects, has done something here that looks too much like pure journalism. Writing on "Contemporary Immortals," he has produced a very mortal sort of book. Einstein, Gandhi, Edison, Mussolini, Shaw, Marconi, Jane Addams, Wright, Paderewski, Madame Curie, Ford, and Kipling—these are Dr. Henderson's ultra-distinguished dozen, the persons now living whom he thinks most certain of immortality by virtue of some superlative achievement. The sketches of Einstein and Shaw are decidedly the best, but even these are too thin in human material to be satisfactory as portraits, and are equally inadequate as interpretation and criticism. Dr. Henderson's book is worth reading, but hardly worth buying to read. The late Edwin E. Slosson, who wrote two volumes on the "Major Prophets" of his day, did a much more fascinating and worth-while job.

By Way of Cape Horn. By A. J. Villiers. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

As far back as the Oldest Inhabitant can remember we have been told that the day of the windjammer was over; that the square-rigged, deep-water sailing ship, at least, would be seen no more at sea. Yet the last of them never seems to go to Davy Jones's Locker or the scrap-heap, and a few old-timers, now under the Finnish flag, are still carrying grain from Australia to Europe. Mr. Villiers and his friend Ronald Walker joined the crew of one of these last-surviving windjammers to make a motion-picture record of the passage. Mr. Walker was killed in the rigging and Mr. Villiers had a cruel trip from Wallaroo to Glasgow, but his film turned out to be fairly good and he has written a book which is better than good. Mr. Villiers loves the sturdy old sail-carriers that battled for so many centuries against desperate odds. He makes us feel those odds and share his affection in a book that is vivid but not garish; that is thrilling because of its sober veracity. It is a better book in content and in writing than the author's previous volume "Falmouth for Orders."

Architecture

Chrysler's Pretty Bauble

THE curious thing about the Chrysler Building is its half-and-halfness. No wonder there are those who defend it ardently as a masterpiece, and others who accuse it dolefully of a "fake modernism." It is half of each. Instead of standing at the crossroads of old and new tendencies it has taken bold steps in each direction at once.

Thus, at the beginning of what is going to be a metal era, it plunges forward with the first spire of stainless steel, made after the Krupp "KA2" formula, and heaped up and up like a chorus girl's fluffy helmet; but that spire rests on a tower of the usual white brick. So from nearby it looks a little tinny, a little like a Coney Island improvisation hoisted up 800 feet on an architectural base; but at a distance it is the most beautiful sight in the whole city! From way up in Westchester, from way out in the harbor, at every time of day, it flashes and glitters in the sunlight, a silver fountain ever so much lighter, gayer, and more subtle against the sky than the customary gold.

Then there are the windows. At first it looks as if those in the corners were of the "modern" kind in which the glass goes right out to the edge without the interruption of a post, so that from the inside you can look out in two directions at a time, and from the outside the building presents a notched silhouette. There are such corner windows in the Roerich Museum building and in one or two office buildings under construction downtown. But on the Chrysler Building all this is just faked. There are no corner windows, but only black brick bands going around and strikingly suggesting them. To the pessimistic this is treachery, to the hopeful a first step; but to the analytical it is indicative. It goes to show how uncertain we are of what we are doing.

Let me explain. It was Mr. Van Alen himself, the architect of the Chrysler Building, who three or four years ago took a bold first step with windows. Two of those buildings still stand in New York, one on Fifty-seventh Street and one at Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, with a Childs in it, just beyond a curious brownstone church. Here the windows are

remarkably fine. Huge sheets of glass, pushed out flush with the outer face of the building, turning the corner in a graceful curve, they are prophetic of a world of buildings still to come—so transparent, so airy, so weightless as to make the rest of the street look cumbersome, cluttered, and laborious. It was a brave attempt, with a genuine intuition. From it one might have forecast the building with thin metal walls, and one might have deduced the need of wide green avenues to give those windows scope, and with a little imagination . . .

What came of it? Nothing. It was ignored. There was no public to appreciate it, there were no critics to help the architect amplify it, connect it up, and divest it of the irrelevancy, in the Fifty-seventh Street example, of a steep gabled roof. A few years later there came over the books of Le Corbusier, the *European,* with an assembly of tricks in themselves very similar but more philosophically tied together, and these were taken seriously at once.

And so it goes with an architect like Mr. Van Alen, who has a good deal more courage than the majority of his "modern" colleagues, who has a certain almost desperate seriousness, occasionally invention, and a naive enterprise and belief in individuality. His happy starts, which in a country with an articulate public would be enjoyed, speculated upon, given a chance to grow and prove their fertility, are lost here for good and all; and he himself seems to have abandoned some of his best innovations in behalf of new stunts and new "effects" instead of a deepening integration.

So there stands our tallest building of the day, mechanically quite excellent, with swift elevators, with a spacious lobby excellently laid out, with good rentable offices increasing subway congestion in more than the usual way. It embodies no compelling, organic idea. Our chief gain from the Chrysler Building is a forecast of what our vast resources in metal might one day do. There is just that spire for which we may well be thankful in our over-somber city—the one simulacrum we have of the gilded onion-top cupolas of Moscow, our little spark of Mohammedan fancy.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama

Making War Ridiculous

WE are all pretty well agreed (it being between wars and perfectly safe to utter pacifistic sentiments) that war is an ugly, stupid, and wholly unjustifiable thing. Even if we hadn't quite made up our minds, and were still toying with the old Roosevelt doctrine that war is a tonic for the human race, the series of grim war dramas, books, and talking pictures which have been crowding in on us for the past two years would have disillusioned us. We really don't need any more anti-war plays right now. Let's save a few of them until some April when our Congress is feeling martial again and looking around for some Human Rights to defend. But, by then, it will have become treason to produce them.

Practically the last word in war plays, and possibly the last war play for some time, is Kenyon Nicholson's adaptation of the Helen Zenna Smith novel "Stepdaughters of War." Its purpose was again the laudable one of showing how war degrades, devitalizes, and destroys, this time in its relation to a group of young girls comprising an ambulance unit on the Flanders front. There is also some good bitter cracking at the dear ladies at home to whom the war is the first excitement they have had since their last straw-ride.

But "Stepdaughters of War" gets in its best work in a way which unquestionably was not in the blue-prints of either Miss

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Other Debates and Lectures—page 455

Smith or Mr. Nicholson. By making itself a composite of "Journey's End," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "What Price Glory?" and having all the familiar heroes dressed in girls' uniforms, a splendid burlesque has been achieved. In the scene in the ambulance shack where the girls are quartered, each in her neat blue uniform and each talking much as we have become accustomed to hearing British actors talk in their stage dugouts, the entrance of the female counterpart of a brigadier general throws even the politest audience into a long-restrained titter. "Stepdaughters of War" not only makes war ridiculous; it makes war plays ridiculous, including, and primarily, itself.

Miss Katherine Alexander, who is one of our more dependable actresses, does all that could possibly be done in a role which is essentially a female version of any number of Lieutenant Raleighs and Private Knockvogels. Her scenes in Wimbledon with Warren William and G. P. Huntley, Jr., where she is just a girl, are naturally her best. The final scene of the play, in which she and Mr. William decide that there is really nothing left to live for, in spite of its sincerity and truth has the unfortunate effect of making even a pacifist of long standing like myself wonder if war is really as bad as all this. That is the trouble with pleading a cause in the theater. You sometimes get into reverse.

There is a quality about Negro revues which appeals to everyone, and which almost everyone mentions. I refer to the evident joy with which the performers enter into their jobs. "Brown Buddies" is one of the best of its class, not only because it has that superlative tap dancer, Mr. Bill Robinson, but because the humor is not based on the legendary mispronunciation of words which seems to be the basis of most Negro comedy. The remark of the buck private whose drilling lacks something of the finish demanded by the United States Government that "they sent for *me*, I didn't send for them" has more real anti-war propaganda in it than any number of "Stepdaughters of War" could dispense in three acts.

The music is, unfortunately, not much, but it furnishes a rhythm to which Mr. Robinson and a remarkable comic known only as "Red" may dance, and some notes for Miss Adelaide Hall to sing. That is about all that could be asked.

I don't think that there will be much need to discuss a little Scotch whimsy known as "Marigold," as this paper is concerned only with current events. ROBERT BENCHLEY

Contributors to This Issue

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The Weapons of Non-Violence

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

THERE is no mistaking the truly national character of the Nationalist movement in India. The fever of nationalism has spread to all classes and all communities. Bankers and mill-owners, lawyers and professional men, bazaar traders and mill workers alike have plunged into the struggle with a passionate conviction that the time has come to stake all on winning the coveted prize of liberty. Even the peasant in the villages, those innumerable villages with their intense personality and infinitely stratified local life which are peculiar to India, reacts to the emotional wave that reaches him from the towns. In Gujerat the peasants have for some years been in the forefront of the national struggle, under the leadership of Vallabhbhai Patel, who has been called the "Lion of Gujerat." The still unburied memories of previous struggles with the collectors of land revenue will make their resistance to the collection of this tax during the coming winter exceedingly stubborn.

But in other regions there are many signs that the peasant has at last been awakened to the consciousness of the struggle hitherto waged principally in the towns. He has become vaguely aware of the world economic forces and the competition of other units within the British Empire which have combined to reduce the value of his wheat crop. He has become acutely aware of the currency policy of the Government of India which has resulted in the steady depreciation of the value of silver and in consequence of the peasants' hoarded savings. But more than all this, the force of a dimly understood national solidarity has him in thrall. He has been caught up in the wave of mystic, emotional, and political sentiment which is sweeping over India like a new religion, a religion of which the prophet, leader, and deity is Mahatma Gandhi.

Tolstoyans are familiar enough with Mr. Gandhi's creed of non-resistance. But whereas in all the emergencies which Tolstoy contemplated, the passive resister found himself actively attacked or compelled to take part in an act of aggression, Mr. Gandhi has carried the doctrine of non-violent resistance several stages, although perfectly logical stages, farther. His resisters are no longer purely passive. They initiate an attack upon what they consider to be evil instead of merely resisting the encroachments of evil. They offer legal violence, if not physical violence, to British law and authority in India. The destruction of toddy-producing palm trees, and the raids on government salt works, the production of illicit salt, the social boycott of Indian tax collectors, police, and other officials of the government—carried to the length of barricading house doors, denying food and water, and even closing the mouth of village wells—and the active and successful boycott of British goods are developments of the Tolstoyan creed by which the war is actively carried into the enemy's camp.

Mr. Gandhi is no novice in the use of these unusual weapons. He employed them with success during his untiring agitation on behalf of the Indians in South Africa during the first years of this century. They are not merely an ingenious recourse of a political opportunist, although an entirely selfless opportunism is not to be excluded from the complicated mental and moral personality of the Mahatma. He believes in non-cooperation and non-resistance with a passionate sincerity. They are fundamentals of the same religion of love which drives him to criticize the faults of his own people as earnestly as he criticizes those of the British.

The difference between Mr. Gandhi and other historic rebels is that he honestly believes that Pharaoh's heart can be softened. He believes it possible, in his own simple language, "to melt the stoniest heart" by the spectacle of the sufferings of his followers. If Pharaoh's heart is not melted but hardened in the process, it is not that the process is ineffectual but that the suffering of the victims was insufficient to convince the tyrant of their sincerity. For Mr. Gandhi believes that it is as essential for the salvation of England as for that of the Indians that the English should cease to govern India.

The tragedy of India is that the present movement of civil disobedience should have begun under the regime of a Labor Secretary of State and a Conservative Viceroy who have both plainly indicated that the realization of full self-government for India was within their immediate program. It may be that these promises were too advanced for the present stage of political development in England. But it is clear that both Lord Irwin and the present British government honestly believed and still believe that a substantial grant of self-government might be made immediately. Unfortunately certain speeches made in England last winter caused doubt and suspicion to arise in India concerning the honesty of the government's intentions as well as its capacity to carry them out. Mr. Gandhi himself doubted the capacity if not the sincerity of the British government. A large section of the All-India National Congress, and particularly the young men, openly demanded separation from England and expressed their determination to achieve independence by any means, violent or otherwise. It was in fear of this peril of violence, and as a last supreme effort to gain home rule by a non-violent demonstration of force of an impressive magnitude, that Mr. Gandhi began his civil-disobedience campaign at the end of March.

Mr. Gandhi has accomplished a triple miracle in India. He has taught the meek and humble Hindu, who shudders at violence with a physical as well as a moral revulsion, to become a Stoic able to endure the blows of police lathis without fear and without shrinking, and even with a fanatical joy. And what is even more remarkable, he has taught the fierce and warlike Pathans of the Northwest Frontier and the incredibly proud Sikhs of the Punjab, to whom a blow is a deadly insult to be washed out only in blood, to fold their arms under a rain of lathi blows without protest or retaliation.

The third miracle is the steady elimination of the reli-

gious and race prejudices which have hitherto divided India and the breaking down of the immemorial caste system. I have seen Hindus, Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, and Parsees lying side by side in the same ward of a hospital suffering from similar lathi wounds, eating from the same dishes and drinking from the same drinking vessel. I have seen high-caste Hindus break their caste to drink water offered by a low-caste Nationalist volunteer. I have seen thousands of high-caste Hindu women who have broken their purdah to picket liquor shops and foreign-cloth stores, and to lie all night in the streets under the heavy monsoon rains when a procession had been banned or halted by the police. I have even seen them rush under the uplifted arms of the police to take on their own shoulders the blows intended for the young-men volunteers of the Nationalist movement. To these people Gandhi is a prophet and an inspired leader, the incarnation of their own national aspirations, the very soul of awakening India.

In the face of all these facts one still hears the assertion that "the Indians are not fit for self-government." To this, it seems to me, only one reply is possible. Whether they are fit for it or not, it is too late to argue the matter now. They have already decided that they are fit to rule themselves, and they have begun to make foreign government impossible in India. Gandhi's march to the sea in April, his crude salt-making on the seashore at Dandi were laughed at at the time even in India, where they do not laugh so easily at such things. But within a month the agitation against the salt tax, which Gandhi chose to attack as the most grievous of the burdens imposed by the Government of India, had swept the country from end to end. It became impossible for the government to enforce the salt law. It even became impossible for the government to enforce the penalties provided for breach of the law, for all the prisons in India would have been insufficient to contain the offenders. And the result was that the government fell back upon force as a measure of repression.

It was exactly the result foreseen by Gandhi, with a wisdom that some officials in India denounced to me as diabolical. He saw that the only resistance that the government, or any government for that matter, could make to the non-violent resistance of his followers was a violent one. Instead of arresting the offenders and hauling them up before the magistrates, the police began to beat them with bamboo staves, and even on one or two occasions to resort to rifle and revolver fire. And then began the spectacle of suffering which Gandhi believes will ultimately end in the defeat or conversion of those who inflict it, and the triumph of those who suffer it.

But the weapons of Gandhi are not all moral weapons, not all destined to triumph only after much suffering and an uncertain lapse of time. One of his deadliest arms in the struggle against the British government in India is one which every business man can understand. It is the weapon of commercial boycott. The boycott in India does not for the moment extend to American goods. But although American trade at first benefited by the elimination of British goods from the private market in India, it has now begun to suffer from the general decline in trade which has followed on the unrest in the country. The boycott applies to all foreign cloth in general and to all British goods in particular—British cloth, British automobiles, British machinery, British

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

Plays to See

Civic Repertory—14 St., W. of Sixth Ave.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
*Mrs. Moonlight—Charles Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.
†Once In a Lifetime—Music Box—45 St., W. of B'way.
*Stepdaughters of War—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
‡The Second Little Show—Royale—45 St., W. of B'way.
Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
‡Twelfth Night—Maxine Elliott—39 St. E. of B'way.

Films

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Outward Bound—Hollywood—B'way and 51 St.
Silent Enemy, Beginning Oct. 18; Little Accident, Beginning Oct. 22—Plaza—58th St., E. of Madison Ave.
Soil, Beginning Oct. 17—8 St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
The White Hell of Pitz Palu—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.

Discussion

"Is the European Theatre Moral?"—Irma Kraft—Tuesday evening, Oct. 21, 8:30—Auditorium, 150 W. 58 St.

Concerts

Argentine—Town Hall—Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 16, 17, at 8:30.
Ruggiero Ricci—Carnegie—Friday evening, Oct. 17.
Ossip Gabrilowitsch—Carnegie—Tuesday evening, Oct. 28.
Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie—Erich Kleiber, conductor, evenings: Thursday, Oct. 16, 23; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:45; afternoons: Friday, Oct. 17, 24, at 2:30; Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3:00. Brooklyn Academy of Music—Sunday afternoon, Oct. 19, at 3:15.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

DEBATES

Oct. 19:
"Is Communism a Religious Superstition?"
John T. Kewish vs. Paul Miller

Oct. 26:
"Should the Weak Be Permitted to Live?"
F. M. Wilkesbarr (Nietzschean) vs. A. Goldsmith

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drugs, British radio sets, and British films. And it has strangled the already enfeebled trade between Lancashire and India.

If the boycott lasts for another year most of the material advantages of British rule in India will have disappeared. There will be left to Britain only the moral advantages of that rule, of which the benefit is uncertain, and the strategical and imperial advantages which, although constantly harped upon by diehards in England, have never been clearly defined.

This is roughly the situation. And yet it is not so intolerably bleak as it looks. The Indians, if they wish the British to leave India as its masters, do not wish to lose political and commercial association with the British Empire. But they wish this association to be one freely chosen by the Indian nation—at least as freely chosen as the association of Canada and Australia with Great Britain. Most of the political leaders I met in India have been cradled in the political history of England. They have learned in British universities the lessons of democracy and of parliamentary government, and they naturally wish them to be applied in India. If they can achieve self-government within the British Empire, all classes except the unforgiving youth of the country will be satisfied. But if they do not achieve this as a result of the present campaign of non-violent resistance, the resentment and the pride of the new generation in India will prevail, non-violent nationalism will be followed by violent nationalism, and a long and bitter struggle will begin in which the principles of Gandhi will be forgotten by both sides. England will then be faced with the terrible alternative of abandoning the country to its fate—a fate that Gandhi and other Hindu leaders contemplate without the qualms that might be supposed—or attempting to enforce her rule in India by a military reconquest of the country which would cost untold millions of lives and millions of pounds in treasure.

In England there is a school which secretly and even openly advocates this method. The iron hand in the treatment of the so-called "subject races" has always found advocates. But the iron hand can no longer be applied in the world on such a scale and in the teeth of the world's opinion. The new political generation in England believes that self-government is a just, logical, and inevitable development of India's destiny and that it cannot be indefinitely postponed, as some British politicians believe to be necessary. It believes that full self-government must come within ten years and even within five years, and from my own observation in India I am convinced that if it should be delayed beyond this time, India will cease to be a willing member of the British Empire.

NEGRO VOTERS REVOLT

by

HEYWOOD BROUN

and

WALTER WHITE

in the November Number of the

CRISIS MAGAZINE

Edited by W. E. B. DuBOIS
69 Fifth Avenue, New York City

In December

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 457
EDITORIALS:
The Political Grab-Bag 460
Heckling Free Trade 461
Who Was Extravagant? 461
The American Hotel 462
SOLDIERS OLD, SOLDIERS NEW. By Oswald Garrison Villard 463
COSTIGAN OF COLORADO. By William MacLeod Raine 465
ON THE COLLEGE FRONTIER. V. WISCONSIN'S EXPERIENCE. By M. C. Otto 467
THE LEGION TAKES BOSTON. By Eugene Gordon 469
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 471
CORRESPONDENCE 472
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:
Free Lecture. By Babette Deutsch 473
The Soul of Swift. By Henry Hazlitt 473
Wilcoxism. By Morton Dauwen Zabel 473
A Novel for Mr. Hoover. By Sinclair Lewis 474
Strategy and Blunders. By James B. Wharton 474
Thomas Hardy Veiled. By Mark Van Doren 475
A Perfectabilian at Work. By C. Hartley Grattan 475
Capitalism and Protestantism. By Sidney Hook 476
Books in Brief 478
Drama: Three Shows with Music. By Newman Levy 479
Films: "Soil." By Alexander Bakshy 480
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 482

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THE SIMPSON REPORT and the British government's declaration of policy on Palestine, issued at London on October 20, were received with a storm of criticism in Jewish circles. Sir John Simpson reported that the arable land available was strictly limited, that the Arabs have not been receiving sufficient consideration in its allocation, and that Jewish immigration should be better regulated and in some categories entirely stopped until the landless Arabs are better provided for. Lord Passfield, speaking for the British government, in the statement of policy emphasizes British responsibility under the mandate for fair and considerate treatment of Moslems as well as Jews, takes a firm position in favor of the restriction of Jewish immigration, flatly approving the suspension of last May, and states the purpose of the mandatory power to set up a new form of government consisting of a high commissioner and a legislative council, twelve of whose members are to be elected. Finally he declares that the government will carry out its policy firmly, irrespective of "any pressure of threats." The American Jewish Congress by formal resolution denounces the declaration of policy as "a repudiation of the solemn pledge given by the British government to the Jewish people, a violation and breach of the mandate." Dr. Chaim Weizmann is also resigning in protest against the British policy as president of the Jewish Agency for Palestine and head of the Zionist World Organization.

AT LAST THE PRESIDENT has taken official cognizance of the unemployment crisis. During a year of profound depression and deepening distress the chief contribution of the Administration, in addition to a series of widely advertised conferences last fall, has been to issue a number of fatuous announcements of prosperity tomorrow. The President now appoints a committee consisting of six Cabinet officers and the governor of the Federal Reserve Board to formulate "plans continuing and strengthening the organization of federal activities for employment during the winter." We are grateful for this acknowledgment of the seriousness of the situation. That aside, it is hard, in view of past performance, to hope for much more from the Administration than a further development of the masterly inactivity that has marked its dealings with unemployment thus far. There is the same talk of devising plans, as though unemployment had just come upon us suddenly, the same talk of collecting data, the same talk of cooperation with this, that, and the other group. Never was there greater opportunity for a President to rouse public attention to the social menace of unemployment and to initiate those great measures of industrial planning and unemployment insurance that are essential to prevent the recurrence of present conditions. John D. Hunter, superintendent of the United Charities of Chicago, declares: "We are face to face with the worst winter the United Charities has known since 1866." Despite the President's failure to lead, State and city governments, employers large and small, and charitable organizations are all bestirring themselves, both in direct relief undertakings and in efforts to enlarge the volume of employment. It is impossible to prosecute immediate measures with too great zeal, but we cannot afford to let slip the present opportunity to make better provision against the future.

MR. HOOVER needs a mentor. Of course it never entered his head, when he indited his message of greeting and felicitation to American Lutherans, a propos of the four hundredth anniversary of the first reading of the Augsburg Confession, that what he wrote would be interpreted as an affront to Roman Catholics, and it was rather silly of the Reverend John J. Burke, general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, to rush forward with a denunciation of the message as "an insult to many millions of American citizens." Mr. Hoover belongs to a sect noted for its tolerance, and the last thing he would think of doing is to insult anybody about religion or anything else. Nevertheless, he ought to remember that whatever a President says is certain to be carefully scanned, and if he must say something from time to time about history, economics, or other subjects with which he manifestly is not familiar, his words should be scrutinized by some friendly but competent person before they are made public. Assuredly there must be someone in his battalion of assistants and counselors who could have kept him from making so bad a break as that of identifying Luther with "the principle of separation of church and state." One way out of the difficulty would be to have a secretary sign the

communications in Mr. Hoover's behalf, as other sovereigns do. A message of congratulation could then begin with the formula "I am directed by the President to extend to you," etc. If the extension then went too far, the secretary could be made to shoulder the blame and the President's reputation for wisdom and discretion would be unimpaired.

BRITISH HIGH-HANDEDNESS in the treatment of American commerce during the first years of the World War stands sharply revealed in the belated volume of diplomatic correspondence for 1916 just issued by the Department of State. The publication of the volume was delayed, it is said, because of fear that its revelations might have a bad effect on the London naval conference. The fear was well grounded. The documents show, for example, Great Britain arbitrarily preventing hosiery knitting needles made in Germany from reaching the United States, Germany being at the time the only source of American supply, notwithstanding that Great Britain itself was importing the same articles. Mediterranean and Portuguese fruits were allowed to be shipped freely to the Netherlands while American shipments were restricted. Secretary Lansing did not mince words in denouncing these and a long list of similar acts as "violations of fundamental principles of international rights," and, in the case of the American steamer China, demanded and obtained an apology for the seizure of thirty-eight Germans by a British cruiser and their eventual release. All this while, it will be remembered, the British government, ably assisted by Ambassador Page, was moving heaven and earth to bring America into the war. The papers also reveal a near break of diplomatic relations with Germany over the sinking of the Sussex, and throw some further light on President Wilson's peace overtures to the belligerents.

SECRETARY WILBUR comes under the fire of the People's Legislative Service for retaining the presidency of Stanford University, with its heavy public-utility investments, at the same time that he acts on the Federal Power Commission. The university, it appears, has some $7,000,000, or about one-fourth of its endowment, in utility bonds, and the companies are also strongly represented on the Stanford board of trustees. Now Secretary Wilbur, plainly enough, will think no differently on the power question whether he is or is not president of Stanford, and of course no one would for an instant suggest interested or improper motives; but the well-known relations thus called once more to attention illustrate afresh the difficulties of public regulation. In appointing F. E. Bonner as executive secretary of the commission, Mr. Wilbur naturally sought the advice of his old friend Paul Downing, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Just as naturally he is bound to be affected to some extent by the views of his power associates on the university board of trustees. The companies may be depended on to look after their own interests before the commission. The public must depend on an alert and informed commission to protect its interests. Its membership ought to consist of men without even indirect power connections.

NEWSPAPER OBSERVERS are agreed that the Democrats will make substantial gains in the Congressional elections; Democratic leaders are certain they will; Republican leaders reluctantly admit their party will suffer a number of losses. It appears merely a question of whether the Democrats will win the House or fall short of control by a few seats. Should they win, it might be worth while for Mr. Hoover to begin looking about him for another residence that will be vacant after March 4, 1933, for the records of elections in the last sixty years show that except upon one questionable occasion (the Tilden-Hayes affair) the party in power that has lost control of the House of Representatives in a mid-term election has invariably lost the White House in the ensuing Presidential election. In 1882 the Republicans lost the House; in 1884 Cleveland, a Democrat, was elected President. In 1890 the Republicans again were swept out of power in the lower chamber; in 1892 Cleveland was elected for his second term. In 1894 the Democrats were routed in the Congressional elections; in 1896 McKinley, a Republican, won the Presidency. In 1910 President Taft saw his party deprived of control of the House; in 1912 Wilson, a Democrat, was voted into the White House. In 1918 the Democrats, despite Wilson's partisan plea to the country, failed to hold the House; in 1920 Harding, a Republican, was elected President. And in 1930 the Democrats stand a good chance of wresting Congressional control from a Republican Administration.

A STORM BEHIND CLOSED DOORS is about all we hear of the President's Law Enforcement Commission. Rumors of disagreement emerge from time to time, but little is definitely known of the deliberations. Chairman Wickersham announced, after the session of early October, that since adjournment would be taken until after Election Day there would not be time to formulate any definite statement on prohibition—which is evidently the moot question—before Congress convened in December. Judge William S. Kenyon, one of Mr. Wickersham's colleagues, a few days later promised to report on prohibition soon after Congress meets. The commission has now been in existence some eighteen months. It was one of Mr. Hoover's first children, and one wonders if he has ever been tempted to disown it. Aside from the somewhat vaporous outpourings of its chairman, and several rather technical recommendations concerning the enforcement of the prohibition laws, it has made no public report of its work. It was created as a fact-finding body and is suspected of having degenerated into a factional political group which will not, or dare not utter a yea or a nay. Meanwhile Chairman Wickersham has distinguished himself by advocating careful inquiry into the results of flogging as a punishment "to determine the desirability of employing it in the war against banditry and racketeers." One can only hope this is not a fair sample of the commission's conclusions when they shall finally be made.

DWIGHT W. MORROW is doing his best to destroy the Morrow myth. Since he accepted the post of Ambassador to Mexico, there has been growing up a tradition of a calm, quiet, courageous business man who will apply a sort of super-intelligence to our pressing political problems. His anti-prohibition speech of last spring brought him praise for its honesty, even from those who disagreed with him. The opening addresses of his formal campaign for the senatorship, however, though admirably non-partisan in form and manner, none the less resolve themselves into a defense of the Hoover Administration and its do-nothing

industrial policy, and a plea for the Republican ticket. The war is responsible for the depression, and courage and faith are the candidate's prescription for ending it. The President is a potent factor for peace. Now, if Mr. Morrow thinks as highly as he seems to do of President Hoover's administration of our affairs, he is perfectly entitled to say so, but he is little likely thereby to add to his reputation as a profound thinker or a farseeing leader of public opinion. If he has original or important ideas on our present distresses, he has concealed them with great success.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT in Germany has been given a six weeks' reprieve. The dictatorship has been postponed, at least until December 3. The Reichstag voted itself this respite. Had it refused to give Chancellor Brüning the support he needed for certain minor but very necessary measures there is no question that President von Hindenburg would have ordered its dissolution and would, under Article 48 of the Weimar constitution, have placed dictatorial powers in the hands of the Cabinet. The Reichstag by a surprising majority approved the legislation needed to legalize the Brüning Government's acceptance of the $125,000,000 international loan, and the 1930-31 budget with its necessary enabling acts (which were adopted with the help of the Socialists, although in July the Socialists voted against these measures and thus led to the dissolution of July 16), and it also rejected the numerous motions of non-confidence. Nevertheless, the Brüning Cabinet is not yet out of the woods. There is still the task of obtaining parliamentary approval for the drastic financial-reform program, debate on which will probably begin December 3. The plan, principally because of its wage cuts, hits the working classes so much harder than it does the industrialists and the moneyed classes that it is by no means certain the Socialists will support it. Without Socialist help the plan cannot win in the Reichstag.

MEANWHILE THE STREET FIGHTING, symbol of deeply felt political unrest, continues throughout Germany. How many persons have been killed and injured in these minor riots and brawls cannot be accurately stated, but it has been estimated that about 60 have died and perhaps as many as 800 have been wounded or injured since January 1. Following the September 14 elections there was a marked increase both in the number and in the intensity of these riots. Hoodlums have doubtless contributed to this state of affairs—the lowest elements in a community are only too eager to take advantage of opportunities such as those offered in Germany today—but the street fighting cannot be explained away on the grounds of hoodlumism. There have been too many fascists and Communists openly participating in the fighting. The political background of the street battles has been everywhere apparent. Native German caution and level-headedness may be expected to prevent this effervescence from boiling over, but the seriousness of the situation cannot well be denied. Germany stands in danger of an explosion that might readily be felt throughout the Western world.

THE INDIAN DELEGATES to the London Round Table Conference reached Marseilles on October 17. According to a dispatch from George Slocombe to the London *Daily Herald*, as reported in the New York *Times*, they have been engaged in drawing up a "minimum constitution," representing the least they can accept at London. Mr. Slocombe quotes Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Moderate leader, as saying, "If all other parties to the conference realize that India will not be satisfied with anything less than the immediate granting of self-government and that we have come prepared to negotiate on this basis, settlement is possible." Of course, "the immediate granting of self-government" means what it means, but if it means what it says, Indian Moderates would appear to have moved surprisingly far toward the position taken by the Nationalists, and agreement at London will seemingly require concessions hitherto deemed impossible by the British government. Conciliation is made no easier by the recent outlawing of 38 All-India Congress organizations, swiftly followed by the arrest and trial of no less than 350 Nationalists in Bombay. Thoughtful and informed men in Great Britain are profoundly concerned.

WE WERE MUCH COMFORTED the other morning by Henry Ford's optimism. He was quoted as saying he thought "that the world is getting to a good, sound basis of working conditions. I think that industry has never been so promisingly active as it is today." Germany, he noted, "seems to be very prosperous and busy." In France "everybody is working." Conditions in England "are infinitely better than two years ago." Mr. Ford probably has access to inside information that is denied the rest of us. We really should, therefore, discount the sad tales of economic depression coming to us from Europe. It does not seem possible that Germany can have 3,000,000 unemployed workers and be faced with a financial crisis if it is actually "very prosperous." The Berlin correspondents are probably in league with the Wall Street bears, and Chancellor Brüning is undoubtedly putting up a big bluff in declaring that "a large class of the German people is meeting with increasing want and privation." Labor in England has probably invented the unemployment crisis there for political purposes and falsified the foreign-trade statistics, which show a continuing slump. Nevertheless, Mr. Ford ought to be commended for supporting his convictions by raising the wages of Ford workers in Germany.

THE NATION takes pleasure in noting the addition of the new Yale undergraduate publication, the *Harkness Hoot*, to the ranks of the lively periodicals. The *Hoot* has more dignity than its name might indicate, but it is none the less outspoken in its revolt. Its editors, William Harlan Hale and Seldon Rodman, two seniors who were active last year as editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, announce that they "observed with intense disappointment that publication's total lack of influence in the undergraduate world, its self-conscious removal from campus interests, its artiness and preciosity. . . . Always conservative, the *Lit.* has become meaningless to the undergraduate mind." *Hoot* announces that it will rely on tradition "only as a basis to start from, not to fall back upon." It regrets the absence of inspiring personalities, with a few exceptions, among the Yale faculty, crushes William Lyon Phelps by adroitly quoting his own banalities under gaily malicious titles, and reveals its serious side by publishing a thoughtful article by Mr. Hale on the outlook of that generation now "Twenty or Over."

The Political Grab-Bag

THE United States in recent decades appears to have lost its once lively interest in politics. The general run of candidates for public office has in these later years been noticeably declining in quality. Most of the men and women asking to be sent to Congress or to be placed in high State offices at the coming elections show no deviation from this general downward tendency. Studying the current list of more than a thousand candidates is enough to make honest men break down and weep. Here and there are outstanding exceptions, candidates of independence and courage, of genuinely liberal tendencies, but these exceptions are few in number.

Public apathy is at least partly responsible for the overwhelming proportion of nondescript candidates offering themselves for fat political jobs at the Tuesday elections. There was a time when the United States was one vast political forum. The average adult American could name offhand a dozen Senators, a dozen governors, and perhaps a score of Congressmen. He knew about their records and what they stood for; he took his politics seriously and to a certain degree intelligently. Today he evidently no longer cares. There are few Americans who even know the names of the Congressmen from their districts. Political interest is alive throughout the nation but once every four years, when it comes time to elect a President, and then the interest is only superficial and certainly not remarkably intelligent. What has happened is difficult to say. Perhaps the never ceasing concentration of power and influence in the White House is to blame. Perhaps the fault lies with the increasing revelations of corruption in high office, which tend to make cynics of potential voters.

There is still another factor, which appears to us to be the most likely explanation for the widespread apathy toward political activity. That is the complete lack of political issues. Between them the two major parties cannot find a single genuine issue over which to quarrel with sufficient sincerity to arouse enthusiasm and discussion among the voters. There are wets and drys, protectionists and low-tariff men, industrialists and agrarians, capitalists and workers, militarists and pacifists, reactionaries and progressives in both parties. Gone are the days when the country was readily divided along clear-cut political lines on such questions as slavery, free silver, or the tariff. Whenever a likely-looking issue appears the politicians in both parties cry it down again for the sake of party harmony. We need a new political alignment on the basis of the issues of today, not those of 1860.

Whatever may be the cause, it is clear that there can be no revival of popular political activity, let alone any hope of a genuine liberal movement on a national scale, until the voters again take a serious interest in politics. Candidates and their records should be closely examined and studied. Remembering Calvin Coolidge's warning as to office-seekers that "the best we can get will be none too good," intelligent voters will in every case cast their ballots for the best candidates, that is, for those who are well informed, honest, and progressive, rather than vote for inferior candidates simply because the best man has no visible chance of winning.

The Nation offers the following names as representative of the type of candidate it will feel greatly encouraged to see not only well supported, but safely elected on November 4:

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Republican, for Senator from Nebraska, because of his complete incorruptibility, his lifelong support of progressive principles, his unyielding opposition to the power trust;

GIFFORD PINCHOT, Republican and Progressive, for Governor of Pennsylvania, because of his outstanding liberalism and his fight for conservation and against special privilege, particularly in the power field;

EDWARD P. COSTIGAN, Democrat, for Senator from Colorado, because of his consistently progressive record and his notable service in fighting against the prostitution of the Tariff Commission to purposes of private plunder;

PHILIP LA FOLLETTE, Republican, for Governor of Wisconsin, because of his championship of the high ideals for which his father fought;

WILBUR L. CROSS, Democrat, for Governor of Connecticut, because of his independent spirit and his liberalism;

CORDELL HULL, Democrat, for Senator from Tennessee, because of his uncompromising fight against the protective tariff;

JAMES COUZENS, Republican, for Senator from Michigan, because of his completely independent position in politics and his campaign to increase government control of the radio trust and related power interests;

JAMES ROLPH, Republican, for Governor of California, because of his marked liberal leanings and because of our strong hope that he will see justice done Mooney and Billings;

R. A. COLLINS, Democrat, for Representative from the Fifth Mississippi District, because of his persistent and unwavering fight against the militarists in Congress;

NORMAN THOMAS, Socialist, for Representative from the Sixth New York District, because of his demonstrated ability to master the details of governmental problems and to use them effectively in popular education, and because of his intelligent and forward-looking political views;

HEYWOOD BROUN, Socialist, for Representative from the Seventeenth New York District, because of his sincere desire to promote the welfare of the working classes, his refreshing and original attitude toward politics, and his promise of making Congress interesting;

F. M. DAVENPORT, Republican, for Representative from the Thirty-third New York District, because of his notably progressive record in the New York Assembly and in Congress and because of his efforts to improve the standards of American diplomacy through reorganization of the State Department.

There are others who could be mentioned here and it is the duty of liberal and progressive voters to seek them out and give them whole-hearted support. *The Nation's* list is necessarily incomplete, but we believe it presents the sort of candidates who may be counted upon to bring the country closer to intelligent and honest government.

Heckling Free Trade

NOT for many years has British trade policy been subjected to such a vigorous attack as the meeting of the Imperial Conference has precipitated, nor to one whose outcome could with less confidence be predicted. There was a general expectation, especially after the Conservative victory in Canada, that the question of imperial trade would prove to be the most important item in the agenda of the conference, and that the demand of the British Conservatives, led by Stanley Baldwin, for protective duties on British imports, joined to the spectacular championship by Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook of free trade within the Empire and a tariff wall against trade from outside, would have at least the tactical effect of putting the historic policy of free trade for Great Britain on the defensive. It is not wholly surprising, however, that the ambitions and rivalries of domestic politics in the United Kingdom should be dragged in to complicate a consideration of imperial interests, or that the conference, confronted with an array of projects and counter-projects, should find that any course except delay is beset with difficulties.

The two problems before the conference are, first, how to revive the declining trade of Great Britain and check the growth of unemployment without raising the cost of food and materials, and, second, how to insure imperial trade preference without impeding the industrial development of the dominions or restricting their trade with foreign countries. None of the proposals thus far brought forward goes to the bottom of either of these questions. The plan outlined by R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, for imperial preference based upon a 10 per cent increase in present or future British or dominion tariffs on foreign goods necessarily involved a protective tariff on British foreign imports, since without a general tariff that could be raised there could be no preference. The invincible opposition of Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to protection in any form makes it reasonably certain that there will be no protective tariff for Great Britain as long as Mr. Snowden remains in office, at the same time that his optimistic prediction of a coming trade revival on a great scale, if borne out, would rob the demand for protection of much of its force. On the other hand, Prime Minister MacDonald, who a short time ago was believed to be leaning toward a 10 per cent general tariff so contrived as not to add to the cost of food, has not only declared against protection as a remedy for unemployment, but has espoused a policy of "back to the land" as the remedy which the Labor Government would bring forward at the next session of Parliament.

Pending the submission of the land program the Labor Government, in the person of William Graham, president of the Board of Trade, has commended to the conference a quota system under which the British imports of wheat and other designated commodities would be apportioned among the dominions and purchases from the dominions materially increased. The plan, it is said, does not contemplate price fixing, but private trading in the quota articles would of course have to be subjected to government regulation in order to assure the maintenance of the quotas. A system analogous in principle to that which was enforced during the World War would thus be set up in time of peace. Mr. Baldwin, who has previously favored the quota arrangement, has gone the government several points better by promising that if the Conservatives are returned to power, the protective policy of "safeguarding" shall be thoroughly applied, home-grown wheat shall have the benefit of a guaranteed price, the dumping of bounty-fed oats shall be stopped together with that of foreign fruits and vegetables, and foreign barley shall be taxed. A wheat tax, he added, could be avoided by requiring a prescribed percentage of domestic wheat to be used in all flour baked in England.

There, for the moment, the matter rests. No one has yet been able to show how protective duties, guaranteed prices, or obligatory use of domestic products could avoid enhancing food costs in Great Britain, or how Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa are to be induced to buy larger quantities of British goods in return for increased British takings from them. The quota scheme would of course necessitate an apportionment of the quota commodities among the dominions producing them, with abundant opportunity for charges of unfair discrimination, and the most-favored-nation privilege accorded by commercial treaties might become an issue if foreign importations were systematically barred. It is to be hoped that Mr. MacDonald, who has been a disappointing leader in the great debate, may back Mr. Snowden without reservation, and that between them the protectionist assault may be stayed. The least concession to protection by Great Britain would bolster the evils of protection throughout the world.

Who Was Extravagant?

OUR extravagance is the latest-discovered cause of the present business distress. According to Eugene R. Black, governor of the Atlanta Federal Reserve Bank, speaking to the investment bankers at New Orleans:

> We have been living in an automobile, a Frigidaire, a radio era, and we have been sitting in an atmosphere of a Corona-Corona. We cannot pay our debts and continue to live in that atmosphere. Let us not fool ourselves. . . . I do not agree with those men who say that in America there must be no retrogression from the present high grade of living. We cannot have any permanent prosperity when there is a load of debt around our necks.

Mr. Black politely named no names, but it needs no Solomon to discern that he was thinking of President Hoover's remarks at Cleveland:

> It appears from the press that someone suggested in your discussion that our American standards of living should be lowered. To that I emphatically disagree. . . . Any retreat from our American philosophy of constantly increasing standards of living becomes a retreat into perpetual unemployment and the acceptance of a cesspool of poverty for some large part of our people.

Let us examine Mr. Hoover's remarks first. Nobody wants living standards lowered, of course, but when production slows down, incomes decline with it, either through lowered wages and salaries, or, as more largely during the

past year, through short time or unemployment. Then people who habitually live up to their income, as most people do, have got to live more poorly, just as millions are doing today, and our sacred American standards of living are lowered in fact, just as is happening today, no matter what our oratorical refusal to make a "retreat from our American philosophy" into a "cesspool of poverty." That is the stubborn fact.

Then what about Mr. Black's contention that life in a "Corona-Corona atmosphere" has landed and is keeping us in our present slough of despond? Let Mr. Black's homely remarks about the evils of debt be given full weight by a people not devoted to thrift. His explanation, however, does not take us far. True, during the mad times ending in 1929 people in vast numbers bought on credit, getting automobiles and Frigidaires and radios far beyond their ability to pay out of current income. During those years the instalment system swelled our credit capacity by some billions of dollars, and everyday people, given the opportunity, lived up to it. But who devised the instalment system? To take only the most prominent example, it was the automobile manufacturers, who wanted to make and sell more machines than the public could and would buy out of their current income. To get them to buy, the manufacturers then induced the people, who doubtless ought to have been more strong-minded, to mortgage their future income. As a result of the success of this maneuver the manufacturers have built perhaps three-quarters more automobile plants than we can keep fully at work. Who has devised every modern expansion of credit that has taken place in times of peace? It has been the banker and the business man, who have found a profit in giving people (including business men) credit so that they could buy more goods than their current income would pay for.

The cause of the expansion that brought the inevitable smash, then, was not our "extravagance" or the artificially high "American standard of living" made temporarily possible by the rash use of credit thrust upon people. Underneath these phenomena lie the imperfections of a business and credit system that offers bankers and business men profits from affording people facilities for being "extravagant." Even if extravagance were the root cause of our trouble, there would be no use exhorting people now to stop being extravagant; for about the only ones living in a Corona-Corona atmosphere today are perhaps some of Mr. Black's banking and big-business friends. His homily, we take it, is addressed not to them but to the silk-shirt brigades of 1919 and the two-car white-collar-worker families of 1929. As these groups are already flat on their backs if they are not on the street, there is little need today to urge them to quit their extravagance. By all means let those who live on wages and salaries live within their means if they can, but let them not humbly accept an undeserved responsibility for the present plight of business and production. Instead, let us all, bankers and business men and farmers and workers together, see if we cannot work out a system of credit and business control that will not encourage an unconscious conspiracy between bankers and business men whereby the former loosen their purse strings to us all while the latter break down our sales resistance with all the arts of modern advertising and high-powered salesmanship. That was the "extravagance" that brought the boom that brought the smash. Let us look in the right direction for its correction.

The American Hotel

A FORTY-SIX-STORY palace skyscraper hotel is rising on Park Avenue today and exactly 101 years ago the old Tremont House in Boston opened its doors, America's first "modern" hotel. Between these extremes a century of mechanical miracles stretches its length. The new Waldorf-Astoria will be equipped with all the baths and radio sets and running ice water and uniformed lackeys and private garages that New Yorkers have come to expect of the hotel of today. The old Tremont House, as described in Jefferson Williamson's "The American Hotel,"* as a tremendous innovation lighted its public rooms with the new-fangled gaslight, although the bedrooms—private bedrooms, mind you, instead of the dormitory effect that inns usually provided—were furnished with candles. The plumbing, of the very latest variety, consisted of cold water laid on in the kitchen, laundry, and basement "bathing-rooms." And most novel of all, every bedroom was supplied with its own cake of yellow soap. Yet the Tremont House by no means lacked splendor. Built at the then tremendous cost of $300,000, its architecture was dignified and imposing, its office—which began to be called the lobby about 1850—had a marble floor, its main dining-room was seventy feet long and decorated to the hilt, and its manager for the first time in American hotel history was filled with zeal for his guest's comfort.

The history of the American hotel is in miniature the social history of the country. The tavern, whose guest demanded no more than a full stomach and space to lie down, followed the frontier as it proceeded westward. In the effete East the frontier was going out of fashion as quickly as possible. America, the young democracy, built its hotels in lieu of the palaces it might not have; the hotel guests were the kings, each a monarch in his own right. And, like monarchs, they behaved royally, demanding the best and getting it. In the fifty years that followed the opening of the Tremont House the gaslight began to give way to electric light, the cold water in the basement was replaced by elegant bathrooms with walnut-and-mahogany-inclosed plumbing, guests who had toiled up six flights of stairs now rode airily in an elevator, and steam heat, the telephone, and meals à la carte at all hours made the hotel guest's life worth living.

Nothing in the evolution of the modern hotel is more interesting than the rise—and fall—of the hotel clerk. At first the first assistant to the host, the man who received guests, dispensed room keys and advice, and did the carving for the midday meal, he speedily advanced, as the elegance of the lobby around him increased, to a position of influence and splendor surpassed by few public men. He was, by tradition, the possessor and the proud wearer of as many diamonds as his shirt-front would hold; he could quell a temerarious guest with a look; he was a man of affairs, an authority on the life of the city. Those persons who today still admit a timidity in the presence of the hotel clerk—pale descendant as he is of his proud ancestor—come honestly enough by their fears. Even in a democratic puddle, there may be a biggest frog. And in his lucrative dealing in diamonds, which he lavishly bought and sold, the hotel clerk was the forerunner of the racketeer.

* Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Soldiers Old, Soldiers New

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I

Coblenz, October 6

IMAGINE a great plateau high above a city on the Rhine, framed on two sides by tall autumn-tinged trees and offering on the left beautiful views to the hills on the banks of the river; elsewhere charming prospects to far-distant hills which at the horizon, under a dark, lowering sky, appear to be mountains. Picture to yourself next in the right angle made by the trees in the background four small, well-separated grandstands with a high speakers' tower in front of the first. Then look from the grandstands and people over the plain before you upon a sea of men in uniform, 167,000 strong—so the loud speakers insist—and you have a vision of the eleventh annual field day of the Stahlhelm, the militaristic American Legion of Germany.

It is indeed a sea of humanity—I use this overworked, worn-out phrase deliberately because the field-gray of the uniforms and the unending ranks of men do suggest waves of the ocean. But the waves of the ocean are restless; this mass of gray humanity stands for hours and hours in a wet field without food or drink, yet without restlessness, with perfect discipline. At no time is there a marked volume of sound from them; not even when the command "at rest" comes after long standing at attention with knapsacks on backs. And these are by no means youths; the bulk of the "Steel Helmets" are men who fought for four years—to be a *Front-Stahlhelmer* one must have been six months on a firing line. Here and there are officers fairly covered with decorations; the number of iron crosses one sees is incalculable. Many of the men have traveled two nights and a day without sleep; 1,700 motor buses have helped to bring them from all parts of Germany. They have been quartered from Leipzig to Bingen-on-the-Rhine. Every *Gau,* or district, has brought more men than it notified headquarters it expected to furnish. Hence a delay of two and a quarter hours in the beginning of the ceremonies while steamers make additional trips to nearby towns to bring patient men to join the still more patient waiting throngs, whose composure is in no wise affected by two sharp drenching showers.

Men in gray, men in gray, still they come. At last the end. Then a salute of eleven guns, and the leaders arrive with much ceremony to take their places on the speakers' stand. They receive no greeting cheer. These are soldiers, not idle spectators, before them. Even then the speeches do not begin. From the right flank comes a procession of no less than 1,200 flags, flags of all the branches and districts and sections and states, chiefly the German battle-flag, since the Stahlhelm is forbidden to use the old black, white, and red of the empire and will not carry the white, red, and gold of the republic. In the stiff wind the flags flutter gloriously, the varied colors more vivid than if the sun were shining. Franz Seldte, the commander and founder, gives the order "*Das Ganze—kehrt*" and the whole mass faces the flags as they pass around the rear of the assemblage. For forty minutes the soldiers stand rigidly at attention; for forty minutes a band pounds out one single marching air; for forty minutes Seldte and his second in command, ex-Lieutenant Colonel Duesterberg, stand at the salute. Not until this theatrical spectacle is over can the exercise begin with praise of the dead of the war by a clergyman, introduced by a superb hymn played by massed bands.

Yes, there are clergymen still to be found here to lend themselves to this pagan worship of Mars. This one, like our Mannings at home, is on intimate terms with God, whom he has apparently forgiven for granting victory to the Allies and permitting them to occupy German territory for twelve long years. At least he is as certain today as his brethren were at the outbreak of the war that the Germans are a chosen people; that God has great things still in store for them if they will but unite in the spirit of the Stahlhelm. More than that, he is certain that the two million Germans who fell did not die in vain. That he iterates and reiterates. Somehow out of their suffering, out of the waste of their lives, Germany is to be made over, according to the prescription of physician Seldte. This prescription, after another moving national hymn sung by all, Herr Seldte proceeds to give once more. It is no firebrand speech; his utterances, like Hitler's, are taming down. With his demand for a revision of the Versailles treaty, for the withdrawal of the monstrous lie that Germany was solely guilty of beginning the World War, every liberal can agree. Sinister, however, is the slogan he again voices: "Victory rests upon sacrifices and *arms.*" For the Hitler victory at the polls Seldte takes the credit, for it was the Stahlhelm, he says, which led in the work of freeing Germany from internal and external enemies. He reads—to "bravos"—the resolutions just passed by the board of directors and sees no inconsistency in urging complete political unity for all Germans while demanding also the complete abandonment of the "fruitless Marxism of the Prussian dictatorship"—Duesterberg had put it more clearly the day before, saying that "that nation which first removes the poison of Marxism from its veins by a nationalism embracing all classes will win the war." Germany has only to follow the Stahlhelm and unite itself, and then "the Germans alone, in spite of everything, will be the true victors in the first [!] World War." Neither of these self-appointed leaders knows exactly how the twelve or more million Germans who voted for the Communists and Socialists are to be weaned from Marxism—save perhaps by knocking them on their heads. But still they cry: "Away with all petty quarrelings of brothers"—and still they are certain that they are on the high road to achieving all the purposes of the Stahlhelm. And while they put their faith in sacrifice and arms, they declare in the next breath that they know that Germany can carry on no war today and that they are for achieving their ends by legal means. Of course, we also hear the familiar words of the American Legion: "We, having known war, want peace."

Franz Seldte has finished. In unison the bands play and the crowd sings—the Deutschland song. Next the dedication of the flags of the newly organized districts—this flag business plays an enormous part in the life of the Stahlhelm.

And then as Seldte and Duesterberg march past the front lines of the troops, like kings and field marshals of old, the crowd of spectators melts away—among them three genuine Italian Fascists, numerous brown-shirted fascist followers of Hitler, the vicious anti-Semite Hakenkreuzler, and the correspondent of the Paris *Matin,* with plenty of material to stir the anger and blood of Poincaré, the French nationalists, the Camelots du Roi. Is there, indeed, not a magnificent army *in posse* here? My neighbor, who wears its uniform, told me so last evening at supper. Large enough, he thinks, to beat France. . . . But if the crowd hurries off, the soldiers stay. Not until eleven hours after their arrival does the tail end of the procession, twenty-seven kilometers in length, leave the field.

A great day for the Stahlhelm—its greatest, so they say around me. Many more present than in Berlin, far more than in Munich, and every man paid for his transportation out of his own pocket. One hundred and sixty-seven thousand men, not even one-tenth of the German war dead. These fields beyond the living could hold all the wickedly butchered. But they would crowd the green-and-brown-carpeted hillside even to the very edge with its somber trees. If these ghosts stand there, what are they saying of this return to the worship of the god that cost them their lives and plunged all Europe into desolation?

It is pleasanter to go down to the city and stand in front of the castle by the reviewing stand. By four in the afternoon the hosts appear; not until nine does the last *Gau* come into sight. The impressiveness of that review cannot be denied. These men, after this exhausting day without food and the sleepless nights, are amazingly vigorous, their bearing erect, their strength unchallenged. Clean-shaven, even the Bavarians (what has become of the German beard?), with only a very few Falstaffian paunches and strikingly few spectacles. These older men have kept themselves in marvelous physical trim since the war. Indeed, it is the veterans who do the historic goose-step best as they pass in front of the leaders and who win the "bravos" of the experts around me. The younger men, the new crop of Stahlhelmers, are green enough in their marching and often pale-faced.

Here comes a group of miners from Essen clad in medieval guild uniforms to break the monotony of the field-gray. Whenever laboring men appear—and there are many, for the Stahlhelm is bent upon making inroads into the unions—the crowd applauds and cries out the Stahlhelm fascist salute, *Front-Heil* (success, or fortune, at the front). The younger men chant it like a college boy's slogan; as they go down the narrow street into the town they answer the *Front-Heil* of sympathetic townspeople with the fascist arm salute. Alongside the reviewing stand, among the onlookers, is no less a person than the Crown Prince himself, with two of his brothers, watching the honors go to Seldte and Duesterberg. Night before last he took the salute at the grand tattoo which marked the ending of the torchlight parade. They say he was cheered; pictures of him sold well in the crowd. Yet it would be idle to claim that he made a stir; the local newspapers hardly mentioned his appearance. As for the crowds, even for Sunday, they were not great. The Stahlhelm sympathizers were there, but not the workers and the mass of middle-class people, and of these is Germany.

A million men the Stahlhelm claims. There are still sixty million Germans. Seldte's work is but begun; it has begun enough to injure Germany by stirring the chauvinists abroad to bitterness and rage. It has earned the right, both by its numbers and by the enthusiasm of its members, to be taken seriously. It is, finally, the direct product of Versailles, of the foolish and stupid policy of the Allies, notably the French, of the twelve years of occupation by foreign troops, of the demand for impossible reparations payments, and of the steadfast refusal of the war victors to disarm and to keep their solemn pledges given in the Treaty of Versailles. When the Stahlhelm demands a return to the Wilson program of the Fourteen Points, it takes a sound and entirely justifiable position. To the Allies' violation of their armistice pledges is above all else due the extraordinary, the impressive, the entirely saddening, and, probably, the menacing spectacle I have just described.

II

Soldiers new in Germany have been on trial in Leipzig on charges of high treason before the Supreme Court of the Reich. The verdict, dismissal for the two active officers and a year and a half in a fortress for the three accused, less the time already served, was cabled two days ago. What has interested me has been less whether they were really guilty of treason than what manner of men these new Reichswehr officers are. They told their story plainly in court. If there is bitter disappointment in democratic circles here, it can be understood. For they and the Allies intended that this should be a democratic army. The old cadet corps, in one of which Hindenburg was educated, were abolished, and service in the ranks was made the only avenue to commissioned rank. The old hateful caste distinction between officers and men was successfully done away with, for from the September maneuvers here come excellent reports of the camaraderie of officers and men. Instead of sitting far apart in the rest periods, the correspondents report that the men gathered around their officers as the center of their life. That neither discipline nor efficiency has suffered is similarly the testimony of observers; indeed, only the highest praise is given to the troops, and the men are reported to have responded to the terrific demands upon them in a remarkable way.

All the more striking, therefore, is the evidence brought out at Leipzig, not only by the prisoners at the bar but by numerous witnesses, that the new Reichswehr is deeply affected by the nationalist movement; that numerous officers have begun to dabble in politics, to take sides between the Left and the Right parties, and to show the same tendencies toward megalomania and militaristic exaltation of their profession which was so objectionable in a large portion of the officer caste in the old army and navy. The two active officers, Lieutenants Ludin and Scheringer, are certified by their superiors to have been most excellent officers. One is the son of a professor, the other of a retired general. What was their grievance? The army was not being conducted "nationally enough," said Lieutenant Ludin. More should have been done to protect the officers. From what? Why, "in the newspapers, theaters, and literature, the army and the officers are being constantly attacked. The government has done nothing against this." "Do you think that the government can close the theaters if there are isolated instances of attacks upon the army or its officers?" asked the presiding judge. "Yes, indeed," Lieutenant Ludin replied, "that the

government could have done." Obviously, he and his fellows were but a step from the point of view that led officers to run any civilian through who "insulted the uniform."

A little later, Lieutenant Ludin denounced the government, saying: "We can have no confidence in the government of this republic which continually thinks like pacifists and does not protect the interests of the army." A final grievance of Lieutenant Scheringer was that their commander in Ulm had once ordered them not to appear in the streets in uniform at a time of Communist demonstrations and much excitement. Other military witnesses declared that the government was "pulling the ethical ground out from under them by its conduct." When asked whether they would shoot their fellow-citizens by order, some of the witnesses said that they would shoot either Communists or Nationalists if they were ordered to do so, but it was evident that it would be far easier for them to give the order to fire on the Communists than on those who "think nationally." "That is the most difficult question you could put to us," said one officer. Another declared that there was a great difference between loyalty to the constitution of the republic and to the country itself. One could be loyal to the constitution and still be opposed to an administration which did not think nationalistically enough. Lieutenant Scheringer openly stated, by the way, that he thought the Reichswehr should never shoot at the National-Socialists.

The Leipzig court had a difficult task before it. The prisoners were obviously very young, mentally underdeveloped, and politically entirely uneducated. Their testimony suggested commonplace freshmen rather than officers of twenty-five or twenty-six who had risen from the ranks. If the court found them guilty, it knew that they would be treated as martyrs by the Hitlerites. If the court dismissed them as *dumme Jungen* (stupid boys) it would appear to them and their associates that they had the right to go ahead to organize the Reichswehr politically as a branch of Hitler's "Nazis," and it would encourage such Socialists as may happen to be in the service to recruit for their party. In other words, it would be giving permission to the Reichswehr to destroy itself by internal political conflicts or to become, perhaps, the instrument of a single party—even though that party should be, as Hitler's is today, a minority party. To that, however "nationally" it thinks, the great bulk of the German people do not belong and, I believe, will not belong unless driven to it by suffering, want, economic and spiritual misery and exhaustion, and the criminal folly and stupidity the Allies and America have shown in dealing with Germany from the day of its surrender to the present hour.

Costigan of Colorado

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

WHEN Edward P. Costigan came back to Denver from Harvard nearly three decades ago there was more than a suggestion about him of the young crusader. He was always ready to break a lance for a worthy forlorn hope. He had a passion for justice. He learned soon enough that the issue of the battle was not simple, that lies have a tremendous vitality. But he was not daunted and he has continued to challenge false standards for thirty years. Today he is as completely dedicated to public service as he was in those years of enthusiastic youth.

Yet Costigan's vision has always been a practical one. He has a sure instinct for what is possible and what is not. Running on the Democratic ticket today in Colorado for the United States Senate, he offers a definite and concrete program for the immediate future. No explanation of Ed Costigan explains him which does not take into account the fact that his fire is tempered by indomitable persistence, by a capacity for endless work, by a steady judgment based upon clear reasoning and logic.

As early as his high-school days Costigan was marked for success. His family had ample means. He has a gift for oratory, a fascinating personality, a manner of deferential courtesy almost old-fashioned. Men naturally yield to his leadership. His intellect is both keen and thorough. If he had been a conformist he might have sailed on the breezes of social and professional approval to great political preferment. Instead, he enlisted as a lifelong recruit in the struggle for popular government and economic justice. He was the organizer and for several years the attorney of the Honest Elections League. In the formation of the Direct Legislation League he took an active part and drafted most of the laws submitted to the people for the initiative, referendum, and recall. The politics of Denver were then controlled by the public-utility corporations, and in the campaigns to free the city Costigan did valiant service. Under his leadership the people twice frustrated an attempt of the Denver Union Water Company to obtain an unjust franchise.

Colorado has waged a long fight for fair freight rates. Costigan took part in it as attorney for the Denver Chamber of Commerce. In 1909, representing the Maricopa County Commerce Club, he won his case before the Interstate Commerce Commission, a brilliant victory that saved for the people of Arizona about $2,000,000 annually. Two years later he was a member of the committee which drew up a stringent anti-pass and railway commission bill. In the revolt of Denver against what was known as the "big mitt," the domination of its politics by a corrupt machine, Costigan was one of the forceful leaders who brought about the overthrow of the spoilers. In the same year, 1912, he ran as the Progressive candidate for governor of the State on a platform based upon industrial justice. At the next election he sacrificed himself to be again the standard-bearer of the reform party. During one of these campaigns the regular Republicans attempted to make a trade with him. Costigan was to get the governorship, the machine candidates one of the United States senatorships and some of the State offices. Costigan declined.

Not the least useful of Costigan's services have been those which arose out of the coal strike of 1913-14 in Colorado. He represented the United Mine Workers of America as counsel before the Congressional committee sent to the field to investigate the causes of the strike and conditions in

the mines. Later he was accredited spokesman for the miners before the United States Industrial Relations Committee in long hearings both at Denver and New York. His presentation and analysis of facts and conditions involved in the coal-mining industry of Colorado were recognized everywhere as an outstanding contribution to the subject. Never had it been made more clear that society had a right to demand the abolition of feudalism in industry because of its menace to industrial peace, or that collective capital could not ethically refuse to deal with collective labor under the modern system of mass production.

After the strike Costigan and Horace N. Hawkins defended those coal miners selected as test cases. The writer of this article reported for the United Press the trial for murder of John R. Lawson, the leader of the miners. The defense was brilliantly convincing, but the conviction was a foregone conclusion. To me it seemed a flagrant miscarriage of justice. Costigan and Hawkins carried the case to the State Supreme Court and had the judgment reversed. Later four other miners were tried at Castle Rock and acquitted on the first ballot by a fair jury of farmers. In this case, too, Costigan was one of the attorneys.

Because of the liberal economic policy of the Democratic Administration during President Wilson's first term, Costigan supported Wilson against Hughes. During the war Wilson selected the young Coloradoan to go to Europe as his personal representative to confer with delegates of the Allied Powers in regard to trade agreements and commercial treaties. In 1917 President Wilson appointed Costigan a member of the recently created United States Tariff Commission. After eleven years of service Costigan resigned. The last six years of his membership on the commission were a period of unbroken fighting in behalf of the public interest against the increasing control of that body by special interests. At the time of his resignation the commission, as a result of the Harding and Coolidge appointments, had long ceased to be a scientific group of investigators working on behalf of the nation. Costigan's letter of resignation, addressed to Senator Joseph T. Robinson, chairman of the Senate investigating committee, is a remarkable indictment of the policy of those who have been in control of our government.

> In conclusion [he writes] may I say that I do not exaggerate the present issue. I fully realize that the manipulation of the Tariff Commission since 1922 is but part of the total picture of present-day Washington. In an era which history may yet summarize as the age of Daugherty, Fall, and Sinclair . . . in which another governmental body, the Federal Trade Commission, is widely looked upon as the legitimate prey of those who deal in the unfair practices that commission was created to destroy . . . in which even the national Senate is not immune against the trespass and dictates of powerful lobbies . . . the fate and fortunes of the Tariff Commission may be thought unimportant. Yet no part of the public edifice can be undermined without danger to the whole structure. Public service still demands public fidelity. And the ancient right of remonstrance remains. An official witness of law violations, I have successively appealed to the President and to Congress. One further dissent is in order. I am therefore returning my official commission to the government.

Returning to Colorado, Costigan at once allied himself with the most liberal industrial experiment in the State, the attempt of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company to prove that such a corporation could profitably exist and at the same time deal justly with its employees. Miss Josephine Roche, together with Merle E. Vincent and John R. Lawson, was struggling against heavy odds. Costigan joined with them to formulate the company policy, one which includes the principle of independent collective bargaining between organized union workers and the operator, and recognition of the public interest involved in the coal industry.

Costigan's Republican opponent for the Senate is George H. Shaw, one of Henry L. Doherty's lieutenants, an attorney for the Public Service Company of Colorado. His chief claim to fame is that he engineered the campaign by means of which his company secured in Denver a franchise that the people will some day bitterly regret. Shaw's main contribution to the campaign so far is the statement that the farmers of eastern Colorado could make money on wheat if it went down to fifty cents a bushel.

Costigan states his position clearly and without equivocation. To meet unemployment he urges an elastic program of public works paralleling to some extent business conditions, restrictions on immigration in periods of depression, more efficient federal employment agencies, and a scientific advance in the direction of old-age and unemployment insurance. For the aid of agriculture he advocates the improvement of market conditions, increased cooperative agencies, the stabilizing of farm-products prices, and intermediate credit banks. He believes also in a bounty on sugar, to be raised from a tariff based upon the difference in competitive conditions in Cuba and the United States and not upon the demands of a lobby.

Costigan would vote for the repeal of the present tariff in favor of one scientifically prepared by impartial fact-finding, to be grounded on national interest rather than the greed of monopolists. Naturally he is interested in legislation having to do with industrial relations. Laws that recognize the rights and dignity of labor, that eliminate abuses by courts of injunction and contempt proceedings would be favored by him. That he would oppose any private gobbling of Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, or other nationally owned resources goes without saying. He is particularly impressed by the need of dominating the big power corporations before they dominate us.

But any set program that Costigan has discussed is of far less importance than his record and his character. All his life he has been an attorney for the people. He always will be. One cannot know Edward P. Costigan without appreciating his integrity, force, courage, dignity, and intellect. His campaign is entirely candid. He has nothing to conceal. If elected he will go to the Senate unhampered by pledges or secret understandings. He is not only free from entangling alliances but from the mental habits and the inhibitions which play so large a part in determining the public acts of our representatives. He will be a thorn in the side of the standpatter. He is a great debater. His mind has the rapier thrust. Yet he never loses his temper. Concealed behind his suave courtesy, his deceptive indolence of manner, his cool half-sarcastic smile, are an alertness and preparedness disconcerting to opponents. In Washington Costigan would be entirely indifferent to social pressure, to the subtle flattery that appeals so strongly to many new men at the Capitol. In conclusion, let me add a personal opinion, one not shared by the business and professional men of Denver. I believe Costigan will be elected.

On the College Frontier
V. Wisconsin's Experience*

By M. C. OTTO

RECENT educational innovations at the University of Wisconsin have received considerable publicity. Experiments conducted there, especially the notable one under the leadership of Mr. Meiklejohn, have been widely discussed and have aroused an extraordinary amount of interest. Seen in perspective, these innovations are experiments within another and larger experiment to which the university has been committed for a generation or more, that of defining and actualizing a democratic higher education. This article is devoted to this more inclusive issue.

When Charles McCarthy had completed his book on the Wisconsin conception of higher education, he feared lest his enthusiasm might seem to have clouded his judgment. "I crave the reader's pardon," he wrote, "on the score that I, a wandering student seeking knowledge, came knocking at the gates of the great University of Wisconsin; it took me in, filled me with inspiration, and when I left its doors the kindly people of the State stretched out welcoming hands and gave me a man's work to do." In this conception—knowledge joined with inspiration and put to work for the common good—he epitomized the educational enterprise of the university in its greatest period, the decade or more before the war. It was this purpose, magnificently applied in this period, which caused Wisconsin to be looked upon as an outstanding attempt at democratic education.

Professors in privately endowed universities invariably express concern for teachers in State universities because these institutions are naturally responsive to the commonwealths in which they are located. This concern is often mixed with sympathy, sometimes with condescension. Obviously, an institution of higher learning runs a risk in being thus related to the people at large, whether directly or through their political representatives. Willingness to serve may lead to capitulation. But the endowed universities also have dangers to face, as has been pointed out. They are tempted to feel a special obligation to a particular class—those who support them; and they may easily think so much about their own advancement as to neglect the advancement of the larger community for whose benefit public institutions exist. Which of these dangers is the greater and the more difficult to avoid may here be left undecided. State universities have made their choice. Their establishment, first in the South, then in the Middle West, was a happy accident. Private endowments were not forthcoming. And the early State universities did not differ in educational aims from the endowed Eastern institutions after which they were modeled. In their development, however, as they came in contact in the Middle West with pioneer ideals, they took on a unique character. They became, in the best instances, the mind of the State in a deliberate effort to discover the most promising means of orderly social progress.

This development was perhaps most notable at the University of Wisconsin, under the leadership of Charles R. Van Hise. Dr. Van Hise, a native of Wisconsin, a graduate of the university, one of the foremost geologists of his time, was inaugurated as president in connection with the celebration in 1904 of the fiftieth anniversary of the university's founding. On that occasion he said:

> In the university men are trained to regard economic and social questions as problems to be investigated by the inductive method, and in their solution to aim at what is best for the whole people rather than at what is favorable to the interests with which they chance to be connected. Such of these men as are filled with a burning enthusiasm for the advancement of the race are capable of great accomplishment, for they possess the enlightenment upon which wise action may be based.

He looked forward to seeing such men active "in every city and hamlet, leading the fight against corruption and misrule, and, even more important and vastly more difficult, leading in constructive advance." He would have them at work in legislative halls, in the field of education, in the churches. For "in these men," he declared, "lies, in large measure, the hope of a peaceful solution of the great questions deeply concerning the nation, some of which are scarcely less momentous than that of slavery."

No university president has put greater emphasis upon research and scholarship.

> This freedom of thought [he told the graduating class of 1912], this inquiry after truth for its own sake, this adjustment of the knowledge of the past in the light of the newest facts and highest reason—this is the essential spirit of a university, *which under no circumstances should it yield*. Without this spirit an institution is not a university; with this spirit, it is a university, whether it be large or small.

Nor has any university president set higher standards for university graduates. It was his conviction that "the final and supreme test of the height to which a university attains is its output of creative men, not in sciences alone, but in the arts, in literature, in politics, and in religion." Yet in and through his speeches and his practice—which incidentally were in striking accord—ran the purpose which he believed to belong especially to the State university, and to Wisconsin in a larger measure than to others.

> The State university [he declared again and again] does feel a special obligation to the commonwealth in which it is situated. Indeed, it recognizes this obligation as a first duty. By all known methods it disseminates information discovered in all parts of the world to the people of the State.

Whether the problem related to farming or household economy, tuberculosis in cows or human beings, public-utility rates or teaching methods, highway engineering or business

* The fifth of a series of articles on educational experiments. The sixth, The Remaking of Legal Education, by Professor Herman Oliphant, will appear in the issue of November 5.—Editor The Nation.

salesmanship—whatever it might be about which the people of the State needed expert information—it was the university's function to meet that need. "In short," as he once wrote, "the university aims to become the instrument of the State in its upbuilding—material, intellectual, and spiritual."

The concrete and far-reaching accomplishments which inevitably flowed from such a conception of a university cannot be treated in this limited space. And the battles fought with those who were unable to appreciate this conception or were opposed to its implications must be left unmentioned. That there were such accomplishments and such battles is well known. And when Theodore Roosevelt said that "thanks to the movement for genuinely democratic popular government which Senator La Follette led to overwhelming victory in Wisconsin," the State had "become literally a laboratory for wise experimental legislation aiming to secure the social and political betterment of the people as a whole," he indirectly said a good word for Senator La Follette's lifelong friend, the president of the university, and for the able and devoted scholars who were actively cooperating in the translation of a great educational ideal into social fact.

When the war came it brought havoc to this project as it did to other beautiful and noble things. Suspicion, bitterness, hardness of heart poisoned the atmosphere. Some day this phase may be dispassionately studied as an exhibit of the academic mind in a social crisis, but here it, too, must be passed over. As an aftermath of the war the university became the object of a new form of attack by both the Stalwarts and the Progressives in politics. It was maligned, made to suffer indignities, compelled to beg for the money to pay its bills. Of course, this had its effect upon the attitude of the public. The fact that the pre-war conception somehow survived in spite of this ordeal testifies to its inherent greatness and strength, to the astuteness of those who, like Dr. Birge, were then responsible for directing the university, and to the deep-moving educational faith of Wisconsin's citizenry.

The most subversive assault, which has taken shape in the past two years, must have more extended consideration. In 1913 there was enacted a budget law in accordance with which all appropriations for land purchases and buildings were made conditional upon release by the governor. The bill was designed to avoid the spending of moneys, or the contracting for such expenditure, before the necessary funds were on hand or in sight. But it also created the opportunity for a governor to hold up an appropriation if he so desired; and the opportunity was seized upon by Progressives as well as Conservatives. While in this way the university program was sometimes seriously embarrassed, the theory of higher education it embodied was not attacked. But in the last session of the legislature (1929) a bold attempt was made which, had it been successful, would have given to the governor the power to dictate educational policy. In this session a new budget bill was passed on the recommendation of the governor. As originally introduced, this bill required the university authorities to present quarterly estimates of expenditures in advance, and it provided that no moneys might be expended until the Director of Budget, attached to the Executive Office, had approved the estimates as not only lawful and within the available funds of the State, but as in his judgment *"reasonable and necessary."* The insidious nature of this proposal need not be pointed out. Fortunately, friends of the university, after a strenuous contest, were able to eliminate this dangerous phrase. Later in the same session another attempt was made, in connection with the university appropriations bill, to bring all university appropriations under the direct control of the governor. This occurred in a substitute amendment which contained the clause that *all* moneys transferred to the university from the general funds of the State, not expenditures for buildings and lands alone, must be specifically released by the budget director. This amendment would have put practically all university funds under the actual control of the governor's office. Friends of the university were again successful in their opposition. The amendment was defeated, seven Conservatives voting against the governor, one Progressive voting for him.

Outside the legislature parallel operations were in process. Early last August the newspapers announced the perfection of a State-wide organization for the purpose of "research in the State aimed to promote better government." According to this announcement, the director of this research bureau had returned from a leave of absence in Governor Kohler's office, where he had cooperated in framing the budget bill just referred to. The chairman of the organization was quoted as follows:

> We have always been of the opinion that this type of work should be financed by citizens. We expect to demand the best in State government as determined by careful investigation, and plan to accept a responsibility by cooperating with public officials in obtaining that end.

Put more baldly, his statement said, in effect: Our intention is that hereafter the information to be used by the officials and lawmakers of the State shall be supplied by us. These two plans together—the revised budget plan and the citizens' research plan—represent a destructive and a constructive endeavor by certain industrial and financial interests to cripple university research and teaching which are objectionable to them. This has never been frankly avowed and would no doubt be denied, but it is a fair inference from the known facts.

On September 16 last Philip La Follette was nominated for governor by an overwhelming majority. Those concerned for the future of democratic higher education in Wisconsin were greatly encouraged by this event. They naturally expect him to further the educational tradition with which his father was intimately and honorably connected. And one plank in his platform justifies this hope.

> Twenty-five years ago [it reads] every dollar spent for our higher educational institutions was repaid to the farms, industries, and businesses of Wisconsin a thousand-fold in constructive, practical ideas and plans for the expansion and development of our economic life. . . . The Stalwart administrations with narrow visions and partisan considerations have stunted and limited these services, and sought by legislation to put the educational system of Wisconsin under the absolute and dictatorial control of the executive. We believe this policy both wasteful of the taxpayers' money and destructive of free and untrammeled democratic education.

But the plank is made up of ideas, not words only, ideas which appear to have grown out of Mr. La Follette's personal experience in the university as student and teacher, so that it poses, rather than settles, problems. Meanwhile the liberating effect of his nomination and prospective governor-

ship is unquestionable. It remains to be seen how the university staff will be able to meet and to serve the desire for a more satisfying life which expressed itself in the nomination of the new governor.

Democratic higher education in Wisconsin is once more at a critical stage because political changes in the State have presented a new opportunity and also for another reason—namely, that men and women imbued with the spirit of the university through years of contact with it as teachers or administrators are one by one leaving the scene. In the next decade practically all those who were significantly associated with the formative years under President Van Hise will have retired from active service. No greater task has confronted any college president than confronts President Frank. Will the spirit which has become traditional in Wisconsin depart with the era which it vitalized, or will it carry over, to take on richer meaning in the era ahead? In some institutions the first consideration very properly is whether additions to the personnel enlarge the roster of great names. In an institution like the University of Wisconsin greatness, in order to be educationally significant, must as a rule develop on the soil and in the atmosphere of the State. There are signs that this is happening. Younger persons of exceptional talents, called to the university or trained on the ground, are manning the teaching and research posts. They are giving an excellent account of themselves. Responsive to the changed mentality and the new conditions to which a contemporary must adjust himself if his efforts are not to be futile, they are no less responsive to the essential purpose of the university in a democracy. In a sense the nature of this enterprise changes as it faces problems peculiar to its period, but in a deeper sense it remains always the same, whether the leader is called John Bascom, Charles Van Hise, or Glenn Frank. Its chief task is always, on the one hand, to circumvent the forces that would divert higher education from making a significant contribution to the completest life for the mass of men, and, on the other hand, to lead this mass of men to a larger vision of what this ideal implies and to equip them, as far as possible, to function in its realization. Observing what is taking shape in Wisconsin at the present time, one recalls the words of F. J. Turner, one of Wisconsin's most illustrious sons and for a period one of the university's foremost scholars and greatest teachers:

> There is throughout the Middle West a vigor and a mental activity among the common people that bodes well for the future. . . . This region which has so often needed the reminder that bigness is not greatness may yet show that its training has produced the power to reconcile popular government and culture with the huge industrial society of the modern world.

The Legion Takes Boston

By EUGENE GORDON

AS I write, Boston has just been released from the grip of an occupation that lasted almost a week, an occupation the like of which this old town had not previously seen. It was the twelfth annual convention of the American Legion. A substantial portion of the citizenry hopes that it will not see the like again. There are others who would not mind repeating the experience next year, with all its accompaniments of pomp and ceremony, noise and glitter, horseplay and drunkenness, childishness and arrogance, militarism and vulgarity.

Opinions expressed in Boston during the convention concerning the value of the American Legion's contribution to American culture and progress are hopelessly at variance. Let me cite a random few. We listen first to the retiring commander of the American Legion, O. L. Bodenhamer:

> In our Americanization work we must admit that a nation is just as great as are its men and its women. To make permanent American ideals, and to advance American institutions, it is necessary to look to the proper training of the boys and girls of today in the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship for tomorrow. The American Legion is a fine agency through which the spirit of education can be promoted.

Then there was General Pershing, who assured his former soldiers that "America will continue to move forward under the inspired leadership of her best citizens, in whose front ranks will ever be found the Legion of Veterans." (I report this speech as W. A. MacDonald wrote it for the *Transcript*.)

Across the Charles River in Cambridge the Harvard *Crimson*, when the occupation was ended and most of the army had departed, carried the following editorial:

> Two days ago in South Carolina President Hoover spoke of the purity and inherent rights of American institutions, but, surely, whatever the moral correctness of the institutions, no other country in the world would countenance the spectacle of the recent American Legion convention in Boston. The highest official of what other land would have lent his presence to what, in effect, is merely an excuse for a wholesale brawl, exceeding in its disgusting completeness any similar spectacle the United States has to offer? Even Boston, with a police commissioner who has been astonishingly vigorous since he has been in power, has seen fit to allow a total relaxation of law and order during the stay in the Hub of the "buddies" of the Legion, those glorious Americans who fought, the slogan says, to make the world safe for democracy, and who have come back to raise hell annually so no one can forget it.

The *Crimson* does not wish to be misunderstood, and hastens to add:

> . . . at Harvard at least there are few conscientious observers of the Eighteenth Amendment, but the worst subway riot, the drunkest football crowd are piddling trifles in the way of disturbances compared to a Legion convention.

The *Crimson* adds graciously: "Detroit has been awarded the convention for next year; by God, we hope she's satisfied." Such heterodoxy would be expected to unstop the vials of wrath; it did. Local officials of the Legion attributed the point of view, charitably enough, to "an immature mind."

Both Major Paul Hines, who handled the publicity for the Legion, and Mayor Curley of Boston declared that there had been no evidence of drinking among any of the 70,000 marchers in the parade. But to some eyewitnesses, at least, there was overwhelming evidence of it. Some men drank as they marched, turning the flasks up to their lips. Others were supported over the route by their "buddies."

Secretary of the Navy Adams, in the words of a reporter for a Boston paper, suggested:

> . . . that the Legion had in its power the furtherance of the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, and he went on to epitomize the extraordinary development of the country, which had grown in riches and in population far beyond what the founders had imagined, and with that growth had come dangers also beyond imagination a few years ago.

Mr. Adams, having pointed out the bugaboo to the boys, cunningly played upon their immature sense of patriotism. "Can you be sure," he whispered, "your country will not again be involved in mighty combat?" No, they could not be sure; nevertheless, everybody cheered, stamped, and clapped. They could not be sure but Mr. Adams was. "In view of this great need of the development of the spirit of justice," he said, further befogging the issue for them, "and of the uncertainties, don't you think it may be well to maintain rather a strong navy so the voice of justice may have a hearing?" There was a great deal more applause, but no one thought of asking the Secretary of the Navy when battleships and cruisers had come to be the ear trumpets of justice.

Henry J. Harriman, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, was on the program with Mr. Adams. He referred to the Legion as a "potent force for good in the nation . . ." But meanwhile the Reverend Raymond H. Palmer, minister of the Lynn Unitarian Church, was writing in the church magazine that "anyone looking on at the doings in Boston during the past week could hardly have escaped the conclusion that we do not live in a country which has yet reached a high stage of civilization," because he "saw more drunken men on the streets of Boston in a few hours than I have seen anywhere in the past five years," and because, also, "I have heard women insulted . . ." At the same time Police Commissioner Hultman was writing the following letter to the head of the American Legion:

> I should like to say to your organization before it leaves the city of Boston that our records show that while there have never been so many people in the city as during the week of your national convention, there has been little or no disorder.
>
> I am therefore taking this opportunity to congratulate you on the manner in which the members of your organization have conducted themselves while having what I hope has been a pleasant visit to our city.

The American Legion, according to its officials, is composed of more than 880,000 men and women. I don't know how many of these were in Boston, but the number in the parade has been estimated variously at 50,000, 70,000, and 75,000. There were perhaps thousands of members who for one reason or another did not parade. The "buddies" began to arrive in Boston several days before the convention was to open. Most of them were in uniforms of odd design and fantastic color combination. The reaction to war-time drabness was manifest. An American reporter recording such a spectacle in Haiti or Mexico would call it "gaudy"; in Egypt or Abyssinia, "barbaric"; but in twentieth-century, cultured Boston it was simply "colorful." I have never before seen such naive and childish delight over colors as the legionnaires and their women displayed. Silver-plated helmets, gold-plated helmets, and brass-plated helmets; red breeches, green breeches, black-and-white breeches, pantaloons that made their wearers look like clowns; blue smocks, red berets, berets of green, blue, black, and yellow; boots and shoes of every shape and color combination; Sam Browne belts (which in the army are restricted to the use of officers) of white, black, tan, and scarlet; uniforms in imitation of those American doughboys used to sneer at when French soldiers wore them, uniforms in imitation of the Canadian Black Watch, uniforms in imitation of the Royal Horse Guards, of the Dragoon Guards, and of Hussars. So bedizened, they marched stolidly or hilariously, with soldierly attention or with uncertainty, depending on the temper or the mood or the physical condition of the marcher. Ahead of them marched brass bands or drum-and-bugle corps led by prancing or strutting drum majors. The "buddies" carried rifles with bayonets fixed; they lugged tiny cannon, which the irrepressible humorists of the "40 and 8" fired every so often. They bore the flag of the United States beside the Legion flag, and each flag bearer was flanked by two guards with rifles.

The women marched with the men, likewise bearing arms. They were dressed like so many clowning children at play, but they were marching to the still command of a militaristic and imperialistic voice which chanted about the "next war." It took the parade from ten in the morning until nearly eight at night to pass a given point, yet in that interminable procession I saw only two episodes which might, with excessive generosity, be interpreted as anti-militaristic. One of these was a float depicting the death of "Scotty," a local newsboy who enlisted and was killed overseas, and the other was a float made to resemble a cemetery studded with white crosses and covered with poppies.

On the evening following the parade Boston went through an experience somewhat similar to the police strike twelve years ago. Automobiles were tipped over; bonfires were built in the streets and fed with waste paper and packing cases; crap games flourished on the Common and in the lobbies of hotels; bootleggers shouted their wares from positions on the streets, naming the kinds of stuff and the prices thereof. From the upper floors of the Statler Hotel, where many Legion posts had headquarters, playful "buddies" dropped paper bags of water upon the heads of home-going passers-by and into open automobiles. It was great sport. There was no need of anyone's protesting. There was nobody to receive the protests. The police laughingly looked on, while the indignant sufferers swallowed their pride and cursed the day the saviors of the Republic were born.

The city authorities issued a permit for block dancing in Copley Square, a great green triangle upon which face the Boston Public Library, the Copley Plaza Hotel, Trinity Church, and some of the best business blocks of Boston. Later this permit was canceled, lest outdoor dancing interfere with traffic. But the defenders of the nation, the upholders of the law, the future rulers of the country, ignored the ban and went ahead with their program. As a consequence traffic died in its tracks.

Looking upon all that infantile display, yet sensing the potential dynamite under it, the thoughtful person can

but entertain misgivings about the future. There are 880,000 of these legionnaires, according to official figures. Their type of mind may be gauged by the resolutions they passed. For instance, they "favor continued support of the American Legion marksmanship program, under a national director of marksmanship"; they recommend to Congress "a large defense organization, carrying with it provisions for organization throughout the country of rifle clubs, pistol clubs, and similar units; an army of 12,000 officers and 125,000 men, and a national guard of 210,000"; and, most characteristically, they resolve "that Congress be urged to establish a nonpartisan, non-political federal bureau of criminal investigation and research, comparable to the English Scotland Yard organization, whose duties will be to curtail all phases of criminal activity in the United States and possessions, and to safeguard the national welfare by proper combative and remedial action in all cases of seditional activity, whether from within or without the boundaries of our country or its possessions." This resolution, the newspapers admitted, was "aimed at Bolshevik activities in this country." The only resolution offered by a Negro legionnaire was killed; it was "aimed at" lynching in this country.

As I write the account of these events the men and women who created them have gone. Next year they will meet in Detroit. In the meantime Boston is wondering what she gained from their visit. Only the rank and file, however, are thus wondering. The police are satisfied that there was no disorder of any kind. The Governor sent the Police Commissioner a letter in which the head of the commonwealth expressed his "hearty commendation for the excellent service the department has performed." The newspapers are pleased; special Legion features were displayed day by day and circulation jumped. The department stores and shops are complacent and happy, having "garnered," according to one Boston news sheet, "at least $3,000,000." The hotels and restaurants, of course, are not complaining. Meanwhile the politicians have been going into a frothing rage at the least semblance of criticism of our noble visitors. The answer to all this conspiracy of denial is that the legionnaires have money to spend, as have their various relatives; they have votes to cast; they have influence among hundreds of thousands of mob-minded men and women.

In the Driftway

HAD the Drifter been properly raised on a farm (and any Englishman can tell you that Americans are always raised on farms) he might have been a luckier egg-finder. As it is, his boyhood egg-hunting was confined to Easter, and the only eggs that he remembers now are the bright red ones, so easy to find, so rewarding in themselves, that he once rolled excitedly down the green terraces of the Capitol to the grinning little darky boys below. But the Drifter never made a name that way. Yet those who followed in his steps are acclaimed.

* * * * *

YOU remember the excitement when Roy Chapman Andrews discovered the fresh-laid dinosaur eggs—or if not fresh-laid, fresh-found. Here was a great scientist who doubtless had grown up on a farm, to whom it was second nature to keep his eye peeled for eggs—not only eggs but Bigger and Better Eggs—and the glory of discovery was his. Now only a few years before Andrews drove his Dodge across Mongolia, the Drifter had wandered up beyond the Chinese Wall and bumped over the green plateau in a two-wheeled wooden cart, bunking on the hot brick kongs of the mud-walled khans, with their imposing Chinese signs for "Camel and Sheep Hotels." He had passed those rugged gullies where the dinosaurs once laid their eggs, and the wolves now have their dens. But did he see any nest-eggs "reddish-brown, roughly pitted"? He did not. He was wholly taken up with watching the antelopes speed over the plain, looking, and doubtless feeling, like the swiftest things in the world. He was cheering the antics of three dancing cranes who carried on a triangular love affair with spread wings and a comic dance that caricatured the leaping pickaninnies of that early Easter egg hunt. He indifferently turned his back to that unrecognized cache of scientific *réclame* and watched Duke Larson's horses, three hundred in a herd, sweep across the flower-dotted green spaces of this roof-of-the-world. (Tibet has a patent on that title, but Mongolia must be at least the shed roof.) There the saffron-robed lamas rode standing high in their bronze stirrups—and once the Drifter had tried their tight wooden saddles he understood the preference for standing. The camel caravans followed the trail to Urga, waking the circus longings of boyhood. Huge black dogs, hunting on their own, leaped toward the frail shelter of the wobbly cart. Mongol princesses with silver headdresses like hatracks appeared in the opening of their cheese-box tents, making friendliness an acceptable substitute for beauty. These are the pictures the Drifter brought back with him from Mongolia. But what are these to dinosaur eggs?

* * * * *

FOR some time after the Discovery the Drifter was a humble man. Then it occurred to him that after all not everyone could find dinosaur eggs, so he cheered for Andrews and determined to forget the might-have-beens. But now the goddess Chance has rapped his knuckles again. "Dinosaur Eggs Discovered in America!" Right in Montana, too. Time was when the Drifter had his joy of Montana, when the stampeding herd swept him along; when it was a toss-up whether the next Indian to come in sight would be friendly—or not. But devil an egg. This time the Drifter failed not only science but his country. For are not these patriotic American eggs a striking black instead of a mere Mongolian reddish-brown? Are they not "possibly larger than those found in Asia"? And as for that chief requisite of eggs, are they not "younger [the Drifter would say fresher] than those found in Mongolia"?

* * * * *

WERE the Drifter a mathematician he might derive comfort from computing the number of people who have lived and died since dinosaurs laid those eggs (figuring of course from the *later* American date), who did *not* find the eggs—as large a company as misery would be likely to love. Yet the belittling fact remains that on two wide-apart occasions the Drifter and the Dinosaur had haunted the same spot and neither had discovered the other.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Writing Down"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read, with great interest and with thoroughgoing sympathy, Henry Hazlitt's review, in *The Nation* for September 3, of R. L. Duffus's "Books: Their Place in a Democracy." A propos of his closing remarks on the subject of "writing down" to the demands of a popular audience, I happen to know of an interesting and encouraging experience in the field not of books but of daily journalism.

A professor in one of our foremost universities some thirty-five years ago was offered the editorship of a struggling afternoon newspaper which aimed to combine high ideals of public service and enlightenment with that degree of general acceptability by the great mass of the community which was essential to commercial success. The head of the enterprise was a practical newspaperman of exceptional ability and energy. The professor asked him to what extent it would be necessary for him, in his editorials, to "write down" to the level of the mass of his readers. "Not at all," was the answer. "Your best will be none too good." Both the men lived up to this understanding, to the best of their ability; and the result was—after, of course, a few years of patient waiting—a complete success, from the standpoint of business as well as of public influence and appreciation.

Ridgefield, Conn., September 15 Fabian Franklin

Behüte es Gott!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have yet to see the American college boy who didn't bridle at criticism by a modest outlander of star-spangled universities and their inmates. The foreigner seems to the American a coxcomb whose conceit and condescension are insufferable. The alien looks upon the American with tolerant, amused contempt, says he has no cultural traditions, is indifferent to learning, has no aspirations other than to get a degree and make lots of money, and is as incurious about public affairs, and as ignorant of them, as a Zulu.

Such strictures are manifestly too harsh to be entirely fair, and the American boy has a right to become furious; nevertheless, one is moved to some reflection on such metaphysical matters when one reads of the overthrow of Leguía by Peruvian students and the displacement of Irigoyen by Argentinans with the aid of their scholastic colleagues. Can one possibly conceive of North American school men trying to unseat Hoover? *Behüte es Gott!*

Baltimore, September 20 Benjamin R. Katz

"Exactly Nothing"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. John W. McCardle, chairman of the Indiana Public Service Commission, delivered an address before the American Bar Association in Chicago some weeks ago in which he said that the investigations of public utilities made by the Federal Trade Commission have "developed nothing of importance," and that "the upshot of all the furor of the inquiry is exactly nothing."

Is it "exactly nothing" that the public-utility and power interests of this country have banded themselves together to monopolize the most vital and essential utility and natural resources upon which the life and liberty of our people depend? Is it "exactly nothing" that the agencies representing these utilities, acting for them and paid by them, have sought control of every avenue of publicity in the country, have to a greater or less degree entered our public-school system, censored the textbooks, and in some cases at least actually caused to be stricken out statements of facts just because they were detrimental to the companies, have sought and to a great degree succeeded in controlling the banking interests and bankers of the country, have corrupted city councils and State legislatures and even sought to elect their men to the United States Congress by methods so corrupt that the United States Senate has felt called upon to refuse their men, when elected, a seat in that body? Are these and a thousand similar things, some of them much worse, that have been revealed by the testimony of the power-company representatives themselves in these astounding hearings—are these things "exactly nothing"?

Hudson, N. Y., September 30 George C. Marcley

Aliens and Unemployment

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Hoover's policy of instructing consuls to refuse visas because unemployment here makes immigrants liable to become public charges disregards the established law on this subject. In 1915 certain immigrants were excluded as likely to become a public charge because they did not have much money and were going to Portland, Oregon, where the labor market was overstocked. The case was carried to the United States Supreme Court before they secured admission. Justice Holmes, writing for the unanimous court, said:

> The single question on this record is whether an alien can be declared likely to become a public charge on the ground that the labor market in the city of his immediate destination is overstocked. . . . It would be an amazing claim of power if commissioners decided not to admit aliens because the labor market of the United States was overstocked. Yet, as officers of the general government, they would seem to be more concerned with that than with the conditions of any particular city or State. [Gegiow *vs.* Uhl, 239 U. S. 3, 9-10.]

The Nation's criticism of the President is thus not only warranted as a matter of policy but as a matter of law as well.

New York, September 30 Carol Weiss King

For the Study of Foreign Relations

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the London Conference of Institutions for the Scientific Study of International Relations held in March, 1929, the Council on Foreign Relations was designated as the national center for such organizations in the United States.

In order to assemble accurate and up-to-date information on the work being done in this field in this country, a questionnaire has been sent to each of the organizations now listed at council headquarters. It is earnestly requested that any organization which has not received such a request send its name and address to the council at 45 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, and a questionnaire will be forwarded.

New York, September 30 Ruth Savord, *Librarian*

Books, Drama, Films

Free Lecture

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

The room is public. But in their ranged places
How separate, how intent upon the flame
Each shelters from his neighbor's breath, these faces,
Set sharply aloof, and curiously the same,
Being wrought to one pitch of thirst, bound to one grief
Over shabbiness striven with, how many years.
Oh, thirst for beauty, making beauty beyond belief,
Where the grace of laughter is lost with the peace of tears!

The Soul of Swift

Swift. By Carl Van Doren. The Viking Press. $3.

THIS is an admirable biography; it is, indeed, the best life of Swift that has appeared in a generation. It belongs to the "new school" of biography, but only in the best sense of the phrase. Mr. Van Doren has not patronized his subject or slyly held him up to ridicule; he has not tried to be clever; he has not written as if he had a novelist's unerring insight into motives; he has not invented any imaginary conversations; he has not even made use of scores of tempting and dramatic anecdotes about Swift when their truth seemed to him unestablished. Mr. Van Doren has been content, in brief, to remain strictly a biographer, and has sometimes leaned backward in his refusal to assert or even to speculate. But he seems to me to have learned what is soundest in the method of Mr. Lytton Strachey. He never clutters his narrative with inessential detail, or with material that throws no fresh light on character, or with hints of his own processes and difficulties in determining facts or dates. He recognizes, in short, not only that biography is an art as well as an industry, but that much of the art consists in concealing the industry. He selects what is significant in incident and utterance with great skill. He has allowed his subject, indeed, to tell his story, so far as possible, in his own words; and no reader can fail to be grateful for such generous quotations from the most powerful and brilliant English prose of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Van Doren's portrait of Swift is sympathetic, and honestly so, for he cannot justly be accused of leaving out any essential element of Swift's character. But I cannot always agree with his emphasis. He seems to me, for example, to pass too lightly over the pathological aspects of that character. He devotes only a few lines to the two main suggestions put forward to explain Swift's strange relations to Stella and Vanessa—that he was impotent, or that he had a venereal disease. Mr. Van Doren merely remarks that one hypothesis is as good as another, and that neither is as "simple and sufficient" as the conclusion that Swift "was only, in marriage as in other matters, extraordinary." To say that Swift was extraordinary seems to me neither simple nor sufficient; it is not an explanation of his conduct, but merely the refusal to look for one. As Aldous Huxley remarked in a brilliant essay, we are almost forced by the surviving evidence to believe that some physical or psychological impediment debarred Swift from making love in the ordinary, the all-too-human manner. True, we do not happen to know precisely what this impediment was, but this only means that we still face a profound mystery. And I think Mr. Huxley has put forward a valuable clue in the suggestion that Swift's obsessive loathing of women—indeed, of all mankind—for the crime of being mammals with natural bodily functions, is merely the other side of his sentimentality as revealed in the baby language which fills so much space in his "Journal to Stella." He hated reality for not resembling his abstractions, his often arbitrary—and sometimes profoundly silly—ideals.

Swift was, indeed, a prize case for the psychoanalyst from any aspect. His salient traits were his terrible, imperious pride, his vehement, uncontrollable hatred. If there was ever a clear case of eminence resulting from an inferiority complex, Swift is that case. The humiliations, real or fancied, that he suffered in his youth as a dependent upon his uncle, at Trinity, or as a retainer in the household of Sir William Temple, "in pain when Sir William would look cold and out of humor for three or four days," were never sufficiently revenged in his eyes by the humiliations he poured upon others when he came into a measure of fame and power. His hatred and lust for domination were manifest in everything he did: in his magnificently courageous attacks upon ministries, in his superb impudence to lords and ladies, in his brutality toward the women who loved him. For when this tiger could not find elephants or lions to attack he felt the need to fill in his leisure by crushing rabbits. True, these passions and impulses happened to exist in a genius, with a blistering wit and an amazing imagination, and this genius also happened to recognize that he could bring his burning hatred to its most concentrated and deadly expression under an icy irony. But with his literary gifts alone, if we can imagine them linked to a less restless or a more amiable spirit, Swift might never have been more than another Addison or Arbuthnot. It was the intensity of his loathing for the physical side of our nature, it was the relentlessness, the fury of his hatred and pride, it was, in brief, his profoundly pathological outlook, that made him Swift.

HENRY HAZLITT

Wilcoxism

Essays on Things. By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Company. $2.

"I BELIEVE," avers Professor Phelps in this latest gleaning from the back pages of *Scribner's Magazine,* "that the average man or woman today needs one thing more than he needs anything else—spiritual healing"; and no matter what topic comes to his hand, whether "Church Unity" or "A Pair of Socks," "Russia Before the Revolution" or "Molasses," this glad and guileless evangelist scatters his balms for the body and salves for the soul. Seldom are sweetness and light given a more strenuous work-out. The largess of benevolence (along with a stream of superlatives like "excellent," "lovely," "admirable," "charming," "supreme") rains upon all heads: on Goethe and F. P. A., Galsworthy and Horatio Alger, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Lola Fisher. In matchless innocence Professor Phelps strolls through the world, now pausing to observe that "the dog, except in very high latitudes, is not so useful as the horse, the mule, the camel, and the donkey," in spite of which economic defect he is still "man's best friend"; now informing us that in the Protestant cemetery in Florence he remembered Landor's versified promise that no one who whispered the word "Alas" over his grave would pass unheard, whereupon "I bent over his grave and with deliberate emphasis whispered 'Alas!'" Enshrined among the great yea-sayers to the American public, together with Henry Ford, Parkes Cadman, Eddie Guest, and Walt Mason, Professor Phelps stands fully canonized, beyond good or evil. Should he hear murmurs

of dissent or ridicule rising against his spiritual band-wagon, he has a comforting explanation of them, for did not that eminent ethnologist, Richard Halliburton, tell "how the pagan priests used to sacrifice thousands of young maidens to their deity," whereupon "it would seem, looking back on history, that the more adominable the religion, the fewer the atheists"? If one is not wholly disarmed by the beauty of Professor Phelps's gospel and still hunts the worm at the root, it will probably be found to consist in the disease of Wilcoxism which Clive Bell once deduced from reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's memoirs, and from the poetess's rapturous enthusiasm for every phenomenon or person that happened to achieve greatness by entering the foggy orbit of her own experience. Plainly this is Professor Phelps's affliction. Even while madness threatens, one may stop to pity but not to curse: that is, if one can forget that Phelps occupies two or three of the most influential rostrums in the country and that from these pulpits he spreads what Bell called "a terrible disease, because it slowly but surely eats away our sense of imperfection, our desire for improvement, and our power of self-criticism."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

A Novel for Mr. Hoover

Strike! By Mary Heaton Vorse. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

IT is unfortunate that Michael Gold should have proclaimed that Mrs. Vorse's new novel, "Strike!" is a "burning and imperishable epic"—that is, a book to be classed with Homer and Milton. It is more unfortunate and less to be condoned that the publisher should have repeated Mr. Gold's generous but misguided words on one of those natty detachable bands that publishers like to place, like sashes, about book jackets. For so frantic a blurb would prejudice any reviewer or book buyer who did not happen to know Mrs. Vorse and her own modesty and craftsmanship.

By the device of combining Marion and Gastonia in one fictitious town, she has given a clear, honest, and often dramatic account of the horrors of the Southern textile mills. Most important in the book is her sympathetic picture of the mountain women who have been enticed to the mills, and who join the union only when they discover that the bossmen—devils mysterious as their native savage God—are condemning them to sick starvation. They are union members who do not know that there is an international labor movement. They are Communists who have never heard of Russia. They are Fine Old Americans who live more meagerly than Tibetan villagers. They are passionately pious Baptists who are not without earthly humor.

It is a beautiful irony that this book should have been issued at almost the same moment with the utterance by the Immaculate Herbert of the words: "In the American system, through free and universal education, we train the runners, we strive to give to them an equal start . . . The winner is he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, the strongest character. Socialism, or its violent brother, bolshevism, would compel all the runners to end the race equally; it would hold the swiftest to the speed of the most backward."

I do not suppose that Herbert the Immaculate meant in his slyly humorous way, his devotion to good clean fun, to give an opportunity for publicity for "Strike!" Yet whether or no he meant it, his platitudes gave to the book an especial pertinence. For he uttered them in those very Carolinas whose abominations are described by Mrs. Vorse!

She makes it uncomfortably clear, in this book, which is more a statement of facts than a novel, that our lovely American system does not, particularly in the region where the Immaculate droned his inspiring, his almost Bruce-Bartoning words, give anything like a universal education; that it does not train the runners—that, in fact, it is very likely to jail the real runners; and that, in innumerable cases, the winner is not he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, or the strongest character, but rather he who commands the services of the largest number of policemen with clubs and of militiamen with machine-guns.

But are the Southern mill towns really as horrible as Mrs. Vorse asserts, and the strikers really as gallant and as innocent? I maintain on my word of honor as a man who is not a Quaker or a Great Engineer, and who will certainly become neither immaculate nor President, that she has exactly and understandingly described what is happening in the Piedmont today. I have been there, through some of the very scenes which she chronicles. I know several of the characters in the book. She tells the truth—and dramatically.

I wonder if a lonely and confused man in Washington by the name of Herbert Hoover will read this book? Or if (to make the fantasy utterly mad), reading it, he might conceivably do anything, or say anything pertinent, about it?

There was a time, no doubt, as an Iowa farm boy, when he respected the Mothers in Zion: the honest, earnest, kindly, quiet women who bore children, who worked sixteen hours a day, who had always a bowl of milk for the wayfarer, who went for days or weeks to help neighbors in their need.

Such women still exist. Perhaps Mr. Hoover can no longer find them in Washington, or near his mansion in California. But if he will read "Strike!" and have such genius as to believe that it may be true, he will learn—and even a President of the United States might, perhaps, be able to learn something!—that the intolerable state of labor in the region where he oozed his goose-fat words has less to do with Socialists and Bolsheviks than with the slavery of just such women as once mothered a little boy named Herbie and gave him cookies.

If I were a publisher named Horace Liveright I would not talk about anything so vague as "burning and imperishable epics." I would, day after day, by the crudest modern ways of advertising, by newspaper page and radio and billboard, demand: "Your Excellency, Mr. Hoover, have you read 'Strike!' by Mary Heaton Vorse? And if you have, what do you think of evicting families in which there is a child with smallpox, of policemen blackjacking unarmed old women, of whole American communities receiving an average wage of twelve dollars a week?"

And if the Immaculate most immaculately refused to answer, I would ask the same questions of Owen Young and Henry Ford and Dwight Morrow and Governor Roosevelt and William McAdoo and Al Smith.

I wonder if Al and Dwight Morrow might not answer?

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Strategy and Blunders

The Real War, 1914 to 1918. By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

Colossal Blunders of the War. By William Seaver Woods. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Cavalry Goes Through! By Bernard Newman. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

THE first two of these three books deal with the actual tactics of the World War; the third, with fantastic tactics and the experiences of fantastic individuals.

"The Real War" is a tactical history of the late conflict, admirably done, the work of a thorough student. Captain Liddell Hart has synthesized the immensity of the war into a single volume, presenting it tactically, critically, historically—a

valuable work. One is impressed by the writer's style, perception, critical faculty, and liberal sense of fairness. Yet the volume as a whole is not easy reading. It is far too exhaustive a study to be that.

Of particular interest is Captain Liddell Hart's interpretation of the outbreak of the war. He sees the conflict as primarily touched off by the military leaders, the General Staffs, of the countries of Central and Eastern Europe. They, he contends, while not responsible for Europe's predisposition to war, yet got the conflict under way; for it was they who at the last moment pushed the vacillating monarchs and ministers into declarations of war by reason of their eagerness to order general mobilization.

"Colossal Blunders of the War," as implied by the title, is devoted to pointing out the various and many mistakes made by the greatest of the contending nations in the World War. One could hardly set for one's self an easier task. Yet Mr. Wood, editor of the *Literary Digest,* has done it superficially. His work has not the tone, the sense of individual thought behind it, to give it value. Certainly it is unlikely to succeed in its aim, as stated in the preface, of avoiding, another time, needless loss of "gallant men."

"The Cavalry Goes Through!" is a fantastic story of how the war might have been had a military genius arisen as leader with a band of supersoldiers to lead. What Mr. Newman does is to rewrite the story of the war. His version is entertaining and at times exciting, but his literary skill is too slight to make it seem convincing.

JAMES B. WHARTON

Thomas Hardy Veiled

Cakes and Ale: or the Skeleton in the Cupboard. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

IF Edward Driffield, the misty and pathetic hero of Mr. Maugham's witty and scandalous novel, is Thomas Hardy, and everybody seems to think he is, then Mr. Maugham has made a contribution of no small importance to our understanding of Hardy. Not that he needs to be taken literally in all the details of his merciless sketch, and not that he has failed to take safe cover behind a falsification of the facts. For instance, Driffield lives not in the southwest but in the southeast of England; he writes not a line of poetry; and his first marriage, so far as I can judge, bears no resemblance to Hardy's, having in it both more joy and more affliction. As for his second marriage, the less said the better, the second Mrs. Hardy being still alive. Not that we need to assume any intention on Mr. Maugham's part to represent the second Mrs. Hardy by the second Mrs. Driffield. But he has been bold enough, after making it impossible for us not to think of Hardy when we see the name of Driffield, to give Driffield a new wife who is, to say the least, deplorable. It took nerve to do that. But of course it takes nerve to write a satire, and Mr. Maugham is one of the few who can.

The satire, the joke, is on those who would think, as most of Mr. Maugham's persons do think, that the second Mrs. Driffield is a better and more useful woman than the first. The first, by name Rosie, is an ethereal nymphomaniac who betrays her husband with all his friends, including the novelist Willie Ashenden, the teller of the story. She was a barmaid to begin with, but now she is the charming if ignorant wife of a vulgar little author—Ashenden, by the way, and probably Mr. Maugham, cannot admire the works of Driffield—who wears loud, ludicrous clothes and manages to keep his character, if he has any, pretty well hidden behind the more obvious one possessed by Rosie. Rosie, one hopes, is as complacent to him as she is to his friends. Yet her final desertion of him is a blow; and the twenty-five years which follow in the company of a wife who pets him, puts him forward, makes him respectable, and refurnishes his house with period pieces are a bore. Through both series of tribulations Driffield steers a bewildered, retiring course—a little animal wounded in some part which we cannot see and bleeding very slowly to death.

"The face you saw was a mask," says Ashenden toward the end. "I had an impression that the real man, to his death unknown and lonely, was a wraith that went a silent way unseen between the writer of his books and the fellow who led his life, and smiled with ironical detachment at the two puppets that the world took for Edward Driffield." Well, perhaps that is all there is to say about Thomas Hardy. Confronted as I have often been with the difficulty of connecting Hardy with his books, I find myself attracted to a theory that there was a third existence, a ghost, between the two. Furthermore, I suspect that this may be universally true of authors. So that Mr. Maugham, reckless as he may have been with certain lives, would seem to have written a true book.

He has also, as I have said, written a witty one. "Cakes and Ale" is slight, very slight; but it abounds with observations and epigrams that are always clever, always bitter, and frequently wise.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Perfectabilian at Work

The Dilemma of the Liberated. By Gorham B. Munson. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

MR. MUNSON is a perfectabilian. If Thomas Love Peacock were alive today, he would find Munson grist for his mill. In his newest book, as in all his others, Munson devotes himself to the pursuit of perfection. This time the doctrine which seems to promise him results is humanism, but in the end he is forced to admit that it doesn't quite fill the bill. It is quite all right as far as it goes, but it has a couple of sad gaps which make it not entirely useful. Of course the opponents of humanism have been pointing out the gaps in humanism, not to say the crevasses, but Mr. Munson, with his customary originality, will have none of the objections other folks have raised, but must invent some of his very own. In what is to me the most amusing passage in his book he dismisses the anti-humanists as trivial fellows incapable of rising to the elevated mental plane he inhabits, quotes some passages from Swift's "Battle of the Books," and then invites the gentry to observe while he criticizes humanism. He then spits on his hands and after some labor produces this: "Two major defects appear in Humanism: the lack of a science of self-study and a not sufficiently stringent conception of the Will." Otherwise humanism is all right!

Munson, as this book once more shows, is no more interested in understanding the world as it is or man as he is than I am in accompanying Sir George Wilkins on his submarine journey under the polar ice. He is interested in—exclusively—a higher sort of Y. M. C. A. work. His marching song is "Onward [but not to progress, a "pseudo-ideal"] Christian [with qualifications] Soldiers [but as individuals, not as goose-steppers]." On his banner is inscribed "Perfection—or Bust." He parades—alone I am happy to observe—into a very dismal sort of Holy Land inhabited exclusively by prigs. For who but a prig could go about howling eternally about "self-perfection"? What does perfection mean anyhow, as Munson uses it? If Munson knows, he successfully conceals his information or conception. It remains, so far as this book goes, a vague aspiration, a vaporous term of only "inspirational" significance.

Yet this vague term represents the mainspring which controls all Munson's activities. He is consequently susceptible to

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the seductions of almost any sort of cult. Since he is fundamentally incapable of selection he confounds good and bad most amazingly. He cannot even stick to his own last but must seek to reconcile the incompatible. In this very book where he is ostensibly expounding humanism to the layman he cannot forbear mentioning some of his other enthusiasms, seeking to combine them with humanism. He does not like, for instance, the reactionary nature of humanistic politics and economics, so he drags up an economic doctrine which he thinks will go nicely with humanism: Major C. H. Douglas's Credit Plan, an idea supported by A. R. Orage. Mention of Orage gives us another of Munson's enthusiasms. Again, he continues to flirt with behaviorism, in spite of the fact that Babbitt has denounced the behaviorists as enemies of humanist nature. And so on. This mess of incongruities Munson dishes up along with his very sympathetic exposition of humanism. I doubt that Mr. Babbitt will take much comfort from the activities of his self-appointed publicity agent.

One thing Munson has borrowed from the humanists which does him infinite harm. In times past Mr. Munson has been a very pleasant writer, but under the humanist influence he has adopted the toplofty attitude cultivated by Robert Shafer. From his place in the humanist Camorra he finds himself willing to patronize, as ignorant and ill-informed, men of vastly superior attainments. It is pitiful to see a man who has so much native charm go in for this sort of thing. It brings into his work a tone quite alien to his normal quality and seems further proof that humanism breeds arrogance. It is as if, with the assurance that a party is at his back, Munson wanted to prove that he, too, can growl like a perfect watchdog of reaction.

However that may be, the fact remains that Mr. Munson does not advance humanism a step beyond its position of some months ago. And since he disdains to meet any of the arguments already advanced against it, there is no need critically to discuss the doctrine here. The best one can do is to extract what fun one can from the spectacle of an amiable gentleman sweating away at "perfecting" himself. Before the case gets incurable I wish he could be persuaded to read a passage on page 139 of Havelock Ellis's "Fountain of Life."

Mr. Munson's book is an abortive afterclap in a famous thunderstorm. I hardly think it is a prelude to any more fructifying rain.

C. Hartley Grattan

Capitalism and Protestantism

The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism. By Max Weber. Translated by T. Parsons, with a Foreword by R. H. Tawney. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

IN one of the flashes of insight which stud the footnotes of "Capital," Karl Marx called attention to the part played by Protestantism in the genesis of capital. Eduard Bernstein, in the halcyon days of his orthodoxy, took up the suggestion and ventured the opinion that the *secular* asceticism of early Protestantism was a bourgeois virtue. But it remained for Max Weber, late dean of German social economists, to investigate exhaustively the historical and doctrinal relationships between the ethics of Protestantism and the spirit of capitalism. In a remarkably erudite and suggestive essay, which raised a flurry in intellectual circles on the Continent when it first appeared, Weber maintains the thesis that a religious ethic which regarded "restless, continuous, systematic work in a worldly *calling* as the highest means to asceticism," functioned in a concrete way "as the most powerful lever conceivable for the expansion of the spirit of capitalism." And since Weber believes that the spirit of capitalism flourished before a genuine capitalistic economy arose, he concludes that Protestantism did

not merely play a part but rather a *preponderant* part in the genesis of capitalism. This conclusion, he asserts, is incompatible with the theory of historical materialism in its naive form. The essay posits, therefore, in a crucial way the central problem of every philosophy of culture—namely, the nature and role of ideas in history.

What originally suggested, it may be asked, that the passionate piety of the Reformation had strong worldly roots in a sphere at first sight so utterly removed from it? There was obviously the historic fact that capitalism with its rational economic technique had developed primarily in Protestant countries. But even more important was the contemporary empirical observation that, other things being roughly equal, workers brought up in an intensely pietistic or evangelical atmosphere took their jobs more seriously, labored more diligently, and lived more frugally than those from more conventional environments. The correlation seemed to point to some causal connection between the specific activities of man's life in this world and his conception of an after-life in the next. But how can we tell which was cause and which effect? Here a stricter definition of terms becomes necessary.

By capitalism Weber does not mean the impulse to acquisition, greed, hoarding, and other sharp practices with which it is so often confused. These are individual traits and turn up in all sorts of places, times, and classes. They are not distinctive of capitalism. It is only where the pursuit of profit is the pursuit of a "forever *renewed* profit by means of a continuous, rational enterprise" that we can significantly speak of capitalism. By the "spirit" of modern capitalism Weber means a social ethic congenial to the rise and intensification of this kind of rational economy, and capable of breaking down the conventional restraints to the accumulation of wealth and the exploitation of labor which derived from feudal Catholicism. An ideal illustration of the spirit of capitalism is furnished by the writings of Franklin. Here we have a social morality which centers exclusively around the business of getting ahead in the world. Time and credit are money. Virtues like industry, frugality, punctuality are mere instrumentalities for saving one and extending the other. Wasting time is "the greatest prodigality." The idea that honesty is a matter of *policy*, an essentially immoral notion, becomes a copy-book maxim. Beauty is banished by a narrowly practical outlook. "Lose no time; be always employed at something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions." Labor becomes an end in itself and the surest way to blessedness. A man's work is his *calling*. Historically, maintains Weber, the emergence of such an ethic was a condition precedent to increasing the productivity and intensity of labor without which accumulation of capital could not take place. But now how did this ethic arise? From the religious dogmas of the Protestant sects, is Weber's answer.

The essence of Calvinism and Puritanism is to be found in their rationalization of conduct in terms of worldly asceticism. The monastic asceticism of Catholicism which turned its back on this world was rejected in order to introduce an even more narrowly monastic discipline into its every nook and corner. The entire world was conceived as a huge monastery and the whole of life as a calling within it. Only the pursuit of this calling was pleasing to God. Man could not win grace through the church and the sacraments, nor by leisure, meditation, or enjoyment, but only "by doing the work of Him who sent him as long as it is yet day." Analyzing the writings of Baxter, Calvin, and Wesley, Weber reveals how the concept of *calling* gradually developed into the methodical devotion to the accumulation of wealth, as distinct from its use, which has come to be known as the spirit of capitalism. Wesley, for example, although fearing the effects of the enjoyment of wealth, felt compelled to preach: "We must exhort all Christians to gain all they can, and to save all they can." Consequently, argues Weber, we must look to

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Protestant asceticism for the chief efficient cause of the development of capitalism. A position of vast importance, if true.

Logically, however, Weber is far from having established his case. At most he has uncovered a real connection between the ideology of modern capitalism and the ethics of Protestantism. And even here, in view of the existence of the spirit of capitalism in northern Italy and the Netherlands before the Reformation, it may be questioned whether a necessary connection is involved. But granting the empirical correlations, the chief objection to Weber's procedure is that he does not sufficiently weigh the possibility that *both* the spirit of capitalism *and* the ethics of Protestantism are effects of fundamental changes in the socio-economic environment induced by the discovery of new lands, the rise of a world market, the influx of gold and silver, and the improvements in mechanical technology. After Weber's work, no one can, of course, deny that the Reformation at least influenced the development of capitalism. Here he has brilliantly confirmed the insights of earlier scholars. But to accept this is not incompatible with the belief that both Protestantism and the spirit of capitalism arose only there where the objective possibilities of a rational capitalistic economy were already given. Otherwise how can the following questions be adequately answered? Why did Protestantism arise *when* it did? Why did it spread *where* it did? Why did its doctrines develop *as* they did?

The more general cultural question upon which this study bears is whether ideas make history or history ideas. Phrased this way, however, the question is falsely put, for there is no real dichotomy involved. History is the result of human action in behalf of ideas upon a material world which conditions both their relevance and their efficacy. No ideas ever existed outside a stream of social life and no social life ever existed that has not been partly molded by ideas. Consequently there is no point in looking either to things or ideas for a cultural "first cause." A critical historical materialism poses specific problems: such as, Under what conditions are certain ideas evolved? What ideas have played a part in bringing about certain conditions? It does not, as some vulgar Marxists in this country imagine, attempt to reduce the whole of social life to simple economic equations of the first degree. Engels himself warned against this. Critical historical materialism recognizes the elements of interaction, cultural inertia, and formal structure in every social pattern. It distinguishes itself from an easy eclecticism by pointing out that although many factors may be involved in a cultural whole, they are differently weighted in the influence they exert. It believes that, broadly speaking, the way men make their living and the social relations which are built on it furnish both cue and key to the organic pattern of a given culture. And this it advances as a hypothesis, not as a dogma, as an aid not only in understanding a culture but in changing it.

SIDNEY HOOK

Books in Brief

The Old Book. A Mediaeval Anthology. Edited and Illuminated by Dorothy Hartley. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

This book is beautifully bound and beautifully printed on de luxe Japan paper. Miss Hartley illustrates it with swooning lines and fainting colors. Altogether it is a carnival of the sentiments. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction says very little with much emotion, in the manner of a literary Englishman describing a potpie; while the compiler needs italics, a "proem," and saints, fairies, pilgrims, witches, and such to dispose of her feelings. With its excerpts from old almanacs, glossaries, ballads, inventories, and recipes, the book is full of curiosities, and will

charm all who love to handle miscellanies and old trifles. There is little in it, however, of literary value, hard as Mr. Saintsbury tries to convert a cookbook into belles-lettres.

The Earth Told Me. By Thames Williamson. Simon and Schuster. $1.

The virtue of Thames Williamson's story of the Alaskan tundra lies in the objectivity with which it is told. The story is a simple enough one of jealousy among primitive people. Fortunately, the author expends no needless efforts of rhetoric on the landscape and concentrates his attention on making the characters definite. The atmosphere of the tundra is only incidental, as setting for the drama. At times the Eskimo characters exhibit a subtlety in their exchanges and attitudes which is less that of the traditional savage and more that of the traditional drawing-room. But these slips are completely relieved by the unimpeded movement of the story from event to event. And these slips may not even be slips at all, but accurate depiction of the conduct and manner of Eskimos. Of this there is no telling: the milieu is so remote from the experience of most prospective readers. But on the whole, Williamson has been successful in sustaining an interest in his characters and their difficulties. The book lacks the color of contrast and perspective; it has the excellence of a story well told.

Drama

Three Shows with Music

FOUR authors were responsible for the book of "Princess Charming" (Imperial), which I am told is par for a musical-comedy libretto. "Princess Charming" is one of those mythical-kingdom operettas of the Zenda vintage. The story has to do with a beautiful princess, the king of a neighboring country to whom she is betrothed, and a handsome young naval officer who rescues her from the Communist revolutionists—a modern touch—in order to deliver her to her royal bridegroom. There is a lot of sword clanking and bomb bursting mingled with intimate pictures of royal high life, delineated with what one of my rivals on the dailies would call Graustark realism. Through it all dance and pirouette a bevy of Mme Albertina Rasch's loveliest alumnae. Victor Moore has the difficult task of injecting humor into this melange. As an American insurance agent, he does his wistfullest with a lamentably unfunny part. George Grossmith plays the part of the King of Elyria in the manner that we benighted republicans are accustomed to regard as royal. The performance of Jean Aubert as a French adventuress deserves to be mentioned. The score, splendidly sung, was as good as ever.

"Girl Crazy" (Alvin) is the new Gershwin show, and to those of us who would rather listen to a song by Gershwin than a symphony by Mahler a new Gershwin show is an event. As in most of their other shows, the brothers Gershwin have had to carry the burden of a libretto that does not measure up to their splendid talents. The scene of this one is a dude ranch in Arizona to which the hero, a girl-crazy young man, is sent by his father to be kept out of trouble. Out of this situation develops what is known as, for want of a better word, the plot. But in a Gershwin show the important thing is, of course, the songs. I use the word "songs" advisedly. The acclaim of George Gershwin as a composer has been so great that it has somewhat overshadowed the achievement of his brother Ira as a lyric-writer. As in "Strike Up the Band," Ira Gershwin has demonstrated that he is the most skilful versifier writing for

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the American stage. There is a deftness and a wit to his lyric that make them worthy complements to his brother's musi Willie Howard, bereft of his brother Eugene's obbligato, play the principal comedy part. And in Ethel Merman the Gersh wins have a worthy interpreter of their songs.

"Three's a Crowd" (Selwyn) is a revue put together b Howard Dietz, and written mostly by him, as a vehicle for th three stars of the first "Little Show," Clifton Webb, Fre Allen, and Libby Holman. It is the best revue New York ha seen in years. The production is one of unusual beauty an imagination. There is a dance, done by Clifton Webb an Tamara Geva, employing startling and novel lighting effect that alone would make the show worth seeing. And the in evitable Mme Rasch, without whom, apparently, no musica production is legal, has contributed a ballet of surpassing love liness. Fred Allen, a most delightful comedian, has been prc vided with effectively witty material, particularly in an uproari ous burlesque of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic lecture. Clifto Webb is his usual suave, serpentine self. And Libby Holma again carries the torch through all the plaintive notes of he lower register. The music by Arthur Schwartz, who is almos as much in evidence these days as Albertina Rasch, is unusuall fresh and tuneful. There are also several interpolations, in cluding the English success Body and Soul.

NEWMAN LEVY

"The Solid South" (Lyceum) is a vastly amusing travest on Southern traditions and character. The major, the wome folk, the darkies are all stock figures, or rather caricatures o stock figures, for unlike the people in, say, "Coquette," they ar not meant to be taken quite literally. One suspects that the are as much intended as gaily malicious caricatures of the tradi tional stage Southerner as of standpatter Southern types them selves. Mr. Richard Bennett as a flowery old tyrant gives th most memorable performance this reviewer has seen this season

H. H.

Films

"Soil"

THERE are many features in "Soil" (Eighth Street Play house), a Soviet film directed by Alexander Dovzhenko that will make it extremely popular in certain art minded sections of the public. In the pictorial loveliness of it scenes, for instance, it has few equals. One can hardly fail t be impressed by the rich mellowness of its wheat fields an skies, the noble gorgeousness of its pedigreed cattle, the quie lusciousness of its fruit, the loving delineation of its interestin Ukrainian types. The lyrical mood that pervades the film wil also put it in a class apart, imparting a poetic quality tha seems to lift the story above ordinary life. At times the film even goes so far as to discard the natural movements of it characters and to substitute for them stylized posing or highl exaggerated action. Indeed, though the story is ostensibl political in its message, the story of a bitter conflict between kulak, or rich peasant, and an "activist," a supporter of th Communist land policy, it is wrapped in a pantheistic sentimen that spreads a veil of eternity over all incidents of human life reducing the conflict to a mere episode in the endless cycle o love, birth, and death.

Such poetic earnestness as this, such artistic and intellectua superiority over the commercial trivialities of Hollywood ar bound, I repeat, to earn the picture the enthusiastic applause o many. For my part, however, I must confess to a rather pain

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WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT
appears on the page following this.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

Plays to See

Civic Repertory—14 St., W. of Sixth Ave.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
†Lysistrata—44 St., W. of B'way.
•Mrs. Moonlight—Charles Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.
†Once In a Lifetime—Music Box—45 St., W. of B'way.
Solid South—Lyceum—45 St., E. of B'way.
•Stepdaughters of War—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
•The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
‡The Second Little Show—Shubert—44 St., W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
•Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
‡Twelfth Night—Maxine Elliott—39 St. E. of B'way.

Films

Holiday, beginning Saturday, Oct. 25—The Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
Mammy and Shadow of the Law, beginning Friday, Oct. 24; beginning Tuesday, Oct. 28, "White Hell of Pitz Palu"—Fifth Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Outward Bound—Hollywood—B'way and 51 St.
Silent Enemy, beginning Saturday, Oct. 25; Holiday, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 29—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Soil—8 St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.

Discussion and Lectures

"Lost Art of Liberty" by Prof. Ernest Sutherland Bates and Heywood Broun will speak—Tuesday evening, Oct. 28 at 8:30—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St.
"Is Religion Necessary?" Debate: Clarence Darrow vs. Dr. Nathan Krass, Saturay evening, Nov. 15—Mecca Temple—55 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Adler Lectures, Columbia University Institute of Arts and Sciences —See Advertisement.
Rand School of Social Science Lectures—See Advertisement.

Concerts

Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie—Erich Kleiber, conductor; Evenings: Thursday, Oct. 23, 30, at 8:45; Afternoons: Friday, Oct. 24, 31, at 2:30; Sunday, Oct. 26 at 3:00. Saturday, Oct. 25 at 11:00 A. M., First Children's Concert, Ernest Shelling, conductor.
Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus—Carnegie—Tuesday evening Nov. 4 at 8:30.
Olga Averino—Town Hall—Wednesday evening, Oct. 29.

• Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

THE SEX SIDE OF LIFE, An Explanation for Young People

Pamphlet by MARY WARE DENNETT

"obscene" according to a few government officials, wholesome and helpful according to the *Court of Appeals* and thousands of readers, may be secured by mail from the author, 81 Singer St., Astoria, L. I., New York. Three copies for $1.00, single copies, 35c.

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Other Resort Advertising on page following.

ful disappointment. The early reports from Moscow, where the picture was hailed as the supreme achievement of Soviet cinematic art, and the memories of Dovzhenko's glorious masterpiece, "Arsenal," held out the prospect of a new miracle. Alas, the miracle never came to pass. The man of genius chose to exploit his weaknesses rather than his strength. Thus we have had to see the riotous exuberance of "Arsenal" give place to the disciplined uniformity of "Soil," the overwhelming dynamism and symphonic rhythm of the former recede before the static pictorial loveliness of the latter; while symbolic eccentricities that were casual in "Arsenal" have now become a dominant feature, unconvincing and forced where they find expression in stylized acting, and rather platitudinous in their imagery. To top it off, the poetic sentiment that has displaced the fervent passion of a thoroughly communistic treatment of the story does not strike me as being particularly profound or significant. There is no denying, of course, the extraordinary power of Dovzhenko's imagination, but it seems rather late in the day to bring out of the symbolist bag such ancient devices as the masklike face and the stylized movement, both of which, moreover, demand a stylized setting. Judged by the Hollywood standards "Soil" is a great picture. Judged by the standards of "The Last Laugh," "Potemkin," and "Arsenal" it is a cinematic aberration and a step backward.

To those who can appreciate cinematic inventiveness I should like to recommend a visit to the Rivoli Theater, where in addition to the fairly amusing if rather uninspired "Whoopee," in which Eddie Cantor carries off all the honors, the audience is treated to an amazing little picture, a Max Fleischer cartoon called "Swing, You Sinner." Here are depicted the adventures of a poor sinner in a churchyard, and the sheer Rabelaisian exuberance of the thing has never before been approached on the screen. It is worth a dozen "Whoopees."

Miss Swanson is really a quite charming actress and "What a Widow" (Rialto) is fair entertainment. But one cannot help feeling that Miss Swanson's acting personality is not "glamorous" or resourceful enough to make her performance truly "electric." More than many other stars she needs an interesting play.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, formerly a Denver journalist, has written many books on Western life.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 483
EDITORIALS:
An Open Letter to Arthur Woods 486
Palestine 487
Doctor and Patient 487
Will Professors Do It? 488
ARE WAGES GOING DOWN? By Alfred L. Bernheim 489
WHEAT PRICES AND WHEAT POOLS. By James E. Boyle 491
ON THE COLLEGE FRONTIER. VI. THE NEW LEGAL EDUCATION. By Herman Oliphant 493
SHALL CONVICTS WRITE BOOKS? By Miriam Allen de Ford 495
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 497
CORRESPONDENCE 497
BOOKS AND DRAMA:
Haunted. By Lilian White Spencer 499
Here's Mr. Foerster Again. By Henry Hazlitt 499
Alain. By Felix Morrow 500
Morbidity in Fiction. By Clifton P. Fadiman 500
Was Roosevelt "Betrayed"? By Louis M. Hacker 501
Satirist—and Victim. By Eugene Löhrke 503
Books in Brief 504
Drama: "Siegfried." By Marc Connelly 506
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Polish Terror in Galicia. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 508
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 509

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OVER A WORLD-WIDE radio hook-up President Hoover, Prime Minister MacDonald, and Premier Hamaguchi have congratulated the people of their countries on the signing of the naval pact, ratifications of which have just been deposited in London. Already the wranglings and the failure of the London conference are largely forgotten, and the statesmen concerned think only of peace and concord. "Never again must a race in naval armaments be allowed to develop," says President Hoover, while our naval experts go right forward to get all they can of a huge building program—all within treaty limits and therefore entirely unobjectionable. On the very same day Premier Mussolini also talked peace, but peace resting on an armed Italy, which of course did not want and would never provoke war but must arm because others are arming. Signor Mussolini justifies his recent more bellicose speeches by declaring that in them he tore the mask off "hypocritical Europe, which babbles about peace at Geneva and prepares for war everywhere." There is too much truth in this characterization, but who is more responsible for the condition he deplores than Mussolini himself? The disarmament skies look dark, despite fine speeches, and the world waits for a courageous word from anyone in a position of authority who is farsighted enough to take any of the risks of peace.

RATHER SUDDENLY, but wholly in accordance with South American revolutionary formula, President Washington Luiz of Brazil has been deposed and a military junta has taken over the government of the republic. Getulio Vargas, defeated candidate in the presidential election last spring, has been named provisional president. Just at a time when the financial and diplomatic world had settled back to await the outcome of what was expected to be a long-protracted civil war the military supporters of Luiz in the capital deserted him and demanded his retirement. With these very necessary props of government swept out from under him, Luiz had nothing to do but capitulate. Some doubt was felt thereafter as to whether the various rebel groups, who were acting in concert but not under a unified command, would fall to fighting among themselves, but this doubt was dispelled by their agreeing to accept Vargas, the original revolutionary leader, as temporary chief of state. The military junta has issued the usual proclamation against tyranny and has made the expected promises of reform. In the words of its own proclamation, however, it has merely effected a "substitution in administrators." It remains to be seen whether the new administrators will be any more successful than their predecessors in remedying the economic ills of Brazil, which after all provided the rebels with their opportunity for a victorious revolution.

NEWS OF THE FALL OF LUIZ and the revolutionary triumph "struck the State Department with stunning force," according to Washington dispatches, and well it might. President Hoover and Secretary Stimson quite obviously and unnecessarily interfered in the Brazilian revolution on behalf of the Luiz government and their bad judgment may now cost the United States something in prestige, if not also in trade. Certainly the revolutionary government leaders cannot be expected to take very kindly to the Hoover Administration, which advertised to the world its opinion that the rebels were little better than bandits. Indeed, at the beginning of the revolution State Department officials dismissed the disturbances as the work of "bandit groups" in the state of Rio Grande do Sul. When the movement spread, Washington dropped the term "bandit," but nevertheless confirmed the impression that it really considered the rebels as outlaws by laying down an embargo on arms for the revolutionists while at the same time leaving the United States munitions market open to the government. Whatever may be the effect on American trade of this short-sighted action, the British have lost no time in trying to turn Washington's mistake to their own advantage. The British government has already indicated that it expects to give early recognition to the revolutionary regime, and it is stated that the Prince of Wales now plans to extend his "good-will-for-British-products" tour from the Argentine to Brazil.

THE KELLEY CHARGES regarding oil-shale lands published in the New York *World* are declared by the Department of Justice to have "no merit or substance." Assistant Attorney General Richardson has in the course of

three weeks made what the Attorney General characterizes as "a thorough and painstaking inquiry." As a result, he declares that "utterly no basis can be found for the use of such extravagant expressions as . . . oil shale worth forty billions. . . . These expressions serve as a fair index of the composed reliability of Kelley's assertions." Concerning the detailed cases in which Mr. Kelley charges departmental laxity, Mr. Richardson finds the points at issue debatable, but declares that "in none of these cases does it appear that there was any misconduct or wrongdoing on the part of the officials of the Interior Department." On the contrary, he concludes that "the oil-shale lands of the United States are being vigorously and honestly administered by Secretary Wilbur and his department." Mr. Kelley, of course, denounces the report as "a ridiculous whitewash" which "reeks with misstatements and misrepresentations," and reiterates his charge of prejudice against Mr. Richardson. "In every instance . . . " he asserts, "as cannot be denied, the oil interests won. The public lost." It is unfortunate that Mr. Kelley's charges should have been made public in the midst of a political campaign, and that political requirements should have made it necessary for Secretary Wilbur's Cabinet associate to issue a sweeping report after a three weeks' examination of documents that Mr. Kelley declares would require months to digest properly. In view of statements already made by Senator Nye and other members of the Senate Committee on Public Lands, an extended investigation by that body appears likely, and, it seems to us, necessary.

THE AU SABLE VALLEY may not be so important to the Delaware and Hudson Railroad as are some other regions of New York served by that corporation, but it has just won the benefits of a fight for transportation service which may mean a good deal to other communities similarly situated. In September, 1929, railway service on the branch line of the Delaware and Hudson from Plattsburg to Au Sable Forks was discontinued, on the ground that it no longer paid. Thereupon Rockwell Kent, the artist, began, at his own expense and single-handed save for his lawyer, a campaign to have the service resumed. To the argument that passenger traffic on the line did not pay he opposed figures to show that freight traffic paid very well, and that the use of gas-electric engines instead of steam locomotives would cut operating costs to less than half. Mr. Kent had to fight the Public Service Commission of the State as well as the railway corporation; last April, for example, his complaint was dismissed by the commission's chief engineer for alleged lack of proof that service was needed, while the important point that the railway had acted without first obtaining commission approval was overlooked. Now, after a year and more of strenuous and public-spirited effort, Mr. Kent has won his case, and the Au Sable valley will have its railway service, by order of the commission, on and after November 3.

THE SHUT-IN OIL PRODUCTION of the world is no less than 2,383,000 barrels daily, according to the *Lamp*, organ of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Of this amount 1,310,000 barrels are in the United States, 590,000 in Persia and Iraq, 260,000 in South America, and 200,000 in the Dutch East Indies. If the shut-in wells were set to flowing they would increase the world's output by an amount practically equal to the present actual production of the United States, which averaged 2,414,600 barrels a day during last August. The sharp mutations of the oil industry are indicated by a comparison of the present situation with that of 1924, when, as the *Lamp* says, "fear of an imminent shortage of raw materials sent every geologist into the field on the run to locate more oil." They were so successful that the problem in recent years has been to prevent profits from being drowned in oil. The control of production has become essential if the industry is to continue profitable operation, and it is surprising how great a degree of such control has been attained even under existing competitive conditions. As it stands, for every two barrels of oil that come out of the ground here one is kept shut in so as to avoid spoiling the market. We are face to face with a world-wide problem in oil. In this country we have discovered the impossibility of orderly and successful exploitation of our oil resources by small and weak competing concerns, but we have not yet learned the technique of successful control of great companies in the public interest, much less the organization of successful international cooperation.

DR. HERBERT B. DORAU, described by the New York *Telegram* as being "well known for his friendliness toward the public utilities," has been appointed head of the public-utilities department of New York University. At the time of his appointment he was assistant director of the Institute of Land Economics and Public Utilities, which, according to evidence presented to the Federal Trade Commission at Washington, recently received $12,000 from the National Electric Light Association for "research" on the subject of municipal ownership. Moreover, Dr. Dorau's appointment was announced after university officials had virtually agreed that Dr. John Bauer, an outspoken critic of the power interests, was to be given the post. Thus far the university authorities have refused to divulge the reasons for the sudden change. One of the officials whose approval of the Dorau appointment was necessary is Dean John T. Madden of the School of Commerce. He said he regarded the matter as "personal" and could not discuss it. This is the same Madden, the *Telegram* points out, who "was included among the eighteen college professors who had received $47,000 from the National Electric Light Association." Can it be that the power and utilities interests have learned nothing from the unwelcome publicity they received as the result of the exposure of their efforts to influence leading educators by subsidies and other means? Or do they believe that public opinion is impotent and therefore not worth their consideration?

PREDICTIONS of an impending parliamentary defeat for Labor and a new general election in Great Britain within a few weeks are again being circulated. This time reports have it that the crisis will arise from the Government's contemplated move to repeal the Trade Disputes Act, which a Conservative Parliament adopted after the miners' walkout and general strike of 1925-26. The act in question forbids trade unions to engage in a sympathetic strike "calculated to coerce the government," and makes unions liable for damages to employers resulting from such a strike. Ramsay MacDonald is said to be determined to stand or fall

on this issue. At first glance it would appear that a test vote on this question would almost certainly result in a defeat for Labor. On the other hand, the opposition parties are anxious not to precipitate a general election while the Indian Round Table Conference, which begins its meetings on November 12, is in session. Furthermore, the Conservatives, who would probably win the election, are not particularly eager to take over the government at this time. There are too many unsolved and perhaps unsolvable problems lying around, chiefly unemployment and the industrial slump. The coming winter may be one of the most difficult England has had for many decades. A politically wise Conservative Party might swallow repeal of the Trade Disputes Act for a while and thus defer the difficulties and expense of an election at least until spring.

ARISTIDE BRIAND in France is being subjected to bitter attacks from the Right that may lead to his retirement from active politics. The test of strength between Briand and the hot-blooded nationalists of the Right will probably come during the session of Parliament opening November 4. His enemies contend that the Foreign Minister's policy of conciliation and rapprochement with Germany has been directly responsible for the growth in the former enemy country of militant sentiment for the revision of the peace treaties. They term his policy one of "abandon." At least one of the newspapers opposed to Briand has gone so far as to warn him that unless he changes his tactics, the same fate that befell the Socialist leader, Jaurès, at the opening of the World War may be awaiting him. Thus far Premier Tardieu has been outwardly steadfast in his support of the Foreign Minister, but there is already talk of bringing Poincaré back into power in order to strengthen the proponents of a narrowly nationalistic policy and also, incidentally, to get rid of Briand. We should regret to see Briand go. Despite his several shortcomings, he has been a decided influence for peace and confidence in Europe. There is still some hope that he may be retained. The latest local elections in France have resulted in victories for candidates opposed to the Right nationalists. If this accurately reflects general sentiment in France, his enemies may think twice before they actually attempt to discard Briand.

NORWAY IS THE LATEST of the European countries to swing to the Right in recent elections or in the changing of governments. Germany began the movement with the downfall of Chancellor Müller's Coalition Government, which was succeeded by a definitely conservative Cabinet, and with the spectacular rise of the fascists in the September elections. Austria followed, the moderate Chancellor Schober being replaced by Karl Vaugoin of the extreme Right-wing Clerical Party. Then came Finland, where the moderate parties combined to help the fascists elect a Parliament that is pledged to outlaw the Communist and, in effect, the Left Socialist parties. Now Norway has joined in the movement to the Right. In the general elections to Parliament the Communists lost their three seats, the Laborites lost twelve, the Moderates gained three, and the Conservative Party added twelve to its thirty-five, so that with the Agrarians the Conservatives now control the national assembly. As Norway has been but little affected by the general international depression, economic conditions cannot be said to be responsible for this drift toward reaction, as has been the case in Germany and Finland. Fear of the ambitious Labor program of state socialism may have been the primary cause, but whatever the immediate factor responsible there, it is clear that not only in Norway but throughout Europe a period of nationalistic political reaction has begun to be felt.

THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE has made what, from an official source, sounds like a surprisingly sensible suggestion. It is that henceforth visiting officials feel no obligation to lay a wreath at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior or at other war memorials. The proposal was made first as a gesture "toward the eradication of the memories of the Great War," but this somewhat unfortunate wording was later modified, after protests from various sources, to be read as the elimination of meaningless ceremonies which might tend to keep alive war animosities while at the same time doing nothing to strengthen veneration or grief for the millions of men who died. Nobody wants them to be forgotten; they ought to be remembered always, as a lesson in "war costs" and a warning to future generations. But the business of laying a wreath at the grave of the unknown soldier is in danger of becoming a mere perfunctory gesture which every public man makes when he wants his picture in the rotogravure section of the Sunday newspapers. In so far as it is merely such a gesture, the British government should be heartily supported in criticism of it. If the unknown soldier could arise out of his marble tomb and speak his mind, it is by no means unlikely that he would say he wanted none of these empty honors but rather the assurance that future generations would not have to imitate his sacrifice. It is well to remember the dead—in order that they shall not have died in vain.

WALT WHITMAN, with not a vote to spare, has just managed this year to squeeze into the Hall of Fame of New York University. The poet, therefore, whose works were not seen on the parlor tables or in the hands of the ladies of the eighties and nineties, and who is still regarded as salacious by many thousands of his countrymen, has at last received this tardy recognition, whatever it is worth. To schoolboys he is known for one third-rate poem "O Captain! my Captain"; to the mass of American adults for "Leaves of Grass," which is still generally considered sexually bold and outspoken; and to the fortunate ones for "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" and "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," two of the finest poems ever written by an American poet, and among the finest in the English language. With these alone as his monument, Walt Whitman would hardly need a bust in addition, but it is pleasant to know that his countrymen have honored themselves by honoring him. Along with his name this year go those of James McNeill Whistler, James Monroe, and Matthew Fontaine Maury. These alone, though fifteen might have been admitted, received the necessary number of votes. Thoreau, Samuel Adams, Thomas Paine, Henry George, Nathan Hale, Noah Webster are among those who wait just without the gates. Eventually they, too, will be included, since time and distance make heroes of all men. And such controversies as raged around them will, like the controversies about Whitman, seem unimportant and trivial.

An Open Letter to Arthur Woods

MY DEAR MR. WOODS: We have noted with great satisfaction your selection to head the work of the federal government in behalf of the unemployed. In appointing you, President Hoover has fulfilled a long-neglected duty. Your record is a sufficient guaranty that the work will be prosecuted with vigor and intelligence.

During the first months of his Administration, with industry booming and the stock market rioting, the President made no attempt to curb the speculative mania that led to the October crash. When that financial crash came, he refused to recognize its inevitable industrial consequences, and declined to summon men like yourself to lay plans for meeting the unemployment then clearly in prospect. Instead, through a series of conferences described at length in the newspapers, he gave currency to the notion that recession could be avoided if only industrial and government leaders would make large enough plans and promises for 1930. As depression deepened and unemployment increased, his Administration gave out a long series of statements systematically minimizing the actual number of men out of work. This action was extended to the very results of the census itself. When further denial of evident facts became impossible, responsibility was placed on "world-wide depression," and only today, a full year late, under pressure of a political campaign, has the President by appointing you taken a real step toward meeting the responsibility of the government to its millions of unemployed citizens.

Your task, it is reported, you regard as "a race against human misery." Thanks to the President's delay, it is true that your work will necessarily be of an improvised character; but it will not necessarily on that account fail to embody the lessons of experience and science, or to contribute to a permanent solution of the problem of unemployment. We respectfully address to you certain questions, on the answers to which, we believe, depends in large part the permanent value of your work.

Do you share the apparent view of the President that your work is to distinguish somehow between those who are and those who are not "in honest difficulties"? Is this a glorified job of giving charity to "the worthy poor," or is it an effort to mitigate, as far as possible, an injury and injustice done to millions of our citizens by the bad working of an economic system for which they are not individually responsible? The difference between these two approaches to the problem seems to us highly important.

If you agree with us that unemployment distress is due essentially to social causes and not to individual ill-doing, will you use this extraordinary opportunity to help create the necessary machinery of federal-State cooperation so that we may henceforth know at all times the elementary facts of employment and unemployment? Thus far the Administration has blocked even the modest measure of cooperation that would be provided under Senator Wagner's bills.

On this basis, will you at once take the lead in instituting a real and nation-wide system of employment exchanges, again with federal-State-local cooperation? This basic task is complex and difficult in itself, and will require a long period for adequate development. The country has waited vainly for the initiation of the work during all the dozen years since we jettisoned the Federal Employment Service hastily set up during the war. Will you not take the bold step of bringing it into existence now when it is so easy to see the necessity for it?

Will you bring squarely forward for full public discussion the burning question of unemployment insurance? You are reported as contemplating no federal financial relief comparable to the "dole." Will you help the American people to get in mind the difference between a system of real unemployment insurance and the system of modified poor relief known as the dole? Will you help them to understand that real insurance could be used to prevent a considerable amount of unnecessary unemployment and to relieve much that is unavoidable under our present economic organization? Will you help them, too, honestly to face the question what they want done if and when unemployment passes the insurable limits? If not the much-criticized "dole," then what? Would Americans favor starvation, or charity, or revolution? Will you not help focus public attention on this question?

All these questions lead back to one yet greater and more difficult. Will you now offer the country genuine leadership in the prodigious task of organizing for the permanent stabilization of industry and employment? The President has talked about it, but has shown no real conception of what it involves. We do not refer to the many emergency measures that will necessarily absorb much of your time. We do not refer to the long-range planning of public works, whose possibilities, considerable though they are, have been so much exaggerated, or to the efforts at expanding private construction in dull times, or even to the notable experiments of certain individual employers in stabilizing employment in their own plants. We do mean the comprehensive organization of entire industries. We made feeble beginnings in food and coal and metals during the World War, and in the rush for profits promptly scrapped them after the war. We shall have to face this problem in all our great industries, and its solution will not be found simply in the uncontrolled workings of the profit system. Such organization is the supreme task of economic statesmanship.

You will be overwhelmed by a multitude of pressing duties, all calling for immediate attention. To discharge them well, as we are confident you will do, will mean to lessen the immediate distress of the unemployed, which threatens to attain staggering proportions during the winter now upon us. To perform them always with a view to developing at the same time the machinery and organization requisite to prevent the recurrence of such conditions in the future, and to use the present depression as an opportunity for directing popular thinking to the necessity and possibility of such measures, will be to make an almost incalculable contribution to the happiness and well-being of the American people. In the respectful hope that you may choose the larger way, we address to you these inquiries.

Palestine

WHEN, in 1917, Lord Balfour pledged the British government to "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people," it seemed almost too good to be true. It was too good to be true. It was not true. The pledge, like the conflicting pledge of Constantinople to the Russians, of Syria to the French, of "rectifications" to the Italians, of independence for the Arabs, of self-determination to everybody, arose from no sudden conversion to Zionism; it was a product of war-time distress. Britain needed the help of the Jews and was ready to promise almost anybody almost anything.

Now Britain finds her conflicting promises embarrassing, and the political strategists of the British Empire, balancing Jewish public opinion in the Western world against Arab opinion in the highly inflammable and intensely strategic countries about the Suez Canal and the Persian Gulf, have decided that on the whole it will be safer to let down the Jews than further to inflame the Moslems.

The decision, of course, is veiled in noble phrases, as is the custom of governments. The decisions of the past, which faced in the other direction, were equally hedged about with qualifying words to which the British government may point as justification for its present action. But only a legalist would do so. For in 1922 Britain, through Winston Churchill, then Colonial Secretary, was explicit that the Jewish people "should know that it is in Palestine as of right and not on sufferance," and added that "for the fulfilment of this policy it is necessary that the Jewish community in Palestine should be able to increase its numbers by immigration." The terms of the mandate granted Britain by the League of Nations (we sometimes forget that technically Britain is in Palestine as agent of the League) also provide that Britain shall "facilitate Jewish immigration under suitable conditions and encourage in cooperation with the Jewish Agency close settlement by Jews upon the land." Now Britain finds no suitable conditions for Jewish immigration; the suspension of Jewish immigration ordered last May is confirmed, and the government announces that "there remains no margin of land available for agricultural settlements by new immigrants."

As a result, Dr. Weizmann, Lord Melchett, Felix Warburg, and the other Jewish leaders who have been urging their insistent brethren of the Eastern countries to have faith in Britain have resigned their posts in the Jewish Agency. They feel that the decision of the British Labor Government is a slap in their faces, doubly sharp because of the manner of its announcement. The Zionists had a right, under the terms of the mandate, to expect to be consulted before any such important decision was proclaimed. In their conversations with British officialdom they thought they had been given, as late as last summer, a precisely opposite expectation. Mr. Warburg, in unusually direct terms, accuses Lord Passfield of deceiving them.

Mr. Baldwin and other Tory leaders have expressed their indignation at the abandonment of the Balfour policy. But the moral of the incident would seem to be: Put not your trust in empire. The Tories may be moved by electoral considerations; they are probably even more moved by fear that concessions to Arabs in Palestine may strengthen Eastern nationalism elsewhere, weakening the Empire in Egypt, in the lands about the Persian Gulf, and in India. They differ from the Labor Government in their judgment of the profit to the British Empire—that is all. It would be unrealistic, in 1930, to expect the British Empire, under Laborite, Liberal, or Tory, long to defend the Jewish outposts in Palestine for merely sentimental reasons.

This is not Dr. Weizmann's first resignation. At Berlin in August, after he had stated frankly his conviction that there could never be a Jewish state in Palestine and advocated something like the Magnes-Bergmann plan of a frank acceptance of bi-nationalism, he resigned. The opposition was too intense. Those who felt then that his goal was too modest, his faith in England too great, must now feel justified. To many Jews the Passfield statement will seem a complete justification of the principles of the so-called revisionists who insist that Zionists can be content with nothing less than a Jewish majority, even if forced, "even though the native inhabitants are opposed."

It seems to us rather that this bitter disillusionment proves the long vision and clear statesmanship of Dr. Judah Magnes, rector of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Dr. Magnes was bitterly attacked because he insisted that the Jewish national home must not rest upon British bayonets, but must be established in cooperation with the Arabs, even though their hands were red with Jewish blood. The event has proved that British bayonets are frail reeds for Jewish support, and Palestine lies in the heart of an Arab world.

Doctor and Patient

THE New York County Medical Association has just taken exception to a clinic maintained by two Washington Heights doctors who were so rash as to issue a booklet describing the clinic's services and announcing a fixed fee for each. According to the association, charges which are being preferred against the physicians in question in no way reflect on their professional integrity, but were made simply on the question of the propriety of charging fixed fees for professional services. This New York situation arises at about the time of the trial in Chicago of Dr. Malcolm L. Harris, formerly president of the American Medical Association, because the Chicago Policlinic Medical Center, of which he is surgeon-in-chief and president of the board of trustees, has been guilty of advertising. Again there is no criticism of the clinic as such, but the complaint is merely that it goes contrary to the "ethics of the medical profession."

Since the whole organization and distribution of medical services is being so widely discussed at present, the matter becomes more than a question of professional ethics, and involves the public at large. The cost of medical attention has risen sharply in the last few decades, as has also perhaps the quality of treatment offered. Where one formerly went to a general practitioner and obtained, for two dollars, advice of varying degrees of usefulness, one goes now perforce to any of twenty specialists who, while he ministers meticulously and expertly to whatever section of one's anat-

omy may require his attention, charges correspondingly for the limitation of his general experience and at the same time the vast increase of his special knowledge. The patient who is treated has only praise for any relief to a suffering throat or kidney or eye. But he is not so happy about the sufferings of his pocket-book; and when he must go to a hospital he is far less happy. If he is rich and pays top fees he feels himself more or less bilked by the impressive Park Avenue surgeon; if he belongs to the middle class he pays fees too large for his purse as well as he is able; if he goes to "free" clinics—where he is often expected to pay what little he can—the inevitably wholesale nature of the treatment or its administration by the comparatively unskilled assistants of abler doctors reduces its effectiveness, and the very poor suffer accordingly.

It is no wonder, then, that the public feels there is something radically wrong with the practice of medicine and turns gratefully to clinics where, for a modest fixed fee, medical service of a supposedly high order can be obtained. Nor is the same public troubled by the ethical problem of medical advertising. Indeed, it is worth asking whether this particular aspect of professional ethics did not arise out of a simple matter of business practice, and was not sanctified when its usefulness to the profession as a whole became so apparent. There is a firm conviction in the mind of the average doctor that a medical man who advertises his wares is a quack. But to the patient who is made aware of a properly managed clinic by the use of an unpretentious announcement, this distrust of advertising seems meaningless. In the medical profession, as in many another, there is grievous overcrowding. Many hours of hard work a day for the average doctor return him no more than a modest living. Even the great surgeons, the successful specialists, who are consulted as a last resort in a difficult case, do not always command the highest fees. Strange afflictions have a tendency to visit the penniless as well as the rich, and the doctor, by honorable tradition and inclination, does not refuse his services because there will be no fee. The medical profession as a whole, only too ruefully cognizant of these facts, stringently restricts the admission of candidates to medical schools, and governs as sharply the conduct of practicing members in good standing.

Under the present system of individualistic, unorganized medical practice it is not surprising that such regulation exists, however unjust it may be to the long-suffering patient. The remedy, as with most of our industrial ills, lies in the reorganization of the industry. Perhaps a state or otherwise centrally controlled system of medicine is the answer; perhaps some relief may be found in a system of medical guilds, along the lines of an article by Evans Clark in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, whereby a group of specialists would combine to give, for a fixed annual fee, such medical services, including surgery and hospitalization, as a patient-member might require. Meanwhile the public will accept what services it can get at reduced fees and pay what it must for the rest, but the doctors must not complain if grumblings about the system continue, or if they have difficulty in explaining their unyielding opposition to what must seem to the man in the street a workable solution —that is, a clinic where he is not a charity patient but can get what medical attention he needs for something like what he can pay.

Will Professors Do It?

ACADEMIC freedom might soon become something better than a phrase to conjure with if the proposal put forward by L. L. Thurstone, professor of psychology in the University of Chicago, were adopted and sedulously applied. Professor Thurstone suggests that the American Association of University Professors should prepare a list of accredited institutions comprising all those of collegiate or university rank whose academic standing, measured by the professional competence of the faculty, the quality of instruction, and recognition of freedom in scholarly or scientific inquiry, is such as to entitle members of the staff to membership in the association. Any institution which, after investigation, was found no longer to conform to the standard would be dropped from the list, but without thereby terminating individual membership in the association. Any member, however, who accepted a position in a non-accredited institution would automatically forfeit his association membership. Professional or scientific societies would be asked to cooperate by dropping from their own lists any member who accepted a teaching position in an institution which the association did not approve. An institution which improperly dismissed a teacher would not be restored to the accredited list until the teacher had been offered full reinstatement, with salary from the date of dismissal.

This drastic proposal has some real merits. As Professor Thurstone points out, a "direct frontal attack" on the legal position of trustees would be futile because the legal control of the institution is undoubtedly in their hands, and they cannot be expected to submit their action to faculty veto. Where the pressure would come, especially in the matter of freedom of teaching or inquiry which is Professor Thurstone's special concern, is at the point of the standing of the institution in the academic world. If a governing board, deferential as most such bodies are to donors, legislatures, or public ignorance or prejudice, knew that if a professor were dismissed or crowded out because of his unpopular opinions or utterances no one whom either the association or a professional or scientific society would recognize could be found to take his place, and that the institution itself would be stricken from the association's list of institutions of acceptable academic standing, it would be likely to think twice before courting that odium. At the same time the ethics of the teaching profession would be stiffened by the withdrawal of recognition from any teacher who accepted an appointment whose previous holder had been improperly discharged.

It must be admitted that the association, zealous as it has been in investigating infringements of academic freedom, has actually done very little to check the evil. Its reports have been in the main judicious and convincing, but they have come late, and dismissed professors are rarely restored. What is needed is not merely a continuance of post mortem publicity but a united front by members of the teaching and scientific professions in defense of free inquiry and free speech. There may be objections to turning the association into a trade union, but there is no reason why it should not do something really effective to defend its members.

Are Wages Going Down?

By ALFRED L. BERNHEIM

IN 1921, when the United States was in the midst of its last preceding major depression, the rallying cry of the reconstructionists was "Back to Normalcy." The restoration of good times was to come about by the deflation of what was deemed to be an abnormally high level of most price series, especially the price of labor. Wages, the argument ran, had to be cut in order that production costs might be decreased. Wholesale and retail prices would then tumble merrily after, and once we had taken our medicine in the form of losses resulting from the liquidation of high-cost merchandise in the warehouses and on the shelves, we should again be in a position for a new advance on prosperity. Our industrialists and financiers and their economic advisers were in accord, with few dissenting voices, on this theory of reconstruction and were committed to its application in practice. By way of illustration, there were only two men in President Harding's unemployment conference—Samuel Gompers and Roy Dickinson—who signed a minority report protesting against wage reductions as a remedy for poor business.

Our present major depression finds us pinning our hopes to a radically different economic philosophy. There is no thought that there was anything abnormal in the conditions that prevailed some fifteen months ago, and consequently there is no demand for a return to normality. There is no admission that prices, excepting security prices and perhaps urban real estate, were at an inflated level in the summer of 1929, and this in the face of the fact that the rather sharp declines that have since occurred in many agricultural staples, raw materials, semi-finished products, and even consumers' goods indicate the contrary. There is a denial of the existence of unduly large inventories, though data at hand can scarcely be said to substantiate this in respect to many important commodities such as petroleum, copper, or automobiles. Above all, there is wide acceptance of the theory that the revival of industry will best be furthered by maintaining purchasing power. Since wages form the main stream of purchasing power, it follows that proponents of this theory are opposed to wage reductions.

In the course of the Chautauqua held in Washington in November, 1929, under the personal direction of President Hoover, this theory was first publicly proclaimed, and ever since it has been echoed by the spokesmen of business, finance, labor, and other groups. Again there are dissenting voices, but though they have waxed appreciably in volume during recent weeks and threaten to grow more vociferous from day to day, they are still a decided minority. Undoubtedly the general attitude toward wages in relation to the course of the business cycle has undergone a marked change since 1921. Labor is being courted as never before—not, however, in its own right as worker and producer, but in its capacity as the most important collective customer of industry. This is the natural outgrowth of our trend toward mass production, which demands corresponding mass consumption for profitable operation.

Is our practice, however, entirely consistent with our theory? Are wages actually holding at their mid-1929 level? Though comprehensive data on the subject are lacking, there is enough information to warrant the statement that the wage truce of last November has by no means been universally observed.

According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, 551 establishments reported wage decreases affecting 86,117 employees between October 15, 1929, and August 15, 1930. Most of the decreases ranged from 5 to 10 per cent. In one case there was a slash of 38 per cent; in several, of between 12 and 20 per cent. At first glance one gets the impression that the number of wage reductions is inconsequentially small in relation to the total number of gainfully employed. Perhaps, one reasons, there has been a technical violation of the truce, but the spirit of the agreement appears to have been respected. We must, however, take into consideration the limitations of the bureau's compilation. In the first place, it covers only manufacturing industries, a field which accounts for approximately but one-fifth of the gainfully employed. All the copper companies have reduced wages—this does not figure in the bureau's total. The brokerage houses have cut salaries—this does not figure in the total. According to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, farm wages declined 13 per cent between July, 1929, and July, 1930—but farm labor is not included in the survey of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In the second place, even within the manufacturing industries the bureau receives reports of wage changes from only about 13,500 establishments employing about 3,000,000 workers—roughly, only 7 per cent of the total number of establishments and 30 per cent of the total number of workers in the group. In the third place, the bureau's compilation is two months behind, and the two months for which there are as yet no figures constituted probably the worst sixty-day period of the depression to date.

To estimate from the data now available the number of wage reductions that have taken place during the past year and the number of workers affected would be nothing better than guesswork. It is, however, a pretty safe guess that the number of workers whose wages have been cut runs into seven digits, with the magnitude of the left-hand digit unknown. It is true that in a few of our largest industries there have been either no official wage cuts at all, as far as is known, or only a negligible number. It is true, also, that even in most of the industries where cuts have been prevalent, the number of establishments that have maintained rates exceeds the number that have reduced them. In spite of these facts, there is no validity to the claim that employers have, as a whole, observed the wage truce. There have been too many cuts—cuts too widely diversified geographically and industrially and affecting too many workers—to make such a position tenable.

While most of the wage cuts have taken place in the smaller establishments, nevertheless important employers are by no means unrepresented in the catalogue. Thus, for example, wages of at least some of the employees (manual or clerical) have been lowered by the following corporations: Riverside and Dan River Cotton Mills, International Har-

vester Company, Fisher Body Company (a subsidiary of General Motors), Chrysler Corporation, National Cash Register Company, Gotham Silk Hosiery Company, McKeesport Coal and Coke Company, Scoville Manufacturing Company, Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. These are just a few conspicuous examples of big names, and they do not include any of the copper companies —Anaconda and the others—all of which have lowered wages on a scale corresponding to the decline in the price of copper; or any of the steel or tin mills where similar sliding-scale agreements are in effect in respect to some groups of workers. It may be argued that an employer has the right, even in view of the wage truce, to cut wage scales where there is an existing agreement providing for automatic reductions (or increases) under certain specified circumstances. Granted the right, the purpose of the wage truce, after all, was to prevent a depression and restore prosperity by maintaining the purchasing power of wage-earners; and whether a worker's wage is cut in accordance with a previously formulated agreement or whether it is cut in the absence of such an agreement does not affect the reality of his decreased income and decreased purchasing power.

There is another aspect of the wage situation which is perhaps even more important than the one we have been considering, though so intangible as altogether to elude quantitative measurement. The level of wage rates is being forced down slowly and persistently through two devices which, narrowly interpreted, do not count as wage reductions, but which are reductions in as real a sense as the official lowering of established scales. One of these is firing followed by rehiring at lower rates. Whenever there is a range in scale for any given occupation, it is a simple matter to fire those workers who are near the top of the pay range and then to replace them with beginners, who, of course, start at the bottom. Thus, if a given job pays 80 cents to $1 an hour, the average pay for all the workers on this job can readily be brought down from, say, 95 to 85 cents. Here is a cut of more than 10 per cent which is not rated as a cut at all. The wage truce has not been violated, for the manufacturer's scale is still, as it was before, 80 cents to $1. When there are millions hungry for work, it is not difficult to find new men at the beginners' scale who are as efficient as the older, more experienced employees. In fact, by firing and replacing, a manufacturer is generally able not only to reduce his pay roll but also to increase the efficiency of his plant. He gets rid of the superannuated (those of forty and over), the "trouble-makers," the less skilful, and other undesirables.

There are many variations of this scheme of reducing pay rolls, but all have the same effect and all are heartily to be condemned. For example, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company is reported to have made extensive substitutions of women for men in some departments, at about one-third less pay. This neat trick not only helps the family economize and saves the local retailers the trouble of selling too much merchandise, but it also gives the men a splendid opportunity to learn cooking, washing, and nursing while the women are at work.

If it is an economic necessity for an establishment to reduce wage scales, and if the reduction will benefit both the employer and his employees by bringing in more work and thereby affording more and steadier employment, then it is far better that the reduction be made aboveboard than that it be achieved by "nibbling from within." Everyone in touch with the labor market knows that the practice is widespread; no one knows its extent. It would seem in order for some agency to investigate the practice and expose it in detail.

The other device for cutting wages within the truce consists in making secret, individual wage contracts below the established scale. Several union officials have admitted to me that this practice is prevalent witnin their jurisdictions and that they are powerless to stop it, even when they can obtain conclusive evidence of its existence. The pressure for work is so great that if Mr. Employer offers John Smith a job at $5 a day, "take it or leave it," John will usually take it, though he may know that there is a scale of twice that amount established by sacred contract between his union and his boss. Here is a bit of unashamed documentary evidence quoted from the *American Building Contractor* for October, 1930, to the effect that the practice prevails in the construction industry:

> The effect of unemployment is now beginning to be reflected in current wages, and the month's report indicates that while little or no changes are being made in the official wage scales, many tradesmen are working for considerably less than the official scale.

The construction industry was, I believe, represented at the conference which promulgated the wage truce.

Conceding that wage reductions have not been as extensive or as sharp in this depression as in some former ones, and that there is a crystallized public opinion—employers included—against lowering wages, still it is an absurd bit of romancing to assert that wages have been maintained at their 1930 peak, or that the Hoover-inspired wage truce has been kept even substantially inviolate.

So much for what has happened in the past year. Let us speculate for a moment over what is likely to happen in the immediate future. As already suggested, those who question the wisdom and feasibility of maintaining wages during a serious and prolonged business depression, though still in the minority as far as we can tell from public utterances, are constantly becoming bolder and more articulate. Repeated failure of the prophets of revival to make good their predictions has naturally fostered the growth of skepticism toward the prophets' doctrines. A Middle Western banker, John W. Barton, speaking before the American Bankers Association at its recent Cleveland convention, voiced his opinion that our standard of living is too high, which, of course, implies that our wages are too high. I assume that Mr. Barton did not mean that standards are too high from the point of view of social welfare, but only, in his opinion, from that of the economic condition of the United States. Speaking before the same group of bankers a few days later, President Hoover expressed his emphatic dissent from the thesis enunciated by Mr. Barton. It is known that the President changed his prepared speech in order to include a refutation of the heretical doctrine, indicating the Administration's fear that this doctrine might otherwise receive wide acceptance.

It is too bad that we may not boil our heretics alive in oil, for even Presidential rebukes seem to be ineffective in stopping their tongues. Less than two weeks after Mr. Hoover declared that "any retreat from our American philosophy of constantly increasing standards of living be-

comes a retreat into perpetual unemployment and the acceptance of a cesspool of poverty for some large part of our people," Governor Eugene R. Black of the Atlanta Federal Reserve Bank again urged, though from a different slant, the necessity of a retreat from high living standards.

These are only two of the more conspicuous instances of public expressions of skepticism toward the high-wage theory. Whenever business men gather in convention, someone injects this note of doubt, and if the speaker is not cheered till the rafters ring, neither is he hissed by an indignant audience. The press, in particular the trade and financial papers, is no longer giving unqualified approval to the wage philosophy of the new era. If it seldom urges a general downward revision, it is beginning to question more and more whether we can complete our economic house-cleaning without it.

The facts reflect the trend of sentiment. The reports of the Bureau of Labor Statistics on wage reductions show that, with only two exceptions, each month between October, 1929, and August, 1930, witnessed a greater number of wage reductions and a greater number of workers affected than did the preceding month. I am afraid that unless unmistakable signs—not mere prophecies—of an upward business trend become manifest very promptly, the coming months will witness extensive wage reductions throughout business and industry. Difficult as it is to prevent the inception of a wage-cutting movement in an uncontrolled economic order, the difficulty is as nothing compared with that of checking the movement, once it has started, before the curve of business and prices again changes its direction. A wage reduction upsets the competitive balance within and between industries, and the pressure to restore this balance leads to waves of further reductions. The balance, as I have tried to show, has already been appreciably upset. If my prediction proves correct, then only a far more drastic reduction in retail prices than has as yet taken place will prevent a retreat from the relatively high standard of living enjoyed by the wage-earning class prior to the beginning of the present depression.

Wheat Prices and Wheat Pools

By JAMES E. BOYLE

THE Canadian wheat pool, a cooperative organization of 140,000 wheat farmers of the prairie provinces, is facing the crisis of its life, brought on by the severe drop in wheat prices. For five years the central pool office at Winnipeg managed to carry on and find markets throughout the world at prices which the farmers considered satisfactory. Then suddenly, with Canada's small 1929 harvest, began an unexpected but continuous and heartbreaking decline in wheat prices. The pool carried out its program of "orderly marketing," as it construes the term. But now, with the biggest carry-over of wheat on record and a new crop on hand, large in volume and high in quality, the pool is on trial for its life. Can it survive?

During its first five years the pool made a first payment to the farmers, called the initial payment, followed by a second or interim payment, and finally, a third payment after the wind-up of the crop year. On the 1929 crop it made an initial payment of one dollar a bushel. Owing to the price decline this proved to be also the final payment.

Since the pool, like the ordinary grain dealer, advances money for the wheat before it sells, it has to borrow money from the banks to make advances to the farmer. The pool's credit became impaired on the 1929 crop in this manner: Of the one dollar advanced, eighty-five cents was borrowed from the banks on grain paper. Wheat prices declined till the grain paper was no longer adequate security for the loans. The pool is strong enough politically to dominate politics and politicians in the three prairie provinces; so, together with the banks, it went to the three prairie governments and got a guaranty of the grain-paper loans for all grain marketed up to the end of the 1929 crop year, but no longer.

The credit problem and the low wheat price make it difficult for the pool to finance the wheat movement now on the way in large volume, and the banks in the end have dictated their own terms. The initial payment on the 1930 crop was fixed at sixty cents a bushel, basis Fort William, for Number 1 northern wheat, though an initial payment of seventy cents had been announced some weeks earlier. The farmer in Saskatchewan, the principal wheat province, must subtract freight charges of twenty cents a bushel from this payment. Thus he receives forty cents a bushel cash for the best grade, with the promise of more later if the price goes up. But if last year's experience is repeated, he will get no further payment.

Every pool farmer is bound to his organization by a legal five-year contract. If he breaks this contract he can be sued and compelled to pay twenty-five cents a bushel as liquidated damages, and also the costs of the litigation. If he threatens to break away from the pool, an injunction can be served on him enjoining specific performance of his contract. The system is legally perfect, for the courts uniformly uphold these contracts; but marketing is more an economic than a legal problem. In a farmer's eyes the touchstone is: What price do I get for my commodity?

In normal years about 10 per cent of the pool members bootleg their wheat. They need the money, or a better price seems to be offered, or some other excuse serves them. In the present crisis—and the pool itself frankly says it is a crisis—bootlegging on a large scale has begun. In one community seventy farmers were haled into court. Hundreds of farmers have had injunctions served on them. If this bootlegging becomes a stampede, it will mean the end of the pool as now organized. The temptation to bootleg is especially great now because the regular grain dealers can actually pay twenty to thirty cents a bushel more than the pool's initial payment. In this case the farmer has parted with his wheat and has his money in full. If he sells through the pool he will get more money later if the price goes up. The pool farmer, therefore, who believes strongly in higher prices and can wait for his money will stay by the pool; the one who is pessimistic about the price outlook and

who needs the money now will be strongly tempted to bootleg his wheat.

About one-half the wheat farmers are pool members; half are non-pool. Last fall the non-pool farmer sold his wheat direct from the thresher for $1.40 or $1.50 a bushel; the pool farmer got only $1 for his. Farmers are realists, and it is hard for the pool to combat such evidence as this. The pool realizes fully that it is now in its life-and-death battle, and it is mobilizing every possible agency of education and propaganda—radio, circulars and broadsides, newspapers, and stump speeches.

During the past ten years there has come into wide circulation a new slogan concerning the marketing of farm crops—namely, "orderly marketing." It is obvious, for instance, that if growers glut the market with ripe strawberries or peaches, the price will fall sharply. If there is a scarcity of ripe strawberries, the price will soar. It was assumed that what is true of perishable fruits and vegetables was true of wheat. But wheat is a non-perishable commodity grown on every continent, harvested at some place every day in the year, easily shipped long distances, and safely stored for long periods of time. The concept of orderly marketing, which originally meant the feeding of the market in a regular, orderly fashion and the avoidance of dumping, is, I repeat, good for ripe strawberries but not for wheat.

The pool practiced what it considered orderly marketing on the six wheat crops of 1924 to 1929, inclusive. Strictly speaking, this theory should mean the marketing of one-twelfth of the crop each month, but the pool early rejected any such rigid application of the theory, because buyers did not appear in this mathematical and orderly fashion, and, after all, the buyers were the wheat market. Demand was not "orderly." So the pool varied its quota from month to month according to buyer demand, but yet undertook to sell about one-half its wheat during the first six months and one-half during the second.

By following this system for five years it was able to get in some years a little more for its wheat, in others a little less than the non-pool farmers received. But the average was good enough so that the members renewed their contracts at the end of the first five-year period. In the sixth year, the first year of the second-term contracts, the non-pool farmers came out ahead by at least fifty cents a bushel. The pool this time had stretched its own theory of orderly marketing to mean the withholding of wheat in the fall in order to force higher prices in the spring, justifying itself by saying that there was absence of buying power in the fall. So there was; but there is still greater absence of buying power now, twelve months later, and more wheat than ever on hand to be sold.

There are two reasons why the pool's current theory of orderly marketing does not work for wheat, oats, or corn. In the first place, the futures market takes care of "dumping." For instance, the average receipts of corn on the Chicago Board of Trade are 300,000 bushels a day. I have seen 3,000,000 bushels dumped on the market in one day and the price rise. This corn was bought, paid for in cash, and sold at once for future delivery. The buyer of the cash grain had no risks from price fluctuations and hence bought freely. He was ready to buy any quantity up to the physical limits of the city's storage, pay cash for it, and sell it for future delivery, without risk to himself. The futures market is so wide that a few millions more or less mean nothing to it. If one of the great terminal markets gets plugged with excessive receipts so that the railroads place an embargo on it, this is, of course, a price-depressing situation. But it very rarely occurs.

In the second place, the world's wheat market is geared to the present system of world harvests—the Northern Hemisphere clearing its seaboard wheat ahead of the Southern. If the American farmer "dumps" 50 per cent of his wheat the first ninety days after harvest and the remainder when it is convenient, and the Canadian farmer does exactly the same with his wheat—and this is his habit—the flow of wheat to the European buyer is fairly "orderly." For then the way is cleared for the heavy flow from Argentina following the December harvest there; and finally for the flow from Australia. To this commercial system the world market is geared, and wisely so, for it saves Europe the expense and trouble of large storage facilities. The great terminal elevators for cleaning, drying, processing, mixing, and storage are in the homelands, where they belong. Europe neither needs nor has much grain warehouse space.

Under the Agricultural Marketing Act of 1929 the United States has a Farm Board. The act provides for "orderly marketing." The Farm Board came into power, a little more than a year ago, committed to attacking the wheat-marketing problem first, and committed also to the orderly-marketing theory. The board considered the Canadian wheat pool an outstanding success and began at once to promote the organization of a gigantic wheat pool in the United States, hoping to amalgamate for that purpose the eight existing wheat pools and the five thousand local farmers' elevators. A small fraction of these concerns came together in a quasi-pool known as the Farmers' National Grain Corporation.

At that time both the Farm Board and the Canadian wheat pool were forecasting higher prices for wheat, though actual prices were moving downward. Such forecasts did much to drive European buyers to other sources of supply. Since wheat prices were not behaving according to the schedule of the pool and Farm Board, the board took the next step permitted by law—a step which it later regretted. It entered the market and bought wheat boldly so as to force the price up in the way it should go. The board entered the Chicago wheat pit through its own agency, the Grain Corporation, and bought futures, hoping thereby to lift cash prices. Cash prices responded for a day or two and for a cent or two to this new and unknown power, then yielded once more to the domination of world conditions of supply and demand. Wheat prices continued to sink. Europe continued to find wheat elsewhere, and to use more substitutes for wheat. Several countries even raised their tariffs against imported wheat.

The Farm Board decided to quit the market and withhold its wheat, some 69,000,000 bushels, till some time in the future, unspecified, when the price should be "right." The Farm Board and the pool thus had the same experience in withholding wheat in order to force a rise in price. The result in the end, as later events have proved, was merely to lower prices still more. For the big carry-over, to be marketed at some unknown time, is a depressing factor. A supply withheld is not disposed of.

The Farm Board has quit "stabilizing" wheat prices

by buying and selling wheat. It has a new program—to reduce acreage and raise prices. The pool, too, is looking for a new program. A government wheat board has been proposed, but that plan is now laid aside. The Saskatchewan pool is at present forcing a referendum in that province on the question of a compulsory pool. If this referendum carries it will probably mean a breaking up of the present central pool.

Meantime, the most successful farmers' marketing agency in Canada is the United Grain Growers, which follows the usual commercial practices of hedging in the futures market and exporting through the old established channels in Europe. It has twenty years of experience behind it, and does a $50,000,000 business.

The most successful farmer-owned grain-marketing agency in the United States is the system of 5,000 country elevators, with a turnover of $750,000,000—or three times that of the Canadian wheat pool. If the wheat pool goes and the Farm Board quits, these other two agencies will still continue on their old job of successful cooperative marketing. On the whole, our big, highly centralized farmer organizations have not had a record of brilliant success.

On the College Frontier

VI. The New Legal Education*

By HERMAN OLIPHANT

THE present is an unusually interesting moment in legal education. At no time during recent decades have so many new things been under way. There is space here to consider only the outstanding ones. Standards for admission to law schools and to the bar are shifting, methods and materials used in legal training are changing, the whole body of substantive and procedural law is being so reorganized as to give a radically different approach to the entire subject. Important changes in the philosophy and the methods of work of legal scholars are taking place and there is a marked increase of emphasis on research as opposed to professional training.

It is easier to get an understanding of what is happening in this field if one begins by recognizing that legal education has two quite different chores to do. It must transmit from one generation to the next that body of professional knowledge and skills relating to law and its administration which each generation has, and it must enlarge and improve that body of knowledge and skills.

How these two distinct tasks have been and are being performed would make two interesting stories, which, let us hope, will be told sometime by two competent graduate students wanting both a doctor's degree and a subject for a thesis. Only fragments of these two engaging stories have been related. The difference between these two functions of legal education strikingly appears when it is seen that the story of how each generation passes on its legal knowledge and facilities to the next one should be told by a graduate student working in some school of education having a department dealing with professional education, while the story of how each generation increases our total fund of legal knowledge and aptitudes would be an appropriate subject for a graduate student in philosophy interested in the history of human thought. Remaking professional training in law and remaking legal scholarship are the two parts of the remaking of legal education.

Our hypothetical student of professional education would find that legal training began in this country as apprenticeship training. The legal neophyte read law in some practitioner's office and watched him as he dealt with clients, witnesses, juries, judges, and fellow-lawyers. When the practitioner had sufficient time and inclination properly to foster the apprentice's training, it was not a bad form of professional tutelage. In the next stage specialization occurred. Some practitioners began to take not one but many apprentices, devoting all of their time to them. Methods of large-scale production thus began to be applied.

In the third stage this segregation of apprentices for training was undertaken by some of the colleges, notably Harvard, whose interest in law prior to that time had been confined pretty largely to unrelated courses of learned lectures having a mixed cultural and professional purpose. The integration of these first law schools with their respective colleges was for the most part limited to geographical proximity. They were in the colleges, not of them, and it is extraordinary to what extent this attitude of intellectual aloofness has characterized our university law schools until very recent times. That they are becoming an integral part of the intellectual communities in which they are set is one of today's most striking developments. And, as will be seen later, the law school has come to recognize the need for material outside its own field.

During this third period instruction was given by lectures. Such lectures naturally ripened into textbooks and treatises on the branches of law with which they dealt. These treatises, together with Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England," which had a very large sale in this country, were the most important influences in shaping the general organization of law and the philosophical attitude of American judges, lawyers, and legal educators during the latter half of the nineteenth and the early part of the present century.

The work of Langdell and his colleagues in the Harvard Law School, beginning with the last quarter of the nineteenth century, initiated a fourth period in the history of professional training. It introduced *inter alia* the "case method," which by sending law students from textbooks back to the original decisions of the courts on which those books were based made for tremendous improvement in training for the practice of law. So great was this improvement that the Harvard Law School quickly became the model used in the organization of the law schools of other American univer-

* The sixth of a series of articles on educational experiments. The seventh, Civilizing Teacher Training, by T. L. Scholtz, will appear in the issue of November 12.—Editor The Nation.

sities. Thanks to the "case system," students no longer sat passive under lecturers. They became active participants in their own education by the reading and critical discussion of actual court decisions. The soporific drone of the lecture was replaced by the clashes between teacher and student or student and student in arguments over the soundness of real cases decided by courts. This shift from abstraction to concreteness of treatment made the "case method" a truly remarkable device for stimulating class interest and justifies its being considered a most substantial contribution to pedagogical procedure. Although it is being modified in relatively minor ways, we may be sure that the "case method" represents a permanent addition to legal pedagogy.

The virtues of the "case method" are sufficient to justify it. Its introduction had a good and a bad effect in the field of legal scholarship, in addition to its effects upon professional training. By sending legal scholars from textbooks to the precedents from which they were constructed, the "case system" led to a most useful revival in the study of legal history. In the light of earlier decisions familiar doctrines of law were refined and reorganized into more comely systems of thought. But the "case method" came to be widely referred to as an *inductive* method. It was easy to make the mistake of generalizing from the "case method" as an inductive method of teaching, which it clearly is, to the "case method" as an inductive method of research for the discovery of new truths, which, of course, it is not at all. A long and widespread confidence in the "case method" as an inductive method in this latter sense has doubtless contributed to the complacency of legal scholars about this matter of improving methods of research—a complacency which has persisted while scholars in other disciplines have been very active in reexamining the whole methodology of their several subjects.

The main outline of the picture of professional education in law some fifteen years ago is complete if we add one more line. With the organization of the Association of American Law Schools in 1900 began an increasingly effective effort to improve legal education by raising the entrance requirements, adding to the library equipment, and improving the teaching staff of schools belonging to the association.

During the past fifteen years there have been three outstanding developments in the field of professional training in law:

1. The work of improvement initiated by the Association of American Law Schools has gone forward with growing confidence and it now has the formal and hearty support of the American Bar Association and of many State and local associations of lawyers. While all must recognize the social advantages which these effects have produced, some doubt whether all the changes in this direction promise unmixed blessings. The gradual increase in the total time required to get to the bar and in the cost of attending college and law school may be resulting in an unintended selection of tomorrow's lawyers, judges, and legislators along lines of economic cleavage, or this double increase may finally result in having not a smaller but a larger percentage of inadequately trained men engaged in handling legal matters. A number of law schools are requiring four years of college training as a prerequisite to legal study. This may be expedient for law schools having a superabundance of applicants, but whether on the merits more than two years of college work should be required raises a whole host of serious and contentious considerations which contribute their part to making the present an interesting moment in legal education. For instance, what bearing on this issue does the rise of the junior college have?

Such law schools as have gone beyond asking the applicant for admission how much time he has served in our educational system have pretty largely limited their inquiries to the student's intelligence. A few are experimenting with tests of native aptitude for legal study and the practice of law. It is an important line of inquiry for schools which are in a position to demand anything more than fairly adequate general intelligence, because we have nothing to indicate that beyond that point a man's fitness for law varies directly with how bright he is.

2. Improved pedagogical devices are being introduced. It is no longer an academic sin to include something besides cases in materials for instruction. All sorts of readings and some factual data on both the legal and non-legal aspects of law are being added to the material which many law teachers are putting into the hands of their students. Honor courses and seminars for the better students are being used to meet the evils of undifferentiated instruction of students of varying capacity in excessively large classes. The amount of "spoon feeding" which survived the introduction of the "case method," and which has increased with the increase in the number and scope of the subjects with which the law student wants to acquaint himself, is being decreased by thus handling students in smaller groups and by requiring them to do an increasing amount of independent work in preparing reports on parts of their subjects.

3. More important in its long-time implications is the reorganization of the whole field of law for legal study which was initiated at Columbia and is being developed there and elsewhere. Since law or any other body of knowledge can be thrown into any one of a number of correlated divisions or subdivisions, the merit of the particular plan of organization adopted depends upon the importance of the particular aspects of the general subject which it throws into focus. The orthodox classification of law is old, and in consequence is largely composed of categories representing generalizations having little current significance in relation to contemporary problems of social control. This absence of correlation of the organization of law with current reality almost completely obscures the relevance to legal problems of the other social sciences. The pragmatic consideration controlling the choice of the bases of this new classification is so to regroup legal material that the pertinence of non-legal data will be apparent and that the resources of the other social sciences, whether in the form of literature or trained scholars, may be directly utilized. Back of that criterion are, of course, the assumption that correlating the study of law with the other social sciences will aid in making the law more plastic to changing social conditions, and the further assumption that such increased plasticity is a major contemporary need. It is recognized that a turn of the wheel may make not fluidity but stability the more pressing need, and may antiquate this novel classification which is now so fruitful.

In the field of legal scholarship current happenings are more momentous, because here we are in the midst of nothing less than the spread of the general scientific movement to

law as it has already spread to medicine. Our hypothetical graduate student of philosophy working on the history of legal scholarship would find a genuine curiosity. Before Jeremy Bentham law was thought of as a body of doctrine resting on postulates that transcended time, space, and circumstance. There was supposed to be a system of natural justice, and it was the business of the judge to find therein the particular solution of every concrete human problem presented in litigation. In flavor the thing was much like some of the finer and more elaborate systems of theology. Deductive processes of thought were considered competent to particularize a universal juridical foreordination resident in a system of natural justice whose postulates rested upon such ultimates as divine will, the nature of things, or the nature of man.

A century ago Jeremy Bentham saw law not as an ultimate but merely as a means to an end and argued that it should be scientifically exploited as such. That after a lapse of a century he is still more modern than the modern in law and legal scholarship is the result of a curious eddy in the history of this phase of human thought. When scholarship in law became of university grade near the middle of the last half of the eighteenth century, it did not begin where Bentham left off. The physical scientists of that time thought they had discovered a system of immutable physical laws, this system, too, having its doctrine of foreordination. The philosophical outlook of men like Langdell was naturally influenced by the philosophy of their time, and just as Huxley thought that the apparent disorder of the material universe could be resolved in terms of a few basic and changeless physical laws, so Langdell thought that there were *principles* of law, fundamental in nature and few in number. There was, accordingly, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, a revival in the search for "fundamental legal principles," with the result that the search for the current utility of legal rules and institutions which Bentham began was not prosecuted. Then came the pragmatism of James and the instrumental logic of Dewey, with the result that we are beginning to catch up with Bentham. Liberals now venture to talk of law as a means to an end, and with greater assurance, since relativity has robbed Huxley's physical laws of their absoluteness.

That is about where we stand today. The younger and more active legal scholars are abandoning formal logic, whether inductive or deductive, as a source of new empirical knowledge, and many are eager to stop talking and begin studying law as a means to present ends. Law as law out of the past could be studied in law libraries. Studying it as a means to an end requires studying the end. That widens the field of legal scholarship to include all sorts of non-legal aspects of problems of law. Field studies are beginning to replace library studies. The need for competent and reliable methods and techniques for dealing with the factual data of such field studies is now acute. The legal scholar is about to become as much exercised over the problem of scientific methods in social science as are other students of social problems.

In addition to this change in the kind of legal research being done, there is a marked difference in the quantity. The intellectual debates which used to be carried on in law journals by such giants as Ames and Langdell have decreased in number and importance. True, law teachers have been improving the quality of their teaching, but the amount of their study and writing, considering the increase in their number, has been falling off. Most of the richer pay-dirt in legal history and in the search for "fundamental legal principles" has been worked. But there is now renewed activity. The re-synthesis of old materials along pragmatic lines, the obvious need for masses of non-legal material to give content to the new organization of the field, and the fascinating prospect of applying scientific methods to legal study are stimulating research activity in all quarters. Altogether, it is a most interesting moment in the history of legal education.

Shall Convicts Write Books?

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

EVERY autumn and winter the women's department of San Quentin prison, in California, becomes a hive of activity. Every woman who can sew or embroider or draw or paint gets out her needles and thread or her brushes and pencils and goes to work. She is preparing for the annual sale of prison-made handkerchiefs, dolls, and what not, the proceeds of which go to the women themselves. Nobody has ever suggested that Clara and Dorothy and Louise and Eleanor and their friends be deprived of this means of expression and source of income.

But in the main department of San Quentin, and in all of Folsom, a similar attempt on the part of the male prisoners would be quashed firmly and severely—has already been quashed, to its logical limit. Out of those thousands of men, a few have emerged in the past few years who, in spite of being outcasts and criminals, have through untold difficulties developed the ability to write manuscripts acceptable to magazines and to book publishers. The State prison board, apprised of these doings, was aghast. And early in 1928 it clamped the lid down—tight.

"If," said an authoritative announcement, "we permit a man who writes to sell his merchandise, it will only be a step to carpenters wanting to make and sell desks!" Aside from the varied aspects of the "merchandise," any member of a prison board can readily understand that crime would run rampant in California if convict carpenters should be allowed to make and sell desks!

As the men concerned are for the most part in the power of those who made this ruling, it is safer and kinder to name no names, either within or without the walls, and simply to state that everything in this article is based on good authority. But the prison board, through several of its members, has expressed quite frankly the animus behind this regrettable enactment. One of them summarized it in the pronunciamiento: "These men are here to be punished, and should not be allowed to make money."

Sidney Herschell Small, the novelist, whose efforts to form a class in writing at San Quentin led indirectly, through the discovery and development of this group of California prison writers, to their subsequent suppression, was persuaded to discontinue his classes, and given to understand that the more he kept away from the prison the better

the officials would be pleased. Jim Tully, who visited both prisons and wrote about the convict authors, was definitely (and in private conversation profanely) invited never to come back again. I don't expect to be welcomed with open arms myself in the reception room at San Quentin after this article appears.

Ostensibly the cause of the 1928 ruling was the fact that the first of these novae in the literary sky did what all beginning authors do—wrote about the environment they knew best. The environment being what it was, they wrote about the prison, or about the life they had led which eventuated in imprisonment. Unfortunately but not surprisingly, they were not of the Pollyanna school; what they wrote was always frank and seldom pretty. The officials were naturally outraged. Mixed with their resentment was a possibly real fear lest some of the particulars of crime technique given in these writings might start susceptible adolescents hunting for jimmies and T. N. T. (although one official police magazine asked for permission to reprint a very candid article for the instruction of the force of a great city). But mingled with this fear also was an obscure, underlying feeling of petty jealousy, a half-unconscious irritation that convicts, those creatures less than men, should be able to employ vocabularies and express thoughts above the intellectual standard of some of the aspiring politicians who controlled the prisons. The emotion behind the ruling escaped in the dictum of one official: "I have made up my mind and I will not change it."

The climax of this tragi-comedy came a few months ago, when cells were searched all through San Quentin—not for narcotics or knives, but for manuscripts. The dreadful objects were found in several of them. They were all removed and, presumably, destroyed. One was the just-completed manuscript of a book not bearing on crime or prisons. A volume by the same writer, accepted by a publisher just before the ruling, has since appeared and has met with some success.

Some of the men by this time were too discouraged to go on. Writing had been to them an alleviation of the torture of imprisonment and a means of self-development and self-expression; but the urge was not sufficiently strong to survive under such treatment. A few, however, both in San Quentin and in Folsom, had discovered by sheer accident (for not one of these men, except an old-time journalist now dead, had ever before entering prison written a word except in a letter) that they were not just convicts trying to write, but writers who happened just then to be convicts. They set to again, like ants whose nests have been destroyed, and started to write once more, in the hope that their sentences might be over before another confiscation, and that if they could not sell their "merchandise" now, they might make something of—and from—it on their release.

Perhaps. But one man who has since been discharged from Folsom was forbidden to take his writings with him. And a prisoner on parole from San Quentin published an article in a magazine, under a pseudonym, on prison life, and was informed by the prison authorities that this was a violation of his parole and that he would be returned to San Quentin if he offended in this way again. Whether that will be the fate of the rest depends on the personal whim of the officials concerned. And for at least one of the most talented of these prison authors, who is serving "all the time there is"—straight life—the prospect is a gloomy one.

There are now lying in cells in one or the other of California's state penitentiaries at least two completed volumes, several uncompleted ones, and an uncounted number of stories and articles. The difficulties under which these were written may be understood by a reading of the last chapter of Tasker's "Grimhaven." Possibly the critics should be grateful for being spared the necessity of damning most of these creations, if they should be published, and the publishers' readers for being relieved of having to see that they never are published. But past performance indicates that somewhere among them is work for the loss of which the reading world will be the poorer.

So much for the effect of the prison board's ruling on contemporary literature. Its effect on the writers themselves is much more important and more disastrous. "If only," one of these men wrote me a year or two ago, "I had had a typewriter put into my hands instead of a six-shooter when I was fifteen! . . . You can't imagine the thrill it gives me to see a check which I earned honestly!" The State, however, is not interested; it apparently would rather see a six-shooter in his hands than a typewriter.

The *San Quentin Bulletin*, the monthly magazine which the prisoners write, illustrate, and print, and which they had built up into a readable and attractive general periodical, was also hit by the ruling. Previously, any interested person might subscribe for it by sending a dollar to the warden. Now its circulation is limited to the inmates themselves. A recent letter from Warden Holohan says: "The State Board of Prison Directors has passed a resolution not to accept any more outside subscriptions for the *Bulletin*." There can be no reason for this except the desire to make its writers and editors suffer; for the little magazine contained only a minor amount of prison news, and that little was harmless and frequently complimentary. For the most part it was made up of poems, stories, articles, and pictures bearing little relation to prison life. Often they held an unconscious pathos—they were so obviously the crystallized dreams of men trying desperately to lift themselves by their own boot-straps.

If prisons really existed for the sake of reforming criminals, any new interest or talent or means of honest support that might lead to rehabilitation would be hailed with joy by the officials and encouraged even beyond its deserts. And even if literature *were* merchandise, what conceivable harm could come of its sale? The prisoners who work in the road camps earn a wage, part of which is set aside and taken away with them on their release. Technically, how does that differ from writing a novel and storing up royalties to supplement the five dollars donated by the State at the expiration of a man's sentence? Indeed, contract labor, production of merchandise for sale are familiar features of many State prisons. The rub, it seems, comes when the remuneration goes to the convict and not to the prison.

Meanwhile, here is a mere handful of men—it could never be more—who for the first time in their conditioned lives have seen a way out, a means of living by doing something more constructive and more satisfying than holding up pedestrians, or selling "hot" automobiles, or cashing doubtful checks. By the very fact of their being articulate and

acceptable to editors and publishers (a skeptical and Missourian tribe), they are necessarily also more sensitive, more emotional, and more easily influenced than is the average moron or ruffian of the prison population. And it is precisely from these men that a callous and small-minded ruling takes away the last hope, the last dream.

A few of these men can write so well that American literature is the loser by their silencing. Even the others have their private tragedies. Somewhere a delicate, frail wife, struggling loyally to keep afloat, sees the new plans made on painful monthly visits go glimmering. Somewhere a reckless, disappointed boy tosses on his prison cot and smiles in an ugly way as he faces the old future at the end of his sentence instead of the new.

"These men are here to be punished." And the California State Board of Prison Directors means to see to it that they receive their punishment.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter learns with regret that the pigeons that wheel and dip above the tenements of New York are doomed to disappear, as their wild prototypes, the passenger pigeons, long since disappeared from the back country. Their extinction will be brought about not by the inordinate greed of hunters' guns but by a decree of the Tenement Department, which finds their housetop coops unsanitary and obstructive of fire escapes and the bricks and stones thrown aloft by their keepers to urge them to wider circling a menace to persons in the street below. The Drifter feels that something of beauty will be lost to the New York scene when the pigeons are gone. He will miss the rhythmic curves of their flights over the water tanks and radio poles —the dipping sweep, dark against the sun, the precise maneuver of the turn when each wing becomes a silver scimitar, so thin that for a moment the entire flock seems to have vanished into the blue. He has never been able to believe that they aren't flying just for joy in air and light and space, though he has been told that they are lazy birds always trying to sneak home and that their masters have to work hard to make them take the proper amount of exercise. It is also said that their flights are in a way piratical—they are unwilling buccaneers on an "innocent voyage." As they sweep through the air in ever widening circles, they draw into their orbit any lone wandering birds that may be in the neighborhood and bring them back as prizes to the home port.

* * * * *

EVEN homing pigeons, used for racing, are to be banished by the new ordinance from their penthouse lodgings, though a friend of the Drifter's who goes in for this sport assures him that these blueblooded birds could by no stretch of law be classed as undesirable neighbors or as nuisances. They are bred from stocks that are centuries old, are fed on imported grains, and have traditions that go back to Solomon and to the Greeks and Persians. Names of the winners of the Olympic games were sent to distant cities by carrier pigeons. During the Crusades the Saracens used them as messengers between their roving bands. And before the electric ticker was invented anxious speculators watched for the homing pigeon to bring them news of riches or ruin. The Drifter is not particularly interested in the speed records of his friend's pigeons, but he takes great pleasure in the nomenclature of pigeon-breeding. "Damascenes," "Florentines," and "Lahores" have their glamor for one of his propensities; "helmets," "hyacinths," and "jacobins" are names to conjure with; while to one who appreciates pigeon personality what could be more charmingly suggestive than "nuns," "porcelains," "priests," and "archangels"? Other pleasing bits of pigeon lore the Drifter has picked up are that outside the fancier's field pigeons' eggs are not eggs at all but fifteenth-century Venetian beads; and pigeons' milk is that which has been immemorially sought by April Fools.

* * * * *

THE Drifter hopes that some of the pigeons to be barred from tenement roofs will find homes with their more Bohemian cousins that nest in the spires and mullions of the city's churches, and a feeding ground in some sunny open square where children and old men will coax them with popcorn. But he fears that if they have no masters to drive them on their kidnapping flights, the skies will be bare of their circling wings and the city more than ever just a place of brick and mortar.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

About the Gastonia Bail

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Gannett's article, Skipping Bail, in your issue of October 22, contains certain misstatements which as treasurer of the International Labor Defense I want to correct.

"The Moscow officials yielded to drama and sentiment, hailed the five [Gastonia prisoners] as heroes, and persuaded all to stay," writes Mr. Gannett. The Gastonia prisoners went into the Soviet Union on their own initiative, without the advice of any organization. They are remaining on their own initiative. No one has brought pressure to bear upon them. In the one country open to class-war prisoners who suffer under capitalist class justice they have the right of political asylum which the liberals used to uphold for political prisoners escaping to the United States.

"Now they [the American Communists] seem to be accepting the easy theory that to do so [repay the forfeited bail] would reveal a silly bourgeois sense of honor." Mr. Gannett is here making an unwarranted assumption. It was exactly three weeks ago on October 20 that we found out definitely that the Gastonia bail was forfeited. We have already made plans to raise as soon as possible the sum of $37,500 ($27,500 in the Gastonia case and $10,000 for Beal in the Michigan case). More than $900 has already been contributed by workers who have voluntarily canceled, at great personal sacrifice, amounts they had loaned for Gastonia bail.

The International Labor Defense never has advised and does not now advise any prisoners to jump their bail.

New York, October 23 GRACE HUTCHINS

[Miss Hutchins seems to have missed the point of Mr. Gannett's article. He argued that while the Gastonia prisoners were indeed victims of class war, their flight to Russia nevertheless prejudiced the case of every subsequent class-war prisoner in America. Miss Hutchins is probably aware that the case of the American refugees was argued before the Communist International, and that it was only after its decision

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that the whole group decided to remain in Russia. Until the American Communists disavow such bail-jumping they will naturally have difficulty in getting bail in new cases; we are glad to learn that the International Labor Defense is planning to raise the amount of forfeited bail, as the I. W. W. did in the Chicago cases. It is very important that faith in the sense of responsibility of labor prisoners be restored.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Mr. Hoover's Statesmanship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President Hoover has been widely criticized in liberal publications for his King's Mountain speech, yet in none of the censorious articles that have come to my attention has he been called to task for what seemed to me his most grievous sin. It was grievous because it concerned so elementary a matter. It revealed him to be as dishonest a man as one might hope to discover in public life.

I refer to his misleading phrase "socialism or its violent brother, bolshevism." He cannot be ignorant of a distinction which he would have us infer is one of degree and of degree only. But I am not quarreling over a matter of definition merely. Hoover's dishonesty seems to me to lie in this—that he was speaking in a section of the country that recently has been only too sensitive and much too muddle-headed toward social changes, but instead of leaving with the people of that section some clarifying thought in so simple a matter as that of defining accurately social theories, he chose to add to the general confusion and so to encourage the prejudices and shortsighted economic policies that have made working conditions in the South the most backward in the nation. If the next clashes between mill owners and mill workers are not more violent than the ones we have recently witnessed we shall owe no debt of gratitude to the statesmanship of Mr. Hoover.

I am far from insinuating that the President should speak well of social theories in which he has no faith. But if he cannot speak well of what he has no faith in, and if he is an honest man, he should use scrupulous care not to perpetuate false ideas; if he is a man of character he should attempt to lead his people out of the wilderness of ignorance. He seems to be neither of these.

New York, October 23 D'ARCY DAHLBERG

The Poor Author

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial article in your issue of October 15 entitled The Poor Author relates to a popular delusion, which has persisted for a very long time, that in order to write you must sit in the shadow of the poorhouse. As a matter of fact, this is a fabrication kept alive only by the poor author himself.

The big truth is that an inner pressure of necessity, not an outer pressure, produces good books, good paintings, or good anything else. Almost anybody knows that emotion is the basis of all art. And emotion without leisure must go uncelebrated. All artists should be economically independent. The weaker ones are seldom able to stand the chastisement of leisure. They perish—not too unpleasantly. Only the stronger ones survive. If financial independence will cause writers to "cease to work at all from the moment of becoming financially independent," then by all means let us set about subsidizing them. It would be a great boon to the overworked publishing business.

New York, October 22 WOOD KAHLER

Books and Drama

Haunted

By LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

It is not the wind that is wailing here
Not the wind
Over the prairies beyond and near
Where long ago
We Sioux fought a tribe of our hate, the Crow.
Above tall grasses echo the rattles
Of murdered ghost-chiefs and spirit-battles
It is not the wind.

"Dog-soldiers" we named these, our bravest men,
"Dog-soldiers"!
For this was their deed and stratagem
To stand before
Us and our enemies met in war
Chanting our victory. Still, their singing
Is heard in this place and arrows winging
It is not the wind.

In the ground each "dog-soldier" stuck his lance
In the ground
And tied himself to it round and round
And there would stay
Till his own kin loosed and whipped him away.
Down ancient fields of the buffalo
Faintly the old yells come and go
It is not the wind.

That day was dark for the Sioux. We fled
That dark day.
The Ravens chased far all who were not dead—
So—we forgot
Our holy "dog-soldiers" left to rot
And here they are yet in eternal camping.
Listen! That sound is their whoops and stamping
It is not the wind.

Here's Mr. Foerster Again

oward Standards. By Norman Foerster. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

AM sorry to find myself here brought back to what has long been a tiresome subject, but I began this book under a misapprehension. I thought I was really about to read someing definite concerning those Standards in criticism about ıich humanist critics always talk with such impressive vagueıss. I found, alas, just another rehash of the new humanism.

Mr. Foerster is in some respects more disarming than his ısters, More and Babbitt. It would be too much to expect n to take a deep interest in contemporary creative literature, t he is at least at pains to read the works and examine the ·ories of contemporary critics who do not belong to the newmanist group, and his examination often wears an air of fairss. One catches him, for example, making admissions and ıcessions that one never catches Mr. Babbitt making.

Yet the new humanism does not advance a step in the ·sent volume, and only reveals its weaknesses and real affiliations more glaringly. Emulating Mr. Foerster's own system of numbered "points," we may remark that:

1. Humanism still clings to its rhetorical vagueness. It represents, says Mr. Foerster, "the perennial effort of mankind to understand and express its humanity"—as if mankind could express anything else. It still places the actions and thoughts of men on three "levels," the natural, the human, and the religious, or the subhuman, the human, and the superhuman, which, as I have remarked elsewhere, is as logically valid as dividing the actions of a dog into subdoggy, doggy, and superdoggy.

2. It continues to emphasize the negative and not the positive virtues, and it continues systematically to confuse means and ends. When Mr. Foerster remarks that "the *ultimate* [my italics] ethical principle is that of *restraint* or *control* [his italics]" he plunges, with Mr. Babbitt, into one of his worst absurdities, for restraint, carried to its logical extreme, is the virtue of the dead, not of the quick. Restraint, of course, is an essential element in any workable code of ethics, but it should never be the ultimate principle. Restraint of this or that particular impulse for the sake of ultimate happiness or of a harmonious life is intelligent and understandable; restraint for restraint's sake is pointless, a stupid asceticism. Restraint, in brief, is a means, not an end; there are times for it and times for its comparative absence. An obsessive concern for "restraint" is the mark of a timid and niggardly man, not of a generous and courageous one.

3. Humanism is here revealed as definitely obscurantist, as not merely patronizing in its attitude toward science, but plainly antagonistic. Mr. Foerster is constantly warning of "the limits and dangers of the scientific view of life." Like Messrs. More and Babbitt, he is conscientiously ignorant of science, even of its methods and aims, and he reveals this even when he attempts to be condescendingly open-minded. When he finds the Greek tradition "scientific in the full sense," one wonders whether he can possibly have read what passed for physics in Plato or for biology in Aristotle, or whether he knows how little the Periclean Greeks cared for systematic experiment or even direct observation of nature. But a sentence in Mr. Foerster's final chapter, I think, is revelatory: "As the past has proved, humanism allies itself naturally with dogmatic religion." This sufficiently explains its fear of genuine science, for the scientific spirit is as antagonistic to dogmatic humanism as to dogmatic religion. True, Mr. Foerster, like Mr. Babbitt, constantly identifies humanism with the "critical spirit"; but—if such a minor inconsistency (for Mr. Foerster) is worth noting—since when has the critical spirit been the natural ally of the dogmatic spirit?

4. Mr. Foerster quotes the aim of the Renaissance humanist, Vittorino: "the harmonious development of mind, body, and character." He speaks himself often of a new humanism "based on the whole of human experience," seeking a "many-sided, harmonious life." All this is admirable so far as it goes, but we do not need to be new humanists to accept it. The new humanists themselves, surely, are not giving very much prestige to these ideals; on the contrary, they seem to be doing a great deal to discredit them—first by making them seem intimately associated with notions that are patently untenable, and next by setting bad personal examples. For the leading humanists, Mr. More, Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Foerster, are, as I have said, obviously and even proudly ignorant of the huge department of human thought and effort comprehended by the sciences; they are not many-sided but lopsided.

In addition to a chapter on humanism in the Renaissance, Mr. Foerster has written a chapter on impressionistic criticism, a chapter on the criticism of Mr. Carl Van Doren, Mr. Canby,

and the late Stuart Sherman, and a chapter on the "prophetic" critics, Randolph Bourne, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and Mr. Lewis Mumford. These contain interesting summaries, but have no importance as theoretical contributions. The best essay from the theoretical standpoint is that on impressionism, which has a promising beginning, but Mr. Foerster never really comes to grips with his major problem, for while he points out the difficulties of pure impressionism, he never faces candidly the difficulties of a critic who believes that he can arrive at "universal" instead of "personal" judgments, who believes, in other words, that he can make himself into an epitome of the human race.

HENRY HAZLITT

Alain

Mars, or the Truth About War. By Alain. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

THERE is a reading public, composed of literati, which knows almost nothing about philosophy and the social sciences, but which nevertheless feels an interest in philosophical and social ideas—an interest not entirely satisfied by reading the current reviews of important works. It is this public that has given importance to a kind of writing that is neither belles-lettres nor yet sustained thought: short, undocumented, "suggestive," unsystematic, and very literary books, usually collections of essays. Their typical writers are Paul Valéry, T. S. Eliot, and A. R. Orage. Alain, who has an enormous reputation in France and who is now for the first time translated into English, belongs to this class.

It is significant that all the writers mentioned have been interested first in aesthetic problems, for it is their writing in this field that has given them their model. Their over-concise, elliptical style, with its false air of precision (created by a parade of qualifying phrases) cloaking the essential absence of definition, their obscure and allusive manner are especially suitable to the field of aesthetics and literature, subjects whose principles remain vague, whose boundaries are unmapped, with which documentation can do little to induce intuitive agreement, and to which dialectic proof is inapplicable. Yet even in this field such an endeavor as I. A. Richards's (in his "Principles of Literary Criticism") to write with some science and system makes the work of these others appear that of amateurs and dilettantes.

Certainly the attempts of these writers to deal with philosophical and social ideas, fields intensively, fruitfully, and systematically cultivated in well-established traditions, in the same fragmentary way that they deal with literature are not to be taken very seriously. One's judgment on this aspect of their work is made more harsh than necessary by the serious attention one sees lavished on it by men who should know better. It is not so much this kind of writing as the uninformed praise of it that should be condemned. There is a certain, though very subordinate, value in Valéry's ideas about the nature of thought, Eliot's ideas about politics, or Orage's psychological exercises. Such work is at least a kind of journalism of thought. But it is never more. And for this reason it is unfortunate that Alain should be introduced to the English public by these little essays on a subject which—unlike aesthetics and religion, on which he has written a number of books usually referred to by thinkers who praise him—is comparatively amenable to analysis. War is a phenomenon with economic and social causes, and there is already a considerable literature upon it in economics and social psychology; anyone who writes about war with any hope of saying something important must take this literature into consideration, and must certainly be prepared to elaborate fully his ideas. Beside Trotter's "Instinct of the Herd in War and Peace"—I compare it to a book which i also a psychological study, tentative and speculative—Alain' essays appear thin, pontifical in their brevity, and literary i the worst sense of that word.

Alain hates war, thinks it not inevitable, and considers it cure to be the reduction of the power of the state, which h considers at best a necessary evil. He considers the conflict o interests to be "only the occasion" for war, its cause is "th passions." The conflict of interests and the passions are talke of as if they were individual as well as social phenomena which they are at any point is not quite clear; and thei relation to the war-waging state is not developed. An indi vidualistic psychology—Alain tells us that Descartes ha said the last word on the passions—is scarcely the instrumen with which to analyze a group phenomenon like war. Thoug the essays were written to stand together, there is no attemp to relate the various ideas to each other. The best bits in th book are discussions of the minutiae of war: the psycholog of commanding officers, of civilians, of army doctors. Thi gives us a hint as to what is wrong with the book. Alain is perhaps, attempting nothing more than to tell us how he *feel* about war, but he has selected the form most unadapted to this A narrative, interspersed with reflections, should have bee its style, not this highly abstract and obscure prose. The resul of this war between a narrational motive and an ideationa form has been that neither emotion nor idea has come through We shall have to read something of his much more successfu in form and impressive in content before we can understand th awe and admiration with which André Maurois and Deni Saurat write the foreword and introduction.

FELIX MORROW

Morbidity in Fiction

As I Lay Dying. By William Faulkner. Jonathan Cape an Harrison Smith. $2.50.

IN his fourth novel Mr. Faulkner has to an extent departe from the irritating obscurity which marked "The Sound an the Fury." It still seems that his is a far more involve technique than his material actually requires: impudent analysi might reduce this story to the dimensions of simple melodrama But as people are always triumphantly reminding us, the sam thing can be done with "Hamlet."

Mr. Faulkner has a set of romantic obsessions which h treats in a highly intellectual manner. He is fascinated b characters who border on idiocy; by brother-and-sister incest by lurid religious mania; by physical and mental decay; by peas ants with weird streaks of poetry; by bodily suffering; by th more horrifying aspects of sex. Though his approach is alway objective, he specializes in emotional extremes—is a sort of pros Robinson Jeffers.

"As I Lay Dying" deals with the Bundren family who ar transporting their coffined mother to her burial place in Jeffer son, thirty miles away from the Bundren farm. During th course of this nightmare journey, which occupies nine days, w are taken inside the minds of the family and their neighbors We learn that Dewey Dell is pregnant via her brother Jewel that little Vardaman is a gibbering half-wit who believes hi mother a fish; that Cash's mind is obsessed by his carpente work on his mother's coffin. The strange tragedy of the dea Addie Bundren becomes clear as we listen to the weak-minde mutterings of old Anse, to the fanatic utterances of Cora Tull a neighbor, and to the poetic, half-mad fantasies of Darl, an other son. The whole affair is a psychological jig-saw puzzle the pieces of which are represented by the distorted mentalitie of half a dozen characters. The fascination of the story lies i

he manner in which the phosphorescent rottenness of the family gradually reveals itself to the reader.

Despite the enthusiasm which has greeted Mr. Faulkner's work, it is difficult to believe him an important writer. His morbidity is interesting but tends to repeat itself. He seems very acute in his portrayal of defective mentalities—but how, really, can one check up on this portrayal? The minds of idiots are more or less a closed book to us. We may be thrilled by the terrors of Vardaman and the mad vagaries of Darl, and nevertheless long for a few characters whose experience occasionally identifies itself, if only vaguely, with our own. If we are to judge from his first novel, "Soldiers' Pay," Mr. Faulkner is quite capable of handling the more normal aspects of humanity; but out of an undoubtedly honest perversity he remains disturbingly faithful to his old lechers, his brutal drug-store clerks, his sexual inverts, and his insane dreamers. Mentally disintegrated types (unless the disintegration is of a subtle and complicated character) are not a very rich mine for investigation, as, for example, T. F. Powys has discovered; and one hopes Mr. Faulkner before long will come to the same conclusion.

But no one can doubt that the author of "As I Lay Dying" has a really interesting mind, apparently untouched by the major intellectual platitudes of our day. His cosmos is awry; but it is his own, self-created. Genuine idiosyncrasy is rare among our younger novelists. For the most part they explain themselves too easily; they are conveniently ticketed. Mr. Faulkner cannot be so ticketed; that is one reason why he deserves attentive consideration.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Was Roosevelt "Betrayed"?

William Howard Taft. By Herbert S. Duffy. Minton, Balch and Company. $5.

Taft and Roosevelt: The Intimate Letters of Archie Butt. Doubleday, Doran and Company. Two volumes. $7.50.

ANY book, though it were only remotely to bring Roosevelt and Taft within the circle of its attention, must raise again that always fascinating query: What was at the bottom of the bitter feud between the two men? Here are two works to start one off again on a hunt for clues.

Mr. Duffy's biography of Taft offers little help; indeed, though Taft is but a minor historical personage, this life does not do its subject complete justice. The book is off balance; it devotes too much space to matters that are inconsequential, like Taft's Philippine experiences, and it hastily passes over those things we should want to know more about. For example, any sympathetic biography of Taft must endeavor to make out a case for his legal, political, and economic conservatism—of which Taft was not the chief exemplar but concerning which he did have a number of interesting things to say. Again, Taft was Chief Justice of the United States during almost the whole of the 1920's, certainly a decade of the utmost significance in American annals. Mr. Duffy gives these things next to no attention, devoting but fifteen pages to Taft's career on the Supreme Court bench.

Archie Butt's letters, on the other hand, are of the first importance. They run from March 7, 1909, to February 27, 1912, and there are 850 pages of them, all of which repay reading. The friends of Taft should be thankful to Major Butt's family for having made them public, for nothing could have served better to convince us of Taft's essentially fine qualities than these letters. Butt was Taft's military aide as he had been Roosevelt's. He served as Taft's bodyguard, companion, playmate, social guide, and, what becomes inevitable from such a close relationship, his confidant. Butt set himself the task of recording the happenings about him objectively, appreciating that he was not even a minor actor in the play. Yet he occasionally lets his own feelings escape, as, for instance, when he has to talk of Carnegie, Frick, Penrose, or Murray Crane, and his contempt for the low tricks of these gentry makes one appreciate that not only were Butt's eyes and ears open, but that he was also the possessor of a sound judgment.

Taft emerges from the pages of Butt's correspondence the amiable, lazy fat man we have known him to be. He liked to show himself and gadded about the country almost incessantly; he could always be depended upon for a cornerstone laying or the unveiling of a public monument; he delighted in making extemporaneous addresses, some of which he did very well, though on at least one occasion (the Winona speech) he stirred up a fearful hornet's nest with his hastily prepared remarks. Apparently, too, Taft had little stomach for the nasty political intrigues his so-called friends were always involving him in. Taft's tastes ran to much simpler fare. Naturally he wanted to be reelected—that is the first thought of every President as soon as his clothes have been placed in the White House closet. But it is doubtful if Taft ever showed as much avarice in this respect as have his predecessors or, for that matter, his successors. There is one thing the reader will be interested in finding in these letters about Taft, and that is Taft's growing bewilderment at Roosevelt's coolness. They had parted on terms of the greatest friendliness; after Roosevelt's return from Africa and Europe they were less than strangers and were soon to become foes.

Taft had every reason to be puzzled over Roosevelt's conduct. In a revealing passage Butt has Taft say of his associations with his chief:

> Root and I were what were called conservative members of the Administration, Root being a good deal more conservative than I at times, I fear, but we were the two whom Roosevelt sometimes did not advise as to what he was doing until after it was done for fear of meeting opposition. . . .

Of course. Roosevelt and Taft had known each other intimately for five years, not a day going by probably that some communication verbal or written did not pass between them. Roosevelt knew Taft as well as one man could another: he knew Taft's judicial temperament, his respect for property, his indolence, and his distaste for anything that demanded swift action or energetic leadership. Yet Roosevelt had picked Taft out from a group of available aspirants to receive the Presidential accolade. Taft, Roosevelt had declared, had been favored because he was the very man to carry out the "Roosevelt policies." And when Roosevelt broke with Taft the charge was broadcast that the Ohioan had betrayed a solemn trust, that the "Roosevelt policies" had been sold out. That was why Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring in February, 1912, and set out to gain the Republican nomination for himself.

These "Roosevelt policies" merit serious consideration. Shall one find them in Roosevelt's talk or in his deeds? The talk simply overwhelms the patient inquirer. Starting from that first amazing Congressional message of December, 1901, with its 30,000 words, one finds one's self in a veritable flood of verbosity. In messages, interviews, inspired articles, speeches, and open letters on birth control, the care of dependent children, the conservation of wild life, the exclusion of Japanese immigrants, the Kaiser, the Filipinos, the Cubans, trusts, labor leaders—on every conceivable subject important or not—Theodore Roosevelt talked on. A whole lot of it was idle stuff; much of it was just plain silly; not an inconsiderable portion of it was in the characteristically guarded vocabulary that statesmen affect; some of it was made up of the kind of weasel words he professed to hate. For Roosevelt was not always that fine, reckless spirit he wanted to convince people he was—that man of "pure act" of Lord Charnwood's pretty fiction.

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Thus, if in one breath he excoriated the "malefactors o great wealth," in almost the very next he could slap Eugene V Debs in the face by calling him an "undesirable citizen." Ther were very bad trusts, like the meat packers; but then, on th other hand, there were good ones, like United States Steel. W had to observe scrupulously our treaty obligations towar nations, and intervention in Cuba, in 1906, was staved off a long as possible; we could unscrupulously disregard our treat obligations toward Colombia, and intervention in Panama, i 1903, was in violation of a solemn convention. Teeth had t be put into the Interstate Commerce Act, but La Follette was "fool radical" for championing a measure that was only th logical development of Roosevelt's own thesis. The talk get one nowhere. Suppose we see, in an effort to get at the hear of this business of the betrayal of the "Roosevelt policies," wha both Roosevelt and Taft were able to accomplish as far as th leading questions of the day were concerned.

Trust busting? Taft's Department of Justice initiate twice as many suits against trusts in four years as did Roose velt's law officers in seven and one-half years. Taft was n more responsible for the Standard Oil decision of 1911, with it promulgation of the rule of reason, than the man in the moon The fact is, Roosevelt, with his insistence that there were goo as well as bad trusts, helped prepare the way for Chief Justic White's *obiter dictum*.

Control of the railroads? Both Presidents were responsi ble for railroad legislation but both stopped short of acceptanc of the only sensible program calculated to bring about govern ment control, that is to say, railroad valuation as the basis fo rate-making.

Dollar diplomacy? Roosevelt was responsible for this whe he first sent marines into Santo Domingo in 1905, and the so called Roosevelt corollary of the Monroe Doctrine (finall repudiated last year by the State Department) was the Colonel' very own. When Taft set our State Department at watchin American dollars in the Caribbean and in China he was merel following Roosevelt's example.

A labor program? Neither President did anything of th slightest significance to aid labor, and the attitude of bot toward the use of the injunction in labor disputes force Gompers into the arms of Bryan in the campaign of 1908.

Protectionism? Roosevelt fought shy of tariff tinkerin during both his administrations, but that he understood th tariff-revision promise of the 1908 platform in Taft's terms wa proved by the fact that he gave the reprehensible Payne-Aldric Tariff Act his benediction.

Navalism? Roosevelt originated the program of two capi tal ships a year and started the three-cornered race with Grea Britain and Germany. Taft continued it.

Standpattism? Roosevelt associated on terms of cordialit with Aldrich and Cannon, the leaders of the Republican Ol Guard, and warned Taft not to estrange them. Roosevel detested La Follette and never offered the Senate's lone insur gent, during 1906-8, a single word of encouragement. Taft, o the other hand, listened to the insurgents when they came t protest against the Aldrich tariff bill, and the lightening of som of the schedules was due to Taft's intervention.

Conservation? Taft continued the Roosevelt program an to the Congress of 1910 recommended nine bills for the with drawal of valuable public lands and water-power sites. Bal linger, Taft's Secretary of the Interior, was originally a Roosevel appointee. Taft, of course, was wrong in standing by Ballinge as long as he did, but that should be put down to stubbornnes and not venality.

It must be apparent, on the basis of this comparison, tha there was not a ha'penny's worth of difference between the tw men; if there was ever a fidus Achates it was Taft. No ma so often expressed how much he owed to a patron or sough

to emulate him so closely in his official acts as did Taft Roosevelt. The many efforts Taft made to arrive at a friendly understanding with Roosevelt, after the Hunter's return, are painful things to read about in Butt's letters. The biographer of Roosevelt will have to labor mightily to dispel this suspicion: that it was not Taft's recreancy or Taft's ungratefulness that caused the break, but Roosevelt's own overweening ambition, his thirst for public office, and his hungering again for the limelight. Roosevelt was prepared, when he returned to the United States in 1910, to leave no deed of violence undone to become President—even to knifing his friend and to stealing the leadership of the insurgent movement away from La Follette. Roosevelt overestimated the popular strength of progressivism and his folly gave us Woodrow Wilson. Taft might have been reelected in 1912 had Roosevelt been content with his honors, and what would then have been the course of American and world history during the years 1913-17 is a nice subject for speculation.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Satirist—and Victim

24 Hours. By Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

MR. BROMFIELD'S new novel is an incoherent critique of American manners and values in the guise of a best-seller. Like "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" it moves, panoramically, over a vast deal of scenery in a very short space of time. Mr. Bromfield has, however, stretched this technique beyond its limits, and the result is shoddy and even slovenly. The occasional excellences of the book are incidental to its effect as a whole and inherent in the nature of Mr. Bromfield's talent. His direct assaults on American manners are authentic and mature. He has perceived that a culture which cannot separate glitter from gold is destined to an eternal adolescence. He perceives finely enough that the only use American men and women can make of leisure is to make dangerous busybodies of themselves or to hamper and destroy each other. His feeling for American society as a brawl below and a wallow on top, whatever such direct assault may imply in the nature of contradiction, is vivid enough to ring true. But in cutting his cloth to fit the more glittering magazines, and possibly Hollywood, he has left it full of holes.

Under the circumstances one is privileged to inquire whether Mr. Bromfield's contempt for the American scheme of success does not strike rather dangerously near home. He has been to Hollywood, he has lectured to women's clubs, he has condescended to be well paid. The usual range of American ambition is not to strive for the stars but to pull down a star quickly and sell it at a good fat price and then to turn one's attention to electric-light bulbs, which look much the same anyway. Possibly, however, Mr. Bromfield really knows what he wants. Then he has gone a long way toward getting it in "24 Hours." Unfortunately the road back is longer still.

There are still the loose remainders of good writing in "24 Hours." There are almost enough to make a good novel out of. The plot begins with a group at dinner in the wealthy and aristocratic home of Hector Champion in New York, and from the beginning in this rather decadent brawl it winds a sluggish course, pulling up the weeds of New York under-life, meandering unintelligibly into fairer pastures, and winding back again to a point twenty-four hours after the opening. In most respects it is merely an example of what a good writer can do to first-rate material when he is in a hurry to get through with it. Mr. Bromfield took two years for this production. He must have been very busy in between times.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

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Books in Brief

Journal of Things New and Old. By Arnold Bennett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

The dust cover takes elaborate pains to assure us that the mantle of Pepys has fallen on any modern man it lies on the shoulders of Arnold Bennett. It would be difficult to find a canon of comparison or lineage that would justify this announcement. Bennett's private affairs are apparently devoid of subtlety or drama; his image of his times is dull and insensitive; and his style lacks every property—urbanity, wit, shrewdness, obliquity—that enlivened the immortal Diary's slighter comment. In his Parisian and Florentine journals of earlier years Bennett recorded his observations with a bland detachment and a keen eye. Neither asset survives in the present notebooks, the detachment having declined into an amiable boredom and the eye being now glazed by fatigue and sanctimony. The volume remains at best a clue to Bennett's disintegration as an artist. Swamped by the diversions and personalities of countless dinner tables and first nights, drained of all creative energy by the slavery of reviewing books for second-rate London newspapers, his mind has long since lost the sympathies and perceptions that made the author of "The Old Wives' Tale" a white hope of the twentieth-century novel. Toward the lamentations of his critics Bennett shows considerable petulance, but meanwhile, having sold himself to the publicans, he lives on the fat of the world. Italian holidays, French cafés and wines, banquets for current heroes, and private theatricals allow small margin for journalism or for "starting a new novel." This diary, far from winning Bennett the Pepysian laurels, remains a sad and dispiriting testimony of the evils of a luxurious celebrity and the inevitable creative atrophy it fosters.

A Man and His Dog. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

This delightful trifle, a Tanagra figurine from the same hand which hewed the titanic "Magic Mountain," was originally published in 1918, when its simple, idyllic humor must have offered a strange contrast to the prevalent mood of a bleeding and dismembered Germany. The hero of the sketch is a short-haired setter named Bashan, of dubious ancestry but authentic charm. Of Bashan, his likes and dislikes, his fidelities and tantrums, we learn much; and of his famous master we catch a new, informal, and entertaining glimpse. Mann makes none of the usual sentimental attempts at "understanding" animal psychology. Merely, with a sly and sympathetic humor, he records Bashan's behavior, offering no very profound guesses as to its motivation. To dog lovers this little book will make a strong appeal; to those interested in the personality of Thomas Mann it will be no less attractive. Though utterly unpretentious, it nevertheless contains some very delicate writing, particularly in those passages describing the countryside neighboring the author's villa on the banks of the Isar.

Five Generations: Life and Letters of an American Family, 1750-1900. By Margaret Armstrong. Harper and Brothers. $5.

This is a delightful book in which, largely in extracts from letters, we have mirrored in singularly vivid and convincing fashion the daily life and interests of five generations of a family which was connected by marriage with many prominent figures in New York society. The collection of letters from which the extracts are drawn must be almost unique in America, dealing as they do almost wholly, for a century and a half, with

amily rather than political affairs. The author, for she is ore than editor, has done her work with tact and skill. The arrative flows easily and escapes the two besetting dangers of uch books—pedantry and romanticism. The episodes and re-ctions to life are interesting, and as we follow them in succeed-ng generations, the old French saying that "the more it changes, ne more it remains the same" seems truer than ever when ap-lied to the human nature of these men and women separated y a century and a half. The gossip of the letters is more than nerely entertaining, and the book has genuine historical value.

Pascal. By Jacques Chevalier. Translated from the French by Lilian A. Clare. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

M. Chevalier's lectures on Pascal, now put into book form nd translated, were delivered at the University of Grenoble n years ago. They may hardly be said to constitute a biogra-hy, except in the philosophical sense, for the external facts of ne life of Pascal are barely touched upon. In reality M. hevalier's work is an interpretation of Pascal from the Cath-lic point of view—in other words, a more or less official ology. In order to square Pascal to the policy of the modern urch a considerable amount of explaining away is required—his Jansenism, for instance, and of the "Provinciales." This I. Chevalier does with an ingenuity not unworthy of a defense the Jesuits. A good deal of Pascal is left to discuss, of urse, even after the embarrassments have been removed; but though M. Chevalier writes learnedly and not without wisdom s book suffers from an almost ubiquitous plea for the cause of e church. Thus it soon forfeits the sympathy of the dis-terested general reader.

hinese Art. By William Cohn. Albert and Charles Boni. $4.

The sixth volume of The Great Periods in Art series, hich includes surveys of the art of Greece, Dutch painting of a seventeenth century, Mayan and Mexican art, French art the nineteenth century, English art in the eighteenth century, d the Italian Renaissance. Dr. Cohn contributes a brief but ell-written and comprehensive survey of the subject. The ustrations are generally well reproduced, but there are several hich need more space than is given them. The special cir-mstances of their selection make them ill chosen from one int of view and well chosen from another. The reproductions e chiefly from objects in German collections. These happen to not among the best. However, since the books on Chinese t available in English reproduce objects from American, nglish, and Japanese collections, Dr. Cohn's assemblage makes ailable an important new body of material.

ncyclopedia of the Social Sciences. Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman and Alvin Johnson. Volume II. The Mac-millan Company. $7.50.

The general scope and character of this monumental work re described in *The Nation* of February 5, 1930. The second ume covers the topics from Alliance to Brigandage. Among subjects receiving extensive detailed treatment are arbitra-n, art, aviation, and banking—a random list suggesting once re the broad conception of social science that the editors have mind. Professor Boas's forty-page article on anthropology reminiscent of the scholarly treatises that used to appear as icles in the old "Britannica."

e Greek City. By Gustave Glotz. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

One of the heavier volumes in a series too much inclined pursue scholarship for scholarship's sake rather than for the e of information. Professor Glotz treats his reader like a ant and argues out every piece of evidence. The outcome is so much an essay on the Greek city as a critique on the terials available for writing an essay on the Greek city.

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Heat: The Transition from Classical to Statistical Mechanics, by Professor Norman Hilberry.

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Aesthetics, by Mr. Louis Grudin.
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Tea will be served — Subscription 50c
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ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS — Says NO
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Drama

"Siegfried"

THERE are felicities in the dialogue of "Siegfried" wh its production by the Civic Repertory Theater does illuminate. Nevertheless, the integrity of the play its dominates Miss Le Gallienne's stage. It is basically an iro comedy of international manners. It is, superficially, the fi play I have seen in which the device of the amnesia victim h been used with artistic dignity.

Philip Carr has gracefully translated these felicities Jean Giraudoux. Only once or twice does their French auth fail to support them himself in climactic scenes too mechanica insistent. As a whole, the play contains the best writing new season has offered, writing so good that one is tempted ignore all its attendant deficiencies.

The production's major faults come, as they rarely from a too rigorous regard for the lines themselves. Every n and then one feels a consciousness in reading which hurts emotional progress of Siegfried's journey from the position o meteoric leader in 1921 Germany to the simple status of unknown Frenchman found memoryless on a battlefield se years before. Miss Le Gallienne's own performance as former mistress who leads him back to his old individua seems least affected by the play's weightier considerations international amity. There is Gallic lightness in her metl which makes the Siegfried of Jacob Ben-Ami, admittedly m somberly written, too ponderous and monotonous for the pla pace. Egon Brecher completely realizes a delightful h moment in the speech symbolizing the last stand of lyri Germany against the prose of post-war reconstruction. Te minor characters, apparently because they are miscast, mak niggardly contribution to the illusion of the performan Several should be severely told that make-up is not a thing which you dip your face.

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's "Canaries Sometimes Si (Fulton Theater) presents many of the virtues and most the faults of modern English light comedy. It makes c spicuous what should be only minor appointments in its dep ment of the theater. The milieu of well-bred, wealthy peo the frequent gay turning of a speech, these are the foundati Occasionally the souffle has a real egg in it, but, as in present instance, one need not be Brillat-Savarin to observe omission. As to the virtues, Mr. Lonsdale has fashioned seve airy little scenes which, once one is reconciled to the strea general sluggishness, leap and sparkle gaily as they run th brief course. Miss Yvonne Arnaud reasserts her authority a comedienne and charges almost every line she speaks w engaging effervescence. The others give small added c pensation to the playgoer, largely because they are obliged work so hard with the little extravagances of character wh distinguish their roles from stock figures.

Little else was added to the season during the week. P Muni, a skilful actor, appeared in an amorphous affair cal "This One Man" (Morosco Theater). Broadway again c fessed its dependence on institutional names in a musical sh called "Blackbirds" (Royale Theater). It has one artist stature in its cast, Ethel Waters. Its other ingredients are the familiar tradition, several of them very pleasantly There is dancing which more expert white technicians can ne hope to equal for the simple reason that they can never h the happy abandon which prompts the Negro.

But the week did give us "Siegfried."

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Civic Repertory—14 St., W. of Sixth Ave.
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Girl Crazy—Alvin—W. 52 St.
Lysistrata—44 St., W. of B'way.
Mrs. Moonlight—Charles Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.
Once In a Lifetime—Music Box—45 St., W. of B'way.
Solid South—Lyceum—45 St., E. of B'way.
The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
Three's a Crowd—Salwyn—W. 42 St.
Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
Twelfth Night—Maxine Elliott—39 St. E. of B'way.

First Nights

The Noble Experiment—Waldorf—50 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Roar China—Martin Beck—45 St., W. of Eighth Ave.
The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St., W. of B'way.
Rita—Biltmore—47 St., W. of B'way.
Puppet Show—Belmont—W. 48 St.
The Last Enemy—Shubert—W. 44 St.

Films

Costello Case—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
Journey's End, beginning Saturday, Nov. 1; Animal Crackers, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 5; The Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Outward Bound—Warner—B'way and 52 St.
Raffles, beginning Saturday, Nov. 1; Journey's End, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 5; Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.

Discussion and Lectures

Adler Lectures, Columbia University Institute of Arts and Sciences.
"Is Censorship Necessary?"—Community Church, 34 St. and Park Ave. Friday evening, Nov. 7. See advertisement.
"Is Religion Necessary?" Debate: Clarence Darrow vs. Dr. Nathan Krass, Saturday evening, Nov. 15—Mecca Temple—55 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
New School of Social Science Lectures—See Advertisement.
"The Conquest of Happiness" by S. A. Seligson—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St. Sunday Afternoon Nov. 9. See advertisement.

Concerts

Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus—Carnegie—Tuesday evening, Nov. 4 at 8:30.
Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie—Erich Kleiber, conductor; Evenings: Thursday, Oct. 30, Nov. 6, at 8:45. Afternoons: Friday, Oct. 31; Nov. 7, at 2:30; Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3:00. Sunday Afternoon, Nov. 2, Metropolitan, at 3:00. Young People's Concert, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 11. Children's Concert, Saturday, Nov. 8, at 11.
Heifetz—Carnegie—Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:45 P.M.
Isadora Duncan Dancers—Carnegie—Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3:00.
Jose Iturbi—Carnegie—Friday Evening, Oct. 31, at 8:30.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

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The Polish Terror in Galicia

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DICTATOR Pilsudski has apparently fallen back upon terrorism as the only practical means of making good Poles of the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia. Since 1918 Poland has tried in various ways to tame these rebels, first by force of arms, then by a hypocritical show of political kindness, and more recently by education of the character generally applied to minorities throughout Europe. Warsaw has been rewarded for its efforts by seeing the long-smoldering resentment of the Ukrainians, or Ruthenians, against Poland's theft of their independence break out into actual rebellion against Polish domination. The insurrection, according to dispatches from Lemberg published in the Polish, German, and English press, has taken the form of incendiarism, Ruthenian peasants putting the torch to the property of the wealthy Polish landowners who for decades have been the governing lords of the district. Pilsudski has now apparently decided to resort once more to the old imperialistic weapon of military invasion to "pacify" the inhabitants; but it is still to be seen whether education by terrorism and the knout will be any more successful in enhancing the love of the Ruthenians for Polish rule.

Eastern Galicia is a part of that same Galicia (Austrian Poland) which harbored Pilsudski after two insurrections that he led against Russian despotism in 1905 had failed. It was from Galicia that he continued to direct active resistance against the Czar and it was from the workers and peasants of Galicia that he drew his chief support when, with the elimination of the St. Petersburg autocracy and the defeat of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires, his golden opportunity arrived and he was able to proclaim himself on November 12, 1918, head of the new Polish state. He made a mistake, however, in believing that he had all of Galicia behind him. The way to a unified Polish state was blocked not only by the bitter opposition of the landed nobility (the very landed gentry whose property his troops are now pretending to defend in Eastern Galicia), but also by the fervent desire of the Ruthenian peasants and workers for national independence. Taking the Allied promises and the Wilsonian principle of self-determination at their face value, the Ruthenians on October 18, 1918, had established the West Ukrainian Republic, with Lemberg as its capital. When the Republic of Poland was proclaimed at Warsaw twenty-four days later, the Ruthenians refused to yield their newly won independence to satisfy the ambitious Pilsudski, whereupon he sought to punish them by occupying Lemberg on November 22. The Ruthenian government fled to Vienna, and Eastern Galicia was brought into the new Polish state.

This military conquest of a people who had sought only to determine for themselves what sort of government they should have was ratified by the Allies, although a vague promise of ultimate independence was still held out to the Ruthenians. The Peace Conference assigned Eastern Galicia to Poland for twenty-five years, with a provision for local autonomy. At the end of this period the League of Natior was to decide its future.

Meanwhile efforts were made to unite the We Ukrainian Republic with the Soviet Republic of the Ukrain and this led to a clash of arms between Soviet Russia an Poland in Eastern Galicia. The fighting continued throug out 1919. Four years later the opportunity came for th Allies to rectify and confirm the northern, southern, an southeastern boundaries of Poland. The Ambassador Conference, sitting in Paris on March 14, 1923, took th opportunity to confirm in perpetuity the sovereignty Poland over Eastern Galicia, and in doing so to repeal th promise of independence, the twenty-five-year mandate, an the provision for local autonomy.

The stolen province has proved somewhat indigestibl The history of its people in the past decade has paralleled th history of most European minorities, but with one notab departure. Other minorities have had mother-countries t plead their cause at Geneva; the Ukrainians, or Ruthenian of Eastern Galicia have had no one to speak for the before the League of Nations. According to American co respondents, their petitions and complaints "invariably fin their way to the scrap-basket, as there is no one at the Leagu secretariat who cares anything about these peoples." It not surprising, then, that they have chosen more direct mea of expressing their grievances. The epidemic of barn bur ing and crop destroying that has swept over Eastern Galic in the past six months was not the beginning of the rebellio Months before this incendiarism was reported, numero dispatches from Warsaw, Lemberg, and elsewhere hinted the spread of insurrection. The Polish Minister of Educ tion was quoted as saying that "treasonable agitation h been discovered in countless Ukrainian schools of Easte Galicia." He ordered all such schools closed. The Ukrai ian Boy Scouts have been disbanded for similar reasons, an a number of lawyers, judges, and teachers have been arreste for their connection with the organization. Whole villag have been accused of treason against the Polish state.

Under Austria-Hungary the province of Galicia w granted a special representative with the rank of gover ment minister to sit with the Vienna Cabinet, and it w permitted to have a legislative assembly and governor of own choosing. It was in fact, if not in name, an ind pendent state within the framework of the Dual Monarch though the benefits of self-government went entirely to t Polish landowners and not to the Polish and Ruthenia peasants. Under the domination of Warsaw, Eastern Ga cian aspirations have been suppressed in the interest of Poli patriotism; the province has not been granted even the sma measure of autonomy promised by the Allies; and now has had settled upon it a sword-brandishing, knout-wieldi soldiery. There have been brief allusions to this state affairs in the British and French press for several week the German and Russian newspapers have described it more detail. Perhaps the most accurate account reachin

e United States thus far has been sent here by John Elliott, erlin correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, ho took the trouble to go down into Galicia to investigate e reports of military terrorism and barbarism. Elliott rites:

In the Ukrainian villages of the district priests and peasants are being flogged with the knout (a lash consisting of a tapering bundle of leather thongs twisted with wire and hardened so as to mangle the body) and women shamefully mishandled, the thatched cottages of the peasants unroofed, schools closed, cooperative stores looted, libraries demolished, and ruinous requisitions for foodstuffs levied on the villages by the Polish cavalry and police sent into the countryside on a so-called "mission of pacification."

The object of the military is to put down a terroristic campaign begun by a secret Ukrainian organization which is instigating high-school youths to burn crops and barns of Polish landowners. Unfortunately, in the discharge of their duty of restoring order the Polish troops are punishing indiscriminately the innocent with the guilty and so kindling a spirit of sedition and revenge among the Ukrainians living in East Galicia, who look back with regret upon the easy-going pre-war Austrian rule.

This correspondent has just returned from a trip to Lemberg, the capital of the afflicted provinces, where he listened to details of cruelties and barbarism of the Polish troops that would be incredible if they did not come from sources whose trustworthiness is beyond question. . . . In the campaign of repression at least 200,000 Ukrainians have been arrested and thrown into jail, including sixteen of the twenty-six representatives of the Ukrainian National Party in the last Sejm.

It is a question whether the military reprisals may not lead to more serious difficulties. One of the independent European newspapers that have reported upon the Eastern Galician situation at considerable length, the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* declares: "European history has shown that only the most disastrous results can come from such a policy . . . of forceful suppression of one nationality by another."

Contributors to This Issue

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MARC CONNELLY is author of "The Green Pastures."

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 511
EDITORIALS:
The Right to Criticize 514
Relief by Publicity 515
The Menace of Fascism 515
Away with Realism! 516
CHAINS VERSUS INDEPENDENTS. I. THE PRICE WAR. By Edward G. Ernst and Emil M. Hartl 517
BRITISH LABOR FALTERS. By Devere Allen 519
ON THE COLLEGE FRONTIER. VII. CIVILIZING TEACHER TRAINING. By T. L. Scholtz 521
BACKWOODS BEHAVIOR. By Charles Morrow Wilson 523
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 524
CORRESPONDENCE 525
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:
Memoir. By Irwin Edman 527
Charles Horton Cooley. By Henry Hazlitt 527
Unrealized Realism. By V. F. Calverton 528
The Mandate System. By William MacDonald 528
The Victorian Tragedy. By Morton Dauwen Zabel 529
Armageddon. By James B. Wharton 530
Lecky, 1930 Style. By William Seagle 530
Books in Brief 531
Drama: "Roar China" at the Guild. By John Mason Brown 533
Films: The Romantic Western. By Alexander Bakshy 534
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 536
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Evils of Higher Education 537

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ELECTION RETURNS received up to the time of going to press show a Democratic sweep that insures continued coalition control in the Senate and that may possibly give the Democrats an actual majority in the House when the returns are all in. Democratic Senators will replace Republicans in Massachusetts, West Virginia, Ohio, Minnesota, Oklahoma, and Colorado, while only in Iowa, where Senator Steck won six years ago on a fluke, did the Democrats lose a seat. With Kentucky, South Dakota, and Kansas still doubtful, it seems certain that the Democrats will hold at least forty-five seats in the Senate. The Republican majority of 103 in the present House is cut almost to nothing, and may be wiped out. Even if the Republicans carried most of the unreported districts, their grip on the House would be very shaky, and President Hoover during his last two years will certainly face a Congress in neither branch of which can he count on a dependable majority. The Democratic victory extends to all sections of the country, and carries into office Democratic governors in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Ohio, to say nothing of the tremendous victory of Roosevelt in New York. The Administration has received a sweeping rebuke from the voters, as was to be expected in view of the severe business depression. On the prohibition issue, which was an issue despite Senator Fess, Rhode Island by a vote of two to one and Illinois by a heavy majority carried referenda for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, while Massachusetts by referendum repealed its State enforcement act.

THE ELECTION of Dean Wilbur L. Cross, Democrat, as governor of Connecticut and that of Edward Costigan, Democrat, for Senator from Colorado are among the pleasantest features of an otherwise dull election. The spectacle of a Democrat and a doctor of philosophy winning the governorship in a sturdy Republican fastness like Connecticut is particularly heart-warming. Senator Norris of Nebraska has come happily through his trials to reelection, and has once more proved that he can beat the concerted efforts of the Power Trust to remove him from his Senatorial seat. The reelection of Senator Walsh, Democrat, of Montana is indicated as we go to press, as is that of Gifford Pinchot for Governor of Pennsylvania, the latter another triumph for opponents of the great public-utility companies. Dwight Morrow has easily defeated former State Senator Alexander Simpson in New Jersey, as everyone predicted that he would. He will now go to the Senate for six years, with every opportunity, by the display of wisdom, high principles, and sufficient political acumen, to serve the country and at the same strengthen his own Presidential chances when it shall please fate to call upon him. Probably the most complete if not entirely surprising overturn is the triumph of James Hamilton Lewis, Democrat, over Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick. In Cook County it is estimated that Lewis's plurality may be 600,000, in a district that Calvin Coolidge took in 1924 by 462,000. Mrs. McCormick may have lost a few votes because she was a woman running for the United States Senate, but she undoubtedly lost more for her straddle of the prohibition question, for her indefensible tactics during the campaign, and her expenditure of upwards of a quarter of a million dollars for her nomination. And finally, the voters of Alabama have had their revenge on Thomas J. Heflin, who so far forgot his party as to support Herbert Hoover two years ago; Senator Heflin is evidently to lose his seat by almost a two-to-one vote to John H. Bankhead.

THE ENORMOUS VOTE given Governor Roosevelt by New York City, a plurality of 556,000 over his Republican opponent, Charles H. Tuttle, is an indication of Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity in the city, and it is also the answer of New Yorkers to charges of Tammany corruption and graft. The city could find only 6,662 votes for Heywood Broun for Congress, and while this is an admirable showing for a Socialist candidate, it is a pity that Mr. Broun was not permitted to exercise his undoubted zeal in the public interest and his charming gifts in the House of Representatives. Norman Thomas, Judge Jacob Panken, and B. Charney Vladeck, while gaining sizable totals, did not capture a single Socialist seat in Congress. One can but hope that at some time in the not too distant future sufficient voters will be found to elect them to office.

WITH THE RECONVENING of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission in Geneva the various delegations appear sincerely anxious, if not actually alarmed, over the failure of the commission to make any substantial progress whatever. They have approached the new session, which is the seventh to be held since the work was first organized in 1926, with an extraordinary show of optimism, but unfortunately with their individual programs and viewpoints unchanged. Fifteen major points remain to be settled before the commission can prepare the draft treaty, which, when finished, is to be considered by the general disarmament conference provided for in the League of Nations Covenant. These points have been the principal obstacles to agreement in the six previous sessions. They include the limitation of armaments budgets, which the United States opposes; the question of war potentials, such as industries and natural resources, which France insists must be considered in measuring the war strength of any country; the problem of air armaments, which hinges upon the failure to define a military airplane; and the dispute over trained reserves, which was only tentatively settled a year ago. Selfish demands and national needs must be sacrificed or modified if success is to be achieved. The alternative may be a collapse of the whole disarmament movement.

GERMANY FOR ONE is growing restless over the continued failure of the victorious nations to agree to a reduction of their armaments as solemnly promised at the peace conference. The Versailles treaty compelled Germany to cut its army to 100,000 men, to place that army on a long-term enlistment basis, to destroy its fortifications, and to limit its navy to a handful of cruisers. Under the League Covenant the other countries have likewise undertaken to limit their fighting forces. After eleven years this promise has not been fulfilled. Germany, relatively defenseless, finds itself confronted by a number of Powers which have built up rather than reduced their armies. It should not be surprising, therefore, to learn that Berlin is becoming increasingly impatient over the lack of progress at Geneva with regard to disarmament. The German delegation is determined to obtain action of some sort at the present session. Another failure would most certainly strengthen the anti-treaty forces at home and might conceivably force Germany to accuse the other Powers of having violated the Versailles treaty and the League Covenant and to announce that Germany can no longer consider itself bound by the disarmament provisions of those agreements.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR, Secretary of the Interior, is still president of Stanford University on leave of absence. According to Mercer Johnston, of the People's Legislative Service, Secretary Wilbur up to October 23 continued to draw his salary as president of the university, although federal law prohibits any government official or employee from receiving a salary from any other source than the federal government. We wonder what would have been the public outcry if it had been disclosed that Secretary Mellon, for example, had continued to draw a salary as president of the Mellon National Bank at the same time that he was Secretary of the Treasury. Yet the principle involved is exactly the same in the two cases, and the federal statute makes no exception in favor of officers of educational or philanthropic institutions. Does the President deny Mr. Johnston's charge? If not, he admits that his Secretary of the Interior is subject to a fine of not less than $1,000 and imprisonment for not less than six months—which is an interesting situation.

THE WISCONSIN AMERICAN LEGION, according to an Associated Press dispatch, recommends that men out of work be allowed to enlist in the army reserves for the duration of the business depression, drawing regular army pay. If there are not barracks enough the men can build rough shelters to keep themselves busy. A New York magistrate has sentenced twenty-three unemployed men to thirty-day terms in the workhouse on a charge of vagrancy, for sleeping in a railroad ferry terminal. Will some humanitarian sage be arising next to suggest that the unemployed be turned over to the medical schools for purposes of vivisection? At the opening of Parliament Prime Minister MacDonald reported the statement of an American industrialist that if our figures were compiled on the same basis as England's, they would show 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 persons out of work. The reply of officials of the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Census Bureau is enough to make thoughtful Americans sit in sackcloth and ashes. These officials boldly point out that nobody can know the amount of unemployment in this country, because no effort to compile national figures has ever been made outside the unsatisfactory census attempt of last spring. Was there ever a more complete exhibit of our supreme indifference to a fundamental question of social welfare?

THE MERGER MOVEMENT that was so conspicuous a feature of last year's great bull market has been halted by the depression. Yet the New York *Times* reports sixty-nine important mergers consummated during the present year up to October 18. While many involve fairly large companies they represent no such huge totals of capitalization as the fantastic figures of last year. The combinations now being formed are made chiefly for the purpose of increasing financial strength and industrial efficiency under existing conditions of stress, not for the sake of selling stocks to a gullible public, and most of this year's mergers have been accomplished by an exchange of stock. The strong are swallowing the weak. The combination movement in American industry has been going forward more or less continuously, though irregularly, for half a century. The promoters have always assured the public that the end of the movement was to produce more cheaply and efficiently, and in some cases such has been the result, but the present situation shows clearly enough that the immediate motive to mergers during the last great upswing of business was the profits that could be made by selling the stocks of combinations at a time when the public would buy anything. The bankers are reported as believing that in view of the large losses attending many of last year's mergers, "it will be some time before the investing public will be in a receptive frame of mind for similar activities." Let the promoters and their bankers not despair. One is born every minute.

THE NEW RULES of procedure published by the Tariff Commission on October 3 have been characterized as the most important development in tariff-

making practice in many years. Their purpose is to speed up action, and their essence is to substitute for the extensive field investigations made by the commission's staff under the old rules public hearings before the commission, plus a minimum of checking by investigators in the field. The burden of proof, it is pointed out, is thus put on applicants for a change. What is not pointed out is that such hearings by themselves are practically worthless in establishing a reliable factual basis for tariff rates, and that proponents of higher duties are always on hand with plausible reasons for their demands. Innocents who expected to see the rates of the Hawley-Smoot act lowered by commission action may be interested in an Associated Press dispatch stating that a request for a 50 per cent increase in the existing duty on pig iron was laid *unopposed* before the commission at its second public hearing on October 30. Mr. H. N. Waybright, the sole witness, representing the Eastern furnace men, pointed out that the existing depression, plus foreign pig-iron imports and "offerings," had closed all but three merchant furnaces in the principal Eastern producing section, though freight rates prevent foreign iron going more than 200 miles inland. Let the duties therefore go up, let pig-iron prices be raised along the seaboard, and prosperity will come back with a bang under the sacred principle of flexibility.

A FINE OF $2,000 has just been levied by the State of South Carolina on Oconee County, South Carolina, for the lynching, last spring, of one Allen Green, Negro, charged with rape. This is in accordance with a State lynching law which provides that the sum named may be collected from any county in which a lynching takes place and may thereupon be paid to the family of the unfortunate man who has been lynched. However, the law has been invoked only once or twice since its inception, and would probably not have been in this case except that indubitable evidence was adduced to show that an Oconee County mob had carelessly lynched the wrong man. The case ran true to form in that the trials of persons charged with complicity in the lynching were postponed "on account of the heat," and evidently so far South Carolina has not cooled off to a point where they may be resumed. The law itself will come as a surprise to many persons in this country. A similar provision was incorporated in the federal anti-lynching measure which just failed of passage in Congress several years ago, and which this year, because of the increase in the number of lynchings, may have a chance of being successfully revived. If the federal government could levy—and collect—a sufficiently large sum of money from any county in which a lynching took place, sheriffs might be a little more determined in protecting their Negro prisoners and might be less easily "overcome" by mobs of armed men.

WITH THOSE OPPOSED to the Machado regime in Cuba deprived of the right to express their opposition through the ballot box, only a small percentage of Cuba's citizens went to the polls on November 1 to elect a new Congress. It has been contended by the leaders of the outlawed Nationalist Party that a large majority of Cubans are opposed to Machado and that if an opposition party had been in the field the voters would have turned out in great numbers to register their dissatisfaction with the present government. But Machado and the Congress refused to permit the Nationalists to present an independent ticket, with the result that only candidates of the Liberal, Conservative, and Popular parties were voted on, and these parties are not only pledged to support Machado, but are actually controlled by him. This doubtless explains the otherwise surprising apathy of the voters in the congressional elections. Less than 50 per cent, some observers say as few as 30 per cent, of the registered voters went to the polls. In a number of districts the voting places were not even opened. The voting of November 1 cannot be considered a satisfactory test of Machado's oft-repeated assertion that he has the support of a vast majority of Cuban citizens; it rather indicates a remarkable absence of enthusiasm for his policies.

THE FEDERATION OF LABOR of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has been taken with a bright idea. It is to petition the merchants of Cedar Rapids to discharge their married women employees and replace them by men out of work. However, the members of the federation are not unaware that some men out of work are kept from the bread line only by their wives who are so fortunate as to be gainfully employed. They qualify their request, therefore, by saying that they do not want working wives discharged if their wages are necessary to the family budget, but only if they are working to "clothe themselves better than would be possible if they depended on their husbands' earnings." Accordingly, all the married ladies of Cedar Rapids who are working merely to pass the time away and to deck themselves out in finer plumage than decency requires will probably find themselves out of a job forthwith. And this, of course, in a righteous world and in a hard winter, is no more than proper. But it is interesting to remark what a note of realism has crept into a proposal that by no means originated in Cedar Rapids.

FRONT-PAGE NEWS does not always treat of sex or rumors of war. On October 30 appeared in the New York *World* an account of a report made to the Academy of Medicine by Dr. Felix d'Herelle, professor of bacteriology at Yale University. Dr. d'Herelle, with proper scientific caution, announced merely the results so far of a new method in the treatment of disease—the isolation and control of a bacteriophage parasite that eats disease germs. Treatment of 10,000 cases of dysentery by his method in Brazil resulted in only two failures. Asiatic cholera, treated by Dr. d'Herelle's method, showed a mortality of 8.1 per cent, as contrasted with a mortality of 62.9 per cent when treated by other means. If we are on the verge of discovering a germ destroyer that can be controlled and used in the general treatment of disease, there is no estimating the benefit to mankind to be derived therefrom. Less important but no less dramatic is the colorful account, on the front page of the New York *Times,* of the coronation of the Son of Solomon, the Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Elect of God, and the Light of the World, Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Abyssinia. Live lions, gold and diamond crowns, scarlet, green, yellow, and purple robes, a feast of raw meat and fermented honey were features of the ceremony. The physician to the Emperor hails from Grand Rapids, Michigan, and at the end of the strange, rich pageant the new Emperor fell on his knees and thanked God that Abyssinia had been a Christian country for 1,600 years.

The Right to Criticize

IN the statement in which Mr. Hoover characterized as "reckless, baseless, and infamous" the charges brought by Ralph S. Kelley in the New York *World* against Secretary Wilbur and others for alleged improper conduct in the administration of certain oil-shale lands, and branded as contrary to "the practice of better American journalism" the conduct of the *World* in giving Mr. Kelley a hearing, he took pains to say that "proper inquiry or proper criticism by newspapers is a safeguard of good government." We have no doubt that Mr. Hoover was a good deal disturbed by the suggestion of a possible oil scandal in his Administration. It may very well have reminded him of his own silent years in the Harding and Coolidge cabinets, when he could not or would not find his tongue to challenge the scandalous doings of Fall, Doheny, and others. The heated denunciation which he visited upon Mr. Kelley and the *World,* however, and the shabby defense which he offered of his beloved Secretary of the Interior raise the question whether Mr. Hoover, in praising what he was pleased to call "proper" inquiry and criticism by the press, really meant to welcome criticism that gets under the skin and gives executive complacence a jolt.

We have no expert knowledge that qualifies us to pass upon the truth or falsity of Mr. Kelley's charges, and we do not understand that the *World* professes to have sifted them to the bottom and determined their complete validity. If Mr. Kelley faked allegations for which there is no foundation in fact and palmed them off on the *World* as veritable history he must carry the odium of his conduct, and the *World* will have to bear as well as it can the chagrin of having been let in for a bad bargain. But if, on the other hand, as we understand was the case, the *World* satisfied itself that the charges were sufficiently well founded to make their publication a public service, we think that Mr. Hoover's protestation of esteem for newspaper inquiry and criticism belongs with the traditional sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

It is a well-settled principle of American jurisprudence that when a man offers himself as a candidate for public office he is to be regarded as putting his fitness for the place in evidence, and that anything which tends to show that he is not fit may freely be offered, provided only that it is true. The propriety of the criticism is for the party that utters it and the public to whom it is addressed, not for the candidate, to decide. It would be strange indeed if a principle everywhere recognized as applicable to a candidate should cease to operate once the candidate is elected or appointed, or that incumbency of an office should carry with it any immunity whatever from a scrutiny as frank and searching as may freely be exercised while the office is being sought.

When Mr. Hoover, with a gesture of magnanimity, bestows his blessing upon "proper" inquiry and "proper" criticism, he champions a distinction which it is not for him or any other public servant to make. The right of criticism is a large and comprehensive right whose exercise, even when violent and extreme, cannot safely be restricted without grave danger to the state. The very essence of popular government dictates that the persons to whom the people have intrusted the administration of public affairs shall be constantly watched and held to account, and that whatever in their conduct appears to any citizen objectionable shall be freely and unsparingly exposed.

There are two reasons in particular why this aspect of the fundamental right of free speech and a free press, to whatever lengths it may sometimes be carried within the limits of private law, should be sedulously guarded in this country. It is a peculiarity of the American system of government that, unlike most European systems, elective officials cannot be called to account at the polls except at the end of long and fixed periods of service, and that appointive officials cannot as a rule be got rid of save by the clumsy process of impeachment or as a penalty for positive crime or misdemeanor. A Representative in Congress is elected for two years, a Senator for six, a President for four, and no amount of political pressure can vacate their seats until their terms have expired. The only protection, accordingly, against the autocratic behavior which goes so often with power, and the pride of office that bids the public go be damned, is unceasing watchfulness on the part of the electorate, unrestrained expression of criticism or dissent, and insistent reckoning of what is done or planned.

The other reason is the increasing pressure of governmental censorship and invasion of private rights. More and more the government, sometimes directly and sometimes through self-constituted agencies which it fosters, fears, or winks at, tends to interfere with what shall be published or read, what shall be produced on the stage, what shall be taught in the schools, what shall be said in political debate. The bogy of the "radical" or the "unpatriotic" is used to suppress dissent, to curb criticism of functionaries, or to load the statute book with vindictive laws. Searches, seizures, and arrests without warrant or even reasonable suspicion of wrong, confinement without specific charge, partisan trial, and conviction foreordained are increasingly incidents of the day's news. Save where open and avowed dictatorships prevail, there is hardly any country in the world in which the citizen is less free from official meddling in his business, his social activities, and his private life, or in which the opportunities for the free expression of uncanonical opinions are less abundant, than is the case in the United States today.

We think that Mr. Hoover, by his ill-tempered outburst over Mr. Kelley and the *World,* and his implied approval of such inquiry or criticism only as seems to him "proper," has done the country a great disservice. Had he confined himself to a dignified protest against allegations which he sincerely believed to be untrue, and promised a full investigation by Congress if Congress felt that one was called for, he would have shown himself a statesman as well as a man of intelligence and good sense. As it is, he has arrayed himself on the side of those who affect to regard a President as in some way sacrosanct, who do not wish unpleasant truth to be told, and who hold up to public scorn anyone who, in good faith, seeks to turn on the light. The country did not elect Mr. Hoover to be told by him what it should think or how far criticism of him and his associates should go, and there should be only censure for him in his new role.

Relief by Publicity

WHEN President Hoover appointed Colonel Arthur Woods to be federal director of unemployment relief, everyone was glad that something was to be done at last. Mr. Woods took hold vigorously, and a large output of publicity is evidence of his activity. Last week we pointed out some of the larger aspects of Mr. Woods's task. Let us now examine his immediate work. Mr. Woods was appointed on October 21. Three days later a Washington dispatch announced:

> Under the name of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment [unemployment is never mentioned in Washington], the relief organization swung into its stride today. . . . The chief purpose of the organization is to find jobs for idle men, and the secondary one to advise communities in supplying relief for the needy, Colonel Woods reiterated at a press conference.

On the same day Mr. Woods announced that Edward L. Bernays would be the committee's volunteer counsel on public relations.

What has Mr. Woods actually done thus far? He has sent out pleas for cooperation. He has broadcast an appeal to all Americans to join in solving the problem, urging householders and municipalities to do odd jobs now and to "spruce up." He has conferred with various leaders, planning cooperation and coordination in relief work. He has declared that State and local unemployment organizations are in much better shape than in 1921, and that the federal government is making redoubled efforts at employment. He has announced that there are pending in various States and cities bond issues for public works totaling $450,000,000. He has stated that construction programs set in operation by President Hoover's conferences last fall probably kept down unemployment by a million or more (an absurd statement, by the way).

Stirred by the good work of Mr. Woods and Mr. Bernays, the newspapers during the past ten days have given enormous publicity to the unemployment question, which is all to the good. For example, the government will put 20,000 men to work in shipbuilding "within twelve months." Dozens of cities, we learn, are initiating public works of greater or less importance. Kansas City automobile assembling plants will take on 900 men in a week. Cleveland will start a $9,000,000 road-building program, beginning with the award of $450,000 worth of contracts on December 16. A Chicago taxi company will add 1,000 men to its force (when, not stated). The War Department has already taken steps to stagger employment on its Mississippi River work. To these and thousands of similar statements of what is about to happen, the press, under the lead of Mr. Woods and his staff, has dutifully given wide publicity. An impression of activity and present or imminent relief for the unemployed is thus created.

Far be it from us to belittle any effort, however trifling, in behalf of the unemployed. Separate what is said from what is done, however, and it becomes clear that what Mr. Woods has accomplished thus far is to call attention to what has been done or what is supposed to be about to be done. His action has precisely the value that inheres in such publicity. This statement involves no reflection on Mr. Woods; for no improvised organization except a charitable one can do anything of immediate importance in a time like this. Mr. Hoover's conferences last fall, with much blare of trumpets, made large promises of what they were going to do in the way of construction. Then their members went home and actually did what was dictated to them by the stern economic necessities of their situation, just as informed men knew they must do. Similarly today. Plants are opening and closing all the time as economic necessity dictates. Public works are being undertaken as appropriations become available. Private and public charity go on their old way, with somewhat increased funds, and the suffering and demoralization of unemployment are somehow endured. None of this does or can Mr. Woods fundamentally change.

The only measures of employment that are really bearing fruit today are those of private and public undertakings that embarked on stabilization policies years ago, or of cities, like Cincinnati, that deliberately went at it last year to reduce to a minimum the disasters that industrial depression would bring on their citizens. A handful of private concerns and cities are on the honor roll of those who have cared enough about it to stabilize employment. The rest of the country is just where it has always been. It is reaping the fruits of indifference and neglect. Most conspicuous in this group is the Administration of President Hoover. Its latest gesture at best can accomplish only trifling results in the course of the next few months. Real stabilization and relief are to be accomplished only by deliberate and scientific planning with a view to permanent results.

The Menace of Fascism

ITALIAN fascism has become slightly less bellicose of late, but at the same time distinctly more menacing to the peace of Europe. In his address delivered upon the occasion of the eighth anniversary of the march on Rome Mussolini showed unexpected moderation as compared with his bristling, "guns-more-beautiful-than-words" harangues of last spring. He toned down his favorite role of imperial, all-conquering Caesar, and played more the part of superpatriotic defender of a wronged fatherland. "Fascist Italy will never take the initiative of war," he said, but none the less Italy must arm to the teeth, "not in order to attack," but to defend itself against "the anti-fascist coalition." These are the words of superpatriots everywhere; armaments are defensive, never offensive. But if Mussolini has temporarily dropped his threats of war against his enemies, he struck a more menacing note in his reference to a "fascist Europe." The danger is not that Mussolini could by his own efforts revolutionize Europe, but that Europe or a considerable part of it may be catapulted into fascism against its better judgment through the demagoguery and hot-headedness of its extremists playing upon the present discontent of its workers and middle classes.

Many nations of Europe today are undoubtedly confronted with political and economic crises of such overwhelming proportions that they may be considered fair game for political extremists and radicals of every stripe. This is particularly true of the defeated countries, Germany, Aus-

tria, and Hungary, the last of which already has a more or less fascist government. These countries and, indeed, most of Western Europe are perhaps too conservative and nationalistic to succumb to communism. The only other "universal panacea" at hand is fascism, attractive both to ultra-conservatives and to nationalists. And Mussolini is determined that his brand shall be accepted. In his Rome speech he put up his appeal to the malcontents in two bottles. The first he labeled "treaty revision" and the second "the internationalization of fascism."

By his advocacy of treaty revision Mussolini has made a very definite bid for the good-will and friendship of the defeated countries, whose people are unanimously desirous that the inequities of the Versailles and other peace treaties be corrected. Thus the fascist plea has gone to the moderates as well as the reactionary elements of those countries. By his statement that fascism is "an article for exportation," and that "the doctrine and spirit of fascismo are universal," he has deliberately sought to encourage the fascists in other countries in their efforts to overthrow the existing governments. The Hitlers and Goebbels and Starhembergs cannot help reading into that statement the suggestion that they now have the open support of the original fascist, Mussolini, and that Mussolini may have in mind some sort of fascist international to spread his doctrine through Europe much after the manner of the Bolshevik Third International.

Fortunately, however, the moderate elements in Europe are alive to this new attack upon their present governments. The moderate press, particularly in Germany, has warned against uncritical acceptance of Mussolini's pleas. His Rome speech has been interpreted as being merely another attempt to increase fascist influence and power in Central Europe in order to use these countries as tools with which Italian imperialism may press France. This unquestionably is true. Treaty revision would reopen the whole question of the realignment of frontiers, in which Italy has a considerable interest. Italy, as Mussolini has so often put it, must expand, and she is openly seeking expansion toward the east—along the Dalmatian coast and deeper into the Balkans. This is the cardinal point of Italian foreign policy, and it is obvious that Mussolini stands ready to use any tool that lies conveniently to hand in his attempts to reach this goal. Nevertheless, in doing so he has at last grasped a tool that may work serious damage in Europe. That Italy may have a sinister motive in advocating treaty revision does not appear so real and so near to the people of Germany, Austria, and other countries as does the fact that Italy actually is urging that the treaties be revised, a course which they so greatly desire. May they not turn from their own governments, which have not made much progress in the matter of treaty revision, and toward fascism, which at least holds out a militant promise of action. Adoption of such a course by the people of Central Europe may prove too high a price to pay for this militant, yet unquestionably selfish, promise of assistance. Certainly the latest political developments in the defeated countries should serve to warn France and her fellow-defenders of the status quo against what may come. Perhaps, after serious reconsideration of the problem before them, France especially, but England also, may decide that it would be more to their advantage to have the peace treaties rewritten with their help and guidance than under the dangerous pressure of a fascist Central Europe.

Away with Realism!

THE current production of "Twelfth Night," with Miss Jane Cowl and Leon Quartermaine in the two main roles, sends its audiences away charmed and smiling. Its scenery consists of a huge book, propped against a conventional and unobtrusive drop; as a change of scene requires it, the clown turns the painted leaves to indicate another place. The effect is completely unrealistic, in keeping with the plot and tone of the play, and the resulting delicate fancy is what makes the performance so successful. Many students of Shakespeare, reading "Twelfth Night" through, have found it merely silly. Miss Cowl's production frankly admits its silliness, its untruth, its preposterousness, and turns them to advantage.

This capitulation to unreality, to artificiality, is perhaps the most significant trend in modern literature. The days of novels about drab Brooklyn basements, where dull persons live solemnly through their dull lives, are passing. We have instead in some instances a frank return to romantic fiction, of which Claire Spencer's "Gallows Orchard" is an excellent example, and in others the explorations into those fringes of the rational mind, not quite insanity, not quite disease, which appear too often to need example. We have "Ulysses," which though it purports to be the faithful account of almost every minute of a given twenty-four hours, is actually as far from a realistic portrayal of time and space and human behavior as could be imagined.

It was inevitable that the pendulum should swing back again, although no one expects or can demand that it swing quite the same distance. We can hope never to fall into quite the morass of romantic slush from which, with "truth" clutched firmly in our hands, we emerged thirty years ago. But in the meantime we have sunk fairly far into almost as desperate a slough of "life as it is." Starting triumphantly with a work of art like "Sister Carrie," we have plunged down to tedious scenes about unimportant persons with no claim to our attention. In an effort to be realistic we have lost realism, and we turn again to romance to make the balance.

What it all probably means is that in fiction, in play writing, in poetry, even in architecture, there is no realism, there is only art or the absence of art. We are no more portraying life by scenes of dull and hopeless poverty than by scenes laid in a puppet kingdom where lovely princesses are rescued from boredom by handsome young Americans. Art is not good when it is "like life" but when it is like itself, when it creates, out of nothing, a set of creatures that were never seen on land or sea, but that cunningly wear semblances of human shape, speak as we would like to hear humans speak, act as human beings might act in a better world than this. Albert Einstein, answering the compliments of Shaw at the dinner in London which they both recently attended, put the matter succinctly when he said:

> From your box of tricks you have taken countless puppets which, while resembling men, are not of flesh and bone but consist entirely of spirit, wit, and grace. And yet, in a way even more than ourselves, they resemble men and women and make us forget that they are not the creations of nature but only the creations of Bernard Shaw. . . . What you have done can be done only by the born artist.

Chains Versus Independents
I. The Price War

By EDWARD G. ERNST and EMIL M. HARTL

GENERALLY condemned by word of mouth, the chain stores are supremely honored by patronage. In the face of business depression, fifty of the largest chain retail organizations reported a 4 per cent increase in sales for the first six months of 1930 over the corresponding months of 1929. In theory, however, the average consumer is very much against the "chains." He is afraid of their rapid growth and trend toward monopoly. He believes that the "little fellow" is being mercilessly driven out and that individual initiative is being thwarted. He witnesses the chain-store manager and his helpers working all hours of the night for a small reward. When he walks into a chain store he hopes that he is not seen by any of his friends or any of the local merchants. Yet he does buy in the foreign-owned stores, and the reason he most commonly gives is: "Money is hard to get and I must make it go as far as I possibly can." Behind his action lies the belief that the chain stores sell for much less.

The present is the first of a series of four articles on chain stores, embodying the results of a first-hand survey made by the authors during the past summer. Their study covered the chain-store situation in ten representative towns and cities of the United States, ranging in population from 5,000 to 92,000 people. The communities investigated were Newport, New Hampshire; Bellows Falls, Vermont; Framingham, Massachusetts; Danville, Virginia; Anderson, South Carolina; Tallahassee, Florida; Gulfport, Mississippi; Shreveport, Louisiana; Greencastle, Indiana; and Little Falls, Minnesota. The detailed study covered twenty-four chain grocery stores and twenty-one independent groceries, in addition to forty-one chain stores and nineteen independents in other lines than groceries. The authors also collected much information from manufacturers concerning their relations with chain stores, and studied carefully the existing state of public opinion on the subject. Their second article, The Chains in the Community, will appear in next week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

In all lines but groceries this is commonly accepted as a fact; but in the grocery line it has sometimes been contested. It has been maintained by some that the price advantage of the chain grocery is purely illusory, a mere deception brought about by clever advertising; and Professor Alexander's survey of prices in metropolitan New York even shows a slight price advantage in favor of the independent retailers.

How Cheap Are the Chains?

Our own price comparisons reveal two things clearly: first, in the ten communities that we studied there is a fair saving on most nationally advertised goods bought at chain stores; second, those who are concerned primarily about price, holding quality only secondary, can get "price goods" at the chain stores. We find that these stores *do* undersell their independent competitors, even in the grocery field. A comparison of prices on 124 standard items shows the independents to be 7.3 per cent higher in the ten cities studied. In canned goods more than 400 different brands were recorded, and the chain stores showed an advantage of 11 per cent. This latter average figure, however, includes brands carried by independents only and special chain-store brands, whose quality cannot be compared. On a few articles not much in demand we find the independents often as much as 20 per cent higher than the chains. This excess is doubtless due directly to the fact that a single store cannot afford to buy slow-moving goods in large quantities, as such action would demand an excess of storage and involve the danger of being caught in the event of a sudden price drop. Of the twenty-one independent stores included in the survey ten were organized on a cash basis, but their showing is not greatly better than that of the credit stores, except in Gulfport, Mississippi, where the cash stores are only 2.7 per cent higher than their chain competitors. The cash merchants of Shreveport, Louisiana, on the other hand, are undersold by more than 15 per cent. Taking all the credit stores together, their prices are 9 per cent higher than those of the chain stores of their respective localities, while all the independents together are 7.3 per cent higher than the chains. The price differences between cash and credit independents are surprisingly small.

Five of the independents investigated belong to some kind of buying organization. Much to our surprise there is no noticeable difference in their prices as compared with the strictly independent stores. On some items they are higher and on others they are a few cents lower, but the grand average is practically the same. However, they receive some advantages through their "specials." But as these do not represent their regular prices, all "specials" were left out of the comparisons.

Most chains and more and more independents are making it a practice to advertise at least five specials each week. These are usually attractive bargains and are used as leads or "bait." Any customer wishing to buy nothing but specials might easily make another 10 per cent saving; but no chain store or independent could long exist if such a policy were adopted generally. Most managers are required to sell at least 90 per cent of all goods at regular prices.

Are the Chains Dishonest?

It is not enough to know that the chain stores actually undersell the locally owned stores. The question is: How is it possible for the chains to undersell? Is it true that they

are nothing but a "bunch of daylight robbers" who cheat us on weight in order to give us goods at a reduced price? Criticism of this type is heard mostly in connection with the grocery stores. Both over the radio and in the press much has been said about their unfair methods. Many chain-store managers have been convicted of unfair practices, but as yet no chain organization as such has been legally condemned.

There is a reason why the chains have maintained a clear name: they constantly urge their managers by letter to be perfectly honest. Therefore when anyone is caught in an unlawful act, the manager is held responsible and loses his position. We succeeded last summer in getting a few of the managers to talk, after they were sure their names would not be made known. Several asserted dogmatically that "no man can work for a chain grocery store and be honest."

What is the basis for such an assertion? The explanation of the belief lies in the policy of many grocery chains. Every item is billed to the individual store at selling price only, and no manager knows anything about the cost price. When the superintendent makes his rounds he allows credit for spoilage of fresh fruits and vegetables, but none for shrinkage of staples sold in bulk and measured out by the managers or their help. Each manager receives a certain amount of goods each week. He must sell that amount, and when inventory is taken at the end of five weeks, his cash balance must account for every pound taken in. The absurdity of such a demand can readily be seen by a few illustrations. Butter comes in tubs containing 64 pounds bulk; it is impossible for any man to weigh out more than 62 pounds. A 100-pound sack of sugar when weighed out into small lots loses at least 2 pounds. Beans will shrink an ounce per pound in a week's time; potatoes weighing 120 pounds per sack will not measure out over 118 pounds at the maximum. At the end of five weeks these little losses count up, and the manager is twenty or thirty dollars behind.

There are several ways in which the manager makes up these losses. Perhaps the one most often used is worked against the company itself. When an article is put on special sale for two days, it is often possible for the manager to mark down 5,000 pounds as sold at that price when he actually sold but 4,000, selling the other 1,000 pounds the following day at the regular price. The consumer also is mulcted. First, on items not marked in the open the manager frequently raises the price a cent or two, and no one is the wiser. A second method, almost as popular, is the weighing of thumbs and fingers with, say, a pound of nuts; in this way an ounce or two can easily be gained. There are also managers who are not beyond the manipulation of adding-machine figures. In the final analysis this type of thing accounts for a very small percentage of the chain-store advantages. It would be foolish to assert that all chain stores, even in the grocery line, indulge in such practices. As a matter of fact, there is no occasion for it in other fields, and as soon as the grocery-store managers are allowed a slight percentage for shrinkage, the unfair methods now employed will cease.

Cash Buying and Its Results

The true secret of the chain-store prices lies in a cause much more fundamental. The chain-store movement had its beginning in the change from credit to cash buying. Formerly, retail business was done largely on credit, but its expenses, including uncollectible bills, interest on wholesalers' bills, and other unavoidable credit costs, were high, and prices had to be high too. The cash merchant, avoiding such costs, began to boom. His business increased, and he started a second store, and then a third; finally he spread to his neighboring town, and continued to grow. Now we see him in all lines of merchandise, with hundreds of stores, all under one large organization.

Cash buying on the part of customers was only the beginning. It became the policy of the merchant also and thus another 2 per cent saving was made. In dry goods and other lines the percentage is much larger. But a 2 per cent saving in groceries is not a small sum when one realizes that the capital invested is turned over at least twelve times in a year. A single independent in Shreveport, Louisiana, makes an annual saving of $15,000 in just this way. If every independent grocery store paid its owner simply 2 per cent on the capital invested after all running expenses, including a fair managerial salary for himself, were met, the owner would be happy. The average net profit for chain groceries is about 2½ per cent.

The next great reduction of overhead expense comes with direct buying and buying in large quantities. Why pay the wholesaler 15 per cent to do the same work the retailer can do himself for 5 or 6 per cent? The retailer can get from the manufacturer the same 10 per cent reduction that the jobber receives, and the old-time jobber is being squeezed out. Some wholesalers, moreover, have organized groups of independents who in return for undivided patronage are given reduced rates and lessons in merchandising.

The discounts thus far discussed are free to all merchants, chains or independents, who have the necessary financial strength. The independents have one advantage in being free of the chain organization of presidents, vice-presidents, buyers, and superintendents. This superorganization costs chain groceries from 2½ to 3 per cent and dry-goods chains about 5 per cent. Where lies the advantage of the chains?

The Chains and the Manufacturer

Many manufacturers say that the discounts mentioned above represent the total power of the chain stores except as they are able to use their large buying as a "whip." No manufacturer will depart from his regular way of doing business for a carload order; but when business is on the wane, and he has an opportunity to get an order for 100 carloads, he will make and does make substantial concessions. It is this so-called "whip," used extensively by the chain stores, which is making them a real menace to our economic structure.

The different manufacturers and packers pursue at least seven different policies toward the chains. First, there are those who produce goods of superior quality and thus keep their products out of chain-store competition. This group simply ignores the chains. Closely allied with them are those who refuse to deal with the chains, fearing possible dictation of prices once they have opened an account. Another group of manufacturers sells to the chain organizations exclusively. Often a single organization will contract to take the total output of a factory for a year. This policy has frequently led to disastrous results. The first year a reasonable profit can usually be made, but the next year the chain demands a cut in price. By this time the manufacturer is helpless. His goods have already been taken off the general market, and

unless he accepts the contract from the chain stores his business will be gone. From then on he becomes a chain-store servant. There are a few manufacturers in business who refuse the chains any special concessions whatever. There is a big demand for their product, created through national advertising, and the chains in this case have little choice. They must carry certain popular brands regardless of price.

It is more usual, however, for such companies to reward the "big buyer" by giving him a certain amount of free goods. In order to get around the indictment of selling at varying rates, they charge up this gift to advertising and no one is the wiser. Some manufacturers give what they call "confidential discounts," which are simply secret price reductions to quantity buyers. One of the largest textile factories in the South held to a uniform price for all buyers until last spring. At that time an order of 2,000 cases of sheets went to another factory because this concern refused the demand for another 7½ per cent discount. Soon afterward it made the necessary concessions and more orders came in. Perhaps it is not a mere coincidence that wages at the mill were cut 10 per cent at about the same time. The labor expense in a textile mill is almost as great as the cost of the cotton. It is quite natural, then, that the wage-earner should be second only to the farmer in feeling the reduction of overhead expenses. The farmer takes a cut in prices on his cotton because the chain stores have pinched the manufacturer, and then thanks "the powers that be" for the pair of overalls he bought in a yellow-front store for one dollar.

Even those manufacturers who still control the price of their goods to the consumer are not ignored by the chain-store buyers. One mattress company in New Hampshire accepted large contracts from two chain-store organizations at a much reduced rate. In order that the chain stores might sell for less than the regular retail price set by the manufacturer, the latter put the chain-store label on the article instead of his own trade-mark. This policy is carried on fairly widely in all lines of goods. From 50 to 75 per cent of the sales of some of the most popular grocery chains consists of their own brands. This situation works to the advantage of the chain in two ways: first, it eliminates the expense of national advertising of single articles; and, secondly, it takes the articles out of the price-competition class, as no other chain or independent can use the label. The consumer becomes accustomed, moreover, to the chain-store brand and its reputation is built up rather than that of a brand that can be purchased at any store. The chain organizations have pressed the manufacturers so hard that many of them have given up and simply work for the chain stores.

The story is not yet ended. The chain stores, not satisfied to beat down the profits of the manufacturer, the salaries of the workers, and the incomes of the producers, have in many cases gone to the basis of things by becoming their own manufacturers and packers. One grocery chain now has three immense subsidiary companies engaged in preparing its products. The chain-store Utopia has been all but achieved. When the farmer receives his weekly wage from the New York office the march will have been completed. At last the producer and the consumer have been brought together with but one intervening body. One profit is being realized where three were made before. The question now facing the public is: Who can control the price paid the producer and the amount charged the consumer?

British Labor Falters

By DEVERE ALLEN

WHILE a general election in Great Britain is not expected until late winter or early spring, the possibility of that election hovers over the proceedings of the British Labor Party and protects the present Government from rebel onslaughts. But the party conference, held within recent weeks at Llandudno, North Wales, revealed that throughout the rank and file a deep discontent exists and will not be ignored.

Last year J. H. Thomas was elected by a large vote to his party's national executive. This year Mr. Thomas, regarded benevolently by business interests and embraced almost daily in one Tory paper or another, went down to inglorious defeat. At Llandudno the delegates evinced no discernible enthusiasm over the defensive utterances of Home Secretary Clynes, yet Clynes polled 2,042,000 votes as against 836,000 for Thomas. Thomas drew 2,297,000 votes a year ago at Brighton.

Sir Oswald Mosley roused the weary assemblage to prolonged, tumultuous cheers when he sharply criticized the Cabinet from which he was recently forced to resign, assailing not only the incompetence of Mr. Thomas but the opinions of Mr. Snowden, and with the air of a man who fulfilled in himself his appeal for a policy and a program to deal with unemployment outlined concisely the essentials of the famous "Mosley memorandum." This is the plan over which he split with the Prime Minister. Moreover, Mosley, who failed of election to the national executive last year, was this year elected by a heavy vote. Previously his motion for a bona fide reconsideration of his unemployment memorandum failed of passage by the narrowest margin, the large vote causing obvious chagrin to the representatives of the Government seated on the platform, whose determined urbanity for once was shaken. Only the day before Premier MacDonald had spoken sternly against those within the ranks of leadership "who refused to accept the ordinary decencies of discipline."

In substance the Mosley scheme varies little from the program of the Independent Labor Party: import boards to stabilize food prices through bulk purchases; the prohibition of goods made under unfair working conditions; national projects of house-building and public works; and, emphatically, higher wages to increase the consumption power of the masses. Where the Mosley remedy does vary, however, and varies greatly is in its plea for "insulation" from "the shock of world conditions," and for the viewing of tariffs "without prejudice." Both Mosley and the Independent Labor Party condemn bitterly the Government's policy of arranging loans in unrevealed amounts by the Bank of England for the use

of employers to modernize their plants, without the least guaranty regarding the working conditions under which the new output will be produced. In his tolerance of imperial economics Mosley gives great comfort to the empire-free-trade protectionists. On this point, not only the "diehard free-trade Chancellor," Mr. Snowden, whose views on free trade are far too simplified to suit many of the stalwart free-traders of the younger generation, but the anti-imperialist radicals also are concerned over the growing prestige of Mosley. Already, in quiet street-corner gossip, he is being mentioned as a coming Labor premier.

Mr. Maxton's plea for a direct censure of the Government, though couched in such friendly personal terms as to belie the reputation for acerbity he bears in the United States, was rejected by a vote of 1,803,000 to 334,000. Does this mean that the I. L. P. is losing its grip, that the rank and file are coming to feel, as the organ of the Social Democratic Federation querulously puts it, that the Labor movement no longer needs "a numerically small section claiming the right to criticize, oppose, or obstruct the findings of the party reached through the usual channels of discussion and the democratic vote"? It means nothing of the kind. The Independent Labor Party is still strong and highly regarded among most of the divisional Labor parties, but of course these do not command a tremendous vote, under the party's constitution, in comparison with the huge trade unions. Even among the more conservative element in the Trades Union Congress, many appreciate the I. L. P.'s intellectual leadership. It does mean, clearly, that nothing remotely to be construed by political opponents as a straight-out censure of the Government will be tolerated at the present juncture. Mr. Thomas can safely be made the scapegoat.

Toward its friendly critics the Government takes an incredibly vague and evasive attitude, coupled with a stout assertion of success. Great plans are under way, the details of which cannot yet be revealed. The exception to this rule, at least most conspicuously, is a detailed plan for agriculture which does credit to the Cabinet. Widows' pensions and the Coal Mines Act, both admittedly inadequate but the best that could be won, are offered among the proofs of progress. No one questions them. But no Republican spellbinder in my recollection ever gave so hazy an account of methods to be used in meeting a concrete problem as Mr. MacDonald offered regarding unemployment. Yet he steadfastly declared he "had no apologies to make." Although unemployment has practically doubled since the present Labor Government came into office, it was pointed out by Miss Susan Lawrence and the Premier alike that the kind of unemployment which has been scourging the world for the past twelve months was a new kind of unemployment, not susceptible to the same treatment as the former kind. Plaintively the Cabinet spokesmen reminded the younger element in the party that with the Government as a minority, or for that matter even as a majority, "socialism cannot be achieved in a day."

In general terms, the critics reflect the views one hears everywhere on the street from voters of all parties, namely, a conviction that the Cabinet is without a clear-cut policy, and is in regard to the most vital matter now bedeviling the British people merely drifting. Specifically, Sir Oswald Mosley charges the Government not only with failure to move in the direction of socialism, but with moving in a direction counter to it; he accuses the leaders in forthright language of turning over the reorganization of industry, affecting as it does the lives of countless workers, to the Bank of England. Specifically, also, the I. L. P. contends that the procedure of the Government thus far has been to restore the capitalist system at the points where it has broken down, rather than to go on to replace it, piece by piece, with socialism.

In respect to India and disarmament, Labor Party opinion as a whole seems steadily more conservative. Fenner Brockway, in a powerful speech combining vigor and moderation, saying, as the *Daily Express* ironically put it, "precisely the same things which every Socialist shouted two years ago," moved an I. L. P. resolution calling for the release of political prisoners and the opening of negotiations for dominion status with the Indian Congress representatives now in jail. He asked the Labor Government frankly whether it found comfort in being responsible for the imprisonment of more than twenty-five thousand Indians, less than a thousand of whom had even been charged with any degree of violence. As one after another the Government's defenders rose to reply, they showed to an American ear, with all personal bias eliminated so far as humanly possible, no deviation worth noting from the imperialist arguments of the Tory press. The All-India Conference is still in the offing, and the delegates at Llandudno would not, as they thought, prejudge the Government's position.

Likewise with arms reduction. The resolution of the I. L. P. asking for the initiation of disarmament measures irrespective of other nations' slowness drew from Arthur Henderson a counter-query: Would the Labor Party refuse credits for military supplies? Could anything be reasonably done to curtail armaments except along with the rest of the world? Could the country be left without means of defense under present conditions? The Government view prevailed.

There is something sad about the division that plainly exists between youth and age within the British Labor Party. Rarely were the critics of the Government at this conference over middle age; rarely were its defenders under sixty. The Elder Statesmen are justly beloved of all, even their Labor opponents, because of the sacrificial years they have given to the movement. The party is perturbed and uneasy about them, but it is not yet sure that a more consistent Socialist policy might not mean failure at a forthcoming election, to be followed, it may be, by long years of reconstruction. Sir Oswald Mosley cries that the party "should not die like an old woman in bed, but like a young man in the field." This appeals naturally far more to Mosley than to the Cabinet, for many of the latter would prefer to accomplish a little in the tangible present rather than risk the complexities of the uncharted future.

The party is torn by doubt, but for some time yet the benefit of the doubt will be given to the present leaders. The policy of caution and compromise, as the Elder Statesmen believe, may open up the doors to a speedier advance toward Socialist order. If it fails to do so, as the younger spirits think it will, then more than one long-famous Solon will follow Mr. J. H. Thomas out of party esteem, and Labor, with more abundant experience than it now has to guide it, will intrust its destinies to younger minds. One way or the other, out of the present faltering, a policy will soon emerge. For the time being, if policy there be, that policy is chiefly trial and error where it is not downright drift.

On the College Frontier

VII. Civilizing Teacher Training*

By T. L. SCHOLTZ

IF the ordinary citizen confronted with a million-dollar school building staffed with several thousand dollars' worth of teachers ever wonders vaguely what it is all for, he doubtless consoles himself with the reflection that within these chastely severe examples of factory architecture there goes on a process which is reputed to prepare children for the adult world in which they must presently take their places. If he does not know exactly what this adult world is like (having experienced it at haphazard and in fragments himself) and if he is even less certain by what legerdemain children are prepared for it, he may fall back on the comforting notion that someone among the thousand dollars' worth of staff in the million-dollar building is fitted to answer both these questions and to practice on children accordingly. Assurance on this latter point is likely to be made doubly sure by the discovery that the practice was some years since raised to the status of a science with all the special privileges regularly accorded in such promotions.

With this assurance the average citizen and the average educator are likely to be content, and when, here and there, an educator is discovered to be publicly doubting the oracle, the effect is mildly shocking. Shocks of such a sort have not been wholly unknown of late, but there is about the state of affairs just described a delicate irony springing from the fact that the man generally recognized as America's foremost philosopher and critic of educational theory is at least half on the side of the unbelievers. There is hardly a present-day commentator on education who has not acknowledged a debt to John Dewey, but only a number between a few and a very few of them exhibit any adequate recognition of the implications of Dewey's linking of education with a philosophy and a social program. It is the position of Professor B. H. Bode and his associates among these few that gives to the College of Education at Ohio State University a claim to comment here.

It is not difficult to gain the admission that education is related to a social program, but as Professor Bode has elsewhere observed, it is next to impossible to make the admission mean anything. Obviously, an educational theory of any genuine value must take shape in a certain type of school organization and procedure, and if this proves to be at odds with currently esteemed practices, the conflict is not to be regarded as simply a difference of opinion or as an example of the inevitable gap between theory and practice. Either the social program and the educational procedure must be logically consistent, or one or both must be revised. Such a program, it need hardly be said, is not a matter of the whim of the individual philosopher either. Whether it is closely related to the findings of modern biology and psychology, as Dewey insists, or is the product of some other sort of revelation, as the new humanists would have it, it is equally rooted in a fundamental concept of the nature of the world and of man and of the relation of each to the other. It is a commonplace that the clear and self-conscious possession of a fundamental Weltanschauung is distressingly infrequent these days. Conceivably it has never been common in any age, although moderns tend to think that at least the Greeks and the medieval Christians had one (not, of course, the same one), and the work of such present-day critics as Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Krutch suggests the possibility that a modern integration may be in process. However this may be, the starting-point of an educational system is clearly to be found in the attempt to develop such a view in those who purpose to administer or teach in schools, and such an attempt is characteristic of the professional training in education offered at Ohio State.

To this end the student (who is admitted to the regular courses of the College of Education not earlier than his third year) is brought first into contact with the problem of the purposes of education in general and of education in a democracy in particular. That it should be possible to regard such an introduction as in any sense unique or noteworthy is in itself a fearful commentary on the state of teacher training in the United States. Yet such has been our concern with technical procedures and devices that a proposal to insist on the student's gaining some notion of where he is going as a means of understanding and evaluating the steps taken for getting there required for several years the most unremitting vigilance in its defense.

It cannot be said, of course, that any such Pandora's box as is presented by the topic of education in a democracy gets adequately dealt with in a single course, or in the several supplementary ones which are also required. Teacher training suffers here from the same defect which marks the preparation of lawyers, doctors, journalists, engineers, and certified public accountants in our universities, the defect, namely, of a specialization which is not only early and complete, which would be a minor matter, but which is narrowly limited and technical, a very serious matter. The responsibility for the "liberal" aspects of the student's training is customarily put on the arts colleges, thereby giving the professional schools what is known in the vernacular as an "out." In the case of teacher-training institutions particularly, the student is required almost everywhere to complete a major and a minor in the subjects he (more usually she) proposes to teach, and this is held to exercise a sufficiently liberalizing influence for all ordinary purposes.

Against this unduly easy solution the faculties of arts and sciences everywhere have steadily protested, saying that they have trouble enough producing any discernible educative effect on their regular four-year students without being called upon to do it in less time on professional students; and the honest educator, caught in a modest moment, will generally admit at least the partial justice of the complaint.

* The seventh of a series of articles on educational experiments. The eighth, the Sarah Lawrence Plan, by Constance Warren, will appear in the issue of November 19.—Editor The Nation.

But the problem manifestly goes deeper. At bottom it is nothing less than the task of making civilized persons out of our teachers, and this task the arts colleges as a whole (Ohio State cannot be said to suffer by comparison with most others) show no signs of being able to accomplish, even if they had twice the present amount of the student's time at their disposal. The fact is that the assumed distinction between knowing a subject and knowing how to teach it is the fundamental fallacy under most teacher training.

The "subjects" which go to make up modern schooling have established about as thoroughly as can be their claims to usefulness and reliability, but in the process their application, their function as the instruments of modern civilized living, has been sharply subordinated to their internal organization. That this was inescapable if we were to have science at all may be admitted, but the effect has been to make of the curriculum a more or less orderly heap of separate items of information—facts, as they are commonly called. These are more or less visibly consistent within particular fields, but rarely reveal to the ordinary learner any relations between fields or any connections outside the school.

The effect of this state of affairs on teacher training should be obvious. The candidate for a teaching position is supplied, by means of courses in the subject matter, with a suitable store of information. He is then turned over to the college of education to be instructed in the psychological theory appropriate to such subject matter, a theory, that is, which assumes that learning consists essentially of practice or drill. He is further supplied with classroom procedures and devices designed to bring this practice to its highest efficiency. Additional information concerning the general history of school systems, their financing and administration, and similar matters bearing on the duties of teachers in them round out the candidate's professional training. All this, it must be plain, is not so much untrue as irrelevant, and the first step in a return to relevancy would seem to be an insistence on the functional or instrumental character of knowledge. Facts are valuable as they provide understanding and thereby, in the long run, control of one's world. Unfortunately, the current version of understanding and control is that they are synonymous with industrial efficiency. The perniciousness of such an error it is hardly possible to exaggerate.

Hence the necessity for an introduction to the purposes of education—in order that the prospective teacher may realize that to know anything is to have an appropriate expectation of its employment and results and such an organization of habits in connection with it that the otherwise blind and disparate routines of existence take on relationship and meaning, become events, not isolated phenomena meaningless beyond their immediate temporal and spatial boundaries. A subject known in this way is ready for teaching, and opportunity for experience with guidance is almost all that is necessary to build a schoolroom procedure out of it. If it is not so known (and of course it seldom is), hardly any amount of professional training in methods and psychology will assist matters very much. Now, such knowledge is characteristic of civilized people in any relationship, and if teachers can gain it, under whatever auspices, one fundamental part of our educational task is done.

Naturally, they do not gain it completely from such contact with educational philosophy as they make at Ohio State, but the foundations of civilized training are there. The required practice teaching which can make this educational principle concrete is under the supervision of men who have been selected primarily for their knowledge of the subjects they supervise, a knowledge, it need hardly be added, of the sort just indicated. Every contact with the field of educational theory is designed to bring the student back to this fundamental point of view. For advanced students a somewhat more complete development of the principle is of course possible, but the essential educational program is the same. At the risk of trespassing on the student's patience by reiteration, he is made to see that no amount of technical knowledge can take the place of a realizing sense of what it means to be an educated person. Manifestly, measurement of the results of such a program is difficult. In the last analysis, only the thinking and behavior at maturity of children taught by teachers thus trained could give complete proof. Lacking this, as for obvious reasons we must, we can only call upon the experience of teachers who have tried to carry out the principle and of supervisors who have watched and assisted in it. This experience, for what it is worth, supports the program.

To assume that we have in this a complete solution of all educational problems would be ridiculous. The plan, even under favorable circumstances, is not perfect. The emphasis on democracy may be questioned in all sincerity by many who feel that the ultimately satisfactory type of social organization will not be democratic as that word is currently understood. The emphasis on the instrumental value of knowledge is easily susceptible of an interpretation which leaves little place for the aesthetic and emotional aspects of living. These two criticisms are not unconnected, for while it is rapidly becoming apparent that the implications of the instrumentalist philosophy are all in the direction of an increasingly corporate or collectivist society, it is not at all clear that the values popularly ascribed to more individualistic social orders can be saved, and there is at least ground for controversy on the question whether this disappearance of individualism will not also involve the disappearance of much in the way of aesthetic creation and appreciation. Into this controversy it is impossible to enter here. It can only be said that in the program here so sketchily presented this remains one of the less clearly conceived features.

It is hardly possible or appropriate under the circumstances to identify individually the members of the staff in whose hands the realization of this program at Ohio State rests, but no discussion would be complete without reference to Dr. George F. Arps, dean of the College of Education, whose social and philosophic interests, backed by European university training, have given as nearly as possible ideal administrative conditions for the development of Professor Bode's program. It cannot be said, of course, that the graduates of that program are thereby made perfect teachers forever after. Of those who remain teachers many, doubtless, revert presently to more formal and conventional ways of carrying on the business; educational reformers have to be a hopeful lot. "The ultimate question," Mr. Walter Lippmann has written, "is not how the populace is to be ruled, but what the teachers are to think. That is the question that has to be settled first: it is the preface to everything else." This, it might be fair to say, is the ground of the reformers' hopes.

Backwoods Behavior

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

THE morality of the American backwoods is an old one, a system of ethical reckoning which has survived with scant change through at least a dozen decades. Highways and tourist posts and rustic resorts come and go and come again, bringing with them the aromas and grosser mechanics of dollar-stacking modernity. But their area of penetration is clearly limited, for, physically speaking, the major portion of backwoods America is poor in cashable resources and relatively remote from active markets. Many of the roads are poor, the soil is not particularly fertile, timber resources are quickly exhausted, with the result that there is little basis for long-sustained exploitation.

Want of ready communication and lack of conventional prosperity cut off many outside moral urges. If the upbrush commoner knows nothing about the need of relief for the missionary-stricken Chinese, the bad crops in Czecho-Slovakia, or the encroachment of English Shell, such phenomena can play no part in shaping his behavior or propelling his views. Moreover, statute law rarely suffers systematic enforcement in the back country, for the American backwoodsman is inherently an individualist to whom law is an institution far away and irrelevant. Law as a means of protection plays little part in the reckoning of an upbrush commoner accustomed to the rigors of self-protection and self-support. Both because of environment and of heredity he is prone to be dubious and wary of imported dictates, just as he is slow to nibble at and slower to swallow the gaudy bait of back-slapping brotherhoods, plank-banging piety, and business stratagem.

Backwoods morality places a relatively low value upon human life. Perhaps this is the result of prolonged association with the expedient practices of Dame Nature. At any rate, homicides continue to be common in most portions of our sequestered hinterlands. The homicide rate for the United States is about one to 16,000 of population; of Great Britain one to 110,000; of Germany one to 200,000. But five hill counties in North Carolina and five in Arkansas record annually one homicide to every 1,200 residents. These ten counties are fairly representative of backwoods America. Their population is long-settled Anglo-Saxon American. They have no standing blood feuds, no blackmailing, no paid gunmen or racketeers.

For the most part these back-country killings are good wholesome murders committed by and upon good wholesome people. Land and crop divisions, tenantry, square dances, horseshoe games, rivalry in love, horse trades, unfortunate references to parenthood, and corn liquor serve most frequently as motivation. Backwoods violence is essentially one of primitive fury, a violence of hot words. But the fact that a majority of backwoods murders are picturesquely spontaneous does not necessarily indicate that they are wanting in effective motivation. Many an upbrush killing is but a quick flame sprung up from among the embers of old hates.

A handy illustration is to be found in an event which took place recently at Kingston, a hamlet in the hills of Madison County, Arkansas. More than thirty years ago two rural swains had the misfortune to set their hearts on the same damsel. There was a fight, in the course of which one of the rivals received injuries which left him a lifelong paralytic. Neither suitor married the female under contention and both lived on in the countryside as tolerable neighbors. Then one day the crippled man, who had endured his infirmities in silence for more than thirty years, suddenly decided that the hour was come for a straightening. He loaded his shotgun and floundered up to his regular loafing place, the village store. When his rival of the late nineties came by he emptied both barrels into his victim. The belated aggressor was never convicted.

But it is ironically true that the most violent of primitive furies, when apprehended before they have progressed to the murder stage, may often be appeased with the most trivial of pacifiers. The two Mullins boys, who ran a drug-store at Fly Gap, acquired the services of a hill girl as housekeeper. Before the first year was finished, the housekeeping maiden returned to her home pregnant and unwed. The wronged father loaded the family firearm and set forth for revenge. But word of his coming preceded him to Fly Gap. A countryside loafer happened to espy the killer-to-be and warned the Mullins boys, who struck out for shelter.

The wronged father charged into the drug-store and called for the proprietors to come forth and take their medicine. Nobody came forth. The old gentleman tested the trigger action of his blunderbuss and was about to continue his search when the foreteller of disaster sought to mediate.

"Listen, Mart, them boys didn't reely mean no harm and it might be they could fix up a settlement."

"You mean to say maybe they'd pay somethin'?"

"Yes, I expect so. . . . Course I don't jest know how much."

"If they don't pay me twenty-five dollars I'll shoot hell out'n the two of 'em."

"Well, you jest wait here whilst I chase over and find out."

The mediator located the Mullins boys behind a high protecting wall of baled hay and put the proposition before them. Lige accepted the proposition readily, but Sody thumbed his vest and tarried.

"Twenty-five dollars is a mighty lot of money." Then he looked away toward a far green pasture where grazed an ancient and decrepit skewbald pony.

"Tell you what we'll do—we'll give him that pony in place of the twenty-five dollars."

The pacificatory messenger returned and put the bargain. The injured father accepted, and shouldering his blunderbuss led the pony home. Within a week he sold the animal back to the Mullins boys for fifteen dollars.

In matters of property the backwoods American is usually meticulously honest. He places the right of property higher than that of life. It is entirely probable that an upbrush commoner who would disdain to take a pin from your dresser or a hickory nut from your wood-lot, even though you were a Republican and a total abstainer, would not hesi-

tate to avenge by violent means any reflection upon the sufficiency of his vitals or any intimation of canine ancestry. In the sequestered Ozarks of Missouri is a countryside far famed for its multitudinous murders and stabbings. The locality has not known peaceful festivity of any description within the recollection of the oldest settlers. Yet the community has not produced a larceny trial for more than twenty years. Sneak thieves are rare and burglaries virtually unknown in the average backwoods community. Houses stand open the year round. A locksmith would starve in a backwoods community.

This high respect for property coupled with low regard for human life has had various explanations. It may be a direct hangover from the frontier period, when life was easily begot and handily replenished, while personal property was extremely scarce and therefore doubly precious. But in any event backwoods honesty is not superimposed by the ulterior mandates of efficient commerce or by the parleys and philanderings of courts and lawmakers. Considered ethically, the backwoods courts are interesting primarily because of their propensity for sidestepping legislative abortions and interpreting facts and statutes according to the primitive and indigenous ethical standards of those concerned. Domestic legalities draw no great amount of notice in the back country. Not infrequently the staunchest of upbrush couples live together for a lifetime without investing in a marriage license or submitting to the formality of a recorded wedding. When there is a wedding, it may be the occasion for a community feast and merrymaking, or it may consist of brief interludes of stammering within the cluttered office of a county official.

I recall one wedding in particular which transpired within the cavernous hallway of a county courthouse. A rural couple approached the janitor, who was incidentally justice of the peace, and asked to be married. The janitor-justice complied and pocketed the fee. On the way out the three of them stopped beside a baby buggy. The justice, knowing the rules of rural politics, pulled back the pink blanket and patted the infant's head.

"Purty baby—whose is hit?"

The rural swain answered with casual complacency. "Oh, it's ourn. You see, the roads was so blamed bad last winter that we couldn't very well get down to town."

In the Driftway

THE skyscraper mania increases. But the report that nine new buildings now projected in the Wall Street district will add 300 floors and 2,600,000 square feet of rentable space to the already overburdened tip of Manhattan Island fills the Drifter only with dismay. It is time that someone, if only a humble Drifter, called out against this mounting foolishness. The folly of a garden on arches is no greater than the folly of a city on stilts. And the Drifter here registers a protest which he confidently expects to grow into a life-sized revolt, to go down in history as the Skyscraper Rebellion.

* * * * *

NOW, the Drifter has been patient with skyscrapers. He has marveled at their height in the approved American schoolboy fashion and he has praised, when he could, their varying and often beautiful final flings into the clouds. He has glowed with pride each time a foreigner has exclaimed over that skyline whose like the world has never seen before. He has even accepted, with grace born probably of a Drifter's lack of experience, the smothering subway crowds and the packed streets that lie at every skyscraper's feet. But the Drifter has long since decided that aside from the prestige accruing to the man or men possessed of the necessary millions to build a skyscraper there is only one really important result to be obtained from building a structure seventy stories high that would not be achieved in a building twenty-five stories high—he realizes that twenty-five stories would be a skyscraper to most of the world's benighted folk. It is possible, by building seventy stories, to pile a few thousand more units of humanity into one heap on a given piece of unoffending land. Reduce by two-thirds the number of stories in every high building in New York City. Surely the beauty of the famous skyline would be very little impaired. Height, as such, has little to do with that beauty. The skyline could still be mysteriously veiled in inimitable New York smoke, to the delight of visitors, for though the buildings would be farther from the clouds, so would the smokestacks. What is more, if we continue to build nothing but skyscrapers we shall lose that very contrast in heights which makes our skyline what it is.

* * * * *

THE desire for height, like the desire for size and newness, is quite natural, though adolescent, and the Drifter realizes it. But he thinks that Paris, for instance, has handled the problem more intelligently. Paris has made the necessary concession. It has granted one burst of height—and, surely, the Eiffel tower is high enough to suit anyone. When a Parisian feels the urge for height and the sense of power it gives him, he ascends the tower, has a satisfying look over his beloved city, and returns to live and work in buildings of reasonable size which are capable of housing a reasonable number of people without cluttering the streets at closing time.

* * * * *

CERTAIN apologists have tried to tell the Drifter that the top halves of skyscrapers are necessary for the housing of modern American industry. He doubts even the face value of that argument, for he has heard too much about the fantastic schemes employed by renting agents to coax the tenants out of older buildings in order to fill all the floors of new piles of offices. And furthermore, there is nothing sacred about modern industry. Only a spineless race with brains of straw will let itself be forever crammed into subways, jammed into elevators, and shot into space in order that "modern industry" may be enabled to sell more separate brands of what might as well be the same toothpaste. To another, milder, protest, that the average height of New York buildings is only five stories, the Drifter replies that the statement merely confirms an old suspicion of his that those sacred averages so breathlessly arrived at by "scientific" minds are quite meaningless.

* * * * *

SURELY in America we have demonstrated beyond question of any presumptuous foreigner that we can pile up blocks of steel and bricks and stone to incredible heights—and at stupendous cost—without having them fall down.

There is no doubt, in other words, that we are bright children with money to burn or throw into the air. Now we can well afford to consider from an adult point of view the amenities of life on this planet. Man may not be the center of the universe but there is no reason why he should yield as well the center of that limited world of brick and stone he more or less controls. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Taking Issue with Mr. Stolberg

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Benjamin Stolberg's article, The Degradation of American Psychology, in your issue of October 15 is so misleading that an answer seems to be warranted in spite of the article's gross factual errors, which are obvious to anyone who has more than a superficial knowledge of the subject.

Apparently, his main thesis is that "the mental test and the other half-wit metric movements in American psychology are really part and parcel of the natural drift of pragmatism into behaviorism . . ." and that "like all cultures, our institutionalized plutocracy has created its own philosophy, its own 'scientific' method, and its own psychological apologetics. And in being an essentially vulgar and dull culture it created them in its own image." The names usually given by historians of psychology as the creators of the mental test are Galton, Kraeplin, Ebbinghaus, Cattell, and Binet. Of these five, only the fourth, Cattell, although the first assistant in the first psychological laboratory in Leipzig, is by birth and citizenship entitled to be classed among "our institutionalized plutocracy." The first was a well-known English gentleman; the second and third good Germans, while the fifth, to whom most credit is due, was a Frenchman, a vitalist, and a dualist. The first champion of the Binet tests was the Belgian Decroly, in 1906. The first extensive application of these tests outside of France was made by Trever and Saffiotti in Italy in 1909, followed by the work of Schubert in Russia in 1910. Terman did not begin his "psychological senselessness" until 1912, when he borrowed the "I. Q. monkeyshines" from the German Stern.

In 1930 we still find the chief theoretician of mental measurements to be the London mathematician and professor of philosophy, Spearman, while "socialistic" Germany is beating the "capitalistic" United States in the use of mental tests in personnel administration, "whose 'psychology' is really a variety of sublimated strike-breaking," and in Soviet Russia the five-year plan for I.Q.'s, E.Q.'s, and A.Q.'s seems to be carried out with no less bolshevist zeal than that for tractors.

Mr. Stolberg states that Pavlov received the Nobel prize in 1904 for his work on conditioning, while, as any undergraduate could testify, experimentation in artificial conditioning did not begin before 1905, the prize having been awarded to Pavlov for his purely physiological studies of digestion.

In closing may I quote what Pavlov says about Thorndike? Writing about his studies in conditioning, Pavlov states:

> Thereupon I studied in more detail the American publications, and I must acknowledge that the honor of having made the first steps along this path belongs to E. L. Thorndike. By two or three years his experiments preceded ours, and his book must be considered as a classic, both for its bold outlook on an immense task and for accuracy of its results. [Pavlov, "Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes," 1928, p. 401.]

New York, October 21 H. S. RAZRAN

They Are Not Psychologists

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with keen interest Benjamin Stolberg's article in *The Nation* for October 15. I note that he includes in his list of psychologists individuals who cannot rightly be called psychologists any more than anyone who thinks or writes can be described as a psychologist. Professor Pitkin, for instance, is a teacher in the School of Journalism who has kept records on certain people and calls it case work. Dr. George Dorsey is a biologist.

At the same time, Mr. Stolberg makes no mention of really representative American psychologists. Dr. Paul Radosavljevich at New York University, Professor Woodworth at Columbia, in fact, fine psychologists in American universities from Maine to Florida are doing able clinical and laboratory work.

It was men like G. Stanley Hall, a genetic psychologist, student of Wundt and founder of the first psychological laboratory at Johns Hopkins, and Mr. McKeen Cattell who really laid the foundations of our American psychology.

It is worth while to draw attention to those who, as Mr. Stolberg states, are degrading the science, but let us be just in including only psychologists.

New York, October 20 ELEANOR KEMP

Of Some Use

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Benjamin Stolberg in his article The Degradation of American Psychology selects a small number of persons, all of whom he dubs psychologists—James, Dewey, Thorndike, Terman, Watson, Dorsey, Pitkin—and parades them in order to a piping of ridicule. This selection of names is rather arresting, and one wonders what factor governed the choosing. One is certain, at least, that it was not a determination to make a careful, thoroughgoing survey.

Mr. Stolberg describes a series of articles attacking mental tests which were written by Walter Lippmann nearly ten years ago. Having read the articles, I believe some of their contentions are true. But one might suggest that while Mr. Lippmann is a brilliant journalist, editor, and writer on politics, sociology, and ethics, he is somewhat more competent to speak on these subjects than on psychology.

It is of course open to anyone to say about any research, "I don't believe it!" or "If true, what of it?" and both are asserted about almost *any* research in almost *any* field, particularly psychology, which as an *experimental* science (or discipline, as you will) is only about fifty or sixty years old—very youthful as compared with the exact sciences and their two or three hundred years of experiment. Much of the criticism of psychology is richly deserved. The main trouble springs from the youth of the subject, the too great enthusiasm of its devotees, and possibly, also, from the intrinsic nature of the subject matter.

But, for instance, some of us have found certain mental tests to be useful for certain purposes—in selecting those mentally deficient persons who need institutional care, in classifying students for types of training, or in selecting employees. In our work we naturally use the best instruments, such as they are, which come to our hands. That they are no better is deplorable, but no one's fault. It cannot be denied that they are of some use in our present culture.

Harrisburg, Pa., October 22 DOROTHY DURLING



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Straight to the Point

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your leading editorial, Mr. Hoover in the Campaign, in the issue of October 15 goes straight to the point. It seems probable now that there will be quite an influx of new faces in both branches of Congress after the coming election, and they will not all be Republicans. If the United States government were not still geared to the ox cart and stage coach, there is every indication that Mr. Hoover would also be thrown into the discard, where he properly belongs.

Michoacán, Mexico, October 21 Royal P. Jarvis

The Problem of Crime

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Crime is a great burden upon society, and even the so-called criminals do not benefit greatly by it, if at all. Unemployment, bad housing conditions, lack of proper education have a tendency to accelerate crime, but even when these difficulties are ameliorated or entirely removed, we cannot expect ideal conditions. Harsh conditions, bad treatment of prisoners, capital punishment, long terms of imprisonment will not decrease crime. Neither does the whipping of prisoners, nor the administering of the third degree.

The only thing that really helps in the prevention of crime is to have sure and quick justice. High-grade authorities who could be depended upon to detect and prevent crime without much delay would be of great benefit. More attention should be paid to prevention of crime than to harsh punishment. Under the present system the authorities are not given much credit when they learn of a crime that is likely to occur and then prevent its occurrence. It is rather the other way. Only when the crime has been actually committed and found out are the police or detectives rewarded or given credit. The highest class of detectives, police, district attorneys or other legal prosecutors, wardens, and keepers should be employed, persons who have the confidence of the public; and the ability and reputation of these officials should be so well known and of such a character that even the criminals themselves would feel that they were beyond question. Officials should be of the highest type and should be well paid for their services.

The main purpose of everyone interested should be the reduction of the number of criminals or of those who are likely to become criminals. A high-grade parole and probation system with the highest type of probation officers should be introduced. This we are commencing to have now in the State of New York. Even the prisoners should be made to feel that they are getting justice and a square deal, that any promises made will be carried out, and that there is a chance of a future for them if they go straight. In addition to parole, I should like to have consideration given to the question of housing those prisoners who have never committed an act of violence and are not likely to do so, in simple farm buildings of the dormitory or single-room type in a country place, where they could come in contact with nature and where they could do work on the land, including farming. There should also be some industrial employment which would keep them all occupied, and their work and training should be of such a nature that it would be of use to them after their discharge. Some remuneration should be paid the prisoners for their work, and they should be made to understand that if they attempted to escape or did not do what was right they would be transferred to the regular prisons.

New York, October 22 Adolph Lewisohn

Books, Drama, Films

Memoir

By IRWIN EDMAN

It is too late now to recover
The never having been a lover;
No art nor scruple can efface
The past corroded on this place;
A reminiscent aching light
Identifies this dusk tonight,
And every syllable that's said
Echoes dead sounds that are not dead.

If one could only look with fresh
Eyes, and touch with candid flesh!
Oh! stained with action still to be
Immaculate with infancy,
And let the heart speak out the sure
And novel language of the pure.

But since time haunts and memory lives,
And fact endures (though God forgives)
Through ashes of regret and blame
Let the dull coals be stirred to flame,
And trust to tokens, cheap and old,
To shine like true, remembered gold.

Charles Horton Cooley

Sociological Theory and Social Research. Selected Papers of Charles Horton Cooley. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

WHEN Charles Horton Cooley died in May of last year his passing attracted no general notice. There was no recognition—if we except some of his colleagues in sociology—that America had lost one of its most important contemporary thinkers. Yet Cooley seems to me as important and original a sociologist as either William Graham Sumner or Lester Ward. More than either of them he saw society as an organic psychical unit; he did more, I think, than any other single thinker to vivify and extend this conception, and to see some of its innumerable implications. What he saw, in short, was that the individual human mind is at bottom a social product. He saw that the old antithesis between "individual" and "social" was false; that personality is an essentially social thing; that even the "I" feeling can only be developed by social influences; that the thought process within the "individual mind" is a social process—we think in words, and, indeed, in conversations. He saw, in other words, that the individual monad is a myth, that the individual's machinery of thought, his language and logic, his ideals and interests are socially given, that apart from social intercourse his mental life would be a mere potentiality. In his "Social Organization," which appeared in 1909, he wrote:

> Mind is an organic whole, made up of cooperating individualities, in somewhat the same way that the music of an orchestra is made up of divergent but related sounds. No one would think it necessary or reasonable to divide the music into two kinds, that made by the whole, and that of the particular instruments, and no more are there two kinds of mind, the social mind and the individual mind. The view that all mind acts together in a vital whole, from which that of the individual is never really separate, flows naturally from our growing knowledge of heredity and suggestion, which makes it increasingly clear that every thought we have is linked with the thought of our ancestors and associates, and through them with that of society at large. It is also the only view consistent with the general standpoint of modern science, which admits nothing isolate in nature.
>
> The unity of the social mind consists not in agreement but in organization, in the fact of reciprocal influence or causation among its parts, by virtue of which everything that takes place in it is connected with everything else, and so is an outcome of the whole. Whether, like the orchestra, it gives forth harmony may be a matter of dispute, but that its sound, pleasing or otherwise, is the expression of a vital cooperation cannot well be denied.

Cooley's contribution to sociology consisted partly in the formulation and partly in the fruitful extension of this concept. The present posthumous volume is a collection of papers written over a long period, discussing, always with sense and sometimes with profundity, a variety of social problems. The monograph on "Genius, Fame and the Comparison of Races" is typical. Written in 1897, it was the first and is still in some ways the most thorough general answer to those portions of Galton's "Hereditary Genius" which belittled the influence of social factors in the rise of a man of genius to fame. The view that genius always conquers every obstacle and discouragement is still the popular one; even Mr. Mencken has derided the possibility of "mute, inglorious Miltons." But the latest verdict of biology, as reflected, for example, in H. S. Jennings's recent "Biological Basis of Human Nature," is that environment is fully as important a factor in the development of the individual as heredity—if, indeed, either factor can be considered in isolation from the other. And this is the conclusion which Cooley anticipated more than a generation ago. He made the reasonable assumption that the production of geniuses from one generation to another is comparatively uniform, and that environmental forces determine which geniuses shall achieve greatness or fame. He could not dismiss as a mere coincidence the fact that geniuses always seem to emerge in widely separated clusters—in the Athens of Pericles, the London of Elizabeth, the Florence of the Medicis—and that when they do appear their genius runs so frequently in the same channels—great painters in fifteenth-century Italy, great dramatists in Elizabethan England, and so on. He was obliged to conclude that every able race probably turns out a number of greatly endowed men many times larger than the number that attains to fame; that great careers depend not only upon natural ability, but upon a social and historical environment, atmosphere, or situation to make this ability effective—in brief, that no career can be independent of circumstances or the spirit of the age. Cooley wasted little time, therefore, in wondering why great literary and artistic geniuses were not "born" in America; the problem, he saw, was to analyze the cultural conditions which prevented such geniuses from attaining more than a relatively stunted growth. Much of the high value of the recent criticism of such writers as Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, and Matthew Josephson must be set down to the fact that they see the problem essentially as Cooley saw it.

Because Cooley was a great sociologist, he was much more than a sociologist. He must have smiled often at the pretentious jargon and essential hollowness of so many of his colleagues; he saw clearly that most of what still passes for sociology is merely a parade of precise method with deplorably lax assumptions underneath. What the sociologist needed more than any other scientist, he felt, was breadth of humane culture, a deep knowledge of the historic, literary, and artistic traditions. This broad humane culture Cooley himself

possessed in high degree. In an autobiographical note included in the present volume, he tells us that the three minds from which his own received its main impulses were those of Emerson, Goethe, and Darwin. That he read them to good purpose is apparent in a volume of random notes, aphorisms, and *pensées* that he published in 1927 under the title "Life and the Student."* The book attracted relatively little attention at the time of its appearance, but it seems to me one of the important American books of the last decade, the mature fruit of a rich, wise, and serene mind. In temper and quality it resembles strikingly the journals of Emerson and Thoreau; it contains aphorisms that either of those writers would have been proud to coin. But Cooley's greatest contribution lay in the width and depth of his recognition that there is no highly developed man without highly developed groups, that our individual lives cannot, generally, be works of art unless the social order is also. "If language," he asked, "is subject matter for art, and manners, why not the social order itself, of which these are aspects? Is not the creation of a fair society the supreme and inclusive art?"

HENRY HAZLITT

Unrealized Realism

Vagabonds. By Knut Hamsun. Coward-McCann. $3.

KNUT HAMSUN is commonly regarded as one of the great European writers of our day, and yet I doubt whether a worse novel than this has ever been written by any American novelist of distinction. American writers, at least those of today, are too shrewd, on the whole, to let their work become so dull. Lacking Hamsun's knowledge of life in its vast variety of detail and stark brutality of substance, our writers, nevertheless—a Dreiser, an Anderson, or a Cather—would carve out a portion of life that would reveal more in its narrow way than this novel does in its wide and expansive one. Hamsun takes all of life for his province—and yet reveals less of it than many other authors who focus their vision upon a small but important part of it. Hamsun's work, therefore, lacks in intensity what it possesses in extensity. In "Growth of the Soil" this extensity achieved a kind of earthy, primeval magnificence. In "Vagabonds" it has simply spread itself out over vast masses of materials, in desert-like formation, with indentations but without oases.

In "The New Grub Street" George Gissing describes a character, an intellectual grocer if I recall, who set out to write the only realistic novel that had ever been conceived. When it was done it was so realistic that it was unreadable. Life was there, it was true, life in all its petty, intimate details, expressing itself with exasperating fidelity to fact in people, happenings, things—but nothing else. Realism was there, then, but not realization—and it is realization of meanings and significances that is necessary to convert reality into art. "Vagabonds" reminds me of that novel. It is realistic, too realistic if you will, but without realization. The characters in the book are real; the things they do are natural enough, considering the circumstances of their existence; everything is lifelike, but so lifelike, so ordinary, so uninspired that one does not care whether the people are real or not or become interested in what they do. Realism here, in other words, as elsewhere, means nothing, contributes nothing, unless it gets beneath the skin of reality into that which palpitates within. "Vagabonds" never does that. It is skin-deep realism of the most uninteresting sort.

The title of the novel at least is well chosen. The characters are all of that restless, chaotic, vagabondish type that very often provides material for really stirring and intense fiction. The story itself, abstracted from all the minutiae of surrounding details and the hopeless jumble of interpolated episodes, is interesting enough on the surface. It is these details and interpolations, however, that retard its advance. The only integrating element in the novel is its Wanderlust motif, which, like an unresting cosmic urge, dominates character and situation. Edevart, the protagonist, is an embodiment of that urge in its most futile form. Inspired by his friend August, who had spent his entire life in wandering up and down the world, Edevart adopts the migratory habit which clings to him throughout his life, leading him finally to America in pursuit of Lovisa, his sweetheart. Unfortunately, wanderings almost inevitably become wearisome when they follow in too steady a succession, that is, unless they are so exciting that they constantly evoke a thrill, or awaken in their order of sequence a form of suspense, or, better still, have about them in the telling an element of the Homeric. These wanderings have none of these virtues in their narration. The same Wanderlust that lives in Edevart and August and even in Papst, the wandering peddler, finds no less active form in Lovisa Margareta, who is never happy where she is and seeks always the happiness of the remote—remote places and remoter things. The love affair between Edevart and Lovisa is the only part of the novel that rises above the drab. The night before Lovisa's husband returns from prison, when she gives herself to Edevart in a great gesture of passion, is one of the few scenes in the book that merit praise. But even love is second to the Wanderlust, and though Lovisa and Edevart become intimate again, it is only to part later when Lovisa's restlessness makes it impossible for her to remain in Norway any longer. No passage reveals this Wanderlust spirit so well as this about Edevart, after he has received a letter from a friend in a far-away place: "Remarkable how rootless Edevart had become, for this letter from a strange man living in a strange place filled him with an emotion akin to homesickness."

These materials in the hands of another novelist, a younger Hamsun perhaps, might have been made into a powerful fiction. Hamsun simply has not *realized* their potentialities. The traces of age are present throughout the work. Not only did an old man write this novel, but he has written it in a manner that is dying, and about the spirit of an age that is already dead.

V. F. CALVERTON

The Mandate System

Mandates Under the League of Nations. By Quincy Wright. University of Chicago Press. $6.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT'S book is to be classed with works which, until policies themselves change, may be regarded as definitive. Beginning with an account of the origin and development of the mandate system for the control of non-European territories taken from Germany and Turkey as a result of the World War, Professor Wright goes on to examine the organization of the system through the League of Nations and its secretariat, the Permanent Mandates Commission, and the World Court, and the standards of procedure and conduct that have been set up regarding such matters as the relations between natives and whites, native participation in government, and labor, land, education, and health. Following this is an elaborate discussion of the legal aspects of the system, including the principles of international, public, and private law applicable to mandated territory and its inhabitants and to the rights of the League, the mandatory Powers, the people who are ruled, and third states. The study ends with a summary survey of the accomplishments of the system and an estimate of its worth. An appendix contains documentary and statistical material and an exhaustive bibliography. Professor Wright's

* Alfred A. Knopf.

judgment of the system is restrained, but he concludes that "while strict statistical demonstration is impossible, it appears that the mandates system has developed policies favorable to native health, agriculture, education, and security," that order has been maintained with few interruptions, and that the system "has proved a practical method for administering backward areas, more satisfactory than others that have been tried from the standpoint of the natives and from the standpoint of the world in general." The book is a mine of well-arranged information and a scholarly performance of a high order.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Victorian Tragedy

As We Were. By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.

In the Days of Bicycles and Bustles. The Diary of R. D. Blumenfeld, 1883-1914. Brewer and Warren. $3.50.

Those Earnest Victorians. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

THE fact that Victorian reminiscence has assumed the proportions of a major industry during the past twenty years offers little comfort to the serious historian of nineteenth-century life. To him, at least one aspect of the age's tragedy lies in its conventional memoirs: they invariably skim the delusive surfaces of a period in whose undercurrents few courageous investigators risk their plumb lines. From the litter thrown up by every season's tide of memories and confessions the vigilant may comb a few valuable anecdotes, sometimes a useful disclosure, an occasional revision of judgment. Usually, however, the murex is lost in a heap of rubbish. The verdict of the century's most illustrious modern critic is largely justified: "The history of the Victorian Age will never be written: we know too much about it."

Yet the epigram misstates the problem. Of eminent Victorians alone does our knowledge suffer by excess. Of the organic disruption in the time, and of the responsibility for its universal distress, a fundamental ignorance still prevails. No chronicler of Victoria's reign writes wholly without the implication of pervasive tragedy, but the historian is still rare who attempts, by rigorous critical synthesis and judgment, to define that tragedy and assign its causes. For every Wilfrid Blunt, preserving in his diaries a historical image so sound in perspective as to remain undistorted by the multitude of actors that populates it, there appear a score of E. F. Bensons, whose intimacy with the lights of Victorian society lends little authority to their own diffuse and garrulous reflections. The efforts of a Wingfield-Stratford in passing sober moral judgment on his ancestors are grievously offset by a dozen Blumenfelds—astute and successful journalists who, in collating their diaries, contrive nothing but a diverting vaudeville of coronations and parades, banquets and back-stage rumors, with only the mysterious thunder of scattered battle fronts to hint at more desperate business afoot.

The present three volumes cover, with varying authority, three planes of English life between 1830 and 1914: Benson's, the sphere of higher gentility, fringed on one hand by diplomatic and university circles and on the other, through the grace of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, by the court itself; Blumenfeld's, those political and social sanctums of the Empire whose corridor is Fleet Street; Wingfield-Stratford's, the vaster levels of common life with frontiers extending from the country house and fox hunt to the factories of Manchester and the slums of London—the world, in fact, of the middle classes who swept into power under Victoria and Peel, only to find their ranks crowded by motley, conflicting elements whom no legislative manipulation or moral community could reconcile. Two other types of book are needed to make the gallery complete: a testament from the purple, such as the boudoir memories of Lady Warwick's "Time's Ebb and Flow," and a document straight from the abyss—the early life of Edwin Clayhanger's father, perhaps, or the diary of a Victorian Moll Flanders comparable to the recent American volume "No Bed of Roses."

Benson's subtitle, "A Victorian Peep-Show," is seriously belied by the wholesale parade of private matters which he furnishes in this volume and its predecessors, "Mother" and "Our Family Affairs." Any eclipse the Benson family may suffer in the future can never be attributed to the reticence of its sons. With every art becoming the once lauded author of "Dodo," Mr. Benson conducts us through a storehouse of dusty waxworks. Once more he unveils the Three Monumental Figures (Gladstone, Tennyson, and the Queen, whom he prefers to describe as "mysterious"); the Three Great Ladies (Duchess of Manchester, Lady Londonderry, and "Lady Ripon, at that time Lady de Grey"); the Rebels (Pre-Raphaelites, Swinburne, George Moore, Whistler); the Young Men of the Nineties; and, as a gory interlude, Two Scandals (the Tranby Croft affair, that dreadful gambling episode at Mr. Arthur Wilson's house near Doncaster in September, 1890, which involved, my dear reader, no less a personage than H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and that venerable skeleton of the delectable rattle, the Wilde-Queensberry lawsuit). Before every spectacle Mr. Benson purrs with delight and professes a modish cynicism, but he leaves us in August, 1914, with as little sense of how we arrived there as if we had, indeed, spent fifty or sixty years inside Mme Tussaud's Museum, only to find the building suddenly ablaze, heroes and villains alike melting to featureless insignificance, and ourselves astounded at "the beautiful ruins."

Blumenfeld, the American dean of Fleet Street, is another cicerone who leads us no farther than August, 1914—a favorite trick of those chroniclers to whom, as to Mr. Owen Wister, Austrian crown princes, Serbian assassins, and Sarajevo appear to be little more than "unpronounceable names" out of a book of legends. Blumenfeld's title—despite his claim to journalistic eminence—is apt. The bicycles and bustles amuse him far more than the clamor of nations and the rout of empire. Any page provides a measure for his analytical competence: "Maude Garland, the statuesque Juno who used to stir the hearts of our young Guardsmen at the Gaiety, had a bad fall in the park this morning and was taken into St. George's Hospital severely bruised. . . . Ladies who persist in riding bicycles in long skirts must expect to get hurt." These sober entries are occasionally interrupted by more dramatic and remote considerations, as when (October 22, 1900) he observes that "these cold nights are bad for the out-sleepers on the Embankment" or when (August 1, 1914) he announces that "if this country does not stand up for right and honor she will be forever damned." But usually he prefers to mark the amiable course of history by noting that "everybody is buying gramophones and ping-pong sets," that "one of the actresses at the Criterion last night wore a pair of white stockings in the new fashion which the French have been vainly attempting to establish this year," and that "poor old Sims Reeves is dead at last . . . and we shall never again hear him sing 'Come into the Garden, Maud.' "

With this creaking puppetry Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is not concerned. His book, whose theme is more clearly revealed by its English title, "The Victorian Tragedy," is only in superficial respects an inventory of personalities and fashions. From the first page it grasps its essential problem with an insight that wins for the author a rank among the nineteenth century's reputable historians—McCarthy, Rogers, C. R. Fay, Smart, and Mrs. Neff. From the economic chaos inherited by England at the close of the Napoleonic wars to the dubious prospect con-

fronting the declining aristocracy in the eighties, he has followed a line of consistent historical logic. He is suspicious alike of the fustian piety of official documents and of the cynicism of modern satirists. Around the Victorian gods he has no desire to perpetuate a delusive twilight, yet neither does he wish to reduce them to absurdity. His respect for industry and moral sobriety is unequivocal, but this does not prevent him from seeing that the age was fundamentally mistaken in its aims and methods, that its leaders were irresolute in motive, that its unparalleled opportunities for social progress were unaccompanied by compatible honesty, and that its one popular morality was the debased and self-defeating doctrine of the "somehow good." To the contemporary world the Victorians left, along with their splendors, a legacy of political confusion, intellectual compromises, social inhibitions, and religious tenets unscrupulously adjusted to fit scientific and social exigencies with which even their best minds failed to grapple openly. If the criticism of the Victorian Age is to be resumed on a sound footing, and if it is to return to its vital problems in the common life, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's book may be found to supply, in a popular form, the initiation of that attempt. However unsatisfactory in detail his special judgments may be, he has outlined with candor and authority the defeat of the Victorians, and defined the outlines of a tragedy which all their trophies and panoplies cannot disguise.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Armageddon

Armageddon: The World War in Literature. Edited by Eugene Löhrke. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $5.

Soldiers March! By Theodore Fredenburgh. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

As I Saw It. By Alden Brooks. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

No Hard Feelings! By John Lewis Barkley. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

A Brass Hat in No Man's Land. By Brigadier General F. P. Crozier, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

Baron Fritz. By Karl Federn. Translated from the German by Donald Douglas. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

AN excellent panorama of the World War is presented in the aptly titled "Armageddon," a substantial anthology of war literature. The book expresses ably the vastness of the war, showing in the variety of its material the war's omnipresent contacts and effects. The editor, Eugene Löhrke, himself the author of a war novel, "Overshadowed," has chosen his material wisely and arranged it skilfully in a creative pattern. The volume progresses steadily from the explosions at Sarajevo and the various ultimatums and declarations of war, through combat on land and sea and over and under the earth, into the social break-ups caused by the war, to the end—and then on to some of the war's aftermath.

With the exception of "Armageddon," among these several war books the reviewer finds only "Soldiers March!" of particular merit. The others are slight in value, seeming scarcely to justify publication. But "Soldiers March!" by a former member of the Twenty-sixth—Yankee—Division is a good story well told—a sturdy, realistic narrative about a non-commissioned officer. This central figure, Ed Zorn, is well characterized and holds one's interest to the end.

"As I Saw It," in the form of a personal memoir by an American who served with the French artillery, is written with literary care but without inspiration.

The title "No Hard Feelings!" is better than the book itself. This again is the personal memoir of an American private—a good soldier, winner of a Congressional Medal of Honor. The best portion of the book is the writer's modest description of the feat which earned him the decoration. But good soldiers do not always make good writers.

"A Brass Hat in No Man's Land" is a very loosely constructed volume, once again a personal memoir, by an Irishman and a general officer. Like the narrative of the American private, it is without literary value. It contains a great deal about fighting, many lengthy references to sexual conditions among the soldiers in England and France, and at the end a feeble plea for international peace. A general should do better.

"Baron Fritz" is a series of short stories, or rather incidents, recounting the experiences in war and love—in field and boudoir, the jacket says—of the dashing Baron Fritz Talbot Latour von Saint-Aubin. It is a light book, not badly written, apparently aiming to amuse, but with scant sense of reality or significance as war literature.

JAMES B. WHARTON

Lecky, 1930 Style

Mrs. Grundy. By Leo Markun. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

THIS is an extensive history of four centuries of morals intended, according to the subtitle, to "illuminate present problems in Great Britain and the United States." As a thesaurus of moral habits, it reveals a tremendous industry and is truly remarkable. It conveys the information within a single chapter that "in the inns of the sixteenth century men and women who were entire strangers to each other were lodged in the same bedroom, on occasion in the same bed"; that "the beautiful, prosperous city of Nuremberg maintained a public wagon to carry home burghers who were unable to lift themselves out of the gutter"; that it was Catherine de Medici who introduced the corset in something like its present form. In short, the reader is presented with a thousand Sunday Supplement articles rolled into one, with a sort of moral anatomy of melancholy, done in a first-class journalistic style.

That this kind of history may be useful, and even entertaining if read in small snatches, may be true; that it is very "illuminating" is, however, open to doubt. Anglo-Saxon morals are merely being paraded to satisfy an enormous Anglo-Saxon curiosity. It is only a peep-show of Anglo-Saxon morals to which we gain admittance. We are given the low-down on them in this idle book but no more. It reveals no interest in any theory of morals, or in the particular speculations of any moralists. It makes no attempt to inquire into the determining values of the periods of civilization which it surveys.

The present Markun history may be described as Lecky *à la* 1930. It will be recalled that when Lecky published his history of European morals he dealt with the subject in a fundamental and earnest fashion. But I am not now so much concerned with the merits of Lecky's work as its significance. Perhaps Lecky himself was too dogmatic and rhetorical, and it is said that this arch-rationalist used to write letters to the *Times* to protest against its running women's-underwear advertisements in its columns. But it is obvious from this very fact that morals then still had a voluntaristic basis. We have become simply interested in the fact that the *mores* do change. A history of morals for us deals simply with a titillating procession of events and incidents.

Such a view implies no moral standards and may be sophisticated. It is undoubtedly true that to recognize as an article of one's philosophy of life that the *mores* do change is a sign of civilized urbanity. But a constant preoccupation with the idea argues the possession of a mind that is basically naive. It is at least plausible to hold that morality would be idiotic if it were everywhere and at all times the same. To take a perpetual delight in the fact that our ancestors were foolish in dif-

ferent ways from ourselves betrays a certain form of immaturity.

The 1930 Leckyism can be attributed in large part to the influence of anthropology among amateurs. The Markun history of morals is preceded by a review of the customs of uncivilized peoples, which is intended, presumably, to show the futility of all notions of morality. It appears that there used to be tribes that murdered their aged grandmothers, and others that considered clothes positively obscene. The logic of this does not seem quite clear. Perhaps it is that a treatise on anthropology, marked Exhibit A, is a good defense against a charge of murdering one's aged grandmother. Anthropology has obviously had a terrible effect on modern morality. It offers an immense encyclopedic knowledge of the *mores* of savages from Zanzibar to the New Hebrides with the result that morality has become a very queer indulgence. Anthropology, beginning as a good excuse for extended travel, has become so systematic and scientific that it has apparently become positively unsafe to write about morals except in a curious way.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Books in Brief

D. H. Lawrence. By Stephen Potter. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

The value of this first study of D. H. Lawrence is very slight; for it is neither biography nor criticism. Stephen Potter has used the dubious method of interpreting Lawrence's work in terms of his life, and reinterpreting the author's life in terms of his novels and poems. Thus, each novel that Lawrence wrote appears as little more than the explication of a spiritual crisis in his life. To Lawrence the extraordinary stylist and artist, few words are given. There is no doubt that Lawrence was an extraordinary man as well. But of the man himself Rebecca West has told more in a brief sketch than Potter has by extended quotation from the novels. However interesting Lawrence's ideas, they are not enough to make him the important figure in English letters that he is. Up until the time of his death Lawrence seemed bound to attract more attention as a sensational, vivid person than as a writer of genius. Since his death it is the work of the man that should be the concern of studies of him. Potter's book may be excused on the ground that it was in preparation when Lawrence died; the excuse must be small. Even while a writer is yet alive it should be possible to keep clear for oneself the interest he has as a figure and the worth his work has apart from its autobiographical content.

Poetry at Present. By Charles Williams. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Mr. Williams remarks that these critical essays on modern English poets (for even Eliot is English by adoption) are meant for an introduction to the works of these poets for readers who do not know them. This may explain why the essays are descriptive rather than critical, interpretative rather than analytical. Such writing, while useful for its intended audience, does not very greatly interest readers who have, for themselves, made a study of the poets included. One wonders, however, why Rudyard Kipling, G. K. Chesterton, John Masefield, and Wilfrid Gibson should need any introduction to a public that enjoys balladry and narrative. The range of poets interpreted by Mr. Williams is rather large: it runs all the way from Kipling and Bridges to the Sitwell family. And it is to be noted that Mr. Williams is better at interpreting some of the older poets than he is at interpreting the most modern. He very frankly states that although he writes about T. S. Eliot, he understands him very ill. For the Sitwells, on the other

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hand, Mr. Williams expresses enthusiasm. Nevertheless, the essay on this family of poets is not particularly illuminating. The essay on Thomas Hardy is good, and that on Yeats is competent.

The Erl King. By Edwin Granberry. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

It is rare today to read a book in which each word is felt to be carefully considered and selected only after much deliberation; but Edwin Granberry has not only achieved this quality of style, but has reinforced it with a tale reminiscent in its delicacy and quiet approach of Alain Fournier's "Le Grand Meaulnes." The plot is a slender one; lives are only stenciled, yet by the carefully insinuated atmosphere, with the wind soughing in the forest and the seas beating against the Florida coast, they become real in spite of their strange evanescence. The hero is a restless but silent and solitary youth who without fear sails his boat again and again among the coral reefs, the scene of many shipwrecks, seeking a past world. One day he takes Ellen with him, and she is drowned. For John there is little left, and soon after he too dies. But such an outline conveys no real idea of "The Erl King's" richness and fragile beauty.

Glass Mountain. By Joseph Warren Beach. Macrae-Smith Company. $2.50.

From Dr. Beach, of the University of Minnesota, one of our most astute appraisers of American prose and an admirable writer himself, comes a first novel, the content of which flows from an evident interest in the spiritual malaise of today. Dr. Beach's particular concern is with American sophisticates desperately modernizing themselves in Paris, or wherever art and sex proclaim their latest emancipation. The morale of the central character almost disintegrates under the strain of adjusting the new freedom to the old emotions. While the novel shows penetrating psychological observation, the characters just fail to attain convincing vitality.

The Street of the Islands. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This volume includes eleven stories and sketches written with that sensitive touch which distinguishes all of Stark Young's work. The Land of Juan de Dios is a long story laid in eighteenth-century Spain and Spanish America. It affords a tender and graceful picture, the portrait of a Spanish *doña,* deserted by her husband and robbed of her only child. The Passionate Road contains another early-Spanish tale inclosed in brackets within the outline of a story laid on a Western dude ranch. Ora Pro Nobis, the last, is perhaps the most unusual piece of writing in the volume. A young man, encountered informally in Italy, proves to be a remarkable talker. He is filled with ideas. But, for the writer, his torrent of words serves only to wash bare his soul and expose his story. One admires this writing but one is conscious of a lack in all the tales. To one reader, at least, they fail to take hold on either the mind or the emotions.

Saint Johnson. By W. R. Burnett. The Dial Press. $2.

Burnett wrote a swift, accurate, and dramatic story in "Little Caesar" and followed it with a first-rate prize-fight yarn in "Iron Man." His latest is a "Western" and it is pretty bad. The scene is laid in an Arizona frontier town of the eighties. Thar's a heap of trouble brewing all through the tale and considerable gun-play at the end. Somehow the dialogue, which constitutes two-thirds of the book, sounds familiar in its consistent understatement. But it seems out of keeping with its time and place. The Johnson brothers can hardly have read Hemingway.

Drama

"Roar China" at the Guild

DURING the past week the Theater Guild has begun its thirteenth season in the most fortunate of manners. Dodging the regulation stencils of our showshops, it has sent sprawling across the huge stage of the Martin Beck the very kind of thing for which the Guild was first created and which it alone among the producing organizations of New York is brave enough and sufficiently equipped to do in the gripping, far-flung manner in which it has done it.

The play with which the Guild has started off its season is "Roar China," that brutal, ridiculously caricaturing, often feeble, but frequently stirring propaganda melodrama of S. M. Tretyakov's, which under the name of "Richi, Kitai" has for some years now been one of the major staples of Meierhold's repertory. Hailing as it does from that same Soviet Russia which with "Red Rust" contributed a welcome vitality to the offerings of last winter, this turbulent, bitter, but compassionate script of Tretyakov's not only represents a far more ambitious undertaking on the part of the Guild than "Red Rust" did, but also comes through in a production which is far more successful than the one the Kirchon-Ouspensky play was given. For the simple and unminced truth is that as Mr. Simonson has set it and as Mr. Biberman has directed it, "Roar China" is one of the most skilful and visually exciting productions our theater has seen.

Tretyakov's indictment of imperialism finds expression in a flaming, wrathful melodrama that glories—as the frankly propagandist piece it is—in all the purposeful distortions which have belonged to effective propaganda from the days of Harriet Beecher Stowe right down to those not so distant days when the report of the Bryce Commission was a regular feature in our newspapers. Its loaded, staccato, and one-sided lines are vibrant with an indignation that our gentle bourgeois theater experiences but rarely, and burst upon the sensibilities of a stiff-shirt audience as something of a surprise, if not as an affront.

"Roar China" finds Russia—red Russia—having its say on the white man's conduct in the Far East and extending its sympathies to yellow China. The cartoon it draws of the sufferings which, as it states it, China has undergone at the hands of capitalistic exploiters is drawn in blood. When it has finally reached its shell-racked conclusion, and when a British naval officer has had two innocent Chinese boatmen hanged in full view of the audience, and its boatload of arrogant Anglo-Saxons has thus avenged the accidental death of an unworthy American merchant, there breaks from the throats of the many Chinese actors on the stage a thunderous roar of protest which Russian audiences are said to have taken as a symbol that China would be the next Soviet state.

If the childish underscorings and the naive excesses of Tretyakov's treatment of his whites seem serious faults in "Roar China" when it is seen through our alien eyes, they were, needless to say, among the play's most persuasive virtues when it was acted in Moscow. Therein lies one of the most interesting sociological and dramatic features of "Roar China." For what is far more important than whether you happen to agree with the preachings of Tretyakov or are enraged by the squint-eyed partisanship of his propaganda is the fact that Russian audiences were both willing and anxious to read reality into his caricature. Accordingly, both as an adventure in theatergoing and as a first-hand picture of the Soviet mind, "Roar China" cannot but command your attention.

The production which the Guild has given Tretyakov's

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limping script is a mob spectacle done on a heroic scale to which our factual theater of everyday realism is all too unaccustomed. It has been admirably directed by Mr. Biberman; with such an eye to groupings and with such evocative results, in fact, that it places him overnight in the front rank of our directors. It is acted by the many unprofessional Chinese players who surge through its large cast with a poise and depth that are above the acting average of our playhouses. And with its quay running along the proscenium, its harbor filled with the many-colored sails of sampans, and the grim guns of H. M. S. Europa leveled at the village of Wan Hsien from behind, it has been visualized by Mr. Simonson in one of the most notable settings our theater has seen.

Of the other offerings of the week, Edgar Wallace's "On the Spot" (Edgar Wallace's Forrest Theater) is the most entertaining. It is a lurid and generally diverting picture of Chicago gunmen and racketeers, in which Mr. Wallace exercises once again his familiar skill at melodramatic trickeries and adds to it a refreshingly satiric point of view on his pistol-waving devices. His play, moreover, is capably acted, particularly by Crane Wilbur, who is its superracketeer, Anna May Wong, who appears as his Chinese woman, and John M. Kline, who is excellent as an incorruptible detective.

The week's other openings, "His Majesty's Car" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) and "Puppet Show" (Belmont), do not warrant taking up much of anyone's time.

JOHN MASON BROWN

Films

The Romantic Western

THE Wild West is again very prominently with us on the screen. Time was when the Western film was the most popular as well as the most characteristic product of cinematic art. To the majority of its admirers it provided, to use the cant phrase, "an easy escape from actuality." But there were also many who did not eschew actuality but who enjoyed a Western for the sheer force of its physical movement, for its sweeping dynamics, just as they enjoyed a good circus show. The present revival of the Western film raises the problem whether in its new form of a talkie it has preserved the old elements of its appeal, and whether it can still find favor with lowbrows and highbrows alike. It is very probable that there are as many people today as there used to be who are genuinely stirred by the "romance" of the Wild West. To these the screen-made romance of the talking West is likely to be a little less stirring, for with the use of dialogue a picture becomes either more intellectual or more stupid. In the old Western, acting was of slight importance, whereas action was the very lifeblood of the picture. Today the use of dialogue makes acting much more important than before, and this means either that the characterization and psychology are more true to life, with the resultant loss of "romance," or that the picture confines itself to the traditional stock types and situations and therefore uses a dialogue that is downright silly. On the other hand, the action, the sheer dynamics, of the Western plot has suffered greatly from the dilution with words and the consequent slowing down of tempo. On the face of this, it would seem that our more intellectual admirers of the Western, who cannot stomach it in cold print in magazine stories but who used to enjoy its purely sensuous appeal on the silent screen, will find it in its new form rather a strain on their intellectual forbearance.

These reflections are illustrated in different degrees by

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Plays to See

Civic Repertory—14 St., W. of Sixth Ave.
Elizabeth The Queen—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
Fine and Dandy—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
Girl Crazy—Alvin—W. 52 St.
Lysistrata—44 St., W. of B'way.
Mrs. Moonlight—Charles Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.
Once In a Lifetime—Music Box—45 St., W. of B'way.
Roar China—Martin Beck—45 St., W. of Eighth Ave.
Solid South—Lyceum—45 St., E. of B'way.
The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St., W. of B'way.
The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
Twelfth Night—Maxine Elliott—39 St., E. of B'way.

Films

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Outward Bound—Warner—B'way and 52 St.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.
Anybody's Woman, beginning Saturday, Nov. 8; Animal Crackers, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 12—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
The Spoilers, beginning Saturday, Nov. 8; White Hell of Pitz Palu, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 12—Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
Ten Days That Shook The World, beginning Friday, Nov. 7; Czar Ivan The Terrible, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 11—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
For Hennes Skull (Swedish)—Fifth Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.

Discussion and Lectures

Changing Sex Standards, Symposium—Friendship Tours.—See advertisement.
"Is Religion Necessary?" Debate: Clarence Darrow vs. Dr. Nathan Krass, Saturday evening, Nov. 15—Mecca Temple—55 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Rand School of Social Science Lectures—See Advertisement.
The Peoples Institute—Nov. 7-15. See advertisement.
Progressive Open Forum—Program, see advertisement.
The Life Pattern and its meaning of Life, by Dr. Alfred Adler—Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St., Tuesday evening, Nov. 11.
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Noted Author and Lecturer says NO

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November 8th—Unemployment: Speakers, Heywood Broun, Charles Lathrop, Darwin J. Meserole, Harry W. Laidler, Edward C. Rybicki and William Hodson. Chairman, Paul Blanshard.

November 29th—Getting Ready for the Next War: Norman Thomas and others. Chairman: Reinhold Niebuhr.

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the three Western films under review. "Billy the Kid" (Capitol) tells a credible story distinguished by well-marked characterization and natural dialogue. It is these qualities, however, which while enhancing its realism, also deflate its romance and retard its movement. "The Big Trail" (Roxy) is more conventional in characterization and dialogue, but lays greater stress on mass scenes and panoramic effects, in which it is undeniably highly impressive. It must be pointed out, however, that sound has added nothing to the appeal of the picture, perhaps has even taken something away by its stilted dialogue, whereas in its purely visual effects the film is reminiscent of many other historical "epics" of the West. Finally we have "The Girl of the Golden West" (Warner's Strand), a screen version of Belasco's play, which attempts to get away from the stereotyped psychology of the Western romance and in doing so achieves neither romance nor psychology. An interesting feature of the first two pictures mentioned is the employment of the wide screen, but one cannot help regretting that neither King Vidor nor Raoul Walsh saw any uses for this valuable device other than those enhancing realism.

Of the foreign talkies so far shown in New York two have attracted considerable attention. The British one called "Murder" (George M. Cohan), the work of Alfred Hitchcock, who had directed "Blackmail," is excellently acted and shows commendable desire to make the utmost use of the cinematic possibilities of sound. Unfortunately, the sense of dramatic and cinematic style is not a strong point with Mr. Hitchcock, and his would-be original idea of getting inside the mind of the characters results only in a few weird effects without much dramatic significance.

The German talkie "Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse), besides providing good comedy and passable music, is interesting for the attempt to assemble different sounds by the method of "montage," as in the kitchen scene, for instance, where an amusing sound sequence is built up by showing different-sounding utensils one after another.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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JOHN MASON BROWN, dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post*, is the author of "Upstage."

The Evils of Higher Education

THE following account of the spread of higher education in Japan and the evils attendant upon it was written by Dr. S. Washio for the *Trans-Pacific*, a Tokio weekly review, from which it is reprinted here.

Tokio distinctly leads other cities of the world in the number of universities it possesses. There are more than twenty universities in Tokio and at least half of them can compare favorably with any large university of the world in the number of students enrolled. This unparalleled centralization of higher education does not mean that the rest of Japan is poorly furnished with institutions of higher learning. Outside Tokio there are about ten universities and ten special colleges, fairly well distributed geographically. There is a university also in Korea and one in Taiwan. Japan also leads the world (except America) in the number of universities in the country. If our "higher schools" are to be taken as the equivalent of the undergraduate course of the American university, this country probably leads even America in the number of institutions of higher education it possesses.

The numbers of students enrolled in universities, colleges and higher schools, and middle schools have been as follows:

	Middle schools	*Colleges and higher schools*	*Universities*
1912.....	305,700	42,100	8,900
1916.....	375,500	50,400	9,700
1921.....	550,100	64,900	26,200
1925.....	829,800	87,600	46,700
1928.....	975,200	98,900	80,900

That is to say, in the past seventeen years the number of students in middle schools has trebled, the number of students in colleges and higher schools has more than doubled, and that in universities has increased almost tenfold. During this period the number of grammar-school students has increased 30 per cent. Japan had 80,900 university students in 1928 and turned out 21,400 graduates!

I shall omit further reference to statistics, but during the same period the national educational expenditure (that of the Ministry of Education) has increased tenfold and the local expenditure (borne by local governments) has quintupled. The former stands now at 140,000,000 yen and the latter at 420,000,000 yen. The total is greater than the expenditure for the army and navy.

This record of educational expansion is unrivaled in the world except in America. And what results has it produced? The evil of the spread of higher education, as we have it in this country, is many-sided and clearly definable, while its good effects are hard to define accurately and concretely. There are four distinct evils: first, "the grind of examination"; second, the unemployment of graduates; third, student strikes; fourth, student Marxism. All these are distinctly Japanese educational products.

It may appear strange that with the unparalleled number of institutions of higher learning, Japanese students have to struggle with competitive entrance examinations, but they do most fiercely, from the grammar school up to the university. There are enough institutions for all applicants, but the fight is to enter schools of better reputation. The imperial universities are the goal of every ambitious student. They have to be entered through higher schools, so that higher schools are the object of every ambitious middle-school boy. Certain middle schools have the reputation for turning out a high percentage of successful candidates for higher schools. These middle schools are preferred, therefore, by ambitious grammar-school children and their parents. . . .

To see how "hellish" is the competition, one may read, for instance, the report of the Mussashino Higher School. It is one of a few private higher schools established outside the government higher schools with the object of preparing boys for the imperial universities. By concentrating its effort on that purpose this school had in its first trial the record success of 100 per cent. But in order to obtain this result the original enrolment of 91 students, obtained through careful selective entrance examination, had been reduced to 38 at the time of graduation. Of the others 27 had to be dropped behind by the class examinations of the school itself, 19 were obliged to leave the school, and 7 died from overstudy. . . .

Why are the imperial universities so preferred at such sacrifice by aspirants for a higher education? In literature, journalism, business, and other occupations where chances are comparatively freely open to graduates of all universities, the imperial-university graduates have by no means shown superior talents or qualifications. But there are two reasons for students' preference of the imperial universities. The one is that the imperial-university graduates can hope for a better pull with officialdom. The other is that they have a better chance of obtaining employment.

But the chance of finding employment after graduation from the imperial universities is about 40 per cent on an average. The chance for the graduates of all universities (including the imperial universities) has been generally estimated at about 20 per cent for the past three or four years. The chances this year are probably much less. This means that our universities turn out annually about 20,000 graduates who go out into society as jobless men. Since the surplus is increasing every year those who could not obtain employment in the year of their graduation have a poorer prospect as years roll by. The press has recently reported that a number of university graduates have been found mingled in the rank and file of *kuzuya* (those who call from door to door for waste paper and other rubbish). It is said that university graduates applying for work at employment agencies are shy of stating their academic qualifications for fear that it will debar them from obtaining work. To this extent they are disillusioned of the economic value of higher education. Having spent the best part of their growing age in classroom work or on the athletic field, they are physically unfit for sustained manual labor. They are past the age of learning the trades of skilled artisans. As retail traders they are no match against those who have grown up in their trade from early boyhood. They are useless men dissatisfied with themselves and others, good only for playing lawn tennis or baseball or discoursing on Marxism.

The third evil, student strikes, has become a byword of Japanese education. The recent strike of the Nippon University closely resembled an industrial dispute. Students demanded that the tuition should be cut, various special fees abolished, the school cooperative store run by themselves, the teaching staff improved, and that they participate in the management of the school. . . .

Another recent student strike, that of the Urawa Higher School, was specially related to the fourth evil, student Marxism. This strike showed that the restlessness of students is widespread even among that selected 10 per cent who were able to enter a government higher school. The cause of this strike

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was a hostile comment made in the student journal of the school against the anti-Marxian lecture delivered by an itinerant lecturer commissioned by the Ministry of Education. The comment embarrassed the principal of the school. He ordered that the journal be suspended and the students retaliated with a strike.

The present government, thinking that it is unwise to try simply to suppress Marxism, attempted the propagation of anti-Marxian doctrines. The attempt was made in two ways. First, the government selected and translated anti-Marxian literature. Unfortunately the selection did not reflect credit on the government's scholarship. Petty authors were picked and the value of their works was well known in advance by the Marxian scholars of the country. This brought the government's attempt into ridicule. Second, the government commissioned several itinerant lecturers to go over the country giving anti-Marxian lectures. Here again the lecturers selected were mostly men notorious everywhere just for that sort of job. Students were prejudiced against them in advance. The strike of the Urawa Higher School was a revelation of this general prejudice of students. . . .

In the round-up of Communists of two years ago in this country a certain judge observed that the students involved were mostly intellectually gifted boys. They had intellect as well as heart. But the same wise observer said also that men who remained Socialists at forty years of age had no intellect. Student Marxism will be outgrown. They will not be intellectually gifted boys if they do not outgrow their youthful enthusiasm for so simple a doctrine as straight Marxism. But at the bottom of the remarkably enduring popularity of Marxism among the students of this country lies the practical problem of unemployment after graduation. It is even in the minds of higher-school boys. Student Marxism will not be cured until the present system of higher education is scrapped. . . .

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 539
EDITORIALS:
The Revolt Against Hoover 542
Lame-Duck Nuisance 543
India and Britain Meet 543
Sinclair Lewis 544
CHAINS VERSUS INDEPENDENTS. II. CHAIN STORES AND THE COMMUNITY. By Edward G. Ernst and Emil M. Hartl.. 545
BRITISH FILMS ARE PURE. By William A. Robson 547
ON THE COLLEGE FRONTIER. VIII. THE SARAH LAWRENCE PLAN. By Constance Warren 549
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 550
CORRESPONDENCE 552
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 552
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:
Detail. By Genevieve Taggard 553
Einstein. By Henry Hazlitt 553
"A Comprehensive Soul." By William MacDonald 554
China in Perspective. By Lewis S. Gannett 554
The New Picture Books. By Ernestine Evans 555
Outstanding Fall Books for Children. By Sophie L. Goldsmith 556
Architecture: Monumental Masses. By Douglas Haskell 561
Drama: "Elizabeth the Queen." By Mark Van Doren 562
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Canada, Armaments, and Peace. By Arthur Morgan 564

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THE STATEMENT of seven Democratic leaders pledging the cooperation of their party with Mr. Hoover and with the Republicans in Congress "in every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country" leaves us fairly calm. Had it come before the elections its sincerity could not have been challenged. There might not have been a pro-Democratic upheaval on November 4 if the voters had known that a few days later the Democrats were to pledge themselves to cooperate with the very Republican office-holders in whom the voters expressed their lack of confidence. Obviously, the Democrats have placed party welfare before the welfare of the country. If they had actually believed that the Republicans, with their cooperation, could restore prosperity, why did they not urge the election of Republicans instead of Democrats? Do the Democratic leaders want their party to swallow the Republican prosperity-restoration program whole, or do they believe they can persuade the Republicans to modify that program to suit the Democrats? If the former is the case, they have betrayed the voters of the country; if the latter is true, then we shall have, not cooperation, but continuation of the party struggle. Or perhaps the Democratic leaders were looking toward 1932. If prosperity has returned by then, the Democrats can point to this statement and say, "We helped; the Republicans have no monopoly on prosperity," thus shifting the 1932 campaign to other issues on which the Democrats will have a better chance of success. Should the depression continue, the Democratic leaders can say that even with their cooperation the Republicans could not bring prosperity back; hence the Republicans should be turned out and the Democrats given an opportunity to see what they can do.

THE FAILURE OF THE POWER TRUST to defeat a single one of the candidates who have been fighting for public control of the country's power resources was the most immediately satisfying result of the elections. In Nebraska the electric-power interests did everything they could to prevent George W. Norris from returning to the Senate; in wet Montana the dry Senator Thomas J. Walsh was reelected primarily on this issue; in Pennsylvania the wholesale desertion of Republican leaders friendly to the public-utility interests could not defeat Gifford Pinchot for the governorship; and in New York Franklin D. Roosevelt, another champion of public control, was reelected governor by an unprecedented plurality. Elsewhere foes of the power trust were victorious: Wilbur L. Cross as Governor of Connecticut; Julius L. Meier as Governor of Oregon; Huey P. Long as Senator from Louisiana; James Couzens as Senator from Michigan; Philip La Follette as Governor of Wisconsin; Floyd B. Olson as Governor of Minnesota; and O. B. Lovette as Congressman from Tennessee. This last victory was particularly important. Lovette ran as an Independent Republican on a platform advocating government ownership and management of Muscle Shoals. His opponent was B. Carroll Reece, the only Congressional candidate indorsed by President Hoover, the indorsement being based upon Reece's opposition to government management of Muscle Shoals.

SOMETHING NEW in occasions for thanksgiving! From President Hoover's proclamation we learn: "We have been blessed with distinctive evidence of Divine favor. As a nation, we have suffered far less than other peoples from the present world difficulties." Of course we became used to special Divine attentions during the war; for it is a well-known historical fact that the Deity plays favorites during such periods of unpleasantness, and some of our professional divines, we well recall, used to spend their time getting God on our side. But it has remained for the great engineering mind in the White House to discover the special peace-time predilections of Providence. We had not known before why "world-wide depression," which in slightly different garb has now made its way even into a Thanksgiving proclamation, has been less unkind to us than to our neighbor nations. Doubtless this special favor will, as the President hopes, cause our unemployed to "give thanks for our institutions," which must surely be responsible for God's treating us better than anyone else. It can scarcely be due just to our good looks or our unparalleled virtues, preeminent as they undoubtedly are in the world.

GRACE ABBOTT, chief of the Children's Bureau, is being urged as a possible successor to James J. Davis as Secretary of Labor. It would be good to see a fraternal glad-hander and labor politician like the present Secretary succeeded by a person of Miss Abbott's quality, training, and experience. A native of the Middle West, long a resident of Hull House, with legal training and wide experience as secretary of the Immigrants' Protective League before entering government service, Miss Abbott has made a record of solid achievement during her thirteen years' work with the Children's Bureau. That bureau has done much both directly and by cooperation with the States in reducing the death-rate of mothers and children, in extending birth registration, in improving juvenile-court laws, in extending mothers'-pension legislation, and in promoting other activities affecting the welfare of children. The work of the bureau has grown solidly year by year, and Miss Abbott has piloted it successfully through the shoals of legislative niggardliness and executive hostility. It would be a pleasing change to have as Secretary of Labor, not a politician trying to use his office to influence public opinion in favor of his party, but an intelligent woman using the wide powers of her position to assemble and report the great body of information needed for intelligent action on labor questions, and to shape and administer wisely the growing body of national legislation required in the interest of labor.

APPARENTLY even the Federal Farm Board may not be criticized, or at least not by small-town newspapers. Robert Rice, editor and owner of the *Republican*, a weekly newspaper published in Central City, Nebraska, a town of 2,410 population, has been cited for investigation by the Farm Board and the Post Office Department, according to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. The reasons for the investigation are not hard to find. Mr. Rice has been openly critical of some of the acts of the Farm Board. He has accused the board of injuring instead of helping the farmer, has charged that its crop-limitation program has depressed farm land values, and has asserted that it has impressed county agents into service as recruiting officers for various farm cooperative interests. The *Journal of Commerce* states that the Farm Board "has been stung so deeply by the hornet-like activities of the Central City *Republican* that it wants to make a horrible example of what may happen to the business of a country paper if it dares to criticize such a sacrosanct organization as the Farm Board. One wonders why the board has not called to order some great and wealthy newspaper critic of its behavior, instead of jumping on a little small-town weekly." We had thought this sort of tyrannical censorship had passed out with Postmaster General Burleson. It is but another example of the idea of lese majeste which Mr. Hoover and his Administration are trying to put across.

THE PREPARATORY COMMISSION, which is once more meeting at Geneva ostensibly to agree upon a program for a general disarmament conference, appears to be running true to form. It began with the refusal of its chairman to allow an official French translation of an English speech by Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Foreign Minister, to be made at once, as the rules required, on the ground that it had been decided to have no general discussion. Thereupon the sixty press correspondents present rose in a body and left the hall as a protest against being deprived of an opportunity to report a speech delivered in a language which most of them do not understand. It has been agreed, for the moment at least, to limit the number of naval officers and men, but when Germany asked for a strict limitation of the number of trained military reserves the proposal was promptly and emphatically turned down, although a limitation of the periods of service was later voted. As Russia has called for disarmament all along the line, and Germany sees little use in limiting standing armies unless reserves are also included, the further interest of these two Powers in the conference will apparently be merely formal. Meantime Hugh S. Gibson, American Ambassador to Belgium, has been trying to induce Italy and France to come to some agreement about naval parity, but if he has had any actual success it has been kept carefully out of the news. What with the demand for treaty revision, the new Greco-Turkish rapprochement, a Bulgarian-Italian royal marriage, and an alarming spread of fascism, one suspects that most of the delegates who are talking disarmament are thinking war.

A GIANT POOL has been formed by six great British shipping companies operating in the North Atlantic trade. The Cunard, White Star, Anchor, Red Star, Canadian Pacific, and Atlantic Transport Lines, operating fifty-two ships valued at $275,000,000, have entered into an agreement whereby their sailings are arranged practically as a unit, and during the slack winter months only four British ships will sail weekly for New York against the twelve of the summer months. According to the *Daily Herald*, even closer working arrangements among the six companies are contemplated. Ever since the merging of the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Line last year there have been reports of British amalgamations which were stoutly denied by officials of the British companies. The facts of the business situation, however, and particularly the falling-off in the passenger trade due to business depression have been too strong for the determination of Britain's shipping lords each to paddle his own canoe. The present announcement may be only the precursor of a practically unified operation of the great fleets affected, even though the companies retain entirely separate financial and operating organizations. If the North Atlantic shipping of each great country comes to be managed essentially as a single unit, we may be faced with interesting new problems in the way of international competition in ocean trade.

THE INTERNATIONAL CARTEL has been one answer to related questions in some other lines. André François-Poncet, French Undersecretary of State for National Economy, recently declared that the only sound remedy for Europe, particularly France, in the present industrial crisis lay in international economic ententes; for tariff walls are mutually self-defeating. Some cartels have failed because they were unsound, he maintains, but he asserts that international agreements in rails, machinery, wire, steel tubes, sleeping-cars, and chemicals have proved their worth. M. François-Poncet is inclined, we think, to take a rather rosy view of cartel possibilities under conditions of stress, but his conclusion is none the less arresting: "One certainty emerges from the present trial through which we are passing,

and that is that unless the various nations submit to reasoned organization, the amazing progress of science which we are now witnessing will plunge us into the darkness from which it originally took us." "Reasoned organization" is a large order for an economic life that has become interdependent from Kamchatka to Timbuktu and Valparaiso. Some American business men, even if no American Presidents, are beginning to suspect that it means more than the higgledy-piggledy of "rugged individualism," 1930 model.

AUSTRIA'S PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS settled nothing but the political fate of Prince Ernst Starhemberg, the Heimwehr leader. The Prince, who had visions of erecting a fascist government by constitutional means, was rewarded with only 8 seats out of 165 in the new parliament. Whether he will now carry out his original threat of capturing the government by force may be seriously questioned; it does not appear likely that he will attempt a coup in the face of election returns showing him and his Heimwehr party to be almost wholly without popular support. On the other hand, the parliamentary question remains in deadlock and a new election may soon be necessary. The Social Democrats gained only a single seat and are still eleven short of a majority. The Christian Socialist Party, which is perhaps as reactionary as Starhemberg's fascists, lost seven seats, most of these going to the Economic group, led by former Chancellor Johann Schober, which won nineteen. Until last September the Christian Socialists were able to maintain a majority government with the support of several of the smaller parties which now adhere to the Economic group. These parties appear to have cut themselves off definitely from the Christian Socialists, with the result that the latter cannot hope to come back into power as a majority government. It may be that the Social Democrats, as the largest group in parliament, will be permitted to set up a minority cabinet with Schober's help, but such a government cannot expect to live long under the inevitable sniping from the right.

THE GUIDO SERIO CASE, one of the worst of recent alien-deportation cases, is still pending, but Serio will go back to Italy and to his death if the Department of Labor has its way. Serio was arrested last May after a speech at Erie, Pennsylvania, in which he was alleged to have denounced Mussolini and the Pope and to have declared his willingness to lead the workers against the American government in the event of another war. For this the immigration authorities adjudged him an anarchist, held him in $25,000 bail, and eventually ordered him returned to Italy notwithstanding that his anti-Fascist activities would almost certainly send him to a firing squad. On an appeal to the federal District Court in New York for an order permitting him to leave the country voluntarily (he was prepared to go to Russia), Judge Bondy deferred judgment until the Department of Labor should have an opportunity to exercise what he called "a little common sense," but the Board of Review has refused to change the administrative decision. As to what might happen to Serio if the Italian government once got its hands on him, the department officials appear to have shown only a cold-blooded indifference. "Whatever may be the result of the alien's deportation to Italy," the government record reads, "is beyond the scope of this inquiry." There is still a chance that Serio may escape, for the case is still before the court on a habeas corpus proceeding, and Judge Bondy has stated that legal action can be brought against the deportation by a departmental order instead of by the courts.

"A FRONTAL ATTACK upon the evils of Jim Crowism" is the way the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People describes its contemplated campaign for civil rights for the Negro. Suits are to be instituted simultaneously in various parts of the country to establish the Negroes' right to vote, to be given equal educational opportunities and equal accommodation on public carriers with whites, and to own and occupy property irrespective of its location in a "white" neighborhood. Nathan R. Margold, former Assistant United States Attorney in New York, and legal adviser on Indian affairs to the Institute for Government Research, has been retained by the N. A. A. C. P. to direct the movement He will endeavor, not only by the lawsuits themselves, but by publicity about them and by figures showing the economic and political status of the Negro in the United States, to conduct a wide campaign of education and enlightenment, both for Negroes and for whites, and he will have the aid and counsel of the National Committee of the association, which includes Arthur B. Spingarn, James Marshall, and Charles H. Studin of New York, Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, T. C. Nutter of Charleston, West Virginia, and Clarence Darrow. Such a campaign must be of inestimable benefit toward the desirable end of improving the status of the Negro in this country.

A SOLDIER WHO WORKED FOR PEACE—that is the distinguishing feature in the distinguished military career of General Tasker H. Bliss, who has just died at the age of seventy-three. His military associates—the Secretary of War, General Pershing, General Summerall—pay tribute to his great powers of organization, his statesman-like qualities, his long and valuable public service in affairs other than military as well as to his unusual gifts as a soldier. He had been president of the Army War College, commandant of a division in the Philippines, Chief of Staff, and member of the Supreme War Council in the World War. But it was as a man of peace that he transcended even his military distinctions. As a member of the American Commission to the Peace Conference at Versailles, all his influence was used for disarmament, for peace instead of war. He was preaching disarmament in 1920 as a cure for the jealousies that divided the victors after the war; he was preaching it almost ten years later, when the Kellogg pact had been signed. He honestly believed that in the ten years since the war the world had changed. "All this talk of disarmament," he said, "is because the people are demanding to be relieved of their burden." There will be many cynics to dispute this optimism, to say that the world is as near war as it has ever been. But it is a pity that there are not more military men who share General Bliss's point of view. For though a military man, he did not have a military mind, that mind which divides peoples, pursues rivalries, sets nation against nation—in order that the profession of arms may not perish from the earth!

The Revolt Against Hoover

PROGRESSIVES and liberals may take heart from the great protest registered by the voters of the country on November 4. They will find much encouragement in the sharp but well-deserved rebuke administered to Mr. Hoover, who came into power two short years ago as the high priest of prosperity, but whose promised miracles have dwindled to a timid and stupid defense of the status quo. They should find more encouragement in the fact that despite the widespread apathy of the public toward politics, the spirit of protest still lives and can when necessary express itself decisively at the polls; without this potential capacity for protest among the voters there could be no dependable foundation upon which to base a genuine progressive or liberal movement. More immediately important, however, is the probability that the new Congress will enact a good deal of progressive legislation which the reactionaries of the old Congress succeeded in stifling by means of their numerical superiority in the House.

It was a revolt similar to the one of November 4 that two decades ago ushered in the Sixty-second Congress, one of the most progressive Congresses in the history of the country when measured by the volume of enlightened legislation it adopted. There is some hope that this performance may now be repeated in the Seventy-second Congress. It is not only conceivable but probable that the Democrats of the new Congress will work with the Middle Western Republicans toward this end. That is what happened after the 1910 revolt, the result of conditions remarkably like those obtaining prior to the Democratic successes of this year. Business was bad, as it is at present; the workers were suffering, not so much from unemployment as from low wages and high prices; the farmers were complaining of the high cost of implements and supplies; the government was being administered by a weak and vacillating President surrounded by self-seeking political advisers; and, of foremost importance, tariff rates had just been revised upward (after the Republicans in the 1908 campaign had promised downward revision) in the Payne-Aldrich tariff act, which was as notoriously unsound and unpopular as the Grundy-Smoot tariff legislation of 1930. A nation-wide protest against this state of affairs brought a Democratic Congress into power in the 1910 elections. Unfortunately—just as now—the Democratic Party was not noted for its progressivism, but a sufficient number of Democratic members joined with the Middle Western progressives in putting through most of the proposed laws and reforms in the progressive program, which included popular election of United States Senators, the income tax, popular control of the judiciary, larger social control of public utilities, direct nominations for political offices, and increased popular control in the election of delegates to State and national conventions. If the parallel is carried through in the Seventy-second Congress, there is every hope that we shall see legislation enacted abolishing lame-duck sessions of Congress, extending public control of power and other utility interests, reforming the federal judiciary, correcting the evils of the injunction system, establishing federal employment offices and adopting other measures to check growing unemployment, and perhaps also revising the tariff drastically downward.

Obviously, success for a legislative program of this character would add greatly to the burdens and woes of the supersensitive Mr. Hoover. His discomfiture over his patent failure in the Presidency (assuming that a man of his cleverly advertised intelligence should be aware that he has failed) and over the nation-wide repudiation of himself and his shabby management of the country's affairs must be already hard to bear. It would be enough to make the most hard-boiled and thick-skinned of politicians squirm. Yet Mr. Hoover has only himself to blame. Sweeping promises of clearly dubious validity were made on his behalf two years ago. He was to work miracles, to usher in a new era. He himself promised to hasten "the day when poverty will be banished from this nation." But, alas, this is not an era of miracles, nor is Herbert Hoover a worker of miracles. Indeed, his record reveals him as a man of weakness and timidity, a man who will stoop to the cheapest sort of politics, as he did in the appointment of Judge Parker, and who will not stand by his own convictions but prefers to swallow them in the most humiliating manner at the command of his party subordinates, as he did when he accepted the 1930 tariff bill (and thereby, incidentally, wiped out the last hope of the people that he was to be the great economic statesman). Probably the hard times would in any event have caused a weakening of the Republican hold on Congress. But that the elections turned out to be a disaster for the Administration party was entirely due to Mr. Hoover's false optimism, his lack of initiative, and his seeming inability to grasp the magnitude of the problem before the country. His pratings about the nobility of American institutions and the fundamental soundness of the business structure at a time when business is languishing and millions of workers and their dependents are in desperate want must also have lost him and his party many costly votes.

The President cannot hope to find much comfort in the fact that after all a number of Republicans were also elected. Many of these men openly disowned him and his policies in their campaigns, and some of them campaigned on anti-prohibition platforms that presage further trouble for Mr. Hoover in 1932. It should be clear by now that the Eastern Republicans are irrevocably hostile to prohibition. Mr. Hoover cannot win in 1932 without their support, and it appears doubtful that he can gain their support unless he unequivocally embraces the wet cause. However, by doing so he is certain to lose the following of the inalienable drys of the Western Republican ranks. There are already many rumblings, growing in volume, of a split within the party on this question two years hence. Thus, in addition to the loss of Congress and to the probability that he must face a barrage of progressive legislation next year, a more serious difficulty arises to plague him. While the prospect of a split is by no means assured, it has cast gloom over the Republicans and made the Democrats more hopeful. What it might profit the progressives lies largely with the progressives themselves to decide.

Lame-Duck Nuisance

WE wonder how many times the antique provision of the federal Constitution which keeps an old Congress going for months after a new Congress has been elected will have to be pointed out before the country which suffers from it will bestir itself to change it. The present situation affords a peculiarly good illustration of the predicament in which our outgrown electoral system regularly lands us. There has just been a biennial contest involving the election of the entire membership of the House of Representatives and one-third of the membership of the Senate. The result of the election has been to cut down the former Republican majority in the Senate to a single vote, while in the House the Republicans can muster a majority of two only by counting as one of themselves an Independent Republican whose position in that body on public questions remains to be shown. The election also shows a marked increase in the number of members of Congress who are opposed to prohibition and favor some radical change in the system.

One would expect, in a government organized on supposedly rational principles, that an election which made so radical a change in the balance of parties in the national legislature, and obviously carried with it an emphatic rebuke and warning to the Administration, would shortly be reflected in the organization and work of Congress. Unfortunately, the American constitutional system is entirely irrational at this point. The old Congress, with a Republican control in both houses which the voters have condemned and repudiated, holds on unshaken until March 4, 1931, or four months after a national expression of lack of confidence. What is worse, the new Congress, made up, save for the two-thirds hold-over in the Senate, of men and women whom the voters have approved, will not and cannot meet until the first Monday in December, 1931, unless Mr. Hoover, who can count upon vastly less support from it than from the old one, chooses to summon it for an early session. The country has spoken at the polls, but the old regime that has been condemned has still four months in which to "fix things up" for the embarrassment of its successor, and Mr. Hoover will have nine months thereafter in which he may go ahead without any Congress at all.

This, it may be observed, is what is known in the United States as popular representative government. It is the unique American method of giving form to the expressed will of the people. The evils of the system are patent and its injustice is great. Unless the present Congress rises to unprecedented heights of patriotic disinterestedness, we shall shortly enter upon four months of "lame-duck" politics. There will be legislation designed to continue Republican policies of which the country has just declared it has had too much, and legislation intended to accommodate Senators and Representatives who will be having their last chance. The Administration, if it follows precedent, may be counted upon to cooperate by finding jobs for members who otherwise, after March 4, would be unemployed. Politically, the situation will be aggravated by uncertainty, lasting from four to thirteen months, regarding the party complexion of the new Congress when it actually meets, since death or resignation will be sure to make some changes in the present apparent membership. It will be heyday for the political machinists, and meantime the country must wait upon the moon.

If the final session of the Seventy-first Congress wishes to be held in grateful remembrance it will do what it can to make an end of this anomaly. There is before the House a resolution, originally introduced by Senator Norris, providing for the submission of a constitutional amendment changing the date of meeting of a Congress to January 4, and limiting the sessions to one each year. The adoption of this amendment would shorten to about sixty days the interval between an election and the opening session of the new legislature. The change would leave no opportunity for "lame-duck" legislation by a retiring Congress, and the possible changes in the membership of the houses through death or resignation could hardly be great. A defeated party would no longer have four months in which to circumvent its successful rival, and the country would not have to wait long months before the Congress it elected could act. Almost any President, we feel sure, would welcome the freedom from pressure for appointments which the change would give him. We should have, in short, a much nearer approach to real political responsibility than we have now, and that of itself would be likely to make voting seem more worth while. The Norris resolution should not fail of passage before the present Congress adjourns.

India and Britain Meet

WITH the convening of the Round Table Conference in London, the problem of India once more directly confronts the British government. The actions of the government recently in India, the discussion of India in the British press, and the resolutions on this topic at the recent conference of the British Labor Party all make it abundantly clear that Great Britain will not yield without further struggle what Gandhi and the Congress Party are demanding.

Of the Indians who are attending the Round Table Conference it would seem that some—for example, the landlords—are merely trying to preserve their own vested interests; others are holding on to the British apron strings out of affection or timidity; some, like Mr. Jinnah, think that they are going to "pin the Britishers down to something definite"; and some think that one more appeal to British idealism will solve the problem. They are weak in that they have no solid common program to present to the British either at the conference or in the future if the conference fails. But the Indian delegates are all aware, and so are the British, that the power of the Indian case lies not in declamation or argument, but in the will of Gandhi and the Congress Party. The demands of the Indian delegates are now pitched fairly high, but they are what they are because Gandhi has made still higher demands and reinforced them with action. Whatever bargaining power the Indian delegates possess depends not on their own strength but on the strength of the little man in Yerovda jail. The possible threat of the Indian delegates which will carry most weight with the British will be: "If you do not do as we ask, we

shall go back and join Gandhi." That, indeed, is the only threat available to most of them. It may not be made, but the possibility of it will be in people's minds. The Mohammedans can also threaten to make trouble for Britain among their coreligionists in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Persia, and Afghanistan, but that would be such an extended line of struggle that Britain could probably defeat or out-maneuver the Moslems one section at a time.

According to the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of September 19, V. S. Srinavasa Sastri, whom the British seem to respect more than any other of the Indian delegates, spoke on September 16 to the Manchester Luncheon Club about the forthcoming conference. He indicated that the Indian liberals were willing, though under protest, to allow the army in India to remain in British control. Then, referring to the new constitution for India to be enacted by Parliament after the Round Table Conference, he said:

> If the constitution bore upon its face the right stamp, and not one of inferiority but of equality with other peoples, they [the Indian delegates and the groups they directly represent] thought they would be able to answer for the future of India not only to themselves but to the British people from whom they took it over.

Did he mean by this that in a show-down the Indian liberals would support the government in its violent repression of the Congress men, or would only refuse all cooperation with them, or would merely try to persuade as many of them as possible to leave the Congress camp and accept the British scheme? Britain presumably would like to know the answer to these questions.

The Round Table Conference is undoubtedly designed, among other things, to enable the ruling class in England, as distinguished from the Labor Government, to estimate the character, inner dominant attitude, and purpose of those Indian spokesmen who are sufficiently attached to British rule to be willing later to try to work whatever political machinery Britain may now consider it wise to provide for India. It is intended further to help make the delegates more "reasonable," that is, pliable to British purposes. But judging from the public utterances of various members of the Indian delegation, it may possibly have the unintended effect of making the British realize how widely and deeply the desire for freedom has permeated all classes of Indians.

Prospects that any real agreement will come out of the conference are not bright. What the unrepresented Congress Party demands, the government will not and even cannot grant. If it yielded those demands it would fall over night. Yet those demands have wide support throughout India. If the Indian delegates, for the sake of agreement, content themselves with such relatively minor concessions as the government can safely grant, have they any ground for hoping that the Indians will accept their bargain? If, on the other hand, they return empty-handed, the outcome will only add so much to the arguments of the Congress Party. Meanwhile the struggle proceeds. A startling Associated Press dispatch on October 30 reported that 50,000 peasants in the Bardoli district (the scene of one of the most brilliantly successful of Gandhi's earlier non-violent campaigns) have left their homes rather than pay taxes. Though the British censorship tends to hide what is actually happening, the real struggle lies now, as it has lain from the beginning, not in London but in India.

Sinclair Lewis

FOR the first time the Nobel Prize for Literature, carrying with it a large amount of fresh fame together with a stipend of some $46,000, has been awarded to an American citizen. And it is eminently just that the award should have been made, for this first time, to Sinclair Lewis. He is among the three or four best-known and most widely read American writers, both in the United States and abroad. His novels attain a very high standard of literary excellence. And more than any other writer of equal or lesser eminence he has set down the spirit of America.

The American culture of today is immensely self-conscious, worried about its own destiny, engaged incessantly in taking stock of itself, in counting its bathtubs and its motor cars and its radio sets. No other country in the world since history began has had a way of living so filled with overstuffed furniture, built-in dinettes, bridge lamps, and tiled kitchens. No other country has ever occupied itself so exclusively with the mechanical comforts of life, has ever laid such emphasis on a standardized, mechanically perfect, and easy-to-keep-clean existence. Other civilizations have bartered their immortal souls for an excess of riotous living, for beauty in the high places — at the expense of the low — or for other strange gods. In America our gods are Comfort and the Big Noise. And "Main Street" and "Babbitt" and "Elmer Gantry" are of the very essence of America.

Only a very considerable artist could see so piercingly, so relentlessly the elements of a civilization and have the craft to reproduce them in a novel. But anybody who has ever heard Mr. Lewis in the midst of one of his incomparable Babbittian monologues, when he was impersonating a Congressman just elected from Zenith to the national legislature, or a man from Vermont calling on the President of the United States, would know that along with his uncanny penetration, his incredible flow of language, and his ironical appreciation of the shortcomings of his countrymen goes a kind of inner sympathy and kinship with the worst of them. He can laugh at Babbitt because he knows just what a good-hearted, eager, perplexed fellow he is. He makes propaganda against him — against his stupidities, his lack of imagination, his brass, his absurd attempts at super-culture by radio or advertisements — and at the same time he makes propaganda for him — for his generosity, his gentleness, his childish simplicity. This is not by any means a totally searing picture of America; it is touching and humorous as well.

It is, however, a curious commentary on the value of propaganda literature, of which Mr. Lewis's novels are such a supreme and successful example, that his best book, both in his own opinion and in the opinion of most of his critics, is "Arrowsmith," more free from propaganda than any of the others. It is less the spirit of a nation than a first-rate novel, telling a moving and dramatic story. It is possible that the Swedish awarders of the Nobel prize concerned themselves less with the virtues of "Arrowsmith" than with the other books, so typically American, so descriptive of these strange people on the far side of the Atlantic. Yet one may venture to prophesy that it will be read when the others are read no longer, but serve merely as reference works for a vanished age.

Chains Versus Independents

II. Chain Stores and the Community*

By EDWARD G. ERNST and EMIL M. HARTL

AS mass production has revolutionized American family life, so mass distribution is revolutionizing the community life of America. Not many years ago practically every retail business in our towns and cities was owned and operated by local capital and talent. It is not so today. In Anderson, South Carolina, a city of 14,500 people, twenty-three of the best business locations on Main Street have been turned over to out-of-town merchants. In Framingham, Massachusetts, six chain stores, lined up together, practically monopolize the best business district of the city. There is now but one independent department store left in Danville, Virginia, and several other lines of merchandise are controlled to about an equal extent by outside interests.

What does this shifting of our merchandising from the hands of local men into the hands of outside capital mean to the community at large? The local merchant generally owns his own home. The town in which he secures a livelihood for his family is his permanent home. He takes pride in his community's activities; he shows an active interest in the education and training of the youth of the town. He is considered one of the leading citizens, and is expected to lend his efforts toward the social, educational, and religious advancement of the community. As this loyal and energetic type of citizen is being driven out of his prominent position, another type of merchant takes his place.

The new man is a transient. He is merely a representative of a non-resident group of stockholders, who pay him according to his ability to line their pockets with silver. He can hardly be classed as a merchant. He is told exactly what to do and how to do it. He simply takes his orders and does his best to carry them out. The better able he is to carry out orders, the better are his chances of being transferred to a bigger town, and this is his chief ambition. On the other hand, if he is not good at taking and executing orders, he is likely to be demoted, or moved to a smaller town at a decrease in salary.

In our survey of ten cities we questioned thirty-four chain-store managers concerning the length of time they had occupied the positions they were then holding. In only eleven of the thirty-four cases was it more than four years, and in fourteen it was less than two years. Only two managers had been appointed to stores in their home towns, and two others had taken the risk of purchasing a home for themselves. Since the chain manager must be a puppet, he is hardly capable of becoming a leading citizen of any town. His interests are not with the people he serves, but in the financial returns of his store. Furthermore, his company prefers not to have him become too well acquainted. Bridge parties, ball games, and celebrations all have a tendency to distract one's attention from business. One requisite to success in modern business is that a man be married to his work. "Chain-store widows" are now beating time in every town. In Danville, Virginia, a manager was playing baseball with the city league under an assumed name in order to keep his company ignorant of his outside activities. A chain manager in Gulfport, Mississippi, repeatedly refused an invitation to join a lodge because it was against the policy of his company. During the entire survey we were able to find but two chain organizations which advised their managers to take an active, personal part in community affairs.

Chains and Community Contributions

Until within the past two or three years the chain stores practically ignored all local demands for contributions. Now widespread agitation has forced the chains to take a different attitude and most of them are linking up with the local chambers of commerce and the community chests. Of the twenty-three chain stores in Anderson, South Carolina, only six have refused to join the chamber of commerce during the past year. This record, however, is not so important as it at first appears. In Shreveport, Louisiana, the amounts given to the chamber of commerce by both the chain stores and the independents range only from $25 to $100. Support of the chamber of commerce constitutes the sole community gift of most chains, while one independent was tapped to the extent of $2,000 for community contributions last year. A chain-store manager in the same city kept strict account of all charity demands made upon his store for the period of one year. He found that he had the opportunity of giving to more than two hundred causes. Being a mere chain puppet he was able to refer them to the head office in New York, where the matter was unceremoniously dropped. But an independent cannot escape so easily. He knows his customers and they know him. Moreover, he is interested in community affairs. He neither wishes to turn down the chance to contribute to a worthy cause nor is willing to risk his reputation in the community by so doing.

It is the policy of some chain stores to set aside a certain per cent of the sales for community cooperation. This ranges from one-fourth of one per cent to three-fourths of one per cent of the total sales. One manager informed us that though he was advised to give one-half of one per cent, he usually held back half of that in order to increase the net profits of his store, on which he received a commission. More commonly, however, the manager holds the quota until Christmas, when he gives it in the form of goods, thereby increasing his volume of business.

The problem of community cooperation is becoming increasingly a concern to chain-store officials. They are beginning to see their mistake in so merchandising retail stores as to make them of little more importance to the community than so many slot machines. From the social point of view something must be done to humanize chain-store methods or the community will lose its significance as a social unit.

* The second of a series of articles. The third, Chain Management and Labor, will appear in the issue of November 26.—Editor The Nation.

Do Chains Drain the Town?

The chain stores not only are condemned for driving the town's leading citizens out of business, but they are also accused of taking money from the community and depositing it in New York City. A common objection is that the chains do not own the property they use and are not paying their share of the taxes; of more importance still is the money they take out of town for the salaries of high-class superintendents, expert buyers, and presidents. On top of this is the net profit, which also seems to be going away from the local community.

First it must be recognized that at least seventy-five cents out of every dollar spent in a grocery store, whether it be a chain or an independent, must go out of town again for the purchase of more soap, potatoes, and sugar. No community can keep all of its money at home. To attempt such a policy would be suicide. What the local communities wish to prevent, however, is the exodus of money from the town to buy limousines for parasites in other cities.

We found the charge that "the chain stores do not own their business houses" was true in most cases. In fact, we found but two chains in ten localities which had purchased the property on which they conducted business. But this should be looked upon with great favor by local capital. If the chains do not own their property they must rent; and rent usually pays for the taxes with a fair profit for the owner of real estate. We found that the rents being paid by the chain stores today are much larger than the rents formerly paid by the independents who occupied the same locations, and larger also than the rents now being paid by adjoining independents.

The chain store does not enter a town unless it can get the location it wants. The organization is willing to pay higher rent than others for the best locations if long-time leases are available. In Newport, New Hampshire, a grocery chain forced an independent clothing store to move out of a desirable location by offering the landlord an increase in rent of $150 a month. In 1918 an independent druggist in Framingham, Massachusetts, was paying $80 a month rent. Since that time the frequent attempts of chain stores to acquire his corner have forced his rent to $375, which is out of all proportion to the increase of the city's business. Most independents cannot afford to pay the rents the chains are willing to pay. By securing long-term leases the chains can afford to take a loss in any store the first few years, provided the city is growing. A rent of $400 per month in 1930 might be more than business would warrant, but by 1940 the average town may have gained enough in population to increase greatly the value of business. The chain possessed of a thirty-year lease has twenty years in which to make up for the losses.

City taxes on merchandise have not always been properly adjusted to the chain stores. In Framingham, Massachusetts, the local merchants complained that they were being taxed $30 on every $1,000 worth of stock by the city, while their more prosperous competitors were exempt from all taxes except the State corporation tax. The city's share in this State tax is only fifty cents on $1,000 of stock. Thus the local merchants are contributing sixty times as much toward city expenses as are the chain stores. Many chains have been accused of misrepresenting the real value of their stock to the tax assessors. This is more frequently done in the grocery chains, where the local managers have no knowledge of the wholesale value of their merchandise. A guess is likely to be in favor of the company for which they work. A grocery chain in Greencastle, Indiana, sent in a valuation of $2,200 for two stores; the assessors raised the amount to $6,000, and no complaint was filed by the company.

Now what is to be said to the charge that "the chains take so much money out of town"? The local bankers testify that most of the money which has been deposited on Saturday night is drawn out on Monday morning. We talked to two bankers this summer who had refused to handle chain accounts because the chains never left a balance in the bank. It is estimated that it takes a balance of $800 in the bank at all times to pay for the handling of a chain-store account. It is now a common practice for banks to demand a balance of at least $1,000. This enables them to handle the chain accounts at a slight gain instead of at a loss. On the other hand, most of the bankers whom we interviewed agreed that the independents' accounts were not profitable either. The increasing insecurity of the local merchants can, however, be attributed to some extent to the incoming chains.

Super-Organization and Net Profits

The largest part of the money taken out of the town by the chains goes to carry on the super-organizations. Every large institution, whether it be a church, a charity, or a business, needs its central organization, and the expense of this must be prorated to all the units it serves according to the amount of service rendered. In the grocery business this expense amounts to from 2½ to 3 per cent of the gross sales. In the clothing business and ten-cent stores the cost is about 5 per cent of the sales. This amount most certainly does go out of town and supports a host of business men who have no human interest in the problems of the community over which they exercise their power. Each separate, one-man grocery store thereby receives advice from one of the best-trained and most experienced business men in the country.

Does the work accomplished by the super-organization justify its existence? In the first place, we have already shown how it has eliminated the jobber and the traveling salesman. But this also is being done by the more progressive independents who have the capital and can buy for cash and in large quantities. However, there is still another function of the group of men supported by this 5 per cent. They have the power to press the producer and the manufacturer, a pressure which is visited in turn upon the working class in the form of reduced wages. It is in this way that this 5 per cent can eventually bring about the destruction of America's community life, and here lies the real significance of the charge of "taking money out of town." In other words, the super-organization spends most of its time and energy devising methods whereby the money can be taken away from the producer and then given back to him in the form of reduced prices for the consumer.

Another drain upon the local community is the net profit taken out by the chain stores, which ranges from 2½ per cent in the grocery business to 10 per cent in the clothing business. This amount is distributed to all parts of the country in the form of dividends on capital invested. Almost every community shares in some degree in the dividends of outside industry or business. The successful merchants of the ten localities we studied were investing their money in

outside industries or depositing it with the local banker, who was making investments for them.

The Lesson of the Chains

The chain stores have taught us the economy of large-scale distribution. The expense of the small independent is almost 15 per cent greater than that of the "big" independent, which is able to buy for cash and in large quantities. The consuming public can hardly afford to pay for this economic waste in order to give a few more men an occupation. Mass distribution is inevitable. Whether the bulk of the business will fall to local or outside interests remains to be seen; but it is now time to consider the respective values of the two methods.

The amount of capital necessary to operate an independent retail business on a sufficiently large scale to accomplish all necessary savings is becoming too large for one man to furnish. The owner of such a business is fortunate if he is able to keep the controlling interest. The remainder of the capital must be secured from successful citizens of the town, who buy shares with the expectation of receiving a fair financial return from their investment. To this class of men it matters little whether their 2 per cent profit comes from money invested in the coal mines of Colorado or in a grocery company in their own city. They spend the 2 per cent in much the same manner regardless of the source from which it comes. As long as a man has not a controlling interest he has little or nothing to say about the policies of the company in which he invests, and as soon as the company slacks up on dividends he is ready to withdraw his financial support. From the point of view of the shareholders, then, unless it is operated on a cooperative basis there is no special difference between the foreign-managed and the home-owned store. However, there is one advantage in the latter. That is the place of the proprietor in the community. He receives the same 2 per cent profit on his investment, but he also operates the store over which he exercises his control. He feels a responsibility toward his customers, as well as toward his financial backers. He cannot escape the human interest which is always present when a man is dealing with old acquaintances and friends. But it must be understood that in so far as the 2 per cent profit is concerned, this sum serves the community about as well when it is drawn as dividends from outside industries. The future solidarity of the American community is chiefly dependent upon the genuine interest of its entire citizenry. It can be achieved only as the men of the community realize that their past, present, and future are unconditionally wrapped up in the welfare of one group of people. It is only in this way that they can work together toward the realization of the highest human values.

British Films Are Pure

By WILLIAM A. ROBSON

THE report for the year 1929 of the British Board of Film Censors is a very remarkable document. This body is itself deserving of note. It consists of representatives of the cinematograph trade and has no official status whatsoever. It has no legal powers of compulsion, but is, in practice, able to exercise an almost complete power of life and death over the vast mass of films which are produced to satisfy the ravenous demand of every class of the population. The president of the board is a veritable despot in the film world: the very absence of legal power and the unofficial character of his office serve to strengthen his position beyond measure. The cinema-licensing authorities, charged by Parliament to grant licenses "on such terms and conditions" as they may determine, have almost unanimously abdicated their function to the extent of including a condition in the license that only films which have been passed by the board shall be exhibited. The courts have approved this arrangement and declared it to be lawful provided the licensing authority reserves to itself a final right of review. But this reservation is of small moment. The cinema trade in this country is dominated throughout by the British Board of Film Censors.

In view of the fact that the cinema has become more popular than the church, more powerful than the press, more attractive than the theater, more international than literature, more wealth-producing than wireless, more ubiquitous than the post office, more unquestioned than the arm of the law, and more dangerous than all these other forces put together, it is important to observe the process and principles which determine what films may or may not be seen by the British public on its daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly pilgrimage to the pictures.

But first a word about the president of the board, the keystone of the arch. The president not only personally appoints his own examiners, but also has the final word in a dispute between one of those examiners and a film publisher. The last president was the late Mr. T. P. O'Connor, P.C., M.P., who served from 1917 until his death last year. During that long and important period of development the main lines on which film censorship now proceeds were formulated and defined. Mr. O'Connor, the report observes in referring to these principles,

> . . . was unquestionably a passionate advocate of the freedom of art, having immense faith in the even yet unexplored possibilities of the film. . . . So long as decorum was maintained, and so long as the subject was not one intended primarily for the study hall, the dissecting room, or a special theater, he deemed it would be treason to the duties of his position if he did not strive to obtain for the cinema the utmost liberty of expression. . . . While advocating this freedom, he was instrumental in establishing a code of standards of film censorship which have inspired confidence in the minds of local authorities in all parts of the country.

Mr. O'Connor's successor is the Right Honorable Edward Shortt, P.C., K.C., Home Secretary from 1919 to 1922 in the Coalition Government. Mr. Shortt, it is announced, has given careful thought to the established standards of the board and has "unhesitatingly come to the conclusion that it would be difficult to modify them with advantage." It

will be his earnest endeavor, we are told, so to mold the standard of censorship as "to make the screen an instrument for good and to provide entertainment and amusement in the truest sense of the words."

With this in mind we can turn to the body of the report. Here we learn that during the year 7 films were totally rejected and exception was taken to a further 300. Of these, some 250 were certified after amendment or drastic alterations had been carried out.

The seven totally rejected films were turned down as being unsuitable for the following reasons: (a) habitual immorality; (b) a minister of religion in equivocal situations; (c) psychology of marriage as depicted by its physical aspects; (d) intimate biological studies unsuitable for public exhibition; (e) stories in which the criminal element is predominant; (f) indecorous dancing. The reasons for which exception was taken to the 300 films cannot be given *in extenso;* we can give only a few representative illustrations.

Under the heading "Political" we find: References to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; themes likely to wound the just susceptibilities of friendly nations. (Note the words "just" and "friendly." Is Russia "friendly"? or India? or Egypt?) White men in a state of degradation amidst Far Eastern and native surroundings. (Query: May white men be shown in a state of degradation amidst home surroundings? or natives among Far Western surroundings?) Equivocal situations between white girls and men of other races. (May we presume that unequivocal situations between white girls and "men of other races" are permitted, and equivocal situations between white men and girls of other races?) Inciting workers to armed conflicts. (This presumably prohibits any film depicting the Russian or French Revolutions or the Peasants' Revolt, but permits the Crusades, the fascist reaction, or any picture which incites only the leisured class or the aristocracy to armed conflict.)

Under the heading "Military": Conflicts between the armed forces of a state and the populace. (This clearly debars any representation of recent disturbances in India, even from inclusion in one of the Topical Gazette films.)

Under the heading "Administration of Justice": Soldiers and police firing on defenseless populace. (May soldiers be shown firing on an armed populace?) Incidents which convey false and derogatory impressions of the police forces in this country; objectionable prison scenes. (Does this mean that the censor will not stomach any scene which shows a prison to be an objectionable place? Surely even an ex-Home Secretary cannot require prisons to be shown as delightful institutions.)

Under the heading "Social": Girls and women in a state of intoxication; reflections on the medical profession; "orgy" scenes; hospital incidents treated flippantly; suggestive and indecorous dancing; nude and semi-nude figures; unseemly displays of women's underclothing; recurrent incidents of the attempted and successful deception and betrayal of innocent girls (note the words "recurrent" and "innocent"); scenes in, and connected with, houses of ill-repute; marital infidelity and collusive divorces; harem scenes; psychology of marriage as depicted by its physical aspects; indecorum of dress and behavior; scenes of puerperal pains; scenes in opium dens; pernicious scenes in the underworld of large cities; unacceptable vulgarity (unacceptable!).

Under the heading of "Sex": Themes indicative of habitual immorality, crude immorality (occasional or refined immorality is impliedly permitted); women in alluring and provocative attitudes; white-slave traffic; vamping; lives of thoroughly immoral men and women; bargaining on the part of a girl to sacrifice her virtue for an ostensibly good purpose.

Under the heading "Crime": Methods of crime open to imitation; stories in which the criminal element is predominant; criminals shown in affluence and apparently successful in life without retribution; strangling.

The whole thing is absolutely sincere. The Victorian morality underlying the "standards" laid down by the film censorship constitutes the genuine outlook of the president of the board and his henchmen, the examiners. That this outlook is not a matter of mere commercial or political expediency, but a passionately held creed is evident from a passage in which certain tendencies are denounced in true Jixian style. Among the films submitted for censorship during the past twelve months, we are told, there has been a large number which may be classed as "back-stage drama."

> The themes are often sordid, and the lives of the principal characters, if not actually immoral, are at all events unmoral in practice and principle. In many cases there is in addition an admixture of the criminal or bootlegging element, with the introduction of an atmosphere of riotous luxury. One such film by itself may not be prohibitive, but the board cannot help feeling that a continuous succession of them is subversive, tending to inculcate a lower outlook, and to invest a life of irregularity with a spurious glamor. There is evidence of quite definite disapproval of this type of film among the regular cinema-going public.

It is to be regretted that the Labor Government should have indorsed the unrealistic Sunday-school morality which informs the activities of the board. For it is not only in regard to sexual questions and law and order that the film censorship harks back to the outworn creed of Victorian days, when all white men were assumed to be superior to all "natives," every woman more innocent and pure than any man, all British military forces more patriotic than their opponents, all policemen more righteous than those they arrest, every doctor a Samaritan whose only thought is to relieve suffering humanity, and every clergyman a man of God caring only for the cure of souls and eternal salvation. The economic and political morality of the films is equally obsolete. The hero is usually shown rising to affluence by the sole aid of honest labor and a spotless character; the wealthy employer whose heart is not made of gold is invariably stripped of riches and position, and in the last reel is shown creeping away in disgrace and well-deserved misery. The atmosphere of the films is permeated throughout by an indomitable complacency toward the present social order. The world portrayed in the movies and talkies is in all essential respects a good world in which, after a few satisfying delays and apparent obstacles, virtue is inevitably rewarded and vice automatically punished.

It is obvious that the films will never develop into a true art so long as they are subjected to the cramping influence of the censorship as it exists at present; for no art can flourish while it is pinioned to an elaborate code of social hypocrisy and unreal convention.

On the College Frontier
VIII. The Sarah Lawrence Plan*

By CONSTANCE WARREN

A DEVOTED trustee of one of our major colleges once said to me: "All through preparatory school my daughter was studying not what she wanted to but what she had to to enter college. After she got in she passed two more years studying not what she wanted to but what was required in preparation for it. Then she left to get married. She never reached the point of free work in her chosen field. If you can give the girl who is probably in college for but two years a chance at intellectual exploration, I am all for Sarah Lawrence College."

This statement was not made in a spirit of criticism of the four-year college. The man himself was a most successful product of such a college, and he realized that its chief business is to develop well-rounded scholarship. It plans its first two years accordingly, requiring of its students a broad survey of the general fields of knowledge through orientation courses or a wide sampling of introductory courses each designed to lay a thorough foundation for later specialization. Only in the junior year is the student considered ready for more independent work in her main fields of interest or for serious research.

Into this well-ordered scheme of things the girl who plans for only two years of college must fit herself as best she may. She comes away having done a good deal of required work in which she was not interested, and without having stayed long enough to specialize in the subjects of her choice, or having learned to work with the independence she desired. The educational meat is always ahead of her, and she leaves without having tasted it.

Can a two-year college be so planned as better to meet the needs of such a student? Most junior colleges either duplicate the first two years of the four-year college in preparation for transfer to its junior year or prepare for vocational and semi-professional careers. A few four-year colleges and some junior colleges are trying in various ways to solve the problem suggested. Among them Sarah Lawrence College has accepted this educational challenge. It opened as a two-year college of liberal arts, but whether it stops at two years or develops three or four years of work is incidental. To its faculty its main interest lies in the fact that it is attempting to put into practice, on the college level, principles of education long tested in the best of so-called progressive schools. Its primary object is education in the art of living richly through the well-rounded development of all the student's powers. This means that the task of the instructor is to consider the student in terms of her whole personality, not solely of her intellectual development; to provide the best possible conditions under which she shall become the active agent of her own education rather than the recipient of an education carefully planned for her by others; to help her build her intellectual life from her own interests as a starting-point, not to decide for her in advance what these interests should be; and to help her to interpret the information she acquires in terms of its relation to life in general rather than to acquire it for its own sake.

To establish a college on these lines is no easy task. It demands of the instructor skill, flexibility, understanding, and willingness to become part of the background of the educational experience rather than the leading figure in it. For the student it requires leisure in which to carry on chosen work without strain and to explore by-paths which branch off from the main highway of her course, one of which may perchance become, for her, the main highway.

For this type of work special organization is required. The student at Sarah Lawrence College generally carries but three major courses a year. She chooses these courses with faculty help. Sometime during the two years she usually works in each of four fields—the arts, modern languages and literature, natural sciences, and social sciences. This work is arranged to correlate as closely as possible with her major interest. Practical work in the arts is accepted as part of the curriculum—which enables the student with special gifts to devote more time than is usual to creative work in art, music, or drama. In each course the student receives a syllabus on which she works independently but in consultation with her instructor, who encourages her to enrich her experience by following lines of interest which her reading or class discussions suggest. This must be purposeful exploration, not erratic wandering, and to insure that it is carried out systematically, certain sections of work are expected to be completed at definite intervals and are definitely tested. Classes are small and generally take the form of round-table discussions based largely on student reports. The group meets once a week for two hours, but the instructor keeps in close touch with the work of each member of the class in a weekly conference lasting half an hour or more.

In addition to the three major courses each student chooses a major activity. These activities are applied arts, business procedure, chorus singing, dramatics, health, horticulture, stringed ensemble, pianoforte ensemble, publications, and social service. They correspond to the extra-curricular activities which in our college days were crowded into minutes hastily snatched from regular work, but which we now regard as affording some of the most valuable educational experience of our college career. In accord with the newer conception of what are legitimate subjects for study, the college plans these activities in the curriculum under the guidance of faculty advisers most of whom have had professional experience, and who explain technique and develop the full educational possibilities. These activities are particularly valuable in supplementing the more individual work of the classroom with group work, in developing leadership and a sense of service to the community, and in bringing out latent talent. They provide an unusual opportunity to learn by doing.

* The last of a series of articles on educational experiments.

The college aims to avoid competition among students as a motive for work and to substitute the love of work for its own sake in competition only with oneself. Therefore there is no grading system. Reports consist of a careful analysis of the work of each student by her instructor and faculty adviser. No student's work is considered satisfactory if she has fallen below her own capacity. For those who desire a translation of their attainments in terms more familiar to college parlance, a Board of Outside Examiners, chosen from the faculties of four-year colleges and universities, offers each year a series of examinations which it grades. Last year more than half the students availed themselves of this opportunity for an outside evaluation of their work. Those planning to transfer to other colleges after graduation find it especially useful.

The fact that Bronxville, where the college is located, is but thirty minutes by train from New York makes it possible to use the city as a laboratory for museum, library, and social-science work. It affords an abundance of illustrative material for nearly all courses, and field trips are constantly made to take advantage of this enrichment of the curriculum. To learn to use the city wisely is an education in itself.

The college feels that for its type of education a crowded curriculum in which many subjects are pieced together like the parts of a puzzle is unfit. It aims rather to simplify the schedule, leaving stretches of time for uninterrupted work. For this reason, whenever the subject permits, classes are held for two hours once a week rather than more often and for shorter periods. The college believes in providing for a certain amount of leisure in which to develop the self-motivated interests which are a test of the reality of education, and to that end it throws open additional courses to students as listeners, allows them to do leisure-time work in music, arts, crafts, and dramatics, and arranges for them to take advantage of musical, artistic, and dramatic opportunities in New York City. Students join informal groups on the campus for the study of gardening, astronomy, photography, public speaking, the reading of poetry, discussion of current events, philosophy, or religion, and a variety of other interests. There is complete freedom in the choice of these pursuits, but each student is held responsible by her faculty adviser for a certain amount of leisure time well spent each week.

The crux of this method of education is the faculty adviser, or don. Almost all members of the faculty act as dons, each one to a few students only, giving to the work much thought and time. They consider the education of the student in terms of her all-round development, to which every phase of her experience while at college contributes. Conference with the don serves as a clearing-house for the discussion, classification, and interpretation of all the student's activities and interests. The development of the student's own judgment is the first consideration of the don.

Sarah Lawrence College is in an experimental stage and we hope that it always will be. The faculty research committee is constantly engaged in analyzing its objectives, in clarifying them, in investigating better ways of putting them into effect, and in checking practical results. It is undertaking, among other things, to investigate possibilities of close correlation between study, health, and social life. To this end the director of education, head nurse, physical director, and registrar of absences cooperate. In this, as in the solution of all other problems of college life, the students take an active part. The faculty are gradually working away from traditional subject matter, breaking down departmental lines and placing more emphasis on problems involving several departments. The faculty discusses freely with the students the theories upon which their education is being developed, as well as the actual problems of curriculum-making, and welcomes their criticism and suggestions. Decisions of various kinds reached in faculty meeting are talked over with them, and on one occasion last year student representatives attended faculty meeting and took an active part in plans for the development of the major activities. College government is a community affair, for the betterment of which joint faculty-student committees are at work. Every type of college problem, even the budget, is a matter of lively interest to the students.

It will readily be seen that such a scheme implies three requisites: adequate intellectual capacity to carry college work, indication of a desire to do independent work, and sufficient maturity of character to assume social responsibility. To find out whether these qualities exist the college requires the applicant for admission to take a scholastic-aptitude test and to submit school records for the last four years. In addition, three questionnaires must be filled out, one by the applicant, one by her parents, and one by the principal of her preparatory school. Upon this data the board of admission selects such candidates as seem to be qualified to profit by this type of educational experience.

The first class was graduated from Sarah Lawrence College last June. Some students who had thought they wanted but two years of work are returning for a third; many are going on to four-year colleges or to schools for professional training. They left with an enthusiasm for intellectual experiences and a confidence in their growing power to acquire these experiences that encourage the faculty in its belief that this adventure in education meets a definite, widespread, and vital demand.

In the Driftway

LOCMARIAQUER lies on the Breton coast. And Locmariaquer is such a small village that the Drifter still wonders how he came to find it, though now that he thinks of it he does remember how he got there. He bicycled one morning into the cobbled streets of Auray. It was a very sunny morning in September and the Drifter was filled with thoughts of how the sea would be on such a day as this. So he went to the desk of one of Auray's hotels and asked to be directed to some small quiet place down the coast. The answer was immediate and firm: Locmariaquer. The Drifter liked the sound. It was a good beginning for a song. It was only eight or ten kilometers away. He would go there after lunch.

* * * * *

WHEN he arrived in Locmariaquer that afternoon, it was apparent that the town had gone to sleep in the sun. The square was empty and the small pier that could be seen from it reached its deserted length lazily into a shining high tide. The Drifter left the square and cycled down

a narrow side street that was walled on either side from imagined gardens. Here he met an old woman driving her *cochon* tenderly along. He came to know the two rather well before he departed from the silences of Locmariaquer. For Locmariaquer was never any noisier than it was when he arrived. Its people lived their lives of course. They thatched their roofs and tended their chickens. The priest walked about in his peaceful black. Sometimes a cart went down a street. But about every activity there was a furtive air, as if the time for that sort of thing had long since passed and these were forgotten duties that must be performed, to be sure, but as quietly as possible. When the Drifter found in the church a pathetic decorated list of the Jeans and Pauls and Pierres of Locmariaquer who had died in the war, he was surprised that anything so recent had penetrated to that still village.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

EACH day the Drifter followed a path that led through barnyards and fields to the sea which came up into the land in long reaches. Along the coast at Locmariaquer are cromlechs—passages of stones set upright side by side and topped with great flat slabs—built thousands of years ago by pagan hands of incredible strength. With matches the Drifter, preoccupied with human sacrifice, went to the ends of the long tunnels. And he was conscious of a life in the dead stones more real than any he could find back in the village. Even the sea at Locmariaquer was quiet, as if the ocean had forgotten it. The tide came in to fill the Drifter's favorite pool with its floor of yellow sand. He bathed alone, and he seldom saw a human being along the coast, though somebody gathered the periwinkles and crabs, the eels and shrimps he fed on so well. The days passed without a sound, except for the old woman and her precious pig talking to each other as she drove him home at night.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

THERE was, indeed, one exception to the silence, one center of life not too abundant. Perhaps the Drifter's best friend in the village was the Madame who with her husband ran the little cafe and tabac across the street from his hotel. The villagers of Locmariaquer are not very bright—the Drifter records it without condescension or reproach, for a quick mind would be not only useless but uncomfortable there. Madame, he gathered, was considered brighter than most, because she took sole care of the cash box. Her husband called to her whenever a cash transaction was in order and Madame evidently enjoyed the distinction. But the Drifter noticed, too, that whenever the cash box came into play, there was a mistake, accompanied by much cheerful talk. In the Drifter's case, Madame, after a painful but eager calculation, invariably gave him too much change. The Drifter invariably returned the excess while Madame laughed at her mistake—not with any embarrassment but as if it were an old familiar joke. It came to be a little ceremony which the Drifter enjoyed as much as she did. Then one day, it was Monday, Madame was absent and the Drifter asked about her. The husband spoke proudly as he answered. In Auray every Monday, he explained, there was held a public market. And Madame each week took a load of produce to Auray where she sold it in a booth. Madame, he said, as he carefully counted out the wrong change, was so fond of business.

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Correspondence

Lord Thomson

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial comment on the tragic death of Lord Thomson, in your issue of October 15, did scant justice to that most charming and brilliant of men, who was never, as you say, "an obscure, retired army officer." He was at thirty-eight a general assigned to the Supreme War Council, about the highest honor which could have come to him, an honor won, moreover, not by pull but by admirable service on the western front and in Palestine. Those who heard from his own lips the story of the taking of Jerusalem will never forget it.

The minute the war was over he resigned, leaving the army altogether because he was disgusted with the whole military business, and wanted to protest against the failure of the war to safeguard humanity. Although he had but small private means he threw in his lot with the unpopular Labor Party. His devotion to Ramsay MacDonald was as great as MacDonald's to him.

Berlin, October 24 Oswald Garrison Villard

Church and State

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial discussing the much-talked-of Hoover-Lutheran-Catholic incident you stated that "assuredly there must be someone in his [President Hoover's] battalion of assistants and counselors who could have kept him from making so bad a break as that of identifying Luther with the principle of separation of church and state."

The third paragraph of Article 28 of the Augsburg Confession contains the following words on this subject:

> Therefore, the power of the church and the civil power must not be confounded. The power of the church had its own commission to teach the Gospel and administer the sacrament. Let it not break into the office of another; let it not transfer the kingdoms of this world; let it not abrogate the laws of civil rulers; let it not abolish lawful obedience; let it not interfere with judgment concerning civil ordinances or contracts; let it not prescribe laws to civil rulers concerning the form of the commonwealth.

Washington, October 29 S. B. W.

A Hopeful Project

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some taboos, as Havelock Ellis and others have shown, are essential to the progress of humanity. In this group are numbered such taboos as those against theft and murder. But Ellis has also pointed out the great harm to society which has resulted from the taboo against rational discussion and action in dealing with certain grave health risks often referred to as "social diseases." Syphilis and gonorrhea are ranked by health authorities respectively as "the great killer" and "the great sterilizer" of our race. A recent authoritative survey of New York City disclosed 53,284 cases of these two diseases under observation and treatment on a given day. Yet the public frequently thinks of them as offenses rather than afflictions.

It is most hopeful, therefore, to note the announcement that the Bellevue-Yorkville Health Demonstration is devoting October and November to an intensive campaign against the venereal diseases. The allied forces engaged in this effort include the New York City Department of Health, the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, and the American Social Hygiene Association. They plan to reach every family in the Bellevue-Yorkville area through lectures, pamphlets, and motion pictures, giving the facts about both diseases.

New York, November 1 Roy H. Everett

Contributors to This Issue

Edward G. Ernst and Emil M. Hartl, authors of "The Steel Mills Today," present in four articles the results of a first-hand study of the chain store.

William A. Robson, member of the editorial board of the *Political Quarterly*, is the author of "The Relation of Wealth to Welfare."

Constance Warren is the president of Sarah Lawrence College.

Genevieve Taggard is the author of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson."

Lewis S. Gannett is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

Ernestine Evans is associate editor of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Sophie L. Goldsmith is the author of "Wonder Clock Plays."

Douglas Haskell is associate editor of the *Architectural Record*.

Mark Van Doren is the author of a long poem, "Jonathan Gentry," to be published shortly by Albert and Charles Boni.

Arthur Morgan is the pseudonym of a prominent Canadian.

THE
THIRD DEGREE
By EMANUEL H. LAVINE
What happens in the back room of a police station

"A volume which has been crying for years to be written. . . . Nothing we have read sets forth more clearly the black foulness bred from the alliance of law and politics."—F. F. Van de Water in the *New York Evening Post*.

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Detail

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

On a New York evening of thin tedium
A woman with blue eyes and some feeling read
A poem; while the city like a drum
Heavied her voice. Casually, she was dead

A little later. I recall and cannot find
The poem. It was a poem then,
About a clock that ticked and would unwind
In an old house, and strike out nine or ten

While sparrows feathered and chaffered on outside.
By Thomas Hardy. Three quatrains.
We were not friends. We were polite. She died
In a meager way, I think, of minor pains. . . .

And in the deckeled edges of his thick
Books I have looked but I cannot find
The poem. Still the clock does tick
Somewhere, and the springs unwind.

And the insignificant woman, and the dull, polite
Evening . . . the subway crammed and stale . . .
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight,
Woman and poem in limbo.
Detail, detail
Of the infallible city of our failure, drawn to scale.

Einstein

Albert Einstein. By Anton Reiser. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

IN his essay on Genius, Schopenhauer has a passage pointing out that veneration of the great is generally directed to the wrong object—that Petrarch's house in Arqua, Shakespeare's at Stratford, Goethe's at Weimar, Kant's old hat and autographs, are gaped at with interest and awe by many who have never read the works of these men. "To read a philosopher's biography, instead of studying his thoughts," he concludes, "is like neglecting a picture and attending only to the style of its frame."

The judgment is perhaps too harsh, and not properly qualified. To read a philosopher's biography as a *substitute* for studying his thoughts is a practice that may deserve all the odium one can pour upon it, but to treat his biography as a *supplement* to his published thought is something quite different. We recognize this clearly in the case of men of letters; our knowledge of the lives and personalities of Swift, Byron, Shelley, Poe, Melville, and a hundred others helps enormously in understanding and interpreting their work. Today we recognize, more than we used to, that this applies also to philosophers: that their vision of the world may indicate a rationalization of a peculiar temperament more than a purely "objective" view—and this is even more true of Schopenhauer himself than of most philosophers. Finally, we are beginning to apply the same point of view even to scientists. Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan, in his "Aspects of Science," has argued that scientific theories are not so purely impersonal as they are commonly thought to be; he sees almost as marked a difference between English and French science, for example, as between English and French literature; and he holds that, as certain aesthetic criteria help to determine the acceptance of scientific theories, these theories may be determined by the type of mind, and colored by the personality, of the scientists who formulate them.

That these aesthetic criteria have played an important role in the theories of Einstein no one can doubt who has read what intimate observers have written of him, or even some of his own comments. Anton Reiser writes in the present volume:

> His entire working procedure is surprisingly analogous to that of the artist. Once he has come upon a problem his path toward a solution is not a matter of slow, painful stages. He has a definite vision of the possible solution, considers its value and the methods of approaching it. If he is fortunate enough to remove all difficulties standing in the way of a clear, certain, and accurate solution, he is moved not only by the sum of new scientific truth but by aesthetic pleasure. His difficulty is now simple; he has created a clear, harmonious world of thought. At these times he has been known to say: "What a beautiful solution!" Or, while he is still working: "I hope this is right, the result would be lovely!"

That the type of thought evolved by an Einstein would be radically different from the type of thought evolved by a Kant might be guessed even from a knowledge of their physical habits when engaged upon a problem. Of Kant's rigid regularity—rising precisely at five every morning, studying two hours, lecturing two hours, leaving his house for his walk, in all weathers, at exactly half-past three—of all this there is no trace in Einstein. He has no fixed hours. His work is not set for any particular time of day. It is interrupted, Reiser tells us,

> . . . by friendship, good-fellowship, and particularly by music — by the last, even, nay especially, during his most intense periods of production. His music is a kind of balance to his purely mental investigations. When he knows that he is alone, he improvises on his grand piano, and breaks off suddenly to return to his work.

The present volume, I regret to say, is much less satisfactory for the light it throws on Einstein's mind than the book by Alexander Moszkowski, translated under the title of "Einstein the Searcher" and published here in 1922. Moszkowski's volume is the record of conversations with Einstein in 1919 and 1920. Its obvious model is Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," and though as a whole it falls far short of that performance, it contains many pages that would not suffer by comparison. In it we learn that Einstein, who looks far more like a musician than a scientist, is actually a very fair violinist, and that his performances approach concert standard. His favorite composers are the classicists, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, and he is fond of Beethoven's ensemble music, though he cares very little for such romanticists as Chopin and Schumann. Improvisation on the piano is "a necessity of his life." He reads comparatively little in general literature, though he has a profound admiration for Shakespeare, and almost as much for Sophocles. He is cooler toward Goethe, but Dostoevski seems to give him more pleasure than any other writer. "Dostoevski," he once said to Moszkowski, "gives me more pleasure than any scientist, more than Gauss!" Though he has only a modified admiration for philosophers, Locke, Hume, and Schopenhauer are among his favorites. He cares little for painting, much more for sculpture, and still more for architecture. His only "sports" are walking and sailing.

Much of this information the present Reiser book repeats; some of it it supplements, some of it it seems to contradict. Reiser's book is most valuable for its biographical facts, par-

ticularly for its account of Einstein's precocity—of how, for example, at fourteen, without outside help except the textbooks he had bought for himself, he mastered integral and differential calculus and analytical geometry. But the Reiser volume is also valuable for its revelations of Einstein's character. The greatest scientific mind of our time seems devoid of vanity or contempt. Einstein has no patience with a Nietzschean philosophy; he is profoundly pacifistic, profoundly democratic. In his humility, his shyness, his lack of desire for controversy, his generosity and simplicity, he reminds one strikingly of other great scientists, particularly Charles Darwin. Does science breed these virtues in her votaries, or is it only on those who possess these virtues that she showers her richest favors?

HENRY HAZLITT

"A Comprehensive Soul"

Daniel Webster. By Claude Moore Fuess. Little, Brown and Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE biographer of a statesman has two courses open to him. He may write a history of the times with the great man as a central figure, or he may assume that his readers know the history and spend himself in detailing the events of his subject's life with only enough historical background or accompaniment to enable the reader to keep things straight. Mr. Fuess follows the second of these courses, although not with entire consistency. Apparently, his own conception of his task grew as he proceeded with it, for there is considerably more history in his second volume than in the first. In the main, however, he subordinates the general movement of events to Webster's personal career, and within those limits has produced far and away the best biography of Webster that has yet been written.

Beyond noting that Mr. Fuess has used both printed and manuscript sources, and corrected or supplemented from recent studies a number of earlier judgments which we now know to have been erroneous or partial, the critical reader will probably be most interested in the appraisal of Webster's character, his position in the politics of his time, and the permanent significance of the many important moments in his long career. Unquestionably, in Webster's case, such matters make a heavy draft upon the powers of a biographer. By general agreement, Webster takes rank as the greatest of American orators, the ablest of American constitutional lawyers, and one of the foremost of American secretaries of state. To the public that knew him in these capacities he was also a politician identified, throughout most of his career, with an opposition party, a yearner for Presidential honors that were never to be his, and an imposing personality who loved applause and courted it, and expected everybody to take him as seriously as he took himself. It followed that the very persons who conceded his greatness as a jurist or diplomatist could also denounce him as a political time-server, and that admission of his worth as a national figure could go hand in hand with sharp and even scandalous criticism of his private life.

Mr. Fuess steers his way through these complexities with commendable skill. At no point, to be sure, are his comments very profound, and the constitutional questions which meant so much to Webster seem to interest him least. It is somewhat surprising to find him passing over with brief mention the developments which have gone far to override the legal doctrine of the Dartmouth College case, and refraining from comment on the doctrine of a "people's Constitution" which was at issue in the great debate with Hayne. On the political side, however, the exposition is judicious and illuminating. We are shown a Webster whose political attitude was streaked with inconsistency and alternations of blindness and insight—turning protectionist when New England, after the War of 1812, experienced a change of heart on that subject, persisting in factious opposition to Polk over the Mexican War and declaring that New Mexico and California were "not worth a dollar," blind to the meaning of the American West, and upholding the Fugitive Slave law on legal grounds without troubling himself about its moral or social implications. We know now, thanks to the researches of the late Herbert D. Foster, that there was a real disunion menace in 1850, but it is well to have Webster's motives in his seventh-of-March speech set right in a narrative which, while somewhat cold to the Abolitionists, does no injustice to their radical point of view. It is refreshing to find the argument in the Girard will case—in which Webster urged that the provision excluding ecclesiastics from the proposed Girard College was contrary to public policy, on the ground that the education contemplated was "derogatory to the Christian religion"—set down by Mr. Fuess as "an amazing outburst of bigotry." The liberalism, such as it was, that Webster showed in politics did not apply to his religious opinions, for in that field he was orthodox.

The chapters dealing with Webster's personal habits and social relationships are admirably done. Mr. Fuess acquits Webster of the charges of sexual laxity which were freely made against him, although mainly on circumstantial grounds, at the same time that he marshals the evidence regarding Webster's gross carelessness in money matters, his unblushing acceptance of money from interested friends, and his general incompetence in business. Neither reading nor travel nor association with intellectual people sufficed to make Webster a man of culture, and he could plead for a suffering Greece without feeling concern for social injustices in America. He was at his best, Mr. Fuess thinks, as a farmer at Marshfield, but with that unexpected verdict goes also the general conclusion that "one finds in him strange contradictions which cannot be reconciled except on the assumption that his was a comprehensive soul." The judgment will bear more than one interpretation, but it has at least the merit of permitting us to give full weight to Webster's inconsistencies and positive failings without detracting from what in his career was really great.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

China in Perspective

China: The Collapse of a Civilization. By Nathaniel Peffer. The John Day Company. $3.

"WISE" is the word that comes to mind as one reads the first half of Mr. Peffer's book. He sees things in disillusioned perspective, mellowly, without angry moralizing. He actually understands the inevitability of history. He admits ghastly realities, sees responsibilities, yet scolds neither Chinese nor foreigners—which makes his book unique among books about China.

Then, in the last half, he loses the thread. One does, attempting to sketch the future of China. "Conclusions," says Mr. Peffer, "are quickly stated. There are none. There are only questions." In the preceding chapters, however, he has attempted to answer some of the unanswerable questions, and the result is confusing, as in all honesty it must be. Mr. Peffer might well have been content to give us the best contemporary analysis of the Chinese puzzle as it is today.

The three fundamental facts about China, he says, are that it includes a quarter of the human race; that it was within our time substantially as it had been for two thousand years, the oldest surviving civilization, a chain of loosely knit towns

and villages bound more by the semi-socialistic traditions of the guilds and of the family system than by political empire; and that this civilization, faced by Western arms and industry, has crumbled into chaos.

> We carve wood or mold clay into the image of a person and call it a god [Mr. Peffer quotes that wise old man, Liang Ch'i-chao, as saying]. Place it in a beautiful temple and seat it in a glorious shrine, and the people will worship it and find it mysteriously potent. But suppose some insane person should pull it down, tread it under foot, and throw it into a dirty pond, and suppose someone should discover it and carry it back to its original sacred abode, you will find the charm has gone from it.

The old civilization of China is as lovely to look upon as ever it was, but the charm has gone from it. The Chinese themselves do not believe in it; that the foreign conquests have done to them. And the result is chaos—moral chaos first, and consequently political, economic, cultural chaos.

With this far-reaching thesis Mr. Peffer traces the history of China in the last century, and the picture is full of fresh and illuminating lights and colors. He sets the Russian episode in its proper place, as an episode, a consequence rather than an original cause of much that has been attributed to it. He sees Sun Yat-sen, the purest of the Republican leaders, as "part early Christian prophet, part Napoleon, part Central American insurrecto." He sets Chinese communism in its lowly place as an effect rather than a cause of disorder, a symptom rather than a malignant bacillus. He has a brilliant paragraph on the strong-man delusion:

> It is painfully conventional to babble about a Chinese Mussolini. China has one. It has half a dozen. That is its trouble. A Chinese Mussolini would have to be all that Mussolini is in Italy, but he would also have to be Mussolini for Italy and France and Germany and Hungary and Poland and Esthonia as well . . . China is a continent.

He sees the Chinese reconquest of cultural and political and probably economic domination in their own country as a historic inevitability, as natural and amoral and disorderly a process as the conquest of domination by the foreigners three-quarters of a century ago.

As to the future, he peers in various directions. It would be easy to show that he sometimes contradicts himself. But that merely proves that he is neither superman nor fool. At least he is never dogmatic; he has a historical sense. And that is high praise anywhere, but particularly in China.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

The New Picture Books

ANOTHER fall, another Christmas coming; Commerce holding up a bright penny to the publishers, and all of them betting what will sell; no wonder the picture books tumble from the presses. By and large, for all their bright appearance, like little cakes with pink frosting, there is not as much good eating or delicious remembering as there should be considering the numbers. Still, half a dozen new artists make their bow in the children's book field. Mary Steichen Martin in "The First Picture Book" (Harcourt, Brace, $2) sets the time of day for the next year's books quite as much as Wanda Gag's hand-lettered "Millions of Cats" did two years ago. There are Leslie Brooke pictures, perfect things, after an absence for nearly ten publishing seasons, in "A Roundabout Turn" (Warne, $1.50). "When the Star Children Play" (Longmans, Green, $1.50) and "When the Root Children Wake Up" (Stokes, $1.50), two of the most popular German picture books, and two remarkable story dramatizations of natural events, have been turned into English. There are more picture books about Mexico than about fairyland, a terrestrial vista opened full of glamor alike for young imperialists and young communists.

"The First Picture Book" is a collection of beautifully reproduced photographs by Edward Steichen of the simple objects that are the high spots to baby explorers round the house. The photographs are simple and direct, not the beguiling but bogus vision of the world offered by the fuzzy-edge school of photographers. There is a picture of bread and milk, of balls, of the washbowl and the toothbrush, of the hatrack, of Teddy bears, and the baby carriage. There is an introduction by Harriet M. Johnson, director of the Nursery School of the Bureau of Educational Experiments. (All the nice prefaces remind one of missionary Mother Hubbards draping little heathen experiments.) "The First Picture Book" is important partly because it is a beautifully made book, and interesting, and perhaps a profound essay toward giving the child a sense of reality and a heightened sense of the immediate environment, but more because it is the first of an avalanche of photograph picture books by Mrs. Martin and others. At least two publishers have been studying the enormous German output of such books, and Mrs. Martin herself announces a second volume in preparation.

"A Roundabout Turn" with the Leslie Brooke pictures is a book to relish, simple and subtle at the same time, a tale of a Toad that lived on Albury Heath and wanted to see the world. The verse was originally published in *Punch*.

> It isn't that I dislike the Heath,
> It's a perfectly charming heath, of course . . .
> . . . . . .
> But it's flat, and the World, they say, is round.

You get a glimmering of the plot which leads on to the fair and the merry-go-round, and an I. O. U. for seventy-nine times round and round and round, and the journey home. This is by no means the gaudiest picture book of the fall, but I predict for it the longest life, for people of the widest range of ages. It is so funny, it is so true a story of human life, as simple and salty as Aesop, and the pictures are of the kind that the longer you look the more you see.

"Frawg" (Stokes, $1.50), by Annie Vaughan Weaver, is the realistic story of a little black boy and his pappy and his mammy and his long-tailed yellow dog named Buckeye and his sister Iwilla (which was short for I Will Arise and Go to My Father). With the boy and the sunflowers and the watermelon on the cover, and ever so many pictures inside, and fine large type, it is worth insisting on at the book counter.

The most-touted picture book of the fall is "The Painted Pig" (Knopf, $2), with pictures by the Austrian artist René d'Harnoncourt in sulky yellows, browns, blues, and reds, and text by Mrs. Dwight Morrow. (The first edition is worth asking for, it so far excels the later printings.) Both "The Painted Pig" and "Pancho and His Burro" (Morrow, $2), by Zhenya and Jan Gay, lead through that feast of adventure, a Mexican peasant fair. These two books also set a style. We shall have a whole juvenile literature about Mexico—where the sun shines as it shines nowhere else—within the next ten years.

The new Elsa Beskow book from Sweden is called "Aunt Brown's Birthday" (Harper, $2.50). It has a real plot. Aunt Green and Aunt Lavendar, the rascals, borrow Aunt Brown's clothes while she lies in her bed ill. The new Louis Moe book from Denmark is called "The Forest Party" (Coward-McCann, $1.75), and is about a picnic. Both these artists cram their pictures with detail.

"Penny Whistle" (Macmillan, $1), by Erick Berry, is nonsense with a newness, about a noisy pickaninny who learned to

tweet-toot a bird song on his pink whistle. "Stop Tim" (Farrar and Rinehart, $1.50), by Mary McNeer and Lynd Ward, fetches in a rackety little automobile for a hero and runs up hill and down dale and over the ferry in a sort of movie chase; *echt* movie, too, is Inez Hogan's "The White Kitten and the Blue Plate" (Macmillan, $1). Both stories roll along, but neither is as nourishing as "The Roundabout Turn." Parents interested in encouraging experiments should note "All the World Is Color" (Farrar and Rinehart, $4), by Marguerite Clement, with pictures by Pierre and Germaine L'Hardy, with French and English texts. Berta and Elmer Hader have finished ten years' work on their edition of rhymes and songs from "Mother Goose" (Coward-McCann, $3.50); Kurt Wiese has a unique story of a baby animal called "Wallie the Walrus" (Coward-McCann, $1.50), and the Haders have a picture book called "Little Elephant" (Doubleday, Doran, 75 cents).

These notes leave about sixty picture books unmentioned. Why not take the child himself out bookstore shopping, and for that one day assure him that it is quite polite to point? Let him poke his fingers into the publishing pie. "Kees" (Harper, $2.50), a Dutch story by Marian King with pictures by Elizabeth Enright, daughter of Pat Enright, the cartoonist, will probably attract him; and the new linen books, with "Chicken Little" (Harper, 75 cents) or Jack Tinker's "The Small and Tall Man" (Lippincott, $1) leading off.

ERNESTINE EVANS

Outstanding Fall Books for Children

FOR CHILDREN FROM SIX TO TEN YEARS

Emil and the Detectives. By Erich Kastner. Translated by May Masse. Illustrated by Walter Trier. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Emil fully deserves the accolade of real-personhood. It is impossible to watch him taking leave of his mother, traveling to Berlin on his memorable trip, stalking the thief, and rounding up his corps of detectives, and thereafter to relegate him to the pages of a book. He and his friends are vibrant and living characters, presented not only in a witty and delicious detective story, but in a set of illustrations worthy of their subjects.

The Five Children. By E. Nesbit. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

If Emil is a real person, the "five children" constitute an equally real family. The public of Mrs. Nesbit, so large and devoted, will rejoice in this American edition of a book which has been making friends everywhere for twenty years. The ingenuity of the author's imagination, her humor, and her charming outlook invest the adventures of her young characters with unceasing interest.

Floating Island. Written and Illustrated by Anne Parrish. Harper and Brothers. $3.

It is but a step from a real boy and a real family to real dolls. No dolls could be more convincing than these so cheerfully wrecked on Floating Island. Anne Parrish has already given ample evidence of her power to visualize inanimate objects, but the way in which she here galvanizes into life black china moustaches, jointed arms and legs, a piano with four white keys and two black ones, among a variety of other objects, is nothing short of extraordinary. If at times one is a little too conscious of the author at the expense of the characters, as in some of the footnotes, some new irresistible quirk always brings Mr. or Mrs. Doll, William, Annabel, or Dinah again to the foreground. Their adventures are narrated with plausibility and humor, and it is at all times difficult to say who is having the most fun—author, illustrator, characters, or reader.

The Nutcracker of Nuremberg. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by Grace Gingras. Illustrated with Silhouettes Cut by Else Hasselriis. Robert McBride and Company. $2.50.

The Nutcracker may join the preceding group, because he, too, is a doll of a sort. His period is not so modern as that of Mr. Doll and his family. He is the product of the age of formality, of unquestioning obedience induced merely by a paternal finger upraised, of very masculine little boys with military leanings and very feminine little girls occupied exclusively with their dolls. His story is told by a master of the arts of suspense and make-believe, and the emergence of the hero from the ungainly person of a nutcracker is a triumph of the favorite ugly-duckling theme.

Canary Village. By Grace B. Cawthorpe. Decorations by Edna Potter. Frederick A. Stokes. $1.

Another successful variation of the ugly-duckling theme is told in this simple and appealing little tale of a bird-shop, of Peter and Gretchen and their canary family. The story of their dark-winged son Marty, who triumphed as a singer over his bragging brother of brilliant golden plumage and brought good fortune to Hans, the proprietor, is a fresh embodiment of a theme which never seems to lose its charm.

The Cat Who Went to Heaven. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. The Macmillan Company. $2.

The "three-colored cat" of this exquisite tale is one of the few felines of fiction who may safely be left in close proximity to the canary shop above referred to. Throughout her story she proves her superiority to material temptation of any kind. It is a privilege to watch her association with the artist, whose struggle to achieve his creative dream is so movingly portrayed. This is one of those rare books whose claim upon both children and adults is undeniable, and in which the unflagging interest of the narrative is successfully interwoven with the beauty of fantasy and allegory.

A Baker's Dozen. By Mary Gould Davis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Because one of the outstanding stories in this collection is Laurence Housman's "Chinese Fairy Tale," "A Baker's Dozen" naturally comes to mind in connection with "The Cat Who Went to Heaven." The other stories in the collection are notable for other than idealistic appeal. There are humor, fantasy, realism, and a touch of horror in the stories of such tale-tellers as Sandburg, Finger, Marie Shedlock, and Stockton. All of them have been successfully tested on eager audiences at the New York Public Library, where Miss Davis is Supervisor of Story-Telling.

Patchwork Plays. By Rachel Field. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.25.

This is a collection of short plays by the winner of last year's Newberry Medal on subjects which draw immediate responses from childish hearts. Chimney-sweeps in all their pathos and romantic appeal, a sentimental scarecrow, the grasshopper treated as the improvident and lovable artist at the expense of the smug capitalist ant—these are some of the themes in which Miss Field's special gifts of gentle satire and original characterization find scope. Her experience in the limitations and requirements of amateur dramatics makes the book as practical as it is interesting, which is not often true of collections of this nature.

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Tales of a Grandmother. By George Sand. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

Five fairy tales, told in the leisured manner of an earlier period and stressing particularly the beauties of natural phenomena and the rewards of those who appreciate them, comprise this volume. The fidelity to detail and the essentially French feeling of the book make it an important addition to this class of literature.

How They Carried the Mail. By Joseph Walker. Illustrated by Frank Dobias. J. H. Sears and Company. $3.

The quotation from Herodotus over the vast doors of the New York Post Office, "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds," is here dramatized in one of the most interesting volumes of the year. Mr. Walker describes mail-carrying methods from the days of the runners of King Sargon, of the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews, through the fleet horsemen of the days of chivalry, the teams, steamboats, and covered wagons which preceded railroads and ocean liners, to the fast rail and airplane delivery of our own day. Historical characters which to the jaded palate of many have grown too familiar with repetition, such as Queen Esther, Ben Franklin, King Richard, and Roland, are impressed into service to give an original and unforgettable turn to the central theme. It is absorbing narrative at all times and rich in informative material picturesquely presented.

The Day After Christmas. By S. Foster Damon. Illustrated by Vera Bock. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

On the day after Christmas the entire family has usually a pronounced case of Katzenjammer. It is therefore no wonder Mr. Damon felt impelled to bring to his aid in dealing with this day such personages as the Culprit Fay, Oberon and Titania, and the spirits of Lewis Carroll and George MacDonald. In such company Abbie, falling asleep within sight of her Christmas tree, dreams a dream in which a Christmas fairy, having first reduced her to his own size, "no bigger than her father's thumb," escorts her right into the Christmas tree itself, thence into fairyland and a host of fantastic and symbolic adventures. The book is rich in imagery and in literary associations. It should have proved a welcome opportunity for the art of Vera Bock, but she is not so successful here as in "The Tangle-Coated Horse."

Pillicock Hill. Verses by Herbert Asquith. Music by Alec Rowley. Illustrations by A. H. Watson. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Nowhere is there more piffle than in the various attempts to write new songs for children. It is therefore a pleasure to come upon a small collection which may be praised for music, words, and illustrations.

Books for Children from Ten to Sixteen

Tales of the First Animals. By Edith S. Walker in Collaboration with Charles C. Mook. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

Several features of this book are misleading. Its format, its short sentences, its illustrations lead one to expect a book for younger readers, on the order of those written by Amabel Williams-Ellis. It is, however, written for children, surely not under twelve, who can understand and enjoy long scientific names and references, and who have an intelligent and already directed curiosity about the development of the prehistoric earth. This being so, one wonders why the authors thought fit to sugar-coat their excellent work by the interpolation of verses between the chapters. They are execrable verses for the most part, with halting meter and such would-be rhymes as "began" and "land," "form" and "born."

Skycraft. By Augustus Post. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

The subject of this book insures its eager examination. Written by a former editor of *Aeromechanics* and of an aviation page in *Boys' Life,* it will not disappoint those who devour all material on the greatest achievement of modern science. It is definite and to the point, with numerous photographs, illustrations, and diagrams that enhance its interest.

The Book of the Three Dragons. By Kenneth Morris. Illustrated by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

As "Tales of the First Animals" presupposes an audience already familiar with the world of science, so "The Book of the Three Dragons" may be appreciated in all its beauty only by those with considerable background in folklore. The tongue-twisting names, the elaborate language, and the long descriptions, although all in faultless taste, are apt to be a strain upon the attention of both children and adults who are not familiar with the conventions of epic prose and poetry. It is, indeed, not a book of which an adequate idea can be given within the present small compass, but it is so notable a contribution that a reference to it is indispensable.

Rama: Hero of India. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Illustrations by Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

This book, in contrast to the preceding, requires no particular maturity on the part of the reader; yet it puts him on terms of immediate intimacy with legendary India and its great hero, Rama, the "heart-ravisher." Rama's bride, Sita, kidnapped by the ten-necked demon Ravanna, that "loathing's very soul," and kept by him in captivity during all those years which count for so little in India's creed, his heroic brother Lakshmana, and the tremendous figure of Hanuman, the giant monkey, are all presented in such a way that Rama's message comes almost as a surprise to us. The Puritan tendency in Rama finds utterance in such a sentence as "There is no escape for any soul from the jaws of duty until death shows him the secret passage of immortal life."

Queer Person. By Ralph Hubbard. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Queer Person is a legendary hero of the Pikuni Indians, so called because during his childhood he has been deaf and dumb. After a youth of bitter hardship, during which he is befriended only by an old woman who realizes his heroic mold, he has opportunities for tests which finally reveal his true measure and win him the daughter of Big Pipe, the chieftain. This is not an ordinary Indian story by any means—there is about it a tenseness, a fervor, which makes it most unusual. The presentation of unfamiliar Indian customs and the keen characterization of many original figures arouse deep interest.

The Story of Roland. By James Baldwin. Illustrated by Peter Hurd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This is a gift edition of an old favorite, and as such requires very little comment except that the days of chivalry have been given a setting quite worthy of them and of one of their favorite sons.

The Blacksmith of Vilno. By Eric P. Kelly. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Poland is a country whose pathetic history and picturesque background have been comparatively little used by writers of fiction. Against the murky background of the blacksmith's shop the crown of Poland is flashed for a moment before the eyes of its defenders, who guard it and their liberty against the Czar of Russia in 1832. The story abounds in thrilling moments,

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and the gallant patriotism of a people fighting a losing fight shines steadfastly throughout. The book is the work of an enthusiast and of one saturated with his subject.

John Brown's Body. By Stephen Vincent Benét. With Illustrations by James Daugherty. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

Mr. Benét is having the presumably unique experience of seeing his fine poem in his own lifetime not only in the ranks of best-sellers, but in the purple and fine linen of a gift edition. The vigor and originality of Mr. Daugherty's talent are, as always, apparent in his illustrations.

Made in Mexico. By Susan Smith. Illustrated by Julio Castellanos. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

A paper jacket showing us two angels in red skirts and purple blouses weeping into yellow handkerchiefs in the shadow of red, white, and yellow wings provokes immediate interest. This is sustained throughout a book which deals ostensibly with the decorations and handicrafts of Mexico, but gives its readers considerably more. Naturally the art of a people represents its life, yet only a writer thoroughly at home with Mexican life and customs could present them so well through the media of the toys, masks, kitchens, potteries, legends, and embroideries she describes. One could do worse than use this little volume as an introductory "So You're Going to Mexico!"

The Bold Dragoon. By Washington Irving. Edited by Anne Carroll Moore. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Washington Irving is here dragged from the classical obscurity to which he has been condemned by many youthful readers, impatient of all prescribed reading in the first place and of leisurely detail in the second. The stories in this collection have been edited so that their wit and charm gleam through a text unhampered by too many digressions. The editor has been ably abetted by the illustrator, James Daugherty.

When I Was a Girl. By Helen Ferris. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The biographies and autobiographies of such women as Jane Addams, Schumann-Heink, and Madame Curie have for some time been at the disposal of all interested readers. It has remained for a person in touch with the needs and aspirations of growing girls to cull from these life-stories selected periods which quicken the interest and inspire the admiration of such an audience. This Miss Ferris has done by showing the struggling-to-fame periods of five women, with their home lives and incidents from their girlhoods. Each woman is introduced by a short article by Miss Ferris.

Doubloons: The Story of Buried Treasure. By Charles B. Driscoll. Illustrated by Harry Cimino. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

Usually the subject of a pirate yarn is *a* buried treasure. So a book which describes the locations of innumerable buried treasures contains the stuff of innumerable pirate yarns. Such is the dizzying but satisfying quality of "Doubloons." Mr. Driscoll tells us about the sunken galleons of the Armada, the hoardings of Blackbeard himself, the dreams of Nova Scotians still blasting for buried treasure, the hopes of a James and a Charles of England, and other lost riches. His book is a sort of pirate anthology, and each hiding-place evokes associations for the pirate-yarn enthusiast. Illustrators for pirate books, we have noticed, always go about their work with a great deal of bloody zest, and Harry Cimino is no exception. One can sup most luxuriously on his pictured horrors.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

Architecture

Monumental Masses

THE Palmolive Building in Chicago, by Holabird and Root, has what architects call a "good mass." So have the Shelton Hotel, by A. L. Harmon, and the Telephone Building, by Ralph Walker, in New York; so has the Fisher Building in Detroit, by Albert Kahn. It is their most dangerous virtue.

"Mass" is the chief bogus idea in American architecture today. The essence of the art it was never. It was an accident that happened to live for thousands of years because people were obliged to build in masonry and stone, and there existed no quantity of clear glass. After the Crystal Palace, sculpture lost its command of true building. Glass kills mass. (The word "mass" is supposed to have come from the Greek *maza*, barley-cake. It is, of course, only this doughy connotation that is objectionable.)

That is, the transparency of glass has given new meaning to an ancient notion of what architecture is. Like music, architecture is something that can really take place only in the air. The object of the building is the emptiness it contains for people to occupy! Walls and windows are mere accessories to this space, as the orchestra is to sound. Windows and electric wiring help to regulate its light; doors and elevators give access; walls and roof regulate the weather within the boundaries which they establish, and so on. Substitute for the notion of the "building" the more abstract and comprehensive notion of "shelter," and you have the purpose for which all building forms whatsoever have been mere devices. Other tools than the present ones might easily be devised which would do much better. Is it not crazy that an Empire State Building should be riddled with 6,400 separate framed openings just because Mr. Jones's two-story house has a few such things, called "windows"? As for a twelve-inch masonry wall, it is a veritable ox-cart of a tool. Piling brick on brick, we exactly imitate the Egyptians of 6,000 years ago, whose tombs were masses indeed! The greatest architect, as Mr. Lönberg-Holm has suggested, would be that godlike man who could shelter a space using no materials at all.

What, architecture without buildings? Yes; that would be paradise. By this last magic of a consummate civilization we should be united in freedom with the wildest primitive hunter, for whom all nature is home. Our only difficulties would arise from an excess of perfection.

But in the meantime we have made some approaches. The boundary of a space can, even with the materials and methods now at hand, be made a mere screen or a delicate, iridescent, graceful, and airy veil. Both have existed in the designs of our own architect Frank Lloyd Wright since at least 1897, and as recently as 1930. Indeed, in his fine country houses the hard distinction between indoors and outdoors is no longer to be found, shelter shades into openness, sunlight merges enchantingly into shadow, the flowers never stop, and the people—the people all loosen up too.

But what do we do to our prophets? What capacity have we poor worms for Ideas? Ten years from now the thought may come back to us, fresh from Europe. In the meantime the Beaux-Arts crowns the blackest plans, and our leading architects go on building solid "monuments" or statues and then solemnly and regretfully punching them full of holes.

The architect of the Radiator Building made it all black so the holes wouldn't show so much. Let us mourn.

DOUGLAS HASKELL



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Drama

"Elizabeth the Queen"

THE playwright who goes to history for his characters must solve one problem before he solves any other—the problem of how those characters are to be made convincing. For the audience already knows them, or thinks it knows them, and while this might seem to be a help it is actually a handicap. The author cannot create with a free hand, he cannot begin with nothing. He begins with people of whom we long ago formed some picture in our minds, to whom inevitably we have attached a certain importance. They are sacred to us in the sense that we have conceptions of them which it is dangerous or ridiculous to violate. So we go to the theater prepared to say: "This is not Disraeli, this is not Napoleon, this is not the Earl of Essex; these are only actors pretending to be those famous persons." Or as the dialogue proceeds we say: "This is not the way they really talked, this is only somebody's rather highhanded notion of it." The playwright, in other words, is having to match his picture with our own, and since no two persons see with the same eyes, he is attempting the impossible. When we sit at a play which is not historical we are forced to suppose that the actor is indeed the person whom he plays; nor is it difficult to believe that his lines are the perfect expression of his character. We can imagine no other character for him.

Much, of course, will depend upon the actors in the piece. More than ever it will be necessary for them to possess some kind of native power, some genius for integrity, so that in the event they fail to match our picture they will at least have offered an acceptable substitute; they must appear to be great people of some sort. "Elizabeth the Queen," the new play by Maxwell Anderson at the Guild Theater, is successful, for instance, largely because Lynn Fontanne as Elizabeth, Alfred Lunt as Essex, and Arthur Hughes as Cecil play their great parts with a convincing energy. I was quite willing to believe that in the person of Miss Fontanne I saw the cruel lover of peace, Elizabeth the Queen, who kept so much of her country in content and so many of her friends in the Tower. For Mr. Lunt I could feel the same admiration, mingled with the same pity and the same contempt, that I can feel for the rash young Earl who forever lost his head. Mr. Hughes represented for me all the intrigue which I associate with the name of Cecil and with the idea of courts in general; he made no fuss, he almost never raised his voice or lifted his hands, but he was nevertheless sinister and terrible. The rest were merely actors. Bacon was better than Raleigh, a little better; but from Burghley on down the cast was feeble, which under the circumstances means that it was especially bad.

Much also depends, it goes without saying, upon the author. Mr. Anderson has in the present instance furnished a text which it is a pleasure to listen to. He has written with splendor yet with tact, with just enough of the archaic in his style to make us think of Shakespeare yet without that excess of it which would prevent us from appreciating his play as the work of a contemporary. He is one of the few playwrights today who are gifted with rich tongues, and therefore one of the few who should be permitted to deal with such a theme as this one. And he is intelligent. So I enjoyed the lines.

They did not seem to me, however, perfectly successful, and the reason is perhaps easy to state. Mr. Anderson has compromised between two styles, two attitudes; and compromise—always a dangerous thing in art—is particularly dangerous here. It strikes me that there are only two ways to write historical plays. One is Shakespeare's, the other is Shaw's. Either way may be perfectly satisfactory, but no combination of them ever quite turns the trick. Shakespeare's way is to make his characters as "historical" as possible; there is no attempt whatever to dress them, move them about, or let them talk like ordinary people. They are without exception inflated to the limit—filled to bursting with heroic sentiments, inordinate angers, or abject and grotesque fears. It is the naive way, and since it satisfies one kind of expectation which we can have, it is a good way. Shaw's way is not to be "historical" at all, but, throwing trumpery aside, to deal with his personages as if they lived yesterday and remained wholly comprehensible. He then attacks them with his intelligence purely, bringing to bear upon their lives whatever information he may have about human beings in general and subjecting them to the same level scrutiny that he directs at his contemporaries, God save them. That is a good way, too, though to my mind it would be meaningless to call it better than Shakespeare's.

Extremes cannot be compared, as they cannot meet. Mr. Anderson has tried to make them meet in "Elizabeth the Queen." He has tried to be both heroic and intelligent. It cannot be done. The audience remains a little confused, I think, as to how it ought to feel, a little bewildered by this attempt to make historical personages real. The better way, I suspect, is to leave them the puppets that they are—or, if Shaw were writing, that they might be.

MARK VAN DOREN

Miss Jane Cowl's production of "Twelfth Night" (Maxine Elliott), because it presents the play as an out-and-out fantasy, with no attempt to make it realistic comedy, is as delightful as it is disarming. Miss Cowl herself, as Viola, is very frank and touching, and Raymond Sovey's ingenious settings, which make scene-shifting a matter of seconds, contribute much to a fresh and beautiful performance.

D. V. D.

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

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†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
†Twelfth Night—Maxine Elliott—39 St., E. of B'way.

FILMS

Dawn Patrol, beginning Saturday, Nov. 15; Monte Carlo, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 19—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
For Hennes Skull (Swedish)—Fifth Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
Is It Love? (Italian)—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
Monte Carlo, beginning Saturday, Nov. 15—Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
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DISCUSSION AND LECTURES

"Is Divorce a Social Asset?"—Mecca Temple—55 St., E. of Seventh Ave. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.
"Is Religion Necessary?" Debate: Clarence Darrow vs. Dr. Nathan Krass, Saturday evening, Nov. 15—Mecca Temple—55 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
"Revolt of Labor," by Prof. Scott Nearing—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St. Tuesday evening, Nov. 18 at 8:30.
"Science and the Human Outlook"—Prof. Julian Huxley, Y.M.H.A.—Lexington Ave. and 92 St., Sunday evening, Nov. 16 at 8:30.
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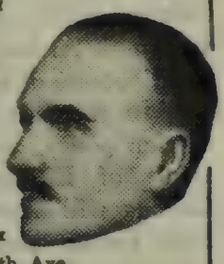
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Canada, Armaments, and Peace

By ARTHUR MORGAN

THE strength of Canada's permanent active militia is limited by Act of Parliament to 10,000 of all ranks; in actual fact it totals at present less than 3,700. The appropriation for 1929 was $11,856,305, which included the upkeep of the Royal Military College, the Topographical Survey, and a number of special services. The Royal Canadian Navy is composed of two destroyers and four minesweepers. There are two naval bases and a total permanent staff of 94 officers and 616 ratings. There is, finally, a Naval Reserve and a Naval Volunteer Reserve of 140 officers and 1,360 men. It was in the air that Canadians made the most outstanding success during the World War. Today the Permanent Royal Canadian Air Force is staffed by 87 officers and 581 men. Canada makes no contribution in money or men to the armed forces of Great Britain.

In summary it may be said that Canada is as nearly disarmed as it is possible for any country to be short of the complete abolition of military and naval forces. The standing army in the Dominion today is smaller than it was in 1800. No nation of comparable size in the world has so small a military establishment. Even Denmark, famous for its pacifistic ideals, has an army of 12,000 men, although the population is only one-third that of Canada.

There are, within Canada, two highly divergent opinions with respect to this situation. It is apparent that the majority of Canadians are satisfied with matters as they are. On the other hand, there is a consistently vocal section of the public which will not be satisfied until Canada contributes "her fair share to the defense of the Empire." This imperialistic group advocates either the making of contributions to the British defense appropriation or the building up by Canada itself of a military and naval establishment proportionate to her strength, to be organized and fitted into the British program in the event of war. To those who support this argument it is very clear that Canada at present is deriving the benefits of British protection while refusing to aid the tremendously burdened British taxpayer to pay for it.

On the face of it this imperialistic argument is sound. Its opponents, however, do not hesitate to assail it. The argument, they declare, is based on two false presumptions: first, that Canada needs or wants the protection of the British forces or that that protection would be of any use; and second, that as a part of the Empire Canada is proportionately responsible for its defense. On this belief the policy of Canada has of recent years been founded. It is seldom stated so bluntly and directly but it is high time that it should be acknowledged.

Canada does not need or desire the protection of Great Britain, nor would that protection be of any considerable practical value. In the first place, Canada has never in her history provoked a war and there is no likelihood of her doing so. The only wars in which Canada has been engaged have resulted from her connection with Great Britain. In the event of war British protection would be of little value. Only one country in the world could actually conquer the Dominion, that is, the United States. Canada is too easily defended to suffer conquest from either seacoast. An attack in the west would result in the destruction or seizure of Vancouver, Victoria, and Prince Rupert. In the east the Maritime Provinces could be overrun and part of Quebec. The remainder of the Dominion would be comparatively safe and communication with the United States would not be interrupted. Supplies of food and munitions could be imported without the slightest difficulty or danger of interruption. Canada could withstand such attacks for an indefinite period. Moreover, every Canadian knows, although few of them would admit it, that the United States would not stand idly by and allow an invasion of the Dominion. The Monroe Doctrine would bring about instant intervention. Canada, therefore, is absolutely safe from attack, unless that attack comes from her southern neighbor, when British assistance would be useless.

The United States could paralyze the industry of Ontario without sending her troops off United States soil, by the simple expedient of destroying the Canadian powerhouses at Niagara. Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver could be captured in a week, Winnipeg in a fortnight. There could be no defense. Even if the British navy, based on Halifax, could defend the east coast, the remainder of the Dominion would be completely overrun. British troops could not be transported to Canada in time or in sufficient numbers to influence the result in any material way. In 1812 Canada could and did defend herself against the forces of the United States. But the success of 1812 cannot be reenacted in 1930.

What of the duty which Canada, as a part of the Empire, owes to the mother-country and the other dominions? Those who assert that such a duty does in fact exist declare that Britain defended Canada when the latter was weak and small, and that Canada, having received in the past and receiving now the benefits of Empire partnership, must contribute to Empire defense. Here again the critics will admit no validity in the basic assumption. The opponents of imperialism assert that far from Britain ever having protected Canada, the only international troubles that ever afflicted the Dominion grew out of the British connection. The American invasions in 1776-78 resulted from American hostility to Great Britain; the war of 1812 was fought on the Canadian border because Canada was owned by Britain; in the raids of 1837-38, the Fenian raids of 1866-70, the South African War, and the World War Canada suffered because of her relation to Great Britain.

In the past Canada has had no control over British foreign policy, and even today if Britain goes to war as a result of European, Asiatic, or African entanglements, Canada will also be involved although the Dominion may have known nothing of the cause and have no interests involved. Why should Canada be expected to defend the Empire when British diplomacy blunders into war? If Canadians could be assured that all British wars would be true wars

f defense, this attitude could hardly be justified. But there an be no such assurance. British history does not support ny such assumption. Britain is no more and no less virtuus than any other powerful state. Above all, Canada's ontribution in the World War—in which as an independent ation she would probably never have become involved—vas more than sufficient to cancel any supposed obligation or British aid in the past.

Far from being willing to take a larger share of esponsibility for defending the Empire, the majority of Canadians are tending toward an insistence upon the "legal mpossibility" that Canada may, if she so desires, remain at peace even when the Empire is at war. So many other 'impossibilities" of this sort have been achieved in the recent istory of the British Empire that it may well be assumed hat this step also will soon be taken.

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The Development of Philosophy in Relation to Its Environment.
"Transcendence and Perfection: Plato."

Saturday, Nov. 22
DR. RICHARD McKEON
Ethics Old and New
"Augustine and Thomas Aquinas: Grace and Good Work."

The Teachers Union
announces a public meeting
to be addressed by
PROF. REINHOLD NIEBUHR
on
THE SOCIAL and POLITICAL SITUATION IN GERMANY
on Friday, November 14, 1930, at 8:15 P. M.
at 7 West 64th Street, New York.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 567
EDITORIALS:
The Second Winter 570
No Political Truce 571
An Overcrowded Ocean 571
Americanisms 572
DIVIDENDS ARE INSURED—WHY NOT WAGES? By Lewis Corey 573
CHAINS VERSUS INDEPENDENTS. III. CHAIN MANAGEMENT AND LABOR. By Edward G. Ernst and Emil M. Hartl.. 574
SERVANTS OF THE SOVIETS. By Louis Fischer. 577
LOOK OUT, BROWN MAN! By Sherwood Anderson 579
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 580
CORRESPONDENCE 581
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 582
BOOKS AND FILMS:
The Dunce-Cap on the Ghost. By Vachel Lindsay 583
Communist Criticism. By Henry Hazlitt 583
Jonathan Edwards. By Herbert W. Schneider 584
Not Quite Pure Poetry. By Stanley J. Kunitz 585
A Tender History. By Granville Hicks 585
World Economics. By Henry Raymond Mussey 586
A Neglected American. By Chapin Valentine 586
Festival of Evil. By Horace Gregory 588
Notes on Fiction 588
Films: The Wages of Talent. By Alexander Bakshy 590
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Progress or Slavery? 592

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SENATOR BORAH makes the perfect reply to the proponents of a political truce. Characterizing as an exhibition of "superlative impudence" the suggestion that the progressives have not as keen a sense of responsibility and as intelligent a conception of their duty as the regulars, he declares that he will take part in no filibuster, but that he will not be prevented from giving proper and necessary consideration to the important measures now pending at Washington. "I will pay no attention to any cooked-up effort to stampede the Congress," says the Idaho Senator, and goes on to list the measures that ought to be considered in the short session—among others, in addition to unemployment legislation, the Muscle Shoals bill, the Norris lame-duck resolution, and the anti-injunction bill. If the progressives have any sense of political responsibility they will press the battle all along the line while the regulars are still staggering from their thrashing on November 4. The offer of the seven Democratic leaders shows well enough where they will stand on real questions—shoulder to shoulder with the discredited Hoover cohorts. Let the progressives of both parties, undeterred by dismal threats of depression long drawn out, fight fearlessly for the things they believe in. That is the true progressive answer.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S Armistice Day speech is a blow at disarmament. It praises the London naval agreement as eliminating competition in naval construction, and contains fair words about peace pacts and treaties, together with hints of the possible implementation of the Kellogg-Briand pact. Having made his bows to peace, the President goes on to assert that we as a nation "cannot contend that there never is or never will be righteous cause for war in the world," and declares that we may not yet "have complete confidence in the full growth of pacific means or rest solely upon the processes of peace for defense." He holds that our best service in times of crisis can be performed "by our good offices and helpfulness free from any advance commitments or entanglements as to the character of our action"—in other words, we are to do as we please—and repeats his ill-received suggestion of immunity for food ships in war time, a suggestion plainly much to our selfish advantage. At Geneva, where the Preparatory Disarmament Commission is engaged in its usual wrangles, Mr. Gibson on our behalf has refused to consent to limitation of land armaments on a budget basis. In the existing state of tension, it is not strange that Mr. Hoover's speech is reported as serving to confirm rather than allay existing fears. What might not a President accomplish who in behalf of the United States should take a strong and fearless position, indicating our willingness to cooperate in disarmament on any genuine basis, and thus assume real leadership in lifting from the world the burden of armaments and the fear of war?

EARLY IN THE CAMPAIGN the President scolded Treasury officials for forecasting a possible deficit this year and suggesting the restoration of the 1 per cent unjustifiably cut from the income-tax rate a year ago. Now, with the campaign disastrously over, even the President can see the possibility of a "slight deficit" by June 30 next, and Senator Smoot says that "restoration of the 1 per cent is imperative." Who was it that characterized the President as an economist and not a politician? The pity of it is that he is not even a good politician. The Senator from Utah talks of a large deficit, which he estimates at perhaps $184,000,000, and suggests using foreign-government debt payments for current expenses instead of the reduction of our own debt. With income-tax receipts sharply cut on account of stock-market losses, and with customs receipts also down, it is plain that the Administration intends to have recourse to the easy expedient mentioned by Senator Smoot in order to avoid having to raise taxes too much. The plan of course will be popular in Congress. It is bad finance, and it will increase the difficulty of the inevitable readjustment of intergovernmental debts, but that will not deter our government from taking the immediately easy path.

SENSATIONAL OPERATIONS occurred in the wheat pit of the Chicago Board of Trade during the week ending November 15. With the Chicago price of 73 cents at the week-end some 8 to 14 cents higher than prices in Winnipeg, Minneapolis, and other great markets, the Grain Stabiliza-

tion Corporation, subsidiary of the Federal Farm Board, entered the Chicago market and bought heavily, current reports crediting it with purchases of 10,000,000 bushels in three days. These reports were denied at the Farm Board offices in Washington, but two days later Mr. Legge officially announced: "Demoralization in world grain markets has made it necessary for the Grain Stabilization Corporation to again enter the wheat market in order to stop panicky selling and to prevent further unwarranted declines in domestic prices. . . . Further price declines would be in sympathy with foreign markets and not justified by domestic conditions." This surprising announcement serves as a reminder that the board during the past season bought great quantities of wheat at prices ranging from $1.25 to $1.12 a bushel in a vain effort to stay the decline of prices, and that it carried 60,000,000 bushels of these 1929 holdings over into the present crop year at heavy losses. With such a record of unsuccessful plunging behind it, how can the board expect the public to view its latest speculation with any other feeling than astonishment and alarm? Certainly nothing can be done to help the farmer by demoralizing the grain exchanges in which his product is sold, and such appears to have been the result of the board's latest operations. Careful observers, moreover, will not miss the sinister significance of Mr. Legge's last sentence, which suggests that domestic prices can be maintained irrespective of world prices.

THE COPPER PRODUCERS of the world, after conferences in New York, have entered into arrangements which, if carried out, will reduce the output of the red metal by 20,000 tons a month, and will keep production within the limits of present consumption. World stocks of refined copper were 65,466 tons on January 1, 1929, 171,320 tons a year later, and no less than 364,930 tons on November 1. It is not strange that the price fell from a high point of 24 cents early in 1929 to the ruinous figure of 9½ cents on October 23 last, the lowest price at which copper has sold since 1895. Since the announcement of the restriction the price has advanced to 12 cents, and producers hope that the huge existing stocks may gradually be worked off. What will be the attitude of the Department of Justice toward the plan is not yet known. Producers in other lines are watching anxiously with a view to making similar arrangements if this one is sustained, though such plans have been notoriously hard to carry into effect, irrespective of all questions of legality. With copper and sugar both the subject of world-wide negotiation and agreement among producers, we are getting clear illustration of the imperative necessity for world organization of production and distribution to which we have so often called attention.

MOSQUITOES as the indirect cause of the Black Tom explosion and fire in July, 1916, will seem altogether possible to residents of New Jersey who know their mosquitoes. According to the statement of Ervin J. Smith, first vice-president of the International Secret Service, the affidavits of scores of witnesses testify that a smudge fire built by watchmen to keep off insect pests provided the spark that destroyed thirty to fifty million dollars' worth of munitions. Mr. Smith's statement is not included in the reported findings of the Mixed Claims Commission, which recently disallowed the claims against Germany for damages of $40,000,000 for the Black Tom explosion and the Kingsland, New Jersey, fire in January, 1917. The findings, which thus favored Germany, were signed by an American and a German commissioner and by Roland W. Boyden of the United States, who was umpire. The Kingsland fire, according to the report, offers no proof at all of incendiary origin; the Black Tom fire might have been started by two of the four German agents accused, but there is no conclusive proof of it. Altogether the report appears to be a sane and sensible document; the German government is handsomely exonerated of any faint suspicion of complicity in the matter, and the whole business of German sabotage of property in the United States is said to be one which was frowned upon by responsible German officials. Robert W. Bonynge, agent for the United States before the commission, expressed himself as surprised by the decision, which he considered contrary to the evidence. But as it stands it will serve to increase the friendly feeling of Germany toward an erstwhile enemy nation.

THE PALESTINE DEBATE in the House of Commons, as far as reported here, brought little further clarification than had already been given to the government policy expressed in the White Paper of October 20. In a statement published on November 5 Lord Passfield had denied that the White Paper implied the stoppage of any of the nine categories of Jewish immigration, that it ordered the Jewish Agency not to employ Jewish labor exclusively, or that it barred unused lands to future Jewish settlement. On November 8 the Colonial Office had authorized the issuance of permits for 1,500 Jewish labor immigrants during the coming six months. In the debate Prime Minister MacDonald emphasized the great difficulties of the task and reiterated the government's purpose to carry out the pledges of the mandate to both Arabs and Jews, leaving to Drummond Shiels, Undersecretary for the Colonies, detailed reply to Mr. Lloyd George, who in a bitter attack declared that he could understand the White Paper only if it was written by anti-Semites. Mr. Shiels announced a new development scheme, to cost some £2,500,000, providing homes for about 10,000 families on the land—another effort, presumably, to quiet criticism of the White Paper. Jewish protest has not been without results. The course of the government has not been too edifying, but it is hard to give definite form in one policy to two sets of contradictory promises, and the present government, as Mr. MacDonald pointed out, is reaping only what its predecessors have sown.

FREE TRADE WON THE DAY in the British Imperial Conference as far as the United Kingdom is concerned, but the primary question of how to increase trade between the United Kingdom and the dominions remains unanswered, to be taken up again sometime next year in an imperial economic conference at Ottawa, Canada. The only concession, and that apparently one of form, made by the Labor Government was an agreement to continue the existing imperial tariff preference for three years. Meantime Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa are reported to be planning preferential trade agreements among themselves, none of the benefits, however, to be extended to the United Kingdom. The failure of Premier Bennett of Canada to put through his protectionist proposal will not greatly discourage the British Conservatives, who are bent

upon having protective duties in England, and the policy of watchful waiting until an opportune moment for attacking the MacDonald Government comes, joined to sniping at exposed Labor heads in by-elections or elsewhere, will doubtless be continued. The one substantial achievement of the conference, from the dominions' point of view, was an agreement that governors general should hereafter be appointed by the King on the advice of dominion ministers alone—a long step, it would seem, in the direction of dominion independence.

WHILE THE KING EMPEROR was opening the Indian Round Table Conference in London, Mahatma Gandhi sat spinning in Yerovda jail. But Gandhi nevertheless was the principal participant in the London meeting. For whatever unifying stiffness runs through the Indian delegation—and so far there has been a surprising amount of it—derives from Gandhi's strength. When Mr. Jinnah boldly took it for granted that dominion status was the basis of deliberations, his boldness was only half his own. When the gorgeous Maharajah of Bikaner and his royal colleagues declared for a united and independent India, it was not because they love the King Emperor less but fear Gandhi and the Nationalists more. Incidentally, there could be no more significant evidence of the strength of Gandhi and his party than this move of the princes away from the safeguarding arms of Great Britain. Meanwhile, as the Indian morale seems to grow stronger, the British exhibit only confusion and complaint. The Viceroy's scheme, though it goes beyond the Simon report, adds little to the government's case. The opening of the conference would hardly seem the place for a scolding of the Nationalists, yet the Prime Minister indulged in just that. The British press seizes eagerly upon reports that the civil-disobedience movement is abating—but according to the Indian press it is so persistently alive that the government is said to be harvesting the crops in the Gujerat because the peasants have left their homes rather than pay taxes and because laborers refuse to be hired. If the Indians at the Round Table Conference can maintain their present unity, it will be hard for the British to continue to refuse them self-government on the time-honored ground that they cannot agree among themselves.

NICARAGUA STILL SUFFERS the disabilities of American occupation, notwithstanding the reduction of the marine force to about 750 men. The American-supervised election, held on November 2, resulted in a sweeping victory for President Moncada's Liberal Party, though only 60,000 out of 113,000 registered voters took part in the election. Even the defeated party concedes the fairness of the balloting, but it is worth noting that American supervision only ties the Nicaraguans more hopelessly to continued American control. Raymond Leslie Buell's admirable report on reconstruction in Nicaragua, just released by the Foreign Policy Association, calls attention to the progress made in replacing marines by the Nicaraguan National Guard, all but 15 of whose 150 line officers, however, are American marines. Serious criticisms of the activities of the guard are reported. It will be recalled that the United States under the Tipitapa agreements of 1927 undertook to pacify the country. Efforts in this direction have continued, with the cooperation of the National Guard, down to the present time, but have resulted in failure in the north, where Sandino and his associates have managed to carry on a more or less successful guerrilla warfare. Mr. Buell points out that the common population of Nicaragua and Honduras regards the so-called bandits not as outlaws but as patriots. This fact, together with the extraordinary military difficulties of the rugged country of Nueva Segovia, has made it impossible to bring the campaign to a close. From January 1 to September 15 of the present year the guard reported the killing of 126 "bandits." It will take a long while for us to convince the Nicaraguans of our good-will by shooting them down. Unfortunately, the program of the State Department seems to contemplate little that is more constructive.

THE AMERICAN LEGION BRANCH of St. Clairsville, Ohio, in a rage because a grocery store in town did not close on Armistice Day, advanced on the offending establishment in full battle regalia, threw tear-gas bombs inside the place to the discomfort of proprietor and customers, and wrecked a display of fruit on the sidewalk. Operators of the store protested to the mayor against this little pleasantry, but it is reported that no charges have been filed, although Mayor Bradfield explained that his proclamation calling for the closing of all stores on November 11 was not mandatory. The tear-gas bombs were obtained from the sheriff's office, the sheriff, presumably, not offering any objection—although perhaps he was "overpowered" by the mob. Nelson McQuillan, one of the legionnaires who went inside the store, declared the veterans "considered it their right to close the store on Armistice Day just the same as they would protest any attempt of anyone to tear down the American flag." We confess that this little episode, in which the officers of the town seem to us as guilty as the participants, puts us in a worse temper than would a half-dozen unsuccessful disarmament conferences in a row. So far the national officers of the Legion have not thought it necessary to comment on the occurrence.

"THE PRIVATE PAPERS of James Boswell," now in preparation, are to be further enriched by two important new finds which Colonel R. H. Isham has been able to purchase from Lord Talbot de Malahide, in whose Irish castle the manuscripts have been stored these many years. Lord Talbot sold to Colonel Isham in 1927 what was thought to be every scrap of Boswellian manuscript extant. Now the discovery, among other things, of 107 pages in manuscript of "The Life of Samuel Johnson" and the complete manuscript of "A Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides"—one-third of which has never been published—is announced. Colonel Isham has completed their purchase—at a sum which he refuses to name—and they are to be included, without additional charge to the subscribers, in the magnificent limited edition which is being published by William E. Rudge. Colonel Isham's part in the assembling of this priceless collection, which includes many letters and notes not before published, of the papers of one of the world's most interesting men of letters is perhaps not sufficiently appreciated. At great cost to himself he has secured and is publishing the material, and although he has been offered fabulous prices—for example, $80,000 for sixteen pages of the "Life"—for parts of the manuscripts, he declares that he will not break the collection but wishes to have it kept together and preserved in some library or museum where scholars may use it.

The Second Winter

AS we enter the second winter of unemployment, the gravity of the situation, fortunately, is recognized on all hands. We are done with the efforts of the Administration at Washington to conceal the facts. One may recognize an apple seller on the streets of New York as an unemployed man without laying oneself open to the charge of lese majeste. Even the issuing of cheer-up statements by political leaders and business executives in the hope of changing the psychology of the situation has become less common. At last there is evident a healthy disposition to face the facts. Such a disposition may possibly lead to the framing of an intelligent policy to prevent the recurrence of unemployment, if public interest is not allowed to exhaust itself in the devising of those measures of immediate relief that are so imperatively demanded. It is just this that must not be allowed to happen. There must be generous provision for immediate needs; but in addition there must be thoughtful and intelligent planning for the future if the greatest opportunity of the present is not to be lost.

There has been a striking change in the character of official publicity that suggests the danger of just such a limited development. Up to the very time of Colonel Woods's appointment, the facts of unemployment were systematically played down. Now they are played up. Colonel Woods has announced that there are probably 900,000 men out of work in the construction industry and automobile manufacture alone. He figures these industries as operating at little more than 60 per cent of last year's rate, a scale undoubtedly far below the level of most industries. Then why select these two for special notice? Clearly enough, in order to call public attention to the seriousness of the situation and thus stir the public to immediate action. But the immediate action possible, essential though it is in the situation that we have allowed to develop, has no importance for the long-time result. No abundance and promptness of charitable relief now does anything to prevent future periods of unemployment or to make proper provision for its victims so far as it cannot be prevented.

We pointed out two weeks ago what is happening now, and necessarily happening. The various committees of all kinds, public and private, that have been hastily set up are vastly busy organizing and coordinating and exchanging information and suggestions practically all of which have to do with the immediate necessities of the present situation. They are trying to find jobs where none exist. They are trying to call into existence the handful of new jobs that can be created by the stimulation of immediate private and public expenditure. They are trying to spread thinner what jobs there are by urging employers to put full forces on part time instead of discharging workers. And where no work can be furnished, they are trying to provide charitable relief, often in disguised form. It is no criticism of such essential activities to say that they have no relation to the real problem we want to attack. We do not criticize a fireman because he does no more than rescue the inhabitants of a burning building, without succeeding in putting out the fire. But a city administration that went on indefinitely rescuing fire victims without making any effort to reduce fire hazards or to stimulate fireproof construction would be doing only part of its duty, and not the most important part at that.

Just so today. The real question we ought to ask is not only what is being done to relieve the miseries of unemployment today, but what ways are being devised to prevent unemployment tomorrow. This is a question that ought to be asked of industrial and political leaders alike. Some industrial concerns have worked out effective answers for themselves. A few municipal and State governments have made beginnings, in some cases promising ones. The report just submitted in New York by Governor Roosevelt's Committee on the Stabilization of Industry, recommending close cooperation of the State with employers to forward voluntary stabilization by the latter, the development of the State employment service, the organization of local employment committees, the setting up of a State planning board for public works, and a comprehensive study of possibilities of unemployment insurance, including a State system, is the latest conspicuous document in this field. The federal government, under Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, instead of offering any leadership, has stood stiff-backed against all collective methods of combating unemployment, although ultimately, owing to the magnitude of the problem, only collective methods can be effective.

If Mr. Hoover has any real idea of what can be done he has concealed it carefully. As far as can be judged from his ordinary philosophy of government, apparently he would have the government smooth the way of the business man as far as possible, and then would trust vaguely to God, the business man, and Adam Smith somehow to regularize operations. That combination has failed repeatedly in the past. It will fail in the future. If competitive capitalism can offer no better solution of the unemployment problem than that, it will have to confess failure. That is what Mr. Hoover does.

By contrast, the scientific students of unemployment, whose findings Mr. Hoover declines to notice, offer concrete suggestions. They urge unanimously the nation-wide organization of the labor market—but that means collective action. They urge a scientifically devised system of unemployment insurance—but that means collective action. Under our constitutional scheme, such a system would doubtless have to be managed by the States, but the problem is a national one and demands national leadership. They urge the devising of practical schemes of stabilization, in addition to the accomplishments possible to individual concerns—and that means collective action. When the utmost that is possible has been accomplished along these lines, there may well remain the question whether competitive capitalistic organization actually can stabilize industry and employment. That is a question for the future, but action along the main lines of a scientific program for preventing unemployment is a task for the immediate present. To take the first steps is the most important thing that we can do in this second winter of unemployment.

No Political Truce

THE seven Democratic leaders who hastened to assure the country, only three days after the election, that the Democrats wouldn't do a thing in the coming session to embarrass Mr. Hoover or his party—"the Democratic Party faces its duty with a firm determination to permit no thought of political advantage to swerve it from the course that is best for the country" are the noble words that were used—must by this time be feeling rather uncomfortable over the results of their manifesto. The Republicans, or some of them, after thinking the matter over for a couple of days and counseling with the President, issued through Senator Watson a statement accepting "with full faith and credit" the pronouncement of the Democratic leaders, but not without intimating broadly that they could, if they chose, say some things, presumably disagreeable, about "the obvious political propaganda" which lurked in the patriotic declaration of the Democrats. Mr. Hoover, of course, fell for it after a little further reflection, announced that a "limited truce" for the period of the short session had been arranged by the hostile warriors of the Senate and that no extra session would be needed, and is now waiting to learn where we shall go from here. Senator Glass, on the other hand, who disclaims the title of a party leader and does not pretend to know any mind but his own, promptly threw confusion into the arm-in-arm parade by challenging the right of "any undelegated group of gentlemen, great or small, to pledge 47 Senators and 217 Representatives in Congress to a precipitately devised course of action," and added some caustic comments on past Republican performances well calculated to make Republican gentlemen squirm in their seats.

Apparently, then, we are not to have a party coalition after all, the truce is off, and Mr. Hoover will receive the homage of those only who are about to die. Why it should ever have been thought that a coalition was necessary or possible is hard to understand save, perhaps, on the supposition that a handful of Democratic leaders, foreseeing a possible Democratic control of the next Congress, became panicky at the prospect of having to assume real responsibility and sought to stiffen their own backbones by protesting that Democrats, by and large, are quite as good citizens as are Republicans. There was no need of protestation, for the country, as Senator Glass pointed out, was at least as prosperous under Cleveland and Wilson as it has been under Harding and Hoover; only the crassest of partisans can see the Democrats deliberately holding up supply bills or other needed legislation in the short session in order to embarrass the government; while if Republicans yearn for relief from the business depression, Democrats yearn for it no less.

We are sorry, of course, over the predicament in which the "undelegated group of gentlemen" find themselves, and to see Mr. Hoover grasping a shadow touches our heart, but we nevertheless think that the Democrats will be a great deal better off for keeping themselves free. Nothing could be worse for the party than for its members in Congress to throw up their hands at the beginning of the short session and chant a three months' "me too" to whatever emanates from the White House. Something will doubtless be undertaken by Congress for the relief of the business depression, and it is to be hoped that whatever is done may be statesman-like and fruitful of results, but for the Democrats to abnegate their right of criticism and resistance would be to admit that wisdom rests with the Republicans and that only the Hoovers, the Grundys, and the spokesmen for the Anti-Saloon League and the power companies can lead us to safety and provide jobs all round. It would mean a tacit acquiescence in the Smoot-Hawley tariff. It would mean free rein to the Republicans to do their worst, since after the present Congress they may not be able to do anything at all.

The Democrats have been for years a party of opposition. A year from now, perhaps sooner, they may be the party in power. They have done none too much to commend themselves for either role, for they have frankly embraced protection, they have faced both ways on prohibition, and on most other important issues they have split. They have a rare opportunity now to show, by the way they conduct themselves in Congress during the next three months, that they have a better program than the Republicans and are able to press it by holding together and saying the same thing. As long as the two-party system continues to prevail, the only immediate hope of political betterment in this country, barring the miracle of Republican change of heart, lies with the Democrats. There should be no more talk of coalition, for coalition is a concession to weakness, and there is no place for weakness in our politics now.

An Overcrowded Ocean

THE joint sailing schedule adopted recently by the six leading British steamship companies in the North Atlantic passenger trade—with closer affiliation in the offing—should be information to the public of something more than a curtailment of service. It should be notice that shipping has reached a stage where even the British—who have stood historically for free competition—feel forced to follow the other maritime nations into the realm of pools, monopolies, and not improbably government assistance. The two leading German passenger lines are already in a pool, as are the chief Italian carriers, while a single company has a practical monopoly of the transatlantic passenger trade under the French flag and the same condition prevails in regard to that traffic under the American colors.

Ever since the World War shipping has been in a bad way financially. Yet in spite of more ships than cargoes, new building began immediately at the close of the war. This was due partly to old-fashioned commercial competition—the wish of each line to maintain a well-rounded fleet and hold or enlarge its business—but still more to the newer economic nationalism which has nowhere developed more sharply than in the post-war fight for sea trade among the world's chief maritime Powers. Nearly 6,000,000 gross tons in new ships of 2,000 gross tons or over were put out in the years 1921-26, of which somewhat more than half were British. Germany has been working feverishly to replace her war losses, while Italy, through government subsidies, has built up a great new fleet. As obsolescence and actual losses had been considerable during the war, some of this

building was needed, but a great part was superfluous, occasioned by national rivalries and government aid. Shipping men everywhere admit that there is too much tonnage on the ocean; some estimates declare there is double the amount that is actually required.

Though the shipping situation was bad before the recent industrial slump in America, the depression has naturally increased the difficulties, especially on the North Atlantic. Figures from the Department of Commerce show that for the first eight months of 1930, as compared with the same period in 1929, the value of our exports to Europe dropped by 16 per cent and our imports by 27 per cent. Yet the shipping employed remained about the same—some 16,000,000 net tons. Transatlantic passenger business has not fallen off so badly, but there has been a shift from the profitable first class to the less well-paying cheaper accommodations. According to figures compiled in 1926, the highly seasonal character of our post-war transatlantic travel has brought it about that on an average less than 30 per cent of the berth space is occupied throughout the year.

As far as the United States goes, we did not enter the post-war building scramble actively until the passage recently of the Jones-White law, with its generous grants for carrying mail and government loans for new construction at interest rates as low as those the Treasury itself pays. Since then our shipyards have been humming. Excellent as this may be to relieve unemployment, it would be better, economically speaking, to pay the men to chase themselves around the block and save the raw material.

American shipping executives admit that there is too much tonnage on the ocean in general, but justify new building in this country on the ground that we haven't yet our share of the foreign trade. They note that a hundred years ago American ships carried nine-tenths of our imports and exports, but today transport only a third of them. They say that only about 12 per cent of the transatlantic passenger travel is in American ships, although 85 per cent of it originates in this country.

So the United States Lines are laying the keels of two 30,000-ton passenger ships this winter and have a couple of others up their sleeve. Also they have submitted plans to the Shipping Board for two super-liners of high speed to compete with the Bremen and Europa. From the standpoint of the company, undoubtedly some new vessels are needed to make its fleet an efficient entity. From the purely nationalistic standpoint, this is a good time to build up an American merchant marine. But from the standpoint of world economics and common sense, from which our highly interrelated life must be more and more directed, new building in this country is simply the launching of superfluous tonnage upon an already overpopulated ocean.

It looks as if we should have to call an international conference to limit merchant marines as well as navies, and to allocate the trade of the world among the maritime Powers. To a considerable extent once competing companies have already allocated trade among themselves. That is, each has certain preserves conceded to it by gentlemanly agreement, and, except for a few outlaws, there is not much poaching. But national rivalries and industrial depression threaten to tear this concession to amity and intelligence asunder, unless the maritime Powers agree to parcel out world trade and stop the present dangerous overbuilding.

Americanisms

FEW of us, consulting British dictionaries, can come upon [Americanism] after the definition of the word we are looking for without feeling somehow rebuked. It is as if the British lexicographer had remarked [Colloquial] or [Vulgar]—as if the implication, in short, were that the word could hardly be used without apology or condescension by a well-bred British patriot. Those noble Britons who had supposed that all English owes to America is a few local terms and a little picturesque slang must have been taken aback when they read the recent article in the London *Times* by Sir William Craigie, one of the editors of the Oxford Dictionary, now in the United States.

Sir William begins by pointing out that the word "Americanism" was used in England nearly a century and a half ago, which indicates that the colonists had already made some difference in the language which they took with them. The difference was even greater than the early English writers supposed. Maize had been changed to "corn," "lot" had come to mean a piece of ground, "lumber" was used for timber, "hemlock" to denote a tree instead of a plant, "creek" became a synonym for stream, and old words which had had little currency in the old country had become common in the new, such as swamp, bottom, canoe, meeting-house, log house, and cabin.

It is often impossible to say when a particular Americanism was first used by a British writer or established itself in ordinary English usage. Its coming in was often accompanied by a remark on its origin. "She is, indeed," wrote Charles Lamb, "as the Americans would say, something awful." The process of hesitant adoption is well illustrated in the case of "lengthy," which is as old as the diary of John Adams in 1759. The *British Critic* of 1793 objected to it; Southey and Scott introduced it with the respective remarks "to borrow a transatlantic term," and "as our American friends would say." Bentham, however, used it without apology in 1816 and so did Dickens in 1837. "Reliable" excited much opposition among English purists.

The total number of words or meanings of American origin established in English by the middle of the last century cannot readily be estimated at present, but it would be small, Sir William remarks, in comparison with the number which have flowed in since. Many of these have so quickly become familiar that their origin is unsuspected. What adjectives could be less suspicious than "governmental," "wholesouled," and "law-abiding"? As an indication of the present range of Americanisms, Sir William confines himself merely to pointing out a few beginning with the letter "B." Pioneers who could invent "backwoods" and "back country," both as old as the middle of the eighteenth century, had no need, he feels, later to import a German "hinterland." Other Americanisms beginning with "B" are "bee-line," "bed-rock," "bonanza," "banjo," "belittle," "breadstuffs," "back taxes," "boarding-house," "business man," "bloomers," "boss," "bogus," "bunkum," and "boom." The editor of a local Iowa newspaper in 1870 brought in the use of "blizzard" for a sudden and severe snowstorm. It is plain that the English tongue in future will owe as much for its enrichment to the countries of its adoption as to the land of its origin.

Dividends Are Insured—Why Not Wages?

By LEWIS COREY

PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER and the trade-union leaders who accept the philosophy and practices of business enterprise declaim against compulsory unemployment insurance as a "dole" which "limits the independence of men." Meanwhile, unemployment increases, wage cuts accumulate with the speed of a snowball going downhill, and charity begs for more money to prevent starvation and other hardships among the unemployed. But although the captains of industry, finance, politics, and organized labor declaim against compulsory unemployment insurance, they do not object to the corporations' policy of "dividend insurance" and complacently accept the checks in payment of dividends which are not being earned but are paid out of accumulated surplus.

The depression, now more than a year old, has severely cut corporate net earnings—probably one-half on the average. Net earnings of General Motors for the first nine months of 1930 declined to $123,000,000 from $222,000,000 in 1929. Yet General Motors maintains full dividend payments, although only two-thirds of dividend requirements are being earned. Nor is General Motors exceptional. In fact, many corporations earning even less than two-thirds of dividend requirements are making full dividend payments.

This is, moreover, true of corporations as a whole. For the eleven months of 1930, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, a list of selected corporations disbursed $2,668,000,000 in dividends, an increase of $297,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1929 and of $1,098,000,000 over 1928. The important fact is that a very large part of these dividend payments are not being earned, and in many cases dividends are maintained in spite of substantial deficits.

The statistical material is incomplete, but there is more than enough to indicate that the present business depression repeats the experience of other depressions. It is clear that the situation is now as bad as in 1921, and probably slightly worse. What happened then is happening now. Here are some of the facts:

DIVIDENDS IN THE 1921 DEPRESSION—ALL CORPORATIONS

	Net Income	*Dividends*
	(*Millions of Dollars*)	
1919	$9,412	$2,453
1920	7,903	2,735
1921	4,336	2,476

(Source: *Statistics of Income*, 1919-21, issued by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Dividends are the payments received by income-taxpayers only.)

In spite of the depression which began in the fall of 1920, dividends in that year were larger than in 1919. The depression reached bottom in 1921, but while net income declined severely, dividends were almost as large as in 1920 and slightly larger than in 1919. Corporate interest payments, moreover, increased substantially. At least 3,500,000 employees of corporations were unemployed, left to skimp, use up their small savings, get in debt, the more unfortunate forced to accept charity; yet corporations increased interest payments and maintained dividends. The income of our more prosperous citizens declined in the 1921 depression, but it was not materially caused by a decline in corporate dividend and interest payments.

Another suggestive aspect of the 1921 depression, equally true of the present depression, is revealed by the following table:

EARNINGS AND EMPLOYMENT IN THE 1921 DEPRESSION—MANUFACTURING CORPORATIONS

	Wage-Earners	*Salaried Employees*	*Officers*
	(*Millions of Dollars*)		
1919	$10,453	$2,042	$822
1921	8,193	1,673	878
	Decline	*Decline*	*Increase*
	21.6%	18%	6.8%
Decline in Employment (1919-21)	2,052,000 (23%)	290,000 (20%)	None

(Sources: Wages, Bureau of the Census; officers' compensation, *Statistics of Income*.)

Officers of corporations not only take care of stockholders (and themselves as stockholders), but also take care of themselves as officers. While wages declined 21 per cent in the 1921 depression and the salaries of clerical employees almost as much, officers' salaries actually increased nearly 7 per cent. In the minor cyclical depression of 1924 employment and wages declined again, but officers' salaries increased slightly and dividends increased 4 per cent in spite of a decline of almost 9 per cent in corporate net income.

Business depression means unemployment, wage reductions, and misery for millions of wage workers and their dependents. After sternly rejecting compulsory unemployment insurance as a menace to our "sturdy American individualism," business, politics, and organized labor issue appeals for "relief"—which is charity. But why is dividend insurance not a menace to "sturdy American individualism"? The same corporations which reject unemployment insurance "make it a practice," according to a business authority, "to invest a portion of their saved earnings in securities or readily salable property held outside the business, as an insurance that dividends will be maintained," these investments being characterized as "rainy-day funds." Corporations usually and on the average retain 25 per cent of their net earnings as surplus. Accumulated surplus in 1927 amounted to $40,524,000,000. Of this surplus, $9,780,000,000 was invested in tax-exempt government bonds yielding an income of $500,000,000. Out of these "insurance" resources corporations maintain dividends during business depression and declining net income or when there are deficits in periods of prosperity. Dividend insurance is a charge upon accumu-

lated surplus. Why shouldn't the insurance of employment and wages equally with dividends constitute a charge upon surplus?

There are not more than 5,000,000 stockholders (less than one-ninth the number of persons gainfully occupied), and of this minority a still smaller minority of 345,000 stockholders in 1927 received 55 per cent of all dividends disbursed to individuals. It is this small minority which profits most from dividend insurance.

Compulsory unemployment insurance should be a charge upon industry and society in the shape of its government. Unemployment insurance is not charity, particularly if labor contributes along with industry and the government, and if it is democratized by the participation of labor in its administration and is part of a comprehensive system of social insurance. Unemployment insurance will not solve the problem of cyclical depression, which is an inherent defect of capitalism. But it will prevent the demoralization of unemployed workers who are compelled to depend upon charity in one form or another. It will, moreover, establish an important principle of social control over industry, which may broaden and deepen ultimately into complete socialization.

Chains Versus Independents

III. Chain Management and Labor*

By EDWARD G. ERNST and EMIL M. HARTL

THE informed members of every community—the chamber of commerce, bankers, and every citizen with the interest of the community at heart—offer almost invariably and without hesitation two major criticisms of the chain stores, directed, namely, against their non-cooperative attitude toward public enterprises and the low wages they pay to labor. As has been pointed out in a previous article, the chains of late have become more interested in community affairs, chiefly because of the coercive power of public opinion. In the field of wages, however, where this pressure has been felt but little, slight progress has been made. The average consumer is unconcerned and tends very strongly to the opinion of the Minnesota farmer who said, "What do I care how much they pay those town guys? I buy where it is cheapest." In fact, many consumers think that low prices necessitate low wages.

Wages in Grocery Chains

In the survey of ten cities upon which this series of articles is based we aimed to determine just what the wages paid by chains are and also to compare them with the wages paid by local independent merchants. In the chain grocery stores the wages of men clerks working full time usually range from about $12 to $17 or $20 per week. Occasionally an exceptionally good clerk gets $25. In one store at Gulfport, Mississippi, we found one salary of $38 per week. In this store, which was a part of a sectional and not a national chain, the man worked on the average of seventy hours per week. Figuring the wages in the thirteen chain-store systems represented in our study, the average wage per chain system was about $19 per week, or nearly 20 per cent less than the average wage paid by the independent grocers in the same towns. Figuring the average not by chain systems but by the number of people involved, it was about $17 per week, nearly 40 per cent lower than the wages paid by the independent grocers in the same towns. To make this concrete, let us compare the chains and independents at Newport, New Hampshire, where wages are comparatively high. The three chain stores, employing fifteen men, pay an average of $21.27 per man. The three independent grocers, employing eleven men, pay an average of $32.94 per man. The chains here are paying about 35 per cent less than the independents.

These figures do not include managers' wages in either chains or independents. The managers of chain stores, of course, are paid better. It may be said as a general statement that the only decently paid employee of most chain-store systems is the manager. In the grocery store he generally operates on a drawing account and a commission, the former being somewhere between $25 and $30 per week and the latter in most cases 1 per cent of the gross business in dollars, amounting to $5 or $10 per week and occasionally to $15. The average "one-man-and-helper" store does between $500 and $800 worth of business per week. Thus the average chain-grocery manager in an average store makes somewhere between $35 and $45 per week. There are some, of course, who make more. In one national chain, contracts are occasionally issued which allow for a commission of 1¼ per cent on the gross business. At Tallahassee, Florida, one manager with an unusually good contract, including a drawing account of $35 per week, is making up to $70 per week.

Wages in Limited-Price Chains

The wages of the managers of limited-price chains, such as the five-and-ten-cent stores, are considerably higher than those of the grocery men. But the wages of the extra help, chiefly girls, are lower than those of extra help in grocery stores. Let us turn to a brief review of this field, in which are included all stores ranging in price from five cents to five dollars. Thirteen systems of this type were covered in our survey. We found the average wage expectancy for a girl in the several systems to be about $11 per week. Six of the thirteen systems pay an average of $10 or less. Is it any wonder that a doctor in one of the towns remarked that "these five-and-ten-cent-store girls are as thin as rails. They make only $8 or $9 to begin with and then spend half or three-fourths of it on clothes and cosmetics instead of on proper food. A sandwich will do when a vegetable dinner is needed."

* The third of a series of four articles. The fourth, The Fighting Independents, will appear in the issue of December 3.—Editor The Nation.

The "green" girls are usually started at $8 per week and can rise to $12 and, perhaps, in certain sections of the country where a higher wage level prevails, to $13 or $14 per week. Occasionally a floor girl or a cashier will make as much as $20 or $22. It is interesting to compare these wages with the wages paid in the independently owned variety store. In Little Falls, Minnesota, in a store which is operated by a man formerly employed in a chain, the average per girl is $17.30.

An explanation of this difference is difficult but two elements seem to be clearly involved. First, the local man cannot risk public disapproval in his home town; and, second, he has a deeper consideration for and interest in those who work for him. The chain store is so huge and so highly mechanized that human values are naturally among the last to be considered. The primary object is to pay as little as the market will stand and keep down the overhead.

The managerial opportunities of these stores are fairly good. A young fellow can at a comparatively early age become the sovereign, limited, of course, of an established business. He may have his drawing account of $35 or $50 and his 50 per cent or 20 per cent or 10 per cent commission on the net profits of the business. The percentage depends upon the class or type of store he is managing. The classes, A, B, C, D, are determined by the volume of business done during the year. The percentage of the net profit paid diminishes as the amount of the net profit increases. Thus one chain-store manager at Danville, Virginia, working on a contract calling for 50 per cent of the first $5,000 and 10 per cent of the second $5,000 as commission, makes about $3,500 per year. In addition to this the company gives him an insurance policy of $2,000. One of the large five-and-ten-cent-store systems guarantees its managers a minimum of $3,000 per year.

By increasing the volume of business or by being promoted to a better store the manager can increase his income. There are managers making $10,000 and $20,000 per year. "But they are only the ones in the big city stores," suggested one of them; "it's hard for a man in a smaller store to advance much beyond his guaranty. There are so many extras tacked on a store. The cost of the fixtures has to be 'killed off' and by that time new ones are installed; the cost of the super-organization is heavy [about 5 per cent]; and the prorated expenses, such as donations, have to be taken care of. And so it goes."

Department-Store Chains

A third type of chain stores came into our survey, namely, the department stores which handle dry goods, shoes, and ready-to-wear. Managers and men and women clerks are paid better here than in either the limited-price stores or the grocery stores. In ten stores representing five chain systems and involving 110 girl clerks the average wage per girl is about $15.50 per week. We found that the average wage per girl paid by the independent merchants in the same cities is about $16.50 per week, or approximately 6 per cent higher than that paid by the chains. There are exceptions, of course. At Little Falls, Minnesota, the average wage paid by one chain store is considerably higher than the average wage paid by the corresponding independent stores. The men employees of the independents are paid nearly 23 per cent more than the men of the chains, exclusive, of course, of managerial wages. This is easily explained by the fact that most of the chain-store men are putting up with small wages until they shall become managers themselves. The independent merchant has no such reward with which to hold his labor.

The managers of this class of chain store have on the average a better opportunity financially than the managers of any other chain system. At Greencastle, Indiana, we found a man who had sacrificed a three-year contract with a salary of $247.50 per month to work for a chain at $100 per month. But in five years he was the manager of a store, and more successful than he had ever dreamed of being. It's a Santa Claus story. Be a good boy for five years, don't spend much money, learn the A B C's of merchandising, and become the head of an established business with one-third of the profits of the business.

Nearly every chain except the grocery chains boasts of some bonus system. This is usually a gift amounting to $5 or some multiple of that and given most frequently at Christmas time. In a limited-price store at Anderson, South Carolina, the bonus amounts to $5 the first year and in succeeding years $5 for each year of employment. In a chain store in Minnesota a bonus of $263 was given to one person. The smallest gift was $100. Needless to say, this is unusual and limited to a few chains. Most of the organizations belonging to the department-store class give discounts to employees and their dependents. One store belonging to a national chain, at Shreveport, Louisiana, allows a 15 per cent discount. It is likewise true that discounts are given by independent merchants to their help.

Chain-store managers, with the exception of a few in grocery stores, are themselves directly responsible for the wages they pay. Recommendations come from the New York offices, of course, to keep the overhead of selling cost as low as possible. This cost varies from 2 per cent to 15 per cent, depending upon the type of store and the volume of business. The curtailment of expenses increases the net profits, indicates efficiency, and makes for promotion. As a result of this several managers of limited-price stores admitted that they aimed to hire only girls who live at home.

Working Hours and Vacations

All the previous discussion has been based upon full-time hours of labor. But there are always a great many part-time workers employed in the chain stores. Saturday trade in some instances demands a doubling of the sales force. The pay ranges from fifteen cents per hour for girls in limited-price stores in Anderson, South Carolina, and for grocery boys at Shreveport, Louisiana, to thirty cents per hour in department stores in Greencastle, Indiana, and forty cents per hour for extra help in grocery stores at Framingham, Massachusetts.

Laws regulating the maximum hours per day for women are followed quite rigidly. In Danville, Virginia, however, where the maximum is ten hours, one of the managers volunteered that they nearly got him last year, especially around Christmas time. Most chain stores are governed as to hours by local standards arrived at by the merchants of the town through the chamber of commerce. Our survey reveals that the hours are practically the same for both the chains and independents. If there is a slight difference, it is the independent merchants who work their

help a bit longer than the chains. These comparisons, however, do not include the chain manager and his helpers. Their work is only half done when the front door is locked.

"Talk about a jail, it hasn't anything on this," said one manager. From three to five nights per week he and his helpers work until ten and twelve o'clock, and on Sundays he comes down alone for five or six hours. At another limited-price store, at Danville, Virginia, the manager said that he arrived at seven-thirty in the morning and worked until eleven o'clock at night on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. His men average thirteen hours per day except during the very hot weather of the summer. These stories could be duplicated many times.

To our question "Do the companies require you to work overtime?" the answer was almost invariably: "No, they discourage it, but we can't get the work done otherwise." Some of them added rather significantly: "But they *notice* it when we try to get ahead." In grocery stores the rule is that all must be in shape at night for tomorrow morning's business. In variety and dry-goods department stores all counter changes must be done while doors are closed. Window displays must be ripped out and replaced by nine o'clock in the morning.

Most of the chain-store systems have a relief period from this routine in the form of a vacation. Usually this is on some systematic basis, such as one week with pay for the first year, ten days for the second year, and two weeks for the third year. Two of the thirteen chain grocery systems definitely say they give no vacations. Two of the five department-store chains have no definite system. The independent merchants, in comparison, may be said to have vacation systems, but there are a great many more exceptions than with the chains.

Educational Requirements and Advancement

With what equipment must a man come today to the chain-store personnel man if he expects employment? We are thinking particularly of the man who expects to become a manager. The major portion of this last section shall be given to answering this question. However, a word is in order about the requirements for the ordinary employees. In most of the limited-price stores, particularly the five-and-ten-cent stores, the girls need to know how to wrap a package, replace stock, and make change in small denominations. For larger bills Number 5, the floor walker, is called. They are primarily "order-takers." The customers are held mainly by price appeal.

In the department stores, where salesmanship is highly important, much more attention is paid to the education and native personality of the prospective employee. Likewise, instruction in the particular chain store's methods is much more extensive. The ability to learn is the prime requisite.

The applicant for a managerial position in a grocery chain store need not have much of an education. No particular knowledge of business arithmetic is necessary. All merchandise is billed in at retail price. He needs only to check it and account for it in the cash box (a thing not so easily done, as we have pointed out previously). A prime requisite is an even disposition and tendency to receive orders graciously. On the average it takes a man six to eight months to become so thoroughly familiar with the retail game as to be able to manage a store well. Previous experience and versatility of mind may cut the time. In Lindbergh's home town, Little Falls, Minnesota, one manager took over a store in two weeks, and another man coming directly from a boiler factory but with a boyhood grocery experience became a manager of a store in two days. Comparatively young men can become managers. We found several who were just nineteen years old. Usually the chains require that a man be at least twenty-one. The average age of the managers of a large sectional chain of 400 stores in New England is thirty years.

To become the manager of a limited-price or a department store, it is becoming more and more essential to be a college graduate. This is not so true with the five-and-ten-cent stores as with the others. In fact, the president of one of these low-priced chains stated quite definitely that he did not prefer college-trained men. It is perhaps easier to train those who do not rely upon their college laurels to carry them through menial tasks and duties. All men, college or otherwise, must start at the very bottom with sweeping the stockroom floor and gradually rise to a floor-walker's position, then to the assistant managership, and finally to managership itself. From this chain-store policy there seems to be no deviation. The son of a man after whom a chain system is named and the two cousins of another chain magnate had to traverse the same route from the basement to the office. This process takes at least two or three years and for some it takes five years. In the average five-and-ten-cent store there are about 7,000 articles with which to grow familiar.

The managers of these "dime" stores are often only twenty-one or twenty-two years old. The managers of the junior department and dry-goods stores are usually older. There is a difference in the caliber of men trained and selected as managers of the various chains. The limited-price-store men are trained to be good store men, with a thorough schooling in the economies of merchandising, standardized methods of salesmanship, and the general technique of their own system. Qualities which might make a man a community figure of influence are secondary. This is not so with the department stores. One of these dry-goods chains is very zealous about the caliber of its managers. It is insufficient for a man to be merely a master of store technique; he must also have the disposition and the personality which will make him an influential figure in the noble enterprises of his community. A high official of this chain informed us that the chief reason why they are expanding rather slowly is their inability to secure faster the proper sort of men for managers.

For a young man today, especially the young man without capital, a number of opportunities in the chain-store field are open. His opportunities in the independent merchandising game will be discussed in the next article.

The wages in the chain stores for employees other than managers are inadequate and will eventually be raised. The chains will realize that it is to their own advantage to pay their labor well. If as the agencies of mass distribution they are to maintain their position in a mass-production era, they must hasten to increase the buying power of the public. Mass distribution can only work where there is mass production and mass consumption. If they are wise they will work toward the establishment of a "mass-consumption wage."

Servants of the Soviets*

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, October

THE G. P. U., or Soviet Political Police, recently arrested a large number of high Soviet officials charged with plotting the restoration of a bourgeois capitalist regime in Russia. They had the nucleus of a party, and had actually formed a cabinet. Professor Kondratiev, the best-known non-Communist agricultural expert in the country, was to be minister of agriculture; Professor Yurovsky, who with Kamenev stabilized the ruble in 1924, was designated minister of finance. Suchanov would be foreign minister. It is said that the restorationists' cabinet included no new prime minister, the implication being that they would have retained Rykov, the present Bolshevik Premier. Whether he was consulted is only a matter of vague conjecture, but this and other attempts have been made, by word of mouth and in the official press, to associate the plot with the right-wing faction in the Russian Communist Party.

Two groups united to form the restorationist party: one, the nucleus of a liberal people's-peasant movement, headed by Kondratiev; another, led by Professor Groman, a very prominent official of the State Planning Commission, and Bazarov, the Russian translator of Marx's "Kapital," which has been characterized as "menshevist." Kondratiev, Groman, and their colleagues have for years been airing their views, or relatively innocuous variations of their views, in heavy scientific tomes published with the approval of the state. Whether they felt that the time had come for action, or whether less theoretical souls decided to use them as the dignifying academic façade of an outright coup d'etat, I do not yet know.

The plot was soon discovered and easily suppressed. One can scarcely imagine that it ever had any chance of success. But it is significant from many angles. Of course, the G. P. U. may see far-flung conspiracies where they do not exist. "Conspiracies" can be useful to spread a net for too militant non-Communist state specialists who insist on molding government practice to fit their principles, or to discredit a party faction unpopular with the party chiefs. But if the Kondratiev-Groman scheme was a real conspiracy to overthrow the Soviets it points to the desperate straits of the enemies of bolshevism in Russia. It is indisputable that it would never have occurred to the restorationists to match forces with the government if, in their opinion, any hope had yet remained of a gradual evolution of communism toward more liberal, near-capitalist forms under which the peasantry and bureaucracy might, even through devious ways, moderate and modify the policies of the state. The proposed counter-revolution, moreover, proves that Kondratiev's and Groman's allies—persons inspired by the political, economic, and military ambitions common to all countries as well as those irreconcilably hostile to the party's methods—undertook their rash action in the conviction that the present firm dictatorship offers no opportunity, except by recourse to force, of changing leaders or policies. Trotzky had apparently come to the same conclusion, and attempted by a theatrical, oratorical demonstration in the streets of Moscow to convert the million-man parade on the tenth anniversary of the revolution into an anti-Stalin coup. He failed miserably.

In Russia hostility to the state is rigorously suppressed. There is one party and one ruling class. Yet all the resources of the government do not suffice to annihilate antagonism. In fact, new classes are apparently being driven into opposition, though it seems, if only to the naive perhaps, that their support might be won by good-will and better treatment. If, as Oppenheimer and other Europeans teach, a state presupposes the rule of one class over another, each state must insure its life by maneuvering the classes so that some are upper and some nether. Unanimity of support is utopian and destructive of government. If no opposition exists, governments create it consciously or inevitably through the operation of iron social laws.

The city bourgeoisie in Russia represents no real economic power, and, at least for the present, the Bolsheviks do not take the trouble to paint it as a menace. The enemies within the gates are the rich peasants, or kulaks, and certain elements in the government apparatus.

The kulaks, according to varying estimates, numbered from three to five million persons—children, women, cripples, and all. For years they have been persecuted, and collectivization introduced a campaign of unusual rigor with a view to their physical extermination. Many were imprisoned for anti-governmental violence, many were exiled, many deprived of their holdings, and many taxed into poverty. Yet today when anything goes wrong in the village, the kulak is blamed. If grain procurements are slow, if the speculators get the grain instead of the cooperatives, it is always the kulak who is branded as the "wrecker." Now if this is so, the kulak is either a multiple-headed, self-renewing hydra which cannot be killed with the sword, or there are many more kulaks than is officially admitted, or "Bolshevism, the kulaks are upon you!" is simply being used by bad village administrators as an excuse for all their failures. They need a scapegoat. They therefore multiply each kulak *n* times. Certainly, the old definition of kulak as a holder of rented land and exploiter of hired labor is fast becoming obsolete, and some stupid rural tax collectors and politicians would make the entire uncollectivized peasantry identical with the kulaks.

Collectivization and the consequent imminent doom of agrarian capitalism has embittered the obstinate private holder, so that if he does not submit to the collective he fights madly, though the odds are heavily in favor of the government. Yet Communists will probably rue the day when the last of the kulaks hangs out a white flag. For the sake of perpetuating the class war in the village a few kulaks may even have to be preserved in oil and subsidized.

The second source of hostility is the government bureaucracy. Where the state not only performs administrative, executive, judicial, and legislative functions, but also

* This article, as its date line indicates, was written before the alleged discovery by the Russian authorities of a plot to overthrow the Soviet regime from without.—EDITOR THE NATION.

controls 95 per cent or more of industry, all transport, the bulk of trade, the cooperatives, the huge state farms, and the collectives which produce half the country's harvests, where the state is literally ubiquitous and omnipotent, the influence of the bureaucracy which runs the state machine is likely to be boundless. While postponing the proof to a later day (if proof still be needed), I think it may safely be affirmed that all factors tend to prejudice the situation in favor of the successful attainment of the immediate economic goals which the Bolsheviks have set themselves. The bureaucracy, however, has it in its power to lower the coefficient of Bolshevik success. Under the present Soviet regime a loyal, competent civil service can perform miracles, whereas an inefficient bureaucracy may countervail many of the advantages of an enthusiastic proletariat, a disciplined party, a good plan, and the best political system.

What undermines the usefulness of the Soviet bureaucracy is its fear of responsibility, fear of initiative, and the party's lack of confidence in it. When mistakes are often seriously punished and may bring down the suspicion of counter-revolution or sabotage on those who commit them, every official dreads putting his signature to a paper and stands in horror of making an independent decision. Each one "passes the buck" to somebody higher up. Even Communists so fear the burden of unshared responsibility that they will frequently not attach their names singly to a given document. I have heard of extreme cases where big engineers will not prospect for oil or minerals because failure to find what was wanted might be charged against them as disloyalty. On the other hand, those who are ready to accept direct responsibility—as, for instance, directors of factories who cannot get things done unless their word is law—meet interference from factory committees, trade unions, and other sources which makes it well-nigh impossible to put into effect the party's order to establish "single command." "Single command" is altogether impracticable unless the commander-in-chief exercises absolute power.

The measure which of late has contributed most to the demoralization of the bureaucracy is the so-called "proletarianization" of the state apparatus. On the assumption that factory workers are more loyal, they are being introduced into government offices in increasing numbers. Sometimes this has salutary effects. The dogmatism, pedantry, and inflexibility of Russian bureaucrats is proverbial, and some fresh air in the form of rough-and-ready proletarian methods can be helpful. But there are more Soviet officials than Soviet factory workers. Skilled educated workers, moreover, are more needed in industry than in the civil service.

Because of their lack of culture and training a few workers transported suddenly from behind textile looms to the Finance Commissariat or Health Department or a commercial agency are capable of disorganizing the whole works. Generally speaking, they can improve the situation within the bureaucracy very little if at all, while their presence in an office is a permanent reminder of the government's attitude of distrust toward its own officials. Nothing could be more destructive of the morale of the Soviet official class. Numerous bureaucrats are undoubtedly anti-Soviet at heart, and some who dare may be actively counter-revolutionary. But the great majority are loyal and want to help, and if they were met with trust they would be happy to pay in better service. You cannot demand enthusiasm and sacrifices from the very people whose loyalty you impugn, nor from people over whose heads a permanent Damoclean sword of dismissal hangs suspended. Yet the Communists do so, and I cannot imagine that the results are satisfactory. The government apparatus is too essential a factor in Soviet economy and politics to be handled in this deplorable fashion. The exaltation of the proletarian should not be pushed so far as to require the alienation of the non-proletarian civil servant. Or must a ruling class always have a class which it can irritate?

When the newspapers discuss the food shortage they usually demand the improvement of supplies for the workers. Why workers only? Such a demand merely gives offense to the vast army of officials and to others gainfully employed. Similar instances of tactlessness could be multiplied. It goes without saying that the state apparatus also suffers from fundamental objective ills: super-centralization, above all, and insufficient democratic control in such organizations as the consumers' cooperatives. These cooperatives count no less than 50,000,000 members throughout the Soviet Union. The population's food, clothing, comfort—in fact, all domestic existence—depend largely on them, and yet their inefficiency is beneath criticism. Queues outside stores have become a normal and very distressing feature of life, but the shortage of goods only partially accounts for this evil; bad management in the cooperatives must bear at least equal responsibility.

The chief explanation, I think, must be sought in the non-cooperative characteristics of the cooperatives. The consumer-customer lacks interest in his store. Bolsheviks have begun to recognize the errors of such a system, and the "closed distributor cooperatives" are certainly an improvement on the free-for-all store. Nevertheless, control exercised from above through sporadic workers' brigades or by sudden descents of "light-cavalry" investigators on unsuspecting cooperative-store managers fails to cure deep-lying faults. The real solution would be direct participation by all members—workers or not—in the direction of single cooperatives and of the cooperative movement as a whole. More "Rochdale," in other words. Decentralization and the disencumbering of the civil service by shifting as many of its burdens as possible to the shoulders of the organized masses—this is the highroad to an improvement of the bureaucracy. And yet these objective innovations without a change of subjective approach to the loyal civil servant would avail little. Wise administrators could accomplish wonders by a single wave of the hand—by assuming the loyalty of government officials and acting on that assumption.

One question remains—I leave it unanswered: Are even the ablest administrators held in the grip of a social law which requires the class that is supreme to impress its supremacy, in ways wise and otherwise, on the class that is not? Or does this struggle of the proletariat with the bureaucracy arise from a fear, not altogether groundless (witness the Kondratiev-Groman affair), that the latter may usurp the power of the working class? And is inefficiency therefore inevitable?

By turning over responsibility and authority to a class previously subjected to oppression, bolshevism released untold reserves of mass energy. It created an irresistible impulse toward education and inspired millions with a new sense of

personal dignity, individual opportunity, and social duty. We are still too near these tremendous changes to appreciate their significance for Russia and the whole world. The world is blind, prejudiced, and hateful; its condemnation commenced in 1917, when no knowledge was yet available, and still continues. But irrefutable facts will ultimately convince the cynics and doubters that the enthronement of the proletariat in Russia and the consequent destruction of the bourgeois and feudal classes must have at least as epoch-making results as the displacement of feudalism by capitalism.

But there are countervailing disadvantages. Capitalism, though it represented an advance, crushed the great artisan guilds and gave birth to a class of underpaid workers. Immensely efficient and highly productive, capitalism must, nevertheless, since it is a class regime, limit the productive capacity and productive enthusiasm of its servants. Only the class which rules and collects the full proceeds of its labor exerts itself fully. In Russia the proletariat, under normal conditions, is relatively more productive; the bureaucracy, being the nether class, is less productive.

Look Out, Brown Man!

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

IN Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, and even in Indiana and Ohio, the big shuffle-footed Negroes' Negro man, the so-called "bad one," goes about on the alert now. He has to be careful. These aren't good times for a Negro man to be too proud, step too high. There are a lot of white men hard up. There are a lot of white men out of work. They won't be wanting to see a big proud black man getting along. There'll be lynchings now.

Such a Negroes' Negro man doesn't always remember to be polite and courteous to whites. He isn't slick and fawning. He's not a white man's Negro. There are wenches like that, too—thick blood in them, heads held high. You'll see one of that kind occasionally on a country road in Georgia, a fine proud one. Such a carriage she's got, such a swing to her hips.

Look out, brown man!

You'd think, if you listened to Northern people talk, or to professional Southerners in the North, that all Negroes were alike. I've heard them say, "Why, I can't tell one Negro from another." Might as well say, "I can't tell one field from another, one mountain from another, one river from another." Some can't.

They say, "It's different down South. The Negro knows his place down there." They mean to say he always goes fawning, taking off his hat to any kind of low-grade white, getting off the sidewalks. Why, you'd think, to hear them talk, that Southern Negroes, particularly in the far South, were just dogs. Not very high-class dogs at that. There is a kind of dog that always goes about like that, his tail always between his legs.

As though any decent Northern or Southern white man, or woman, would want a Negro man, or woman, to be like that.

There are whites that do want it. Second-, third-, and fourth-rate whites they are. They are in the ascendancy in a lot of places in the South now, have been in the ascendancy ever since the Civil War. Before that they were there of course, but they were kept under. Why, you can find as many loose-lipped, boastful, slack-eyed, second-rate whites in the American South as in any place on earth. Who do you suppose does the lynching down there, in the dreadful ugly little towns?

The cheap ones got into power in a lot of places in the South after the Civil War because the whites with class to them got killed in the war. Or they lost all they had. The first-rate families in the far South are surprisingly feminine now. I mean there aren't any men left in some of the families, just a few high-class women hanging on. They don't do any loud talking about killing Negroes—the Southern people with class to them, men or women. I think the real Southern people, of the old South, always did understand the position of the Negro pretty well. There was a situation. The South had something on its hands—"our peculiar institution," the statesmen from down there called it. It was peculiar, all right.

You had to assume that all Negroes were natural servants, that they liked being in a subordinate position in life. They gave love and devotion to the whites, expecting nothing.

I can't see why a Negro should be any different than any other man about all that. A man does what he has to do. How many whites are there in subordinate positions in life, doing what they don't like to do, being pretty polite about it, too?

I can't see this sharp difference between the impulses and desires of Negroes and myself. I think decent Negro men and women have the same feelings I have. They have, under the same circumstances, the same thoughts, the same impulses. I've been about Negroes a lot. I've watched them—that's my specialty, watching people—I've talked to them.

"But you can't understand the thoughts and feelings of a Negro," men say. I've asked a good many Negroes about that. "If you can get on to yourself a little I guess you can get on to me," the Negro says.

"Why," someone says, "you've got something primitive here." Sure you have. You've got the difference of a few thousand years out of the caves and forests. How old is the human race anyway? How much difference do a few thousand years make? And anyway we haven't any pure-blooded Africans here—not any more.

I know this—that the people with some class to them, both men and women of the South, never have talked so big about the difference. These people always did recognize a certain position they were in and that the brown men and women about them were in. It was a difficult position. Slavery never was any good. It wasn't any good for the

whites or the blacks either. Most of those who talked so big about the glories of slavery never did have any slaves. The intelligent, human white man of the old South did the best he could with life there, as he found it, and the intelligent brown man did the same.

They got to a kind of friendship, too. Don't think they didn't. Once I was walking with such a white man in a city of the far South when a loose-lipped, cunning-eyed brown man came shuffling up to him and asked for money.

"I'se in trouble, Mr. White," he said.

"You are, eh?"

"Yessah, Mr. White."

"Well then, where is your white-man friend? Why don't you go to him?"

"Because, sah, I ain't got no white-man friend."

"You ain't, eh? Well then, I'll tell you something—the Southern white man who hasn't a Negro-man friend and the Southern Negro man who hasn't a white-man friend isn't any good. . . . You get out of here. You make yourself scarce."

That is about the attitude of the intelligent white or brown man or woman in both the old and the new South, as far as I have been able to get at it. The trouble is there are not enough intelligent whites and browns. Which race has the best of it in that, I don't know. That's one of the things you can't find out. There are all kinds of shades to intelligence. You don't find it all in books, I know that.

You have to think about the Negro with a little intelligence, a little sympathy. You have to consider his position in our civilization. You have to remember that not so many white men and women are anything so very special. Hardly any of us are anything so very special really.

You have to think of what the Negro has done in his position, how well he has handled it, both in the North and in the South.

Then you have to remember also that there are Negroes who are not white men's Negroes. I dare say there were proud men, fierce men, fighters and strutters among the tribes in the forests over there in Africa, too. The blood of these men must have come down, some of it, into some of our blacks, some of our browns.

I, for one, can imagine how such a man feels sometimes, when he has to knuckle under. I'm a white man and I've had to knuckle under to second-rate white men myself. I've had to laugh when such a one laughed, listen to his dull yarns, pretend to be impressed when he talked like a fool. I've done it. I've sat in advertising conferences, out in Chicago, for hours at a time, listening to some big windy man talking nonsense. I've sat there smiling, being polite, nodding my head, looking impressed.

I remember one such advertising conference when I sat like that for four hours. I was fingering a heavy inkwell that happened to be on the table before me. I wanted particularly, I remember, to bounce it off the head of a certain vulgar fat man who kept several of us there the four hours that day while he talked about himself. He was telling us what a big man he was, but he wasn't big. It turned out just as I thought it would. What he wanted us to do for him, and what we did, over our protest, broke him. I'm glad it did.

The whites in America have got the Negro into a certain position in our civilization. We present-day whites didn't put him there. We are in rather tight times. The Negro, because of his long subjugation, because he has known, has been taught by the circumstance of his position, a lot about sliding through such times, will get through the present situation better than a lot of whites. He will know how, will have been taught by life how to do it.

That will make a lot of second-, third-, and fourth-rate whites jealous and sore. There'll be lynchings now. You watch. There'll be women insulted.

You'll be surprised, if you watch it, how few first-class white women will be insulted. Most of the women insulted will be the slack wives or daughters of slack second-rate whites, and in this situation the fawning, polite white man's Negro will get through all right.

The fellow who has to look out now is the Negroes' Negro.

Don't strut much these days, big boy.

Walk carefully now.

Some of us understand how you like to strut, how it is in your blood. A good many of us don't mind an occasional strut ourselves. Why, most of the strutting songs, to which we strut, when we do strut, we got from you.

We'll be your friend, if we can, big boy, but it's going to be rough going. There'll be lynchings now. It is a time to walk softly. If you have any intelligence, brown boy, Negroes' Negro, remember that it has been by remaining friends with the intelligent people among the whites, by having an understanding with them, that the browns have got along with the whites as well as they have.

Why, I am talking to Negroes now.

Bear this in mind, Negroes' Negro. There are a good many of us whites who are, more than we like to admit, in the same position as you. If your people have been slaves, so have ours; if you have been in a subordinate position in life, so have we.

There are a good many kinds of slavery in this life.

More brains, white man and brown man, for God's sake, more brains!

Look out, big brown boy, the lynchers are loose.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter once lived for a while in the Jewish section of the lower East Side of New York City. Not wishing to appear a foreigner, he determined to learn the language of the country. He had been told by learned friends that Yiddish was a dialect of German, not unaffected by English, and written in Hebrew characters, so he went to see Max Maisel. Mr. Maisel, who has been a friend of most of the great revolutionaries of his generation from Prince Kropotkin on, runs a polyglot bookstore on Grand Street. On being asked what a man should read who wanted to learn Yiddish, Mr. Maisel produced a little gray book printed in English, but with page 1 at the back of the book and page 76 at the front. On his way home with his purchase, the Drifter stopped in a hardware store. While he was there, a young man came in and spoke to the pro-

prietor as follows: "Nails will i haben, in a so a box, mit a kleinen head. So gross waren die nails. I think sie liegen dort auf the top shelf." That little speech inspired the Drifter to hope that he might be able to master the language of Sholom Asch and Molly Picon, the idiom of the exiled people of Moses and David, without too great difficulty.

* * * * *

IN a few days he had learned the alphabet, and had learned, too, the sentence (this was as far as he ever got in the book): "Wos hot der Hund? Der Hund hot gor nit." Then he determined to test his prowess. He set out with high hopes and romantic intentions. The Jewish soul, that passionate, ageless flame that so few Gentiles ever discover, was to be revealed to him through its own tongue! The Drifter met his first disappointment when he saw a *Daily Forward* beside him in the elevated and eagerly spelled out a headline over his neighbor's shoulder. It read: "Behsball un Yenki-Imperialism." But gradually he became hardened, so that he was not downcast when purely commercial signs turned out to say (on a tailor-shop) "Kliner Presser Fikser un Farber," or "Diese Behsment zu forrenten, mit Stim Hit, Anfragen beim Dzschenitor." At last he solved the mystery of a place which said "Strictly Kosher Restaurant" over one window, and something Oriental-looking in Hebrew characters over the other. After devoting some minutes to working out this problem he discovered that the Hebrew letters said, simply enough: "Shtriktli כשר Restaurant." One empty store did bring a certain pang, however. A poster in flaming letters was stuck to the window. Surely here was the yeasting-place of that noisy leaven in our republican dough, the Communists, or at least of Morris Hillquit and his Socialists. But the burning letters, deciphered, read: "Dieser Plehs will muven nach 121 Clinton St."

* * * * *

THE Drifter went doggedly on. Down the street was a picturesquely dilapidated area-way with a promising label. Striving to keep his eyes off the English version, as a man proud of his French does at the movies in Quebec, the Drifter applied his new learning to the board: "Repairing Schap. Tinsmit. Rufing. Lasst Eire Orders im Box." In low spirits, the Drifter pursued his quest among the ash cans, cartons, and noisy children. He scorned the label on an American Express office advertising "Auslendische Mani-Orders" and came a severe cropper on the vowelless Hebrew over a synagogue door. He was diverted for a moment by a baby who wanted to explore the synagogue, and by its mother who said, "Ya can't go in there, ya ain't got no hat on!" This seemed to throw some light on the old men with long mohair coats, splendid white beards, and shiny silk toppers, whom he had observed of a Saturday bound for the synagogue. As he thought of them, the Drifter felt better, almost romantic again, so that his eyes lighted eagerly on an aged wooden sign by a basement window. It was faded, and Eastern, and Talmudic-looking. Its battered but persistent imperishability seemed to symbolize the character of the Jewish race. Who knew what struggles and heartbreak hid in the walls behind that sign? Slowly the Drifter spelled it out. Sheen, Vav, He, Samech . . . until it stood revealed in all its starkness: "Schuhs gefikst bei Elektrik."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Taft and Roosevelt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The question Was Roosevelt "betrayed"? has come up again in connection with the publication of Herbert S. Duffy's "Life of Taft" and Archie Butt's volume of letters headed "Taft and Roosevelt." Permit me to comment briefly on the review of this question by Mr. Louis M. Hacker in *The Nation* of November 5.

Mr. Hacker seems to think that any betraying which was done was done by Roosevelt. He cites seven or eight matters of policy, the "Roosevelt policies," such as dollar diplomacy, labor program, protectionism, navalism, standpattism, and control of railroads, to show that Taft was perfectly sound and loyal to the Roosevelt policies when tested by these policies. In the end he says: "It must be apparent on the basis of this comparison that there was not a ha'penny's worth of difference between the two men," and passes on to a further conclusion that it was Roosevelt's lust for power which made him impervious to any overtures of friendship by Taft.

Admitting all Mr. Hacker has said or might say about Roosevelt's imperialism, his dollar diplomacy, his labor program, his protectionism, I still submit that Mr. Hacker cannot explain away what were very real and fundamental policies in the Roosevelt Administration. Why did Taft feel it necessary to select a new Cabinet (with one exception) in taking over the Roosevelt Administration? Why was it necessary to fire Garfield, who was the key member so far as conservation was concerned? Why was it necessary to fire Gifford Pinchot, who was the impersonation of all the conservation policies as well as their author?

When Roosevelt inherited the McKinley Administration his first announcement was that he would try sincerely to carry out the McKinley policies. He retained the McKinley Cabinet, though most of its members proved to be disloyal to him. Taft celebrated his election by slipping word to the Roosevelt Cabinet that their resignations would be in order and that he did not propose to reappoint them.

Taft further gave evidence of his independence of Roosevelt and his backing by removing himself from any communication with Roosevelt, going to a resort near Atlanta, Georgia, where he gathered about him a new set of advisers—men notorious for their opposition to such policies as conservation, the elimination of child labor, and so on; and as a result of these conferences Taft appointed to his Cabinet men notoriously acceptable to Wall Street and the big-business interests, notably the anti-conservation interests. I submit that this was provocation which would inevitably alienate Roosevelt. I submit that it was a fundamental betrayal of the Roosevelt policies. It is unnecessary to go into such matters as child labor, the pure food and drug act and its crippling under the Taft Administration, the Taft hostility to Roosevelt's national irrigation policy, the abolishment of Roosevelt's Country Life Commission, and all similar commissions. It does not happen to be true, as Mr. Hacker states, that Roosevelt worked in political harmony with Aldrich, Cannon, Kane of New Jersey, Penrose, and others of the ultra-reactionary group who became Taft's staunch supporters. These were the men who supported the Commerce Court and the legislation to cripple the Interstate Commerce Commission, and who fought Roosevelt's efforts to tighten up the anti-trust law.

Taft had no real sympathy with the Roosevelt policies, and finding himself in power, did not scruple to "ditch" them.

Washington, November 7 GILSON GARDNER

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Elimination of Want

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some seventy-five or eighty years ago John Stuart Mill remarked that in the most advanced countries a far better distribution was economically needed most of all, and so it is now. In hand with this must go some sadly needed reforms in other matters. The present nation-wide acute distress is certainly a blot upon this country's social life, and from all indications, unless I err greatly, the persons selected to treat the case are bound to make a bungling job of it. If the people, and especially the most favored few, were moved by the right spirit, the elimination of want would be possible in this country.

New Haven, November 1 Inne Rus

The Seminar in the Caribbean

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, after a year's study in this field, is now announcing the first annual session of the Seminar in the Caribbean. The members of the seminar will sail from New York on the SS. Caledonia, February 14, 1931. Visits will be made to San Juan, Porto Rico; Santo Domingo; Colon, Canal Zone; Kingston, Jamaica; Port-au-Prince, Haiti; and Havana, Cuba. They will return to New York on March 4.

We have enlisted a group of able lecturers and leaders of round-table discussions—Dr. Ernest Gruening, Dr. E. C. Lindeman, Dr. Leland Jenks, Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, Mr. Charles Thomson, and Mr. Carleton Beals. Distinguished Latin Americans, as Dr. Fernando Ortiz of Cuba and Dr. Moises Saenz of Mexico, are expected to participate in some of the sessions. Seminar programs are being arranged in San Juan, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince, and Cuba. Applications for membership and requests for further information should be addressed to me at 112 East Nineteenth Street.

New York, October 30 Hubert C. Herring

Contributors to This Issue

Lewis Corey has contributed articles on economic and labor problems to the *Annalist, New Freeman, New Republic,* and *Advance.* He is the author of "The House of Morgan" (just published).

Edward G. Ernst and Emil M. Hartl, authors of "The Steel Mills Today," present in four articles the results of an extended first-hand study of the chain-store situation.

Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation,* is the author of "The Soviets in World Affairs."

Sherwood Anderson, author of "Winesburg, Ohio," "Dark Laughter," and other works, edits the *News* in Marion, Virginia.

Vachel Lindsay is the author of "Congo" and other books of verse.

Herbert W. Schneider is the author of "The Puritan Mind."

Stanley J. Kunitz is the author of a volume of poems, "Intellectual Things."

Granville Hicks is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Horace Gregory is the author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," which is to be brought out shortly in England by Faber and Faber.

Books and Films

The Dunce-Cap on the Ghost

By VACHEL LINDSAY

For a brag, for a scandalous boast,
I put a dunce-cap on a ghost,
Because he did not know
That he was wasting his free hour
A-haunting of me so.

For I have looked on Pride grown tame,
And Friendship turned to hate,
And Patriot Fervor now gone lame,
Martyrdom out of date,
And Beauty turned to bait;
Unselfishness, to lust,
And Vows to dust.
While these keep me a-shiver,
What is a shabby ghost or two,
Or a dead man from the river?

Communist Criticism

SO many false and irrelevant standards are possible in criticism that most critics seem to escape from one only to embrace another. We have yet to learn that the exact opposite of an absurd standard may be a standard equally absurd. Hardly have we emerged from a wave of humanist criticism, which rated a work of fiction low or high in direct ratio to the amount of will-to-refrain exhibited by its hero, than we are hit by a wave of Communist criticism, which hoots or hails a work of art in proportion as it seems to oppose, ignore, or support the opinions of a German economist who died in 1883.

As Exhibit A, let us take Mr. Michael Gold's attack, in the *New Republic* of October 22, on the work of Thornton Wilder. It is not my intention here either to defend the novels of Mr. Wilder or to depreciate the merits of Mr. Gold's skilfully malicious caricature of them. Mr. Gold has as much right to rationalize his temperamental dislikes as any of us. My present purpose is merely to examine the soundness of the supposedly objective standards to which Mr. Gold's rationalization appeals.

What seems to infuriate him most is Mr. Wilder's "masterly retreat into time and space"—into Rome, eighteenth-century Peru, the lesser Greek islands sometime in B. C. "Where," demands Mr. Gold in his best oratorical manner, "are the modern streets of New York, Chicago, and New Orleans in these little novels? Where are the cotton mills, and the murder of Ella May and her songs? Where are the child slaves of the beet fields? Where are the stock-broker suicides, the labor racketeers, or passion and death of the coal miners?"

As I interpret this, Mr. Gold finds Mr. Wilder guilty of two mortal sins: failure to set his novels in his own time and country, and failure to choose his characters from the proletariat. Now the best way to test a standard of this sort is to see what judgments it leads to when applied generally. Mr. Wilder's would not be the only reputation to collapse. There would be poor Henry James, who wrote hardly at all about the proletariat. There would be Flaubert's "La Tentation de Saint Antoine" and "Salammbô," the first set in Egypt in the sixth century of the Christian era and the second in Carthage in 150 B. C. There would be Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme," set in eighteenth-century Italy. Goethe, too, would have to be thrown out: living at the birth of the industrial revolution, he wrote very little about the shocking economic conditions of his day; instead, he devoted himself, absurdly, to elaborating a medieval legend. Racine's interest either in his own day or in the proletariat seems almost negligible; his dramas deal with almost nothing but the passions of noble Romans and Greeks. Shakespeare is quite as hopeless. Out of his thirty-seven plays, only one or two of the least important, such as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," were definitely set in his own country and age. All of his principal tragedies, "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Caesar," "Antony and Cleopatra," exemplify that "masterly retreat into time and space" that so enrages Mr. Gold. And like the tragedies of Sophocles and Aeschylus and the epics of Homer, they are all about the high-born, not about the proletariat.

Mr. Gold's notion, in brief, that the novelist is under any obligation to set his fiction in his own time or country, or to draw his characters from any particular class, is without a shred of logical or historical support. Criticism based on any such assumption is always bad criticism. But it would be pointless to argue that question with Mr. Gold, for he is not interested in art as art or in literature as literature; he is interested in them only as political or economic propaganda. One need merely quote his judgment of Mary Heaton Vorse's recent novel called "Strike!"—incidentally an excellent piece of reporting on conditions in the Southern mill towns. To Mr. Gold the book is "a burning and imperishable epic," a judgment which (as Mr. Sinclair Lewis remarked recently in these columns) ranks it with Milton and Homer. That one judgment is enough to reveal Mr. Gold's complete irresponsibility as a literary critic. His devotion to the Cause has made him blind to all other values, to any sense of proportion.

Mr. Gold happens to believe in a stale communism, but I am not at the moment quarreling with his economic ideas; I wish merely to make the point that when one comes to the judgment of literature or art, one must recognize that purely economic values, important as they are, can be only a small part of the total hierarchy of human values. Mr. Gold's literary standards of judgment are ridiculous chiefly because they are ridiculously narrow. Far better men than he have come to critical disaster by applying standards essentially sociological. Tolstoy is the supreme example. Late in life he came to the conclusion that only that art is valuable which directly helps to "unite all men," and the courageously rigorous application of this standard—a vastly broader and more plausible standard than Mr. Gold's—led him to dismiss the work of Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe among others, while in their place he put "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Chimes," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

All similar standards, applied as honestly and consistently as Tolstoy applied them (he even dismissed his own

early work), must lead to judgments quite as grotesque. The economic standards of the Communists fail disastrously in criticism for the same reason that the conventionally moral standards of the new humanists fail. Literary values are too comprehensive, too delicate, too complex, too profound, to be tested by such narrow and too, too simple standards.

HENRY HAZLITT

Jonathan Edwards

Jonathan Edwards: The Fiery Puritan. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

JONATHAN EDWARDS was and still is personally so fascinating that few students of his life or thought have been able to resist his spell. Like his contemporaries, his biographers are impelled to an extravagant admiration or hatred. In either case he is abstracted from his environment. In view of these circumstances Mr. Parkes has triumphed over no small difficulties in portraying the society in which Edwards lived without allowing him to dominate the scene. Except for one or two dramatic incidents Jonathan Edwards remains in the background: his career serves as a simple plot into which are woven various intimate and highly entertaining scenes of Puritan society. The theological and political histories of New England have created a largely mythical notion of how the Puritans behaved. Mr. Parkes has made an extensive study of their misbehaviors and in the light of his discoveries Jonathan Edwards and his contemporaries assume a decidedly fresh appearance.

We see something of the wild college life which prevailed during the early days of Yale. The "enthusiasm" of the students, both religious and secular, their escapades, strikes, and factions make modern college boys seem pale and puritanic. Then we are taken up the Connecticut and introduced to the urbane, complacent society of Northampton, attempting to keep up with the lively pace of Boston, thriving, hustling, and worldly. The towns are surrounded by excitable pioneers and superstitious farmers, relying on their physical strength and their primitive, agricultural religion. Ecclesiastical factions add additional color and controversy. Suddenly this variegated society is thrown into a chaos and orgy of religious passion. The hysteria produced by fear of hell-fire is but one phase of a more general excitement. The most common events are immediately given supernatural and unearthly meanings. The Lord is working wonders, and everybody is anxious to participate. Even the most rush-hour-rushed New Yorker must be impressed by the story of Farmer Cole, who heard that Whitefield was to preach at Middletown, twelve miles away. He ran into the house, called his wife, and together they rode off on horseback at a gallop.

> When the horse began to lose breath, Cole dismounted and ran beside it; and when he was breathless he climbed on to the horse again; this he did several times, as though they were flying for their lives. When they were half a mile from the main road on higher ground, they saw on it what looked like a cloud or fog, rising above the trees like mist from the river. And when they were nearer the road they heard from it a noise like rumbling thunder; but when they had almost reached it they found that the cloud was a cloud of dust and the noise was the noise of horses' hoofs; and they could see men and horses slipping along in the cloud like shadows. They were passing in a steady stream with scarcely a space between one horse and the next, with their nostrils all of a lather and sweat dripping from their flanks. After a while Cole and his wife were able to force their way in, and for three miles they pressed forward into Middletown, without any man speaking a word; and their clothes and horses were so plastered with dust that they were all of the same color. When they came to Middletown there was a crowd of several thousand waiting, and the ministers were just coming toward the meeting-house; and when they looked toward the Connecticut River they saw the ferryboats plying to and fro, and the oarsmen and the passengers and the horses all hurrying as if for dear life; and the banks across the river were still black with people.

After the religious hysteria of the "great awakening" had subsided, there came violent ecclesiastical disputes between the conservatives and the "new lights." Family feuds, financial inflation, tense anxiety caused by French and Indian wars, nd the general ferment which culminated in the American Revolution—all these factors enter vividly into the life of eighteenth-century New England. Through this inflamed society Jonathan Edwards moved, in part a product of his generation and in part a critic of it.

I suspect that the publisher rather than the author believes in the subtitle "The Fiery Puritan," for though the general atmosphere of the book is lurid enough, Edwards appears as decidedly cool, reasoned, and reflective. To be sure, his younger days were marked by extremes of passion—by alternating depressions and exaltations, by a sense of the terrible majesty of God and by fits of weeping over the infinite reaches of the divine perfection. And, to be sure, he was a leader in fomenting revivals and protracting debates. But when seen in the light of his frenzied contemporaries he becomes impressive not because he is "fiery," but because he made a sustained and critical effort to restore sanity and philosophy.

The author's attempt in the epilogue to trace Edwards's blight upon posterity needs much more evidence to be convincing. His disciples, Bellamy and Hopkins, fought a losing fight, and it is not true that "by the end of the century the bulk of the Congregational clergy were with them" (p. 250). Still more doubtful is the attempt to blame the revivalism of the nineteenth century on Edwards. It had fresh origins and was not inspired, save indirectly, by Edwards's writings and teachings. Certainly the current superstition that modern prohibition, blue laws, and sexual taboos are the direct products of New England puritanism has little justification. There is no evidence that Edwards was much concerned with these issues. His attacks on frivolity and "company keeping" were directed chiefly against such practices *on the Sabbath,* and his campaign against "bundling" was on the whole an incidental affair. Mr. Parkes goes so far as to say:

> Without Edwards's intellectual justification puritanism, North and South, would have been eaten away by the acids of science. It is hardly a hyperbole to say that if Edwards had never lived, there would be today no blue laws, no societies for the suppression of vice, no Volstead act.

This is not only a hyperbole, but an absurdity. In any case, it was not the acids of science but the profits of commerce that destroyed puritanism. Edwards knew his science quite well, and in his great treatises on "The Religious Affections," "Free Will," and "Original Sin," as Mr. Parkes himself points out, he defended Calvinism on grounds which go deeper than the current liberal carpings of would-be scientists. He says at one point very clearly:

> Whatever else God might be, He was certainly not benevolent; Chauncy and Mayhew were attributing to the Deity qualities which they thought He ought to have, instead of those which He actually did have. And this false view of the universe, which was common at that period in London and Paris as well as in Boston, produced a sentimental outlook, blinded people's eyes to reality. . . .

Such Calvinistic realism is profoundly scientific.

It is idle to enter here into a dispute regarding the interpretation of Edwards's own religious experience, since this has long been a subject of much difference of opinion. The reader is told on page 62 that Edwards was converted in 1721 and that his conversion "was not caused by fear of hell"; on page 75 it seems that Edwards was converted by the earthquake of 1728; finally, on page 261, the author confesses that "Edwards's personal narrative tells how he was converted, but does not explain why; I have therefore supposed that he was convinced by the arguments which he himself uses in his treatise on 'Original Sin.'" This is rather hazardous biographical method, since the treatise on "Original Sin" was written late in life. In any case, it is difficult to reconcile the fact that fear of hell had nothing to do with Edwards's own conversion (if he ever had one) with the author's statement that Edwards turned to preaching hell-fire sermons because sinners could not appreciate appeal to the love of God (p. 101). As a matter of fact, comparatively few of Edwards's sermons were hell-fiery. In short, the facts of Edwards's life and environment which Mr. Parkes has sketched so skilfully bear little relation to the crude generalizations of the prologue and epilogue.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER

Not Quite Pure Poetry

Doctor Donne and Gargantua. The First Six Cantos. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $10.

AT "congenial moments" over the last ten years Sacheverell Sitwell has worked on this fragment of "Doctor Donne and Gargantua," now published in a limited edition, of which two hundred copies, altogether, are for sale in Great Britain and the United States.

"Go and catch a falling star, get with child a mandrake root," exhorted John Donne, and so, obediently, Mr. Sitwell's two characters set out together on their fantastic quest, Donne himself to discover a new and potent elixir by hauling down a meteor, and Gargantua to solve the sexual problem by impregnating a mandrake. At the end of six cantos, some two thousand lines of blank and free verse, they are no nearer their respective goals than at the beginning, but they have had some remarkable adventures: to wit, a garden party, an agreeable Gargantuan seduction, a dinner (in imitation of a painting by Giulio Romano), an encounter on Vergil's beloved Monte Alburno with Faunus (whose description is modeled on a Japanese picture by Sesshiu), and finally attendance, near the temple of Sunium in Attica, at a celebration of Poseidon's festival (in part a reminiscence of Signorelli's Pan and Apollo in the Berlin Museum).

What's a book without pictures? Filled with elegiac regret for the lost Golden Age, Mr. Sitwell is most generous with his pictures, which coax the eyes and put the mind in a drowse:

> Old mirrors weedy as a choked mill-pond,
> All the dust from dresses; airs tired by the fan,
> That waved as a shuttle weaving silken talk
> Of plots and jewels, the dagger and the beryl;
> Fruits like the bergamot, ices of pure snow,
> And all the conceits of the red-walled orchard;
> The trees grown for poetry of name and scent
> With bitter rinds that no sweet mouths could bite;
> All these were forgotten and the lutes were broken.

Mr. Sitwell is an associational poet, building up his cloudy fabric image by image, each canto being a development of imagery from a new theme (a madrigal by Greene, a phrase in a letter of Nietzsche, a painting of the banquet of the gods in the palace at Mantua) in the same way that the whole poem has its inception in two lines from a song of Donne. He is frequently guilty, particularly in the expository passages, of deplorable pedestrian verse; but when unfettered by logic, he commands at times a brazen rhetoric of admirable sonority:

> Pompey is an arrogant high hollow fateful rider
> In noisy triumph to the trumpet's mouth,
> Doomed to a clown's death, laughing into old age,
> Never pricked by Brutus in the statue's shade.
> But Caesar and Pompey were dead pawns to me
> Moving down fields forever fallow, never bearing,
> And I cared not which killed the other
> Snatching his mock-life of me.

Edith Sitwell has said of Sacheverell Sitwell's poem, "It is just pure poetry." But I do not find it pure enough: it has the great misfortune of being contaminated at the source by an idea. The idea, explains the author in his prefatory note, is that the whole poem represents "a contest between good and evil, between the spiritual and the physical," and this idea is a nuisance, because it must sometimes be referred to; it pulls at the links of the poet's consciousness, it interferes with his process of "pure poetry," which otherwise might overflow ebulliently into thousands of cantos without stop, until the last image clicked black in the brain.

It is true, of course, that Mr. Sitwell has not been very seriously concerned to realize that terrible fact of nature described by Baudelaire as "the struggle of the two principles which have chosen for their chief battlefield the heart of man: the war of the flesh against the spirit, of hell against heaven, of Satan against God." After a few playful efforts in the first three cantos to control the heavy machinery of his philosophic argument, he is pleased to leave it by the wayside and happily wander, in melodious digression, through his fields of acanthus and asphodel. It was folly, in the first place, to anticipate a contest: Gargantua is a jocose stuffed dummy that hogs the show, while the saturnine face of the eminent Doctor Donne bobs in studious approval of his big friend's antics.

Whatever Mr. Sitwell may add to these six cantos in the future, it is probably safe to say that his "world of fantasies, of carved conceits," is radically trivial in kind and spiritually meaningless. The serpent has not entered the garden: there is not enough death in the world.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ

A Tender History

The Wanderer of Liverpool. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

"THE Wanderer of Liverpool" is, I take it, a labor of love. Not only was the Wanderer the first large sailing ship that Masefield saw; not only is the ship to him the epitome of beauty and strength; Masefield has, if we may judge from a poem he wrote some years ago on the subject and from the concluding poem in this volume, identified himself with the ship and chosen her as a symbol of his life. In the earlier poem he romanticized the Wanderer, exploiting the legend that she was an unlucky ship; in this work he has attempted to give a complete and accurate history of the vessel and her voyages.

When I first heard that "The Wanderer of Liverpool" was a combination of poetry and prose, I hoped that Masefield had addressed himself to the problem that Coleridge and Poe defined many years ago, the problem of reconciling the brevity of the lyric impulse with the exigencies of a long narrative. I was disappointed. The book is essentially prose, adorned with some verses. There is no fusion of the two elements, no consistent adaptation of means to ends, no skilful leading of the

reader from the plains of exposition to the heights of poetry. Indeed, few passages in the book, whether in prose or verse, are suffused with a genuinely poetic intensity.

The book begins with a careful matter-of-fact account of the ship and its construction. A section in verse called The Setting Forth follows, leading to a long and not uninteresting record in prose of the ship's ten voyages. The next passage repeats in verse the story of the last voyage and final disaster of the Wanderer. After the completion of the story proper, Mr. Masefield appends a group of related poems, including The Masque of Liverpool and fourteen lyrics.

The disappointment felt at Masefield's failure to attempt an ambitious and unified work would be somewhat mitigated if the verse sections were in themselves at all remarkable, but, as has been suggested, the spirit of historical exposition must have dominated the conception even of these passages. In The Setting Forth it is hard to find a line in which Masefield accomplishes an effect that could not have been accomplished by the prose of his most prosaic paragraph. In The Ending he does employ the rather effective conceit of having ships sunk in the past speak to the Wanderer as she passes over them, but his treatment lacks variety and imaginative reach. In both poems his irregular pentameters are harsh, and his use of alliteration is glaringly obvious. Most of the figures of speech are commonplace, many of them having been repeatedly used in the past by Masefield himself.

Only extensive quotation, for which there is no space, could clearly indicate the mediocrity of the two verse passages about the Wanderer. There are a few more distinguished passages in the appended lyrics, but not enough to save the book. The apparent major themes of the work are a somewhat Tennysonian faith in progress and a somewhat Conradian admiration for the virtues exhibited in the course of life at sea. Neither theme is given acute or vivifying treatment. The real force behind the book is, I should say, a kind of nostalgia, a feeling that the Wanderer once had a meaning that it no longer has. Masefield has tried to regain that heightening of the imaginative processes that the sight of the Wanderer once inspired, and he has achieved merely a detailed and tender history. It is a history that may well appeal to lovers of ships but is not likely to appeal to lovers of poetry.

GRANVILLE HICKS

World Economics

The World's Economic Dilemma. By Ernest Minor Patterson. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.50.

ECONOMIC interdependence today is world-wide, but economic organization is essentially national. The free movement of people and of goods necessary to economic welfare is thus checked and serious strains are set up, which serve as occasions of political friction and sometimes ultimately lead to war. Something like this is the thesis of Professor Patterson's book. The conception is in no way novel and the facts on which Mr. Patterson relies are by no means unknown to students, but the book brings together in convenient form a body of such facts that have not been assembled in quite this way hitherto. Population, natural resources, large-scale production, corporate organization, prices and markets in a money-making economy—all these features are considered in connection with figures of production, exports, and imports for Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States. The problem is that of "a competitive world organized on a national basis, a price economy, a fierce need for markets." And what to do about it? In his final three pages Mr. Patterson suggests commercial treaties, international trusts or cartels, organizations like financial consortiums and the International Chamber of Commerce, and the economic machinery of the League of Nations. It is not much in a world as full of conflict as that which Mr. Patterson pictures, and he can scarcely blame his reader for wondering whether it will get us over the rough places if the world continues to be the habitat of the same acquisitive creatures endlessly hungry for more goods whom he apparently accepts as the normal permanent denizens of this troubled planet. And I cannot forbear wonder at any serious discussion of international economics and possible solutions of international economic problems in which even the name of Russia does not occur.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Neglected American

A Yankee Adventurer. By Holger Cahill. The Macaulay Company. $3.50.

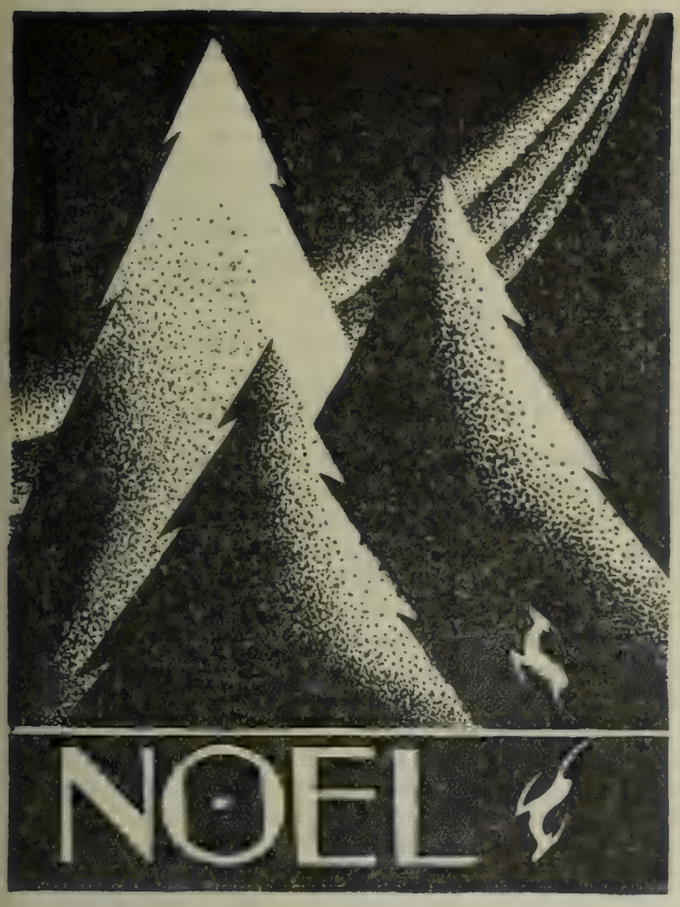
THE Taiping rebellion was one of the most extraordinary and remains one of the least known of those movements toward freedom on the part of oppressed populations which have played so great a part in the history of the past hundred and fifty years. In point of the number of persons involved and the sum total of lives lost and property destroyed, the French Revolution and the Italian movement toward national unity and freedom seem small affairs beside it. It shook one of the world's greatest empires for fourteen years and made inevitable the eventual downfall of Manchu dominion. Yet it is less known than some of the campaigns of Louis XIV or Frederick the Great.

Few Americans know that a Yankee adventurer named Ward did more than any other military leader to overthrow the Taiping armies. Ward created a disciplined force to resist the Taipings at a time when they were at the height of their power and when the Imperialists were occupied in a disastrous war with the French and British. He led that force in a succession of brilliant victories which saved Shanghai and made possible the careers of Li Hung Chang and the dowager Empress.

Few Englishmen know that Chinese Gordon commanded an army which Ward had organized and which Ward had seasoned in several extremely difficult and bloody campaigns. Gordon not only used the weapon Ward had forged and tempered; he faithfully imitated Ward's tactics and even his mannerisms of command.

Holger Cahill's competent and often vivid biography justifies itself by making real and understandable the life of a very brilliant and much-neglected American—a man who was born a Salem Yankee and is worshiped as a Confucian saint, who was thrown overboard by a mutinous crew off Cape Horn, and who died in the taking of Tsz-'ki as a mandarin of the Manchu empire and commander of the "ever-victorious army." Ward sailed as mate in the Westward Ho!; he fought with the French in the Crimea; he was a New York ship's broker, a Nicaraguan filibuster. At his death a temple was erected in his honor, sacrifices were made, incense was burned before memorial tablets setting forth his fame. No American or European was ever so greatly honored by the Chinese. No American of note has been more completely forgotten by his countrymen.

But the book does another sort of thing and that equally well. It furnishes a much-needed basis for understanding recent Chinese history. The Taiping rebellion was a great upsurging of nationalism and religious fervor. It was repressed with savage cruelty—a cruelty that insured the persistence of smoldering hatreds, not only against the Imperialists, but against the European allies of the Imperialists. The hatreds endured long after the religious fervor and most of the more



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idealistic elements in the nationalism had vanished. The Boxer disorders, the final overturn of the empire, the Communist rebellions, the recent conflicts between rival war lords—all were influenced by currents and cross-currents which had their sources in the gigantic uprising which Ward helped to crush. The children or grandchildren of Taipings inevitably played a part in all of the political turmoil of China's past thirty years. Certainly in one famous instance, and probably in many others, they were among the most conspicuous leaders.

Cahill's account of the origin and the nature of the rebel movement is surprisingly lucid and complete. His account of the Salem adventurer is more than merely adequate. He has not woven the two together into a unified book. History and biography interrupt and interfere with each other. But each is here more than ordinarily interesting and valuable for its own sake.

CHAPIN VALENTINE

Festival of Evil

From Toulouse-Lautrec to Rodin. By Arthur Symons. Alfred H. King. $4.

THE legend of Baudelaire with his hair dyed green has become a fixed star on the critical horizons of Mr. Arthur Symons. Here was an ideal—a poet with green hair. With this symbol one might, at a glance, convert a casual flirtation of a soda-fountain clerk with a stenographer eating a ham sandwich into a veritable flower of evil. Such a point of view may be of great satisfaction to Mr. Symons's critical appetite, but the results are often nothing less than a glorious parody of a state of mind that has been identified with Paris of the nineties.

Mr. Symons in his present book has given us a survey of a period that stands sorely in need of revaluation. Of the fourteen artists that Mr. Symons has selected as an outlet for his extraordinary commentaries upon evil and perversity, more than half are men who have chosen the graphic arts as an expression of a literary imagination. The principal figures are Toulouse-Lautrec, Aubrey Beardsley, and Auguste Rodin. Today these figures seem like ghosts from a distant past, all the more so because no adequate appraisal of their work has been written in English.

In a sense, Toulouse-Lautrec is the protagonist of Mr. Symons's latest festival of evil; most certainly Mr. Symons is justified in using him as a starting-point for further consideration of a period that runs parallel to a literary generation covered by William Butler Yeats in his "Autobiographies." There is perhaps no novelist of the period (excepting, of course, Marcel Proust) who has reflected the spirit of the time as accurately as Toulouse-Lautrec. Conditioned by his physical handicaps, for he was crippled hopelessly in early youth, Lautrec was something of a moralist. The Moulin Rouge was Lautrec's favorite studio. Yvette Guilbert was his perfect model. No detail of her personality escaped him. His lithographs comprise the story of her life. She was his symbol, his commentary upon a civilization that flowered at midnight in the glare of the footlights. To Mr. Symons, Lautrec's ironic bitterness rose from a need of genius to express itself almost exclusively in terms of evil. He is so eager to prove his thesis that he neglects an analysis of the technical brilliance that may be found in any one of Lautrec's remarkable compositions. Lautrec's sense of design was faultless; he mastered an art at which Beardsley was not much more than a promising novice.

Much of what Mr. Symons has to say about Auguste Rodin seems extraordinarily naive. "As Spinoza was drunk with divinity, so Rodin is drunk with life. In the ardor with which he embraces and begets life out of life he is with Shakespeare and Balzac." Evidently this essay was written some fifteen or twenty years ago. Mr. Symons has not taken the trouble to edit it for inclusion in this particular volume, nor has Mr. Symons's publisher supplied him with a necessary index. It is only when Mr. Symons is deliberately the spokesman of a lost generation, as in the case of Aubrey Beardsley, that his book becomes a convincing historical document. Here there is no effort to maintain a critical attitude; Mr. Symons is off guard and quite at his best in erecting a memorial to one of his dearest friends.

HORACE GREGORY

Notes on Fiction

Bridal Pond. By Zona Gale. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Miss Gale knows how to write short stories, but she evidently does not know how to arrange them. In the present volume the weakest, the most conventional, the least interesting stories are placed first, and only a pertinacious reviewer gets through them to the meat and bread that are honestly there. For this is meat and bread, the homely arts of the village, the trivial occupations, the ordinary, everyday behavior of men and women—mostly women—who have almost no intellectual occupation but only hands and feet to perform common tasks. Nor is this characterization intended as the least disparagement of Miss Gale's art. It is a minor art, but expert and complete. It makes an important human event of a bread recipe; it endows a cobweb with weight and substance. In the title story, which was included in the collection of O. Henry prize stories for 1928, Miss Gale has penetrated a little farther into the depths of behavior and motivation. The description, by her husband to whom she had been twenty-five years married, of an imagined—because subconsciously long desired—death of a bride on her wedding night, is more than touching and true. It approaches tragedy.

Salome, the Wandering Jewess. By George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

There is no reason why a woman condemned to wander the earth for two thousand years should not be an interesting character, or her wanderings make amusing reading. Novels and plays about perpetual youth, however, never fully realize what one might expect from them. Possibly this is due to the fact that the characters are always meeting with too-famous historical personages; or possibly, to the general paucity of their authors' imagination. "Salome," in general, is no exception, but in spots the book is entertaining and rewarding. The Pope Joan episode, in particular, manages to achieve distinction. But "Salome" is not nearly so exciting as Rider Haggard's "She"; though the inclusiveness of the Wandering Jewess's affections is much greater than that of the ancient but proper She. Unfortunately, the feminist interests of Salome compel her to indulge in lengthy and dull comments on the plight of women. These serve no other purpose than to impede her progress from one male or female lover to another; and to get over the centuries. If the authors had seen fit to omit the sententiousness and the amazing-story ending, the book could have been very amusing. Certainly it would have been considerably shorter.

The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker. By Donald Corley. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

"The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker" is, according to the jacket, "a beguiling legend of New York." It is also a cheerful book, so cheerful that it hurts, and so over-written that it hurts even more. "She was a pale lovely girl as reticent as a thrush in a thicket, with dark hair with purple lights in it, and eyes

like a wounded doe's." The characters, all of them, have large, beautiful souls that are tortured now and again, and the style echoes the sobs in their Slavic throats. Vaguely, the story deals with a shoemaker who makes beautiful shoes for beautiful ladies, and his youngest son, who writes beautiful rhapsodies and falls in love with a beautiful girl (rich) whose name is Cindy. The old shoemaker is called *maestro* by the various Lady Bountifuls in the story, and is bewildered by Sordid Commercialism. But Beauty, like murder, will out, and the book ends. It is more or less impossible to know why such books as this one have to be written, unless it is to appeal to those for whom Pollyanna is not enough.

Claudine at School. By Colette and Willy. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

Mme Colette became famous in France through recounting her adventures as a schoolgirl in this initial volume of hers, which has now been translated to follow her American success with "Cheri." It is a story that was more familiar to our Victorian parents than it is to ourselves—the story of an incorrigible and witty cut-up who terrorizes the classroom and drives her teacher to despair. Mme Colette, however, has introduced a characteristically twentieth-century motive which did not occur to our Victorian parents; she has represented her fifteen-year-old Claudine as the rival of her teacher, Mlle Sergent, in a Lesbian love affair. Both teacher and pupil desire the favors of a pretty student assistant whose name is Aimée. Mlle Sergent is the victor in this instance; Claudine in every other. In the end, after every verbal triumph that even a female heart could desire, she has the satisfaction of seeing her rival in utter disgrace. But the chief interest of the reader is not in the story but in its heroine's *répliques*. Every word from Claudine's mouth is so witty and so crushing that Whistler no doubt would have been willing to have it ascribed to him. Though her portrait is somewhat marred because she is obliged by her creator to say so much that is flattering to herself, she is nevertheless a brilliant and amusing little terror.

Mirthful Haven. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

When he wrote "Alice Adams" Mr. Tarkington had what critics and the reading public decided was a capital idea for a plot, that of the poor little girl who, torn between her natural associations and her desire to captivate a rich young man, pretended she was socially more highly placed than she actually was—and was betrayed by her own pretending. Since it worked once so well, perhaps the author cannot be blamed for trying it once more, but this time with considerably less success. The poor little poor girl is in "Mirthful Haven," the rich young man is there, and the struggle between the girl's own life as the daughter of a Maine fisherman and the ladified city character she has acquired by going to a finishing school. But the honesty, the sincerity, the clear-sightedness are gone. Edna Pelter is a book heroine, too "fine" for the summer colonists, too beautiful for the fisher folk, too fundamentally pure and right-minded to be sullied by the irresponsibilities of her father and his disorderly housekeeping. Her father is a down-East scalawag with a heart of gold; the old sea captain with a house full of expensive antiques who, by marrying her, saves her from the fate of an unprotected young maiden in the town in which she was born and brought up is the noblest and kindest and wisest of them all. Authentic, behind all this trumpery, stand out the Maine fishermen and the Maine fishing village and the restless ocean. But their parts in the romance are minor.

Mr. Heywood Broun's articles on the drama will be resumed in next week's issue.

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NORMAN THOMAS Sat., Nov. 22, 2 p.m.
"November 4th—Then What?"

HARRY W. LAIDLER Mon., Nov. 24, 8:30 p.m.
"Financial Control of Industry"

JOHN HOWLAND LATHROP Sat., Nov. 29, 2 p.m.
"The Political Situation in India"

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12:45 P.M.—Boothby's Restaurant, on Thirteenth Street between Chestnut and Walnut, Philadelphia.
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Reservations should be made at 418 So. Carlisle Street
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Films

The Wages of Talent

IT is an old complaint that Hollywood kills talent, kills it because huge, soulless organizations can neither tolerate talent nor understand it. The fact has been made familiar to us by the fate of several foreign and American actors and directors who went to Hollywood with the reputation of distinguished artists. It would be an exaggeration to say that all of them have been crushed by the machine, but happy exceptions undeniably have been very few. Perhaps Serghei Eisenstein, the cancellation of whose contract with the Paramount Company has recently been announced, should thank the gods for escaping with his skin; the intelligent public, however, cannot but feel disappointed at the blasting of its hopes for higher standards of art from Hollywood as the result of Eisenstein's vitalizing influence.

If in the case of Eisenstein one suspects considerations other than artistic to have been the cause of his retirement, two other instances of the neglect of talent that are revealed in two recent films must be ascribed wholly to artistic ignorance and crass commercialism. "Kismet" (Hollywood), with Otis Skinner in the principal role, illustrates the blight of ignorance. One recalls a highly symbolic little episode that occurred in the same Hollywood Theater a few months earlier. A short film was shown as one of the opening items on the program. It commemorated the silver anniversary of the cinematic activities of Messrs. Warner Brothers, and a galaxy of the company's stars was gathered for the occasion around a horseshoe table and introduced to the audience. What with the stellar smiles and occasional songs and the general splendor of the surroundings, the scene undoubtedly was very impressive, if rather dull. The fly in the ointment was the intolerably bright little girl, appropriately called "Miss Vitaphone," who did the introducing. But the unintended symbolism of the scene was revealed elsewhere. The *unannounced* old gentleman who opened the proceedings by introducing the impossible child was none other than Mr. Otis Skinner himself. Somehow one cannot help feeling that in his present film, "Kismet," Mr. Skinner has been served by his producers with as little respect for his talent as he was in that affair of the celebration. One would have thought that the presence of an actor of Mr. Skinner's attainments would have inspired the producers and directors with the desire to second his imaginative effort. They might have remembered, for instance, that the stage play, second-rate pastiche that it was, had swing and vigor that sprang from its color, from its exaggerated action, from its grotesque characterization. Because of that it showed speed even on the slow-moving stage. But the only trace of color to be found in the film is that preserved in the contrasts and resourceful virtuosity of Mr. Skinner's acting. With its slow and even tempo, with its lack of color and contrast, the film represents no more than a humdrum display of Hollywood's Oriental lore, and fails miserably to bring into relief Mr. Skinner's beautiful diction and masterful technique.

"The Playboy of Paris" (Paramount), featuring Maurice Chevalier, is another instance of indifference to talent. That the picture is amusing in its crude way and is a great box-office success should not blind us to the fact that we are actually witnessing the burial of a very gifted artist with an effervescent and impish personality under the weight of the obvious banalities of juvenile comedy. M. Chevalier is being Americanized, Hollywood style, and if this goes on a little longer there will be no Maurice Chevalier left.

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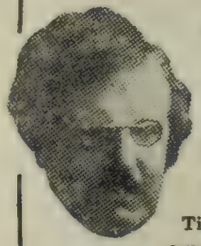
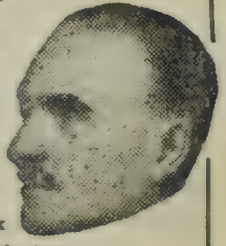
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*Roar China—Martin Beck—45 St., W. of Eighth Ave.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
†Twelfth Night—Maxine Elliott—39 St., E. of B'way.

Films

Is It Love? (Italian)—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Outward Bound—Warner—B'way and 52 St.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt (German Film)—55 St. Playhouse.
A Mediterranean Cruise—Fifth Avenue Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
All Quiet on the Western Front, beginning Saturday, Nov. 22; Africa Speaks, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 26—Little Carnegie Playhouse—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Virtuous Sin, beginning Saturday, Nov. 22; Africa Speaks, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 26—Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.

Discussion and Lectures

"Is Divorce a Social Asset?"—Mecca Temple—55 St., E. of Seventh Ave. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.
"Can Law Make Us Good?" by Channing Pollock—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St., Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.
"Christianity vs. Atheism," Sunday, Nov. 30 at 1 P.M. See advertisement.
Why Marry?—Saturday, Nov. 22, at 1:30 P.M., 37 West 49 St.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

Progress or Slavery?

THE following article on the relationship of natives and whites in South and East Africa, particularly in Kenya and Rhodesia, was written by Miss Winifred Holtby for the English *New Leader* of October 3. Miss Holtby writes with direct knowledge, having made a study of the question while resident in South Africa.

Two years ago few fairy stories would have seemed more fantastic than the report that the British settlers of Kenya and Rhodesia were appealing to the Dutch Premier of South Africa for support against the imperial government. But history has taught us that in the face of common danger lion and lamb lie down together, and a situation has arisen in which we may expect to see the European lions and lambs of South and East Africa lying together with remarkable unanimity.

The cause of the trouble was the publication last June of the two British White Papers containing proposals for closer union in East Africa and a memorandum on native policy. The documents themselves, so far as they concern the treatment of the native peoples, reaffirm traditional British policy. Both restate the declaration of 1923 that "primarily Kenya is an African territory, and His Majesty's Government think it necessary definitely to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be paramount." Perhaps "paramount" was an unfortunate word, since it gives a suggestion of privilege, and all that the African peoples really want or need is equality of status, similar to that given to the black population of Jamaica. Actually, the regulations under which the treatment of blacks differs from that accorded to whites in the papers amount rather to disability than to privilege, though there are several most valuable principles established, such as security of land tenure, equitable taxation, educational advances, and the ultimate desirability of a common electoral roll. These are far in advance of present practice, and though documents alone cannot maintain justice, a clear statement of principle can become a charter of rights.

It is this statement of policy which has united the once antagonistic elements of the "white aristocracy." On September 8 the elected members of the Northern Rhodesian legislature published a protest in which they declared that the settlers had honorably fulfilled their trusteeship toward the natives, that "uninformed or misinformed" interference was resented, and that if the imperial policy was not modified "those who still desire to remain in this territory will contemplate political relationships under which equality of treatment of whites with natives will be justly maintained." Friends of the natives will do well to remember that phrase, "equality of treatment."

South Africa agrees. General Hertzog has received a deputation from Kenya with unfeigned sympathy, and has declared that native policy in Africa is a matter of vital concern to his government. "In the interest of harmonious imperial relations it is necessary that South Africa's views should be heard and given consideration," and he hopes to have the opportunity of discussing the matter with the imperial government. His Minister of Public Lands, Mr. Groebler, goes even farther. Speaking at Pretoria on September 17 he declared: "We deny that any European nation, England included, has the right to act anywhere in Africa in conflict with our ideals."

The Convention of Associations in Kenya has sent a deputation, headed by Lord Delamere, to protest against the British policy at the Imperial Conference. The deputation is really unofficial, but Sir Edward Grigg, the retiring Governor, has made no secret of his sympathy with the settlers—"a very sound, gay, gallant, very misrepresented people, my people"—and it is evident that his voice will be added to the chorus of protest against the policy which conflicts thus with South African ideals.

And what is the South African ideal which arouses such enthusiasm? To be understood it must be remembered in its connection with the old African tradition of slavery and with the belief of the white trekkers from the Cape, who thought of themselves as the Chosen People taking possession of the Promised Land, from which they had the divine mandate to drive Hittite and Hivite, "to utterly destroy" them, or to make of them hewers of wood and drawers of water forevermore. The doctrine of inequality between blacks and whites has become with their descendants almost a religious principle, and the main intention of South African policy was outlined in Mr. Groebler's speech when he said: "We refuse to consider equality or the forcing of Western European administration on the natives as a solution of the native question. We reserve the right to protect within our own country the future of white posterity. We are convinced that in segregation in all directions we shall find salvation for both races."

Since General Hertzog now believes in a united front on the African question, we need no longer be debarred by delicacy from discussing exactly what this policy means. Segregation is a vague and pleasant word; but its practical consequences are perfectly definite and utterly unpleasant for the peoples on both sides of the separating barrier. For those on top, it means a fruitless privilege resulting in intellectual stagnation and economic insecurity. For those underneath, it means a form of unacknowledged slavery.

Territorial segregation means a repetition of the inclosures policy seen in England during the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. All South African statistics concerning native affairs are unreliable, but at present the white population of about 1,500,000 holds about 280,000,000 acres of land, while 4,700,000 natives hold about 20,000,000 acres. Natives are not allowed to buy or hire land, except in certain scheduled areas, without special permission of the Governor General; thus they not only hold less than a tenth as much land as the whites, though they are four times as numerous, but their land on the whole is poorer. Consequently, each year more and more natives are driven to seek employment in the towns, thus swelling the body of cheap unskilled labor.

Economic segregation is rather different. It consists in compelling the native to work for Europeans while keeping him out of skilled trades and paying him rates amounting to about one-sixth of the standard white wage. Insecurity of land tenure is only one method. There is taxation. The Minister of Justice has just introduced a new bill making any adult male native in the Transvaal liable to a tax of £5 unless he can prove that he has worked for Europeans for at least three months in the year. Though the color-bar policy, inaugurated in 1925, is not yet completely matured, it is proving increasingly useful. On August 30 of this year the government published a novel plan for dealing with white unemployment—a serious problem in South Africa—by turning natives out of industry, replacing them by poor whites, and subsidizing the employers for the difference in wages. . . .

Legal segregation means inequality before the law, so that natives and white men are treated very differently in the courts. The conciliation and labor laws affecting white employment do not apply to the black man, whose labor is controlled by the

Masters and Servants Acts and Labor Regulation Acts, which make breaches of contract by black, but not by white, men a penal offense. Daily life and normal movement are rendered almost intolerable by the pass laws. Collective bargaining can hardly escape from becoming "conspiracy to break the law." Freedom of speech is curtailed by a savage Sedition Act, and the native lives under the constant menace of arrest for "crimes" which the state of the law renders almost inevitable. Frequent convictions, however, are a convenience to the white employer, for, according to regulations issued by the Director of Prisons last January, he can hire gangs of "not less than twenty-five" black convicts to work on his farm at the rate of 1s. 6d. each a day, or 1s. each if food and accommodation are supplied.

As for political segregation, that is to be accomplished by depriving the Cape native of the parliamentary vote which he has exercised since 1853, shutting off the natives from all direct share in the body politic, and establishing instead Native Councils which will have no real legislative authority.

If this system seems bad, it is at least not unique. The treatment of natives in Kenya and Uganda has been mitigated by the authority of the Colonial Office and by the action of a few disinterested civil servants. But the two notable studies of Kenya by Dr. Norman Leys and Mr. McGregor Ross have shown that in that country at least the imperial principle of "paramountcy" is anything but an established policy. It seems as though no privileged minority can be trusted to treat with decency a subject class, sex, or race.

The "United Africa" enthusiasts for a common policy are going to lobby against the British White Papers during the Imperial Conference. They will bring all possible pressure to bear upon the Joint Parliamentary Committee which is to examine the policy of the government during the autumn. It is high time that the British public realized what is taking place.

Quite apart from any concern for the honor of our imperial government, a concern which can be felt by the opponents as well as the supporters of imperialism, we dare not let the segregationists have their way. Their victory would mean the creation of a pool of cheap and helpless labor, which in these days of floating capital and international combines would be a constant menace to those workers who are trying to maintain a decent standard of living. It would mean protracted stagnation of the African market, which under a progressive policy might develop into one of our best customers. It would mean the embitterment of more than fifty million people, who must inevitably one day learn how to use the weapons which civilization has forged and exact a terrible revenge; for the "United Front" does not mean real union in Africa, it means permanent and growing division from the native peoples.

We in Great Britain, as well as the South African government, feel a responsibility toward posterity. We must act before the Joint Committee has published its decisions, for we dare not face the consequences of an Africa enslaved.

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Tuesday, Nov. 25
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Wednesday, Nov. 26
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Classical Mechanics
"Mass and Force: Newton and his Later-Day Critics."

Thursday, Nov. 27
No meeting.

Saturday, Nov. 29
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 595
EDITORIALS:
A Progressive Program 598
The Way to Disarm 599
Tumultuous Education 599
Urban Elephantiasis 600
CONGRESS IN CONFUSION. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 601
GERMANY NEARS THE CRISIS. By Oswald Garrison Villard 603
FRANK L. WRIGHT AND THE CHICAGO FAIR. By Douglas Haskell 605
CHAINS VERSUS INDEPENDENTS. IV. THE FIGHTING INDEPENDENTS. By Edward G. Ernst and Emil M. Hartl 606
WOMEN WORKERS IN MASSACHUSETTS. By Gardner Jackson. 608
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 611
CORRESPONDENCE 611

HOLIDAY BOOK SECTION

STANDARDS (LOUD CHEERS). By Henry Hazlitt 613
WHITE-FACE. By James Rorty 614
AMERICAN CULTURE SINCE THE SIXTIES. By Matthew Josephson 615
PRELUDE. By Leonora Speyer 616
BOOKS AND DRAMA:
A Master Pedagogue. By H. L. Mencken 617
Divided Souls. By Clifton P. Fadiman 617
The New India. By Gertrude Emerson 618
From the German. By Granville Hicks 620
The Decade of the Doomed. By Joseph Warren Beach 622
Technological Politics. By William MacDonald 622
Miss Macaulay's Laughter. By Dorothy Van Doren 625
Vergil the Innovator. By Tenney Frank 626
Novel Within Novel. By Horace Gregory 628
An American History. By James Truslow Adams 629
Books in Brief 630
Drama: Buried Personalities. By Heywood Broun 632
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 634

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WHETHER OR NOT Mr. Hoover was sincere in putting forward the veiled suggestion contained in his Armistice Day speech that the United States may soon be ready to enter into a consultative pact for the purpose of strengthening the Kellogg treaty, the suggestion appears to have been seriously accepted in Europe. Just what it is that Mr. Hoover wants is not altogether clear, but there can be little question of Europe's goal. The European nations already have their League machinery which they are obligated to use for consultative purposes when war is threatened. An independent consultative pact would therefore serve only to change the position of the United States by obligating this country similarly to meet with other Powers in the event of an impending war to discuss ways and means of averting that war. The United States, however, already has several means of conferring with other Powers in such a case. Adding another means would not measurably increase the effectiveness of the present insurance against war unless the United States were at the same time to commit itself in advance to a definite course of action to be taken as a result of the contemplated consultations. This undoubtedly is what Europe wants; it is the position toward which Europe has been trying to maneuver the United States ever since 1918 without success.

THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE on child health and protection has come and gone, with the blare of publicity that always attends these gatherings summoned by the President, but with little tangible achievement as yet evident to the naked eye. As the result, it is announced, of a year's intensive expert study, the conference adopted nineteen conclusions, among which we note the following: "Every child is entitled to be understood." "Every child has a right to play with adequate facilities therefor." "Every child waif and orphan in need must be supported." "Every child is entitled to the feeling that he has a home." Eighteen of nineteen conclusions are almost equally controversial. The last one is a recommendation for district or community organization for health education and welfare with full-time officials. It is unfair to judge a conference of this character by the resolutions to which it finally agrees, but it is a pity that a gathering of the leading experts on child welfare could not have been allowed to give the public a more inspiring platform than this string of platitudes.

THE REAL INTEREST of the conference centered in the effort of some of its medical members to destroy the work of the Children's Bureau in its present form by transferring child-health activities to the Public Health Service. This is an incident of the old campaign to centralize all the health work of the federal government in this one division. In the present case the contest has been largely between the physicians on the one hand and the social workers on the other. The conference address of Miss Grace Abbott, head of the bureau, calling attention to the intimate relation between poverty and unemployment on the one hand and child welfare on the other, is an illustration of the point of view of those who have made the Children's Bureau what it is. It is this broader view as opposed to the more narrow individualistic and professional attitude of the medical profession that has given to the work of the bureau much of its unique value. We believe that the judgment of the friends of the Children's Bureau, of the twelve women's organizations that have come out in its support, and of the conference section on the handicapped child, which voted against the transfer of activities, is sound. The whole matter has been referred to the continuation committee of the conference. It is to be hoped that this committee will not weaken the solid and promising work now being carried on by the Children's Bureau.

RUMORS AND MORE RUMORS come out of Riga, Vienna, and Berlin to tell of counter-revolution in Russia, of widespread starvation and consequent growing dissatisfaction among the Russian people, and of the assassi-

nation of Stalin and other Soviet leaders. Moscow may deny the rumors, the United Press correspondent in Moscow may interview Stalin and so give the lie to that particular story, but still the rumors continue. This business of fighting with lies what the capitalist world considers the Russian menace is a piece of blind stupidity. Falsehoods cannot hurt Russia if the Russian experiment is succeeding, they can only mislead the people who wish to deal with the Russian problem in an intelligent way. Yet instead of intelligent consideration of the question presented to the capitalist world by the probable success of the Five-Year Plan, there is nothing but an attempt to obscure the issue. Here in the United States we make no effort to build up a sound economic defense against the new Russian economy, but elect rather to cut ourselves off from Russia economically as well as politically. This is the essence of the new Treasury Department policy toward imports from Russia. Although the Commerce Department tries to emphasize the importance of Russian purchases in this country, there is growing likelihood that the Treasury point of view will prevail. We shall occupy ourselves with a rejuvenated red scare, and in the meantime do nothing to prepare ourselves for the economic competition with which a successful Russia will eventually confront the rest of the world.

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER of Kansas, in an article in the New York *World,* comes to the defense of the Farm Board's Stabilization Corporation for jumping into the Chicago wheat pit and buying enough wheat to stop a disastrous fall in prices and pegging December wheat at 73 cents and May futures at 76 cents. He also notes in passing, "lest it be forgotten," that the tariff of 42 cents a bushel on wheat "was no mean factor in the process of stabilization." The Senator's exposition of the case is curious. The Stabilization Corporation, he points out, is not regarded by the Farm Board as a federal agency at all; it is just a corporation formed by the farmers' cooperatives, under government authority, to deal in grain with government money, and it is the cooperatives, which Senator Capper praises to the skies, that really did the trick. On the Senator's own showing they appear not to have been so powerful as he tries to make out, for he lets drop the interesting fact that the Stabilization Corporation "had been anxious but inactive for some time" while wheat prices were searching for a bottom, and that it was not until the corporation received "an expected nod of favor from the Farm Board" that "things began to happen." The great crisis is over, however; the corporation has a huge store of wheat which Senator Capper will gladly help pass on to the unemployed; and wheat is higher in Chicago than in Liverpool. Where all this helps the agricultural situation in this country we do not see. Nor apparently is it yet quite satisfactory to the National Grange, for that organization has just adopted "in quick order" a resolution calling for the old McNary-Haugen export-debenture plan for keeping the Treasury surplus down.

TO THE CHARGES that while he was still accepting a salary as president of Leland Stanford University the Secretary of the Interior was in his official Cabinet capacity head of the Federal Power Commission, Secretary Wilbur now makes a far from adequate reply. He was, he declares, drawing a university salary, not for "current services," but as a "sabbatical allowance . . . which I earned through fourteen years of continuous service." It is worth while at this point to congratulate Secretary Wilbur on having been favored by a university with an accumulation of sabbatical years; ordinarily they are granted one at a time, be the service seven years or twice seven. But leaving this aside, the charge that the Secretary as a government officer directly occupied with the regulation of public utilities accepted an honorarium from an institution whose investments were in a considerable degree in public utilities remains unsatisfactorily answered. Mr. Wilbur declares that as president of the university he had nothing to do with the investments, and that he was not a member of the board of trustees. It was all the more desirable, therefore, that he avoid every appearance of being in the slightest degree swayed by the university's public-utility connections. His defense displays the same lack of sensitiveness that earlier Cabinet members showed who, honest themselves, sat silent while the people were being robbed by the oil companies. If Secretary Wilbur can be justly accused of nothing else, he can be accused of impropriety. And for one of the highest officers of the government, this is serious enough.

CONGRESSIONAL REAPPORTIONMENT is not an exciting subject, but it is important if we are not to let a system of rotten boroughs develop, and are not to let the House of Representatives grow beyond even its present unwieldy size. After the census of 1920, it will be remembered, Congress refused to perform its duty of reapportionment. No State was willing to lose any part of its representation, and such a result could not be avoided if the total number of Representatives was not increased. After a hard fight, however, a reapportionment law was enacted on June 18, 1929, to be based on the 1930 census. The Census Bureau, acting under this law, has just worked out the reapportionment. California gains nine seats, Michigan four, Texas three, Ohio two, and four other States one each. Missouri loses three seats, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Kentucky, and Iowa two each, and sixteen other States, largely agricultural, one each. A new fight is threatened by Representatives of the States that lost seats to exclude aliens from the reapportionment count, and thus cut down the gain of the industrial States. Such action may be countered by the same move that was undertaken in the debate preceding the enactment of the present law, namely, an attempt to reduce the representation of those Southern States in which the Negro is disfranchised. As the Constitution bases representation simply on "persons," it is doubtful whether either plan, if enacted, would be sustained by the courts.

THE BIG FOUR railroad brotherhoods and the Switchmen's Union, following a ten-day conference in Chicago, indorsed the general principle of the six-hour day without any lessening of pay as a means of relieving unemployment among their members, but were unable to agree on a method of putting the principle into practice. It was therefore decided to call a general conference of all interests, including the sixteen other rail unions, railroad presidents and bankers, and representatives of the public, to draw up a comprehensive program. In the immediate situation the trainmen, firemen, and switchmen tried to get the engineers

and conductors to agree to a reduction of mileage so that no one would earn more than 2,600 miles' (that is 26 days') pay a month, thus spreading existing work and pay among a larger number of men; but the aristocrats of the rails were unwilling to make so great a sacrifice. The three former groups will now try to make a reduction of the working day among their own members, hoping that the others will come in later with the mileage reduction. The whole situation is full of difficulties. The improvement of railroad equipment and organization is reducing the number of employees needed, which declined from its post-war peak of more than 2,000,000 in 1920 to 1,727,000 in July, 1929, and 1,515,000 in July of this year. The railroads have their own difficulties in view of the great falling-off of traffic on account of the business depression. To shorten the working day without reducing pay would, of course, add to their troubles. The organizations concerned have the problem of adjusting hours and pay in an industry which can no longer count on striking expansion, and the wisest sort of industrial statesmanship will be required to bring about a solution.

AGAINST THE BACKGROUND of intelligence and determination displayed by the Indian delegates, high and low alike, at the Round Table Conference, the speech of Ramsay MacDonald is a pale performance. Like the speeches of the Viceroy during the past months, like every liberal pronouncement on India that we can recall, the Prime Minister's carefully chosen, pleasant words may mean much —or nothing. His deliberate omission of the live word "dominion" before the dead word "status" is discouraging to those who had looked forward to an India freed by peaceful means. That India will be free, either as a dominion or as an independent state, was never more evident to disinterested eyes. And the Round Table Conference, no matter what its results, can contribute only to that end. If its Indian members can take home a definite and convincing promise of immediate self-government, Gandhi and his volunteers will be the first to praise and honor them. If, on the other hand, in the executive committee sessions into which the conference has now resolved itself, the Indians accept a federal constitution without self-government, the black flags that will be raised against them in India will be the signal for an even greater struggle. And in that struggle independence, not dominion status, will be the goal. The Round Table Conference offers Great Britain her last chance to save India for the Empire.

MARSHAL PILSUDSKI cannot be very proud of his recent election victory. His government bloc won 248 seats as against the 120 it held in the last Sejm, but it won them by a series of threats and wholesale arrests, by suppressing the opposition press, and by barring from the ballot the tickets of sixteen opposition parties. At least fifty opposition candidates who were almost certain of reelection to the parliament were among those ruled off the ballots. Other opposition candidates were thrown into prison, but many of these, including Count Witos, three times Premier of Poland, were elected notwithstanding this high-handed attempt to coerce the people into voting against them. Throughout the campaign Pilsudski kept up a miniature reign of terror in various parts of the country, particularly in Upper Silesia and in Western Ukrainia. Nevertheless, nearly all the anti-Pilsudski candidates in both these sections were elected. These gains give Pilsudski majority control, and thus enable him to assume responsibility for the immediate affairs of government, but he did not win the two-thirds' majority necessary to rewrite the constitution, which he desired as a means of legalizing his dictatorship. The terroristic tactics employed in the compaign have ostensibly strengthened Pilsudski's regime, but actually they have weakened it by increasing the number of his enemies.

STENIO VINCENT, lawyer, journalist, and diplomat, has been elected President of Haiti, the first man to be elected to that high office by the free will of the Haitian people expressed through the constitutional electoral machinery since the American marines occupied the country a decade and a half ago. His victory reflects credit upon that group of leading Haitian citizens who for years have been opposing the American Occupation and trying to rid the country of the illegal dictatorship of Luis Borno, which had been permitted to grow up under the sheltering wing of the Occupation. One of the effects of the visit of the Forbes Commission to the island last spring was the elimination of Borno and his peculiar type of politics from the Haitian scene. A second beneficial result comes now with the election of Vincent. A third should be the withdrawal of the marines, which the Forbes Commission has recommended. It is not correct or fair to describe Vincent as an anti-American, as many of the newspapers in this country have done. His bitter opposition to the American Occupation has been based upon his love of liberty and his ardent belief in self-government, and not upon any hatred for or enmity toward the United States. His ideals are such as those which once were held dear by most Americans. His sense of justice, his native astuteness, and his diplomatic training should contribute greatly to his success as President of Haiti.

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN is filled with apprehension over his approaching visit to the United States. He has been the recipient of dozens of invitations to speak, dine, be seen, paraded, granted the freedom of the city, and otherwise treated like a prize exhibit on his American tour. He is profoundly shocked, moreover, at the offers of tens of thousands of dollars for his indorsement of almost any variety of commodity, whether he uses it or not. "Is it not," he asked mournfully, "a sad commentary upon the commercialism and, I must add, the corruption of our time that business firms make these offers with no thought of wanting to insult me?" No, Professor Einstein, no insult is intended. The American people seek only to do you honor. But they can do it only by making a big noise, by tearing up telephone books and throwing them out the window, by innumerable dinners of fried chicken and assorted ice creams. It would be pleasant if Professor Einstein could land quietly in New York, see only the few persons he would like to see, go only to the few places he would like, unobserved, to visit. But our hopes are not high that anything like this will happen. The populace must have its hero; it must see and hear him, it must above all watch him eat. That this particular hero is a German mathematician of a retiring disposition whose ideas it could not possibly understand does not matter. He is one of the greatest men in the world, and he must be lionized.

A Progressive Program

UNLESS they awaken soon to their very apparent shortcomings the Progressives in Washington may fail to turn to their advantage and the advantage of the country the extraordinary opportunity which lies before them in the next two or three sessions of Congress. We hope they will respond to this opportunity, but nevertheless we believe it necessary to call attention to their present deficiencies lest these faults trip them up. With Congress about to reconvene the Progressives find themselves without a unified and well-balanced program. They lack leadership and organization. They move as independent units, and not as a solid phalanx toward a common goal. They are on the whole a group of intelligent and unquestionably sincere men, but each of them is going his own private way with his own legislative program. At many points these programs coincide; at other places they wander far afield. Is it any wonder that the regulars among the Republicans and Democrats take lightly the aspirations and political strength of the Progressives?

It is true, of course, that the regulars do not underestimate the strength of Senator Norris and his Muscle Shoals campaign. But Senator Norris is only one man; he cannot be expected to carry the whole Progressive burden alone; and the Muscle Shoals fight is but one item in what should be the true Progressive program. Were this man's determination and clarity of purpose transferred to the whole movement, what progress we could look for! Yet the saddening fact is that the Progressives as a group lack the drive and the vision of the Senator from Nebraska. This is not to say that they are divided among themselves and cannot or will not cooperate, but that they insist upon cooperating as individuals and not as members of an organized unit. Certainly these men should be well aware of the value of organization, and they must know that organization, to be effective, requires leadership. Intelligent and sincere as they may be, they cannot all be leaders. There is no question that they also appreciate the need of a common program.

Of one other fault the Progressives must rid themselves. Some of them are entertaining hopes of a third ticket in the coming Presidential campaign with Gifford Pinchot as their candidate. They believe they can break with the White House on the prohibition question in the event that Mr. Hoover declares for modification, and make the 1932 fight on the power issue. Much as we should desire to see an honest Progressive guarding our interests in the White House, we believe the men who are indulging themselves in this sort of speculation are wasting much valuable time. The fight for the moment is in Congress, especially in the Senate. If the breaks of the political game run their way, and the Progressives are given a fair chance of launching an independent Presidential ticket, well and good; they should seize upon that opportunity with enthusiasm and determination. In the meanwhile they should not be wasting the time and energy which they can put to such excellent use in Congress.

In the hope that the Progressives will erect the necessary organization and will unite upon a common program, *The Nation* offers for their earnest consideration the following planks as a basis for that program:

1. Public ownership and management of power sites.
2. Increased governmental control of the communications systems, of all other utilities, and of the facilities for the distribution of power, with eventual public ownership and management of these systems.
3. Drastic downward revision of the tariff in the interest of a sounder national economy and of the agricultural community.
4. Readjustment of federal income and inheritance taxes to insure a more equitable distribution of income.
5. Simultaneous establishment of a system of employment offices and a system of unemployment insurance.
6. Correction of the injunction evil.
7. Abolition of lame-duck sessions of Congress.
8. Real disarmament, as opposed to meaningless treaties for the limitation of armaments and to equally meaningless international disarmament conferences.

Here we have a realistic and workable program upon which we believe all Progressives not only can but will agree. Points 1, 2, 6, and 7 already have the virtually unanimous support of Progressives and need not be discussed here. Point 3 is essential. Economic forces beyond the control of statesmen and politicians will sooner or later force the tariff down. The Progressives can help in this return to sanity by adopting Point 3. In doing so they will also be helping their farmer constituents. Lower tariffs will give foreign nations a chance to dispose of their own wares here in exchange for this country's surplus farm produce. Downward revision will also lower the prices of goods the farmers must buy. This is a much sounder approach to the farm-relief problem than the uneconomic debenture schemes and equalization fees now being offered.

Point 4 will stop the tendency to a topheavy national economic structure such as is being erected at present. Secretary Mellon has been remarkably successful in forcing the removal of most of the checks on excess earnings and oversize incomes. The earnings have gone largely into new capital investments, thus adding to our already gigantic industrial plant without adding to the purchasing power upon which that plant depends. A major readjustment of federal taxation should be brought about in order to restore these checks. At the other end of the problem we find Point 5. It is clear by now that a nation-wide system of employment offices must be established and with it a system of unemployment insurance. These two means of relieving unemployment are interdependent and must be worked out together.

Point 8 is so obvious as to need but little elaboration. The hypocritical show at Geneva is eloquent proof of the insincerity of the nations who in this last decade have been so noisily advertising their intention of disarming. It remains for some one nation of unusually strong character to show the world that the way to disarm is to disarm. The Progressives in Congress can help the United States take the lead in this direction by refusing to vote for further appropriations for armaments.

The Way to Disarm

IT is time that the curtain was rung down on the disarmament farce that is being played at Geneva. Not only are the debates in the Preparatory Commission getting nowhere, but it is obvious that the talking delegates have no real heart in the business and that their governments have no intention of reducing armaments in any manner or to any degree that would make the reduction worth while. Such hope as once obtained of achieving disarmament through a world-wide international agreement has dwindled to a shadow, and for the Geneva discussions to go on is a pure waste of time for all the parties concerned and a serious injury to the cause which the conference was expected to promote.

The subject of the great disarmament play was set by the framers of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the performances have been going on intermittently for more than ten years. Article 8 of the Covenant recognized that "the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations," and bound the Council, "taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each state," to formulate "plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several governments." By the same article the members of the League further undertook "to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military, naval, and air programs, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes." The opening paragraph of Part V of the Treaty of Versailles, setting forth the restrictions imposed upon the armaments of Germany, declares that Germany undertakes to observe the restrictions "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations."

The League began its task by creating, in 1920, a commission of military and naval experts, only to learn shortly that the experts could not agree. It then tried a commission of experts and politicians, which sat until 1924 and accomplished exactly nothing. In 1924 it promulgated the Geneva protocol with its "sanctions" for any nation that ventured war without the blessing of the League, but the protocol went to the lumber room, where it belonged. Then, in 1925, came the Preparatory Commission, charged with the duty of preparing a program for a general disarmament conference. The commission hitched along until March, 1928, drew up a draft convention which satisfied nobody, and saw agreement vanish into thin air. The Kellogg-Briand pact, with its renunciation of war "as an instrument of national policy," offered a ray of hope and the commission met again, to be sidetracked for the London naval conference with its delusive program of parity, and chilled by the realization that none of the nations which had accepted the peace pact was abating materially its preparations for war.

Now, after a recess of more than a year and a half, the Preparatory Commission is again preparing, with the United States undertaking to boss the job. Anyone who can discover progress in the daily reports from Geneva has indeed a discerning mind. Bundles of old straw are being threshed over again and some new bundles have been added to the pile. Italy and France are at odds over naval parity, my lord Cecil is shocked when the arming of British merchant vessels is mentioned, France has not yet accumulated sufficient security to permit it to do anything and stands aghast at the suggestion of making public the exact state of its armaments, the allies of France have no minds of their own but keep their eyes fixed on the Quai d'Orsay, while Germany and Russia make the delegates shiver by declaring, the former that it expects the disarmament requirements of the Versailles treaty to be carried out, the latter that it is not interested in pretense but wants something genuine and thoroughgoing. The honors of evasion and dissent seem pretty evenly divided between Great Britain, France, and the United States, but the gaudiest decoration thus far has been won by the United States, which, after graciously accepting a variety of proposals that made no great difference to it, flatly refused to approve a budgetary restriction on expenditures for armaments. What with backing and filling, mutual suspicion, and repeated undoing of what had apparently been agreed upon, the outlook for agreement has become as insubstantial as a dream and as gloomy as a London fog.

There is no reasonable hope of bringing order out of this chaos. The only way to disarm is to disarm, and the United States has a greater obligation than any other Power to lead the way. If the United States wishes to redeem its reputation for sincerity, let it cut loose from the Geneva conference, call a halt in its own program of naval building, and reduce its present monumental outlay for preparedness. Its own hands would then be clean and other nations would have a great obstacle taken from their paths.

Tumultuous Education

ON the same day in the New York press come two statements of unusual importance to higher education in America. One is the indictment by Dr. Abraham Flexner, in his book "Universities—American, English, German," of the American university; the other is the announcement by President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago of his plans for reorganization which next year will see under way.

Dr. Flexner does not hesitate to name names—or to call them—in his book. He cites the University of Chicago and Columbia as the chief—because the largest—offenders in that class of American university which is "in business"; which has education "to sell." The enormous enrolment of 48,000 claimed by Columbia, according to Dr. Flexner, is padded by the thousands who take correspondence or other courses in "advertising research," "book reviewing," "gymnastics and dancing for men, including practice in 'clog-dancing,'" and "instruction (elementary or advanced) in school orchestras and bands." This is not to mention the students in the schools of business and journalism and the additional thousands who learn the principles of pedagogy and the fine points of housekeeping, interior decoration, and dressmaking at Teachers College. We need only read the full-page advertisements in the Sunday papers of courses in "home study" to realize with Dr. Flexner that "the American university is

becoming more and more tumultuous." While these institutions are enormously large and rich, they have "needlessly cheapened, vulgarized, and mechanized themselves." This is not to say that courses in homemaking, stenography, cookery, or wrestling may not have their place. It is to question that their place is the university. Dr. Flexner goes so far as to contend that business or journalism can never be made a profession as law and medicine are professions. "Undergraduates do not even learn the tricks of business and journalism, though, in so far as they try, they fail to make a profitable use of the real opportunities for education" which the university may offer.

This, of course, is a severe indictment, but few persons who have honestly considered the meaning of education can deny that it has force. It is refreshing, in the face of it, to take cognizance of the plan of the dynamic young Mr. Hutchins, whose own university, Chicago, Dr. Flexner does not spare. The Chicago plan proposes the abolition of the A.B. degree and the substitution therefor of a certificate issued to every student who can pass satisfactorily an examination after the completion of sufficient college work—the amount and duration to depend entirely on the individual student. Exceptional students may pass on to the university; students who come to college for entertainment, for social advantages, for athletic training, or to make the proper business connections can depart in peace with their certificates and be known by the college no more. The university will be divided into four departments: the humanities, the social sciences, the physical sciences, and the biological sciences. Effort will be made unceasingly to correlate these departments and the subdivisions under them where correlation is possible. The aim will be to give the student as much "education" in the highest sense of the word as he can assimilate. The difficulty of all this, as perhaps Mr. Hutchins would be the first to admit, is that it requires a large slice of the millennium to bring it about. It demands students of high capacity and instructors of high learning and enthusiasm. Nor is it time to say that neither of these will be found. They will assuredly be found, in what quantity time will tell. After five years, the University of Chicago will evaluate its new plan; if it does not seem to be proceeding hopefully, something else will be substituted.

Dr. Flexner would probably say that this tendency to try something new was at once the blessing and the curse of the American university. And the Chicago plan by no means answers his charge that our institutions of so-called higher learning have become high-powered business enterprises in which the administrator is perforce exalted above the teacher and the scholar, and the athletic coach above any of them. The remedy would be for the university to divest itself of "cheapness, vulgarity, mechanization"; for it to cease to emphasize mere numbers, amount of endowment, diversity of courses; for it to recognize frankly that the scope of "higher education" is limited and its devotees few; that the first concern of the university is with learning, and that learning is not now and never will be a mere acquaintance with practical affairs. In America today this is perhaps asking too much. But in the absence of the ideal university we can be grateful for Mr. Hutchins, for a plan wherein at least an attempt is made to get away from meaningless formalization and division of departments, from arbitrary requirements of residence and "credits." If this succeeds we can, perhaps, hope for more.

Urban Elephantiasis

COLONEL William A. Starrett admits that economic—though not engineering—considerations will probably prevent for the present the building of any skyscrapers appreciably higher than the Empire State Building, which his firm is now in process of completing. But let no one despair. For if buildings in our large cities do not go much higher in the future, they are destined, according to Colonel Starrett—and at present there seems no reason for supposing him to be mistaken—to grow bigger and bigger "because of the upward trend of land values. . . . We still have the overwhelming economic forces tending to larger and even larger structures." He points, as probably typical of the future skyscraper, to the Carew Tower in Cincinnati, which covers a full block and contains two department stores, a 750-room hotel, a 650-car parking garage, and a 48-story office building.

Colonel Starrett's comments are significant not because they are exceptional but because they are typical. It is obvious, however, that the widespread belief that higher structures are made necessary by continually rising land values is largely a reversal of cause and effect. It is the potential height of the building that can be erected on a "centrally located" plot, the potential rent obtainable, that largely determines the land value. What does Mr. Starrett imagine would happen to land values on Wall Street or Fifth Avenue if builders, instead of being permitted to put structures a thousand feet high on them, were forbidden, as in London, to put up anything higher than eighty feet? The "overwhelming economic forces" are created by ourselves; they could be quite easily curbed by a little legal force.

There is a sense, of course, in which these economic forces are really overwhelming. They are supported by our deep-seated laissez faire tradition, which permits each individual to make the greatest possible profit, regardless of what this means in social chaos and how it affects the general welfare. The only reason why the traffic congestion in our great cities cannot already be called intolerable is that we continue to tolerate it. Instead of protesting against the skyscraper as one of the main causes of our traffic plight, we are childishly proud of its size. Many of us have even become convinced, amazing as that may seem, that the skyscraper actually reduces congestion. Not always disinterested propagandists have pointed out that the skyscraper provides "vertical transportation" as a partial substitute for "horizontal transportation," and have succeeded in drawing attention away from the fact that two and two make four—that if the average height of the buildings in a given district is twenty stories there are twice as many persons jammed in that district as there would be if the average building height were ten stories. The question of "vertical" versus "horizontal" transportation is debatable; it may well be that it is better in business districts to have higher buildings widely separated than lower buildings immediately adjoining each other. But the question that those who live in our cities must eventually ask themselves is, How many human beings can we tolerate to the acre? Perhaps, when our traffic problem has become several times as desperate as it is today, we may be ready to consider the question.

Congress in Confusion

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, November 19

IF Mr. Hoover's luck turns, Congress in the short session beginning December 1 will quickly pass the supply bills and one or two other necessary measures, confirm the President's appointments, and then adjourn politely and peacefully on March 3. If this happens, the White House will be spared an embarrassing extra session, but, unhappily, this does not appear to be Mr. Hoover's lucky year. Instead of a tractable and well-ordered Congress, he is faced with a Congress that is in complete confusion, one in which traditional party loyalties have become submerged in a great maze of uncertainties. Among the Republicans there has been a general loosening of party ties since the voters' revolt of November 4. The amazing interest shown in the power issue has frightened some of them; others are worried lest the rebuke administered to Mr. Hoover may foreshadow disaster for themselves should the hard times continue; still others have started off on a wet-and-dry rampage that may eventually wreck party discipline. Among the Democrats the lack of harmony is even more apparent. Their two leaders in Congress, Senator Robinson and Representative Garner, were among the seven national leaders who signed the politically wise but in other respects absurd pledge binding the party to cooperate with the Republicans in attempting to reestablish prosperity. Unfortunately, they did not bother to consult with their colleagues before offering this pledge, and now the Democrats, particularly those of the Senate, are in open revolt against their leaders.

Even among the Progressives, who really should have intelligence enough to appreciate the extraordinary opportunity the chaos in the ranks of their enemies has presented them, there is an air of helplessness. Thus far they have been unable to unite upon a definite, concrete program. They do not seem to understand the strategic value in rallying behind a single, forceful leader. Their own confusion may cost them dear, but circumstances beyond their control, primarily the absence of discipline among the stalwart Republicans and the growing probability of a rebellion among the Democrats, appear likely to bring them victory in their plan to force a special session when the ordinary logic of events forecast an utter rout. There is better than an even chance that no matter what the Progressives may do, Mr. Hoover's own Republicans and the followers of his Democratic friend and ally, Senator Robinson, will so mess up things in the short session that the supply bills cannot be got through and an extra session will become inevitable.

The time element is the essential factor upon which rests the success of the Hoover plan for jamming the appropriations measures through. Even under the most tranquil circumstances these bills usually require six to seven weeks of debate. The short session will last only ten weeks or thereabouts. Any interruption of unusual length would mean that the bills would not be voted upon before March 3. Should they fail of passage, the government departments would be without funds after the end of the fiscal year on June 30. Hence Mr. Hoover would have to call another session before December 1, 1930, when the new Congress is scheduled to meet, in order to keep the government running. His strategy, therefore, is to prevent interruptions of debate on the supply bills and, if necessary, to invoke the closure rule shutting off all debate until the bills are passed. But the gag rule needs a two-thirds' majority, and there are not only many Republicans who object to the use of the gag rule, but it could not be put into effect without the help of the Democrats. There is no certainty that the Democratic members will do the bidding of Senator Robinson in supporting a closure move at the request of the White House.

Yet the greatest danger Mr. Hoover must face lies with his own Republicans. The Eastern members, enthusiastic over the recent wet victories, appear determined to do whatever they can to jockey their party into a wet position on the floor of Congress. Senator Norris will without question press for action on his Muscle Shoals measure in the short session. He will be supported by a surprisingly large number of stalwarts in both Houses who have been awakened by the results of the elections. The ensuing discussion will use up a great deal of Mr. Hoover's very valuable time. The President himself has suggested that he may propose a seed loan as a farm-relief measure during the short session. This will undoubtedly reopen the entire farm question to debate, with renewed demands for adoption of the debenture scheme and for reformation of the grain exchanges, both of which will provide a timely opportunity for the anticipated attack upon the Federal Farm Board and upon Mr. Hyde's administration of the Department of Agriculture. Again, Mr. Hoover must prepare himself against the loss of days, perhaps weeks, in the matter of getting the Senate to confirm a number of his recent appointments, including especially the appointments to the new tariff and power commissions. While the whole list of tariff-board appointees will be carefully scrutinized by the Democrats and Progressives, it is almost a foregone conclusion that there will be a long-drawn-out struggle over the renaming of Edgar B. Brossard of Utah, and probably also over the appointment of Henry P. Fletcher of Pennsylvania. Senator Brookhart has already announced that he will carry the fight against Eugene Meyer, Jr., who has been appointed governor of the Federal Reserve Board, to the floor of the Senate. The most significant and most serious of the confirmation battles, however, is expected to come over the power-commission appointments, primarily because of the role the power issue has assumed in national politics. Whether he likes it or not Mr. Hoover must seek confirmation of these nominations, even though the debate over the nominations will still further reduce the time left for consideration of the supply bills.

Two other matters, one of which certainly, and the other most probably, will come up at the short session, include the Wagner unemployment bills and the controversy over reapportionment of the House of Representatives under the 1930 census. At first glance it would appear that an agreement can be reached all around on the unemploy-

ment bills, but under the surface there are already numerous indications that the third of these measures may be used to launch a pork-barrel spree such as Congress has not known for many years. The first of the bills, that providing for the collecting of unemployment statistics by the government, was passed at the last session, but has not yet come into force because the House refused to appropriate the funds necessary to its operation. The second, passed by the Senate but not yet by the House, calls for the establishment of a national system of employment offices in cooperation with the various State governments. This will probably not be opposed by Mr. Hoover. The third measure would "provide for the advance planning and regulated construction of certain public works, for the stabilization of industry, and for the prevention of unemployment during periods of business depression." Before Congress votes itself and future administrations carte blanche authority to launch a series of public-construction projects as envisaged by this bill, the President wants to see a correlated and balanced program of public improvements worked out well in advance, so that the emergency projects will form part of a general plan and not be entered upon at haphazard and be used as a cover for the revival of pork-barrel politics. At the moment the Wagner bill guards against the danger of an uncontrolled spending splurge under the guise of helping the unemployed by placing the initiative with the President in deciding what projects shall be undertaken, but there is no telling what may happen to the bill once it is thrown open for debate and amendment.

The reapportionment question also threatens to develop a controversy that will embarrass Mr. Hoover in his fight against time during the short session. Under the redistribution of seats just announced by the White House, twenty-one States stand to lose one or more representatives in future Congresses. The redistribution becomes automatically effective March 4, 1931, unless Congress votes otherwise before then. The whole reapportionment scheme has met with renewed opposition from the Representatives of the losing States, and there is every chance that this opposition will find fervid and extended expression at the short session, which must deal with the question if it is to be dealt with at all.

Topping all this, two of the most regular of Republicans, Senator Oddie of Nevada and Representative Fish of New York, have been devoting the last several months to cooking up a new red scare, which each in his own manner plans to unload upon Congress as soon as it meets. Congressman Fish has collected bales of evidence to support his contention that there are hundreds of thousands of Bolsheviks lurking under cover in every corner of the United States. He may not have seen any of them, but he has listened to scores of ardent and probably sincere police chiefs, reactionary educators, Security League members, and other such professional patrioteers, all of whom have testified to the existence of veritable hordes of Communists in this country. Mr. Fish will be heard from without doubt. Senator Oddie is interested in Soviet products rather than in Soviet propaganda. He has visions of American industry being ruined by Russian dumping of coal, pulpwood timber, manganese ore, and similar commodities. Aroused by him and by such organizations as the American Manganese Producers' Association, thousands of business men throughout the United States are flooding their representatives in Congress with demands that something be done, and be done immediately, with regard to the great Russian menace. Mr. Hoover may be able to control the wets among his party members, to prevent a runaway farm-relief debate, to dissuade his fellow-Republicans from attempting to fish favors for their constituents out of the Wagner public-works bill, and to cajole them into swallowing the reapportionment without complaint, but he will have a most difficult time in trying to silence the anti-reds, even in the interest of harmony and prosperity.

There are a number of other measures of importance which are on the calendar or which may be placed there, but none of these appear likely to get very far in the short session, even though they include such excellent bills as the Norris lame-duck resolution and the Shipstead proposal to curb the injunction evil. Apart from actual legislative work, there will be several Congressional investigations under way during the session, some of them futile, but others extremely important to the cause of good government. Senator Blaine is ready to press his demand for an inquiry into post-office leases, which promises a scandal of the first water, a scandal the exposure of which the Administration has been trying to head off by promising to reform its lease system. Senator McMaster plans to resume his exploration into the alleged juggling of credit by the banks and the Federal Reserve Board. Senator Brookhart is anxious to lay bare what he describes as the evils of Mellonism, particularly with respect to the tax-refund methods and operations of the Treasury. The Shipping Board investigation will be the special field of Senator McKellar of Tennessee. Those observers in Washington who are usually best informed believe this inquiry will cause a sensation second only to that of Teapot Dome. Senators Dill and Couzens are scheduled to continue their drive for further publicity of the activities of the radio trust and its related power interests. A half-dozen Senators are preparing to go into the Kelley shale-oil charges, with an outside possibility that they may force an investigation of the whole Interior Department, where, according to rumor issuing from high places, a goodly number of malodorous matters may be uncovered.

All in all, it looks like an extraordinarily active winter in Washington. The newspaper correspondents are eager for the start of what they believe will be the most interesting session of Congress in many years. Senators and Congressmen coming back to Capitol Hill from their campaign fights at home smell controversy in the air, and although most of them are in utter confusion as to what it is all about they know in their own vague fashion that something must be done, even if it is only to get into a good fight that will get their names into the papers at home. The confusion and the ferment in Washington today may be a good omen. They tend to increase the strength of the nonconformists and consequently the strength of those opposed to the conservatism and reaction of the Hoover regime. Only around the White House is there a heavy gloom. Mr. Hoover faces the stiffest out-and-out political struggle of his career, and the betting is that he will lose. Defeat of his plan to dodge a special session will mean that the show opening on December 1 will run almost continuously until the national conventions are held and the Presidential campaign begins in the summer of 1932.

Germany Nears the Crisis

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, November 10

GERMANY has been breathing again—politically speaking. The adjournment of the Reichstag until December 3 has given the country something of a respite—or better, a reprieve. No one deludes himself that it is anything else. No one believes that the country will drift through the whole winter as comparatively easily as it is slipping through this month of November. Nobody really ventures to prophesy, but everybody feels that sometime between the first of December and the first of April this republic will undergo a trial by fire and there are doubters a-plenty who look for a dictatorship before the Ides of March. What kind of dictatorship? you ask. "Well," comes the reply, "not necessarily one created by Hitler, but probably one due to Brüning's weakness, to his taking some of the National-Socialist leaders into his Cabinet, or setting up as a dictator himself."

Idle speculation! It is as impossible to tell where and how the break will come as when it will occur. Back of everything political lies the industrial situation. Observer after observer, in and out of office, has said to me: "I believe we could work through the political crisis if we could only check the unemployment." But how can one check unemployment in Germany with all the world in the grip of a crisis which has led one of England's foremost officials and economists to throw up his hands and say that he knows of nothing more to be done in the British kingdom, that he sees nothing ahead but to wait for a bit of blue sky to appear of its own accord? Here, waiting means among other things asking whether three millions of unemployed, now facing a winter which by all the signs bids fair to be cold and bitter and begins with disastrous floods not far from Berlin as well as in Silesia, can be induced to persevere in their marvelous fortitude and incredible patience. The newspapers, cognizant of the danger, are beseeching the public to give freely, but more than that to express sympathy for the half-starved victims of this debacle of the capitalist system. One daily even urges that everybody at work should speak to a jobless man or two a day to keep up their morale!

If the World War had not shown us that men could endure for weeks the tortures of hell in ever-present sight of death, it would seem beyond belief that these great masses of the unemployed both here and in England could so calmly face the horror of this coming winter. It was not the unemployed who broke the windows in the Leipzigerstrasse when the Reichstag met. There are plenty of crimes reported in the press daily, but few are directly traced to want. One wonders why it is that men are not smashing windows in order to go to jail and so be warm and clothed and really fed. The dole? Well, the dole is paid by the Reich for only eighteen months of unemployment, not indefinitely as it is in England. After that the recipient must try for communal assistance or fall back upon private charity.

But even beyond the horrible want of everything needed for a decent life is the psychological effect of the utter hopelessness of it all. What have these people, young or old, to look forward to? Must they also dumbly sit by in the hope of seeing some time or other a bit of blue sky? The older men and women know that each month of idleness renders them less and less fit for labor, more likely to be shelved. The younger ones—why should they not hate society? They are eager to work. Are they to be denied all hope of an ordered active life, of a home, of marriage, of happiness? Tell them that the crisis is only temporary, and they ask you if there have not been hundreds of thousands if not a million unemployed ever since the war in Germany as well as England. Is it not surprising that they have not all gone wildly radical? that they are not daily raiding the foodstores and smashing the shops that still carry the luxuries of the very rich few?

Is it any wonder that the *Tageblatt* has devoted three first-page leading articles in succession to this problem? That one writer demands that the well-to-do levy tribute upon themselves to raise the sums necessary to help the state keep the sufferers from absolute despair, and declares that the methods the Quakers used for feeding the starving after the Armistice should be adopted at once? This incessant hammering of a large section of the press shows that it knows where the real danger to the republic lies and that the remedies proposed, for example, by Prussia will help comparatively little. It will help—a year hence—to add a year to the curriculum of what we should call the public grammar school. It will help—next spring and summer—to inaugurate new public works and dig new canals. It will help—by February, perhaps—to introduce the six-hour day and the four- or five-day week where it can be done without deranging industries. It may possibly help the unemployed—indirectly—to cut 350,000,000 marks from the salaries of the civil-service employees in the Reich, the various states, and the communes. So, too, may help the general voluntary reduction of the huge salaries paid to the directors and top employees in the large industrial concerns. But what is all that when the institute established to study the crisis has proved that there has been a general drop in production of 25 per cent as compared with last year? In September, for example, 11,700,000 tons of coal were mined as compared with last year's 13,400,000 tons, while the pig-iron output in the same month was only 653,000 tons as compared with a monthly average of 1,100,000 tons in 1929. The Reichsbahn tells the story, too, for its freight receipts have dropped from the 1929 average of 290,000,000 marks a month to 255,000,000 in the best month of 1930.

It is not only the unemployed that suffer, or the 1,800,000 who are working on part time. Even the employed are steadily seeing their wages cut although they have no margin to spare, and are sinking to lower standards of living. The metal workers who have just been condemned by an arbitrator to lose 3 per cent of their wages until January 1 and 8 per cent thereafter have been among the better-paid workers. Yet those who know their situation say that it is cruel to make them take this cut; that they ought not to be asked to do so. The labor unions are losing ground because they

are worsted in every arbitration, in every strike. Yet the employers are by no means wholly in the wrong, for with decreasing production and increasing foreign competition their balance sheets are bad—it is rare, indeed, for a great company to record increased profits as has the I. G. Farben which reports a cash bank balance of 120,000,000 marks. True, the foreign trade balance has been favorable throughout the year; the excess of exports over imports will probably go above a billion marks. But let no one be deceived by that. This favorable showing is due to the *decrease* in imports—30 per cent lower in September of this year than in September, 1929. In the same month German exports actually dropped 20 per cent under the figures for September, 1929. All in all, the economists declare, there will be a reduction of the national income this year by at least ten billions of marks—but the reparations have to be paid although the government's deficit for the year will be 580,000,000 marks in spite of drastic economies and increased taxes.

What unemployment is doing to the cities can easily be shown. They are all in distress because of the necessity of keeping the jobless alive and of giving social services to penniless people—a function which goes far toward keeping the peace as well. In 1913 Frankfort-on-the-Main expended 3,737,000 marks to take care of 8,111 destitute persons. Last August no less than 82,998 persons, or 15.4 per cent of the entire population of 540,000, were "kept above water by public contributions," which totaled 1,652,493 marks for the month. In the fiscal year 1929-30 this city expended 38,000,000 marks for poor relief, or 22.4 per cent of its total budget of 170,000,000 marks. This amount was 31 per cent larger than the sum similarly expended in 1928-29, and the figures are steadily rising. Where will they stop?

The experience of Frankfort is typical. City after city reports a deficit. Berlin reports a prospective deficit of 61,900,000 marks, due first to greatly increased expenditures for the unemployed, and second to the decrease in tax receipts of 20,500,000 marks. The city authorities report that they are supporting no less than 100,000 unemployed—twice the number they had counted upon at the beginning of the year—and the number is increasing "at a terrifying rate." These 100,000 are persons no longer eligible for moneys from the Reich, that is, they have been unemployed for more than a year and a half. From Cologne comes a report of a deficit of 12,500,000 marks; the chief expenditure was some nine millions for relief.

Naturally, it is not only the working classes which feel this depression; it affects every class in the community. Every restaurant, no matter what group it caters to, reports this winter as "catastrophic." Even where the attendance keeps up, the income is falling off because the customers are denying themselves all but the necessities. On top of this, the unfortunate proprietors of restaurants, cafes, and beer houses are facing a new tax, beginning December 1, which has already led to strikes by hotel and restaurant keepers in Hamburg and Dresden. In these strikes they have been warmly supported by their employees and the public. The "strike" has consisted of cutting off drinks or closing all the restaurants and cafes for an entire day, not an insignificant gesture if one knows how large a role these institutions play in German life. In Berlin the leaders of society, the government itself, and the highest officials have issued statements that they will entertain very little this winter. The government has publicly asked that no balls be given except for charitable purposes and this has hit Berlin's public resorts hard, because balls have always been popular and the profits therefrom have kept many a dance hall and restaurant, hotel and concert hall alive. Taxicab drivers tell you almost with tears in their eyes that they drive for twelve hours through a long night and earn only the minimum wage of four and a half marks guaranteed by the company. On every side one hears the same story. What effect this has upon the psychology of the people can be appreciated only if one is able to compare the Berlin of today with what it was even fifteen months ago. True, there are theaters and music-halls going full blast, and the movies are crowded, but theaters are heavily "papered" and most of them are in financial trouble.

While the government fights for its existence, it cannot wholly avoid blame for at least part of the misery to be found in Germany. Within the past year the tariff on wheat has been increased fourfold. Everywhere the protective-tariff mania gains ground, even among the trade unions. The more the situation calls for an unfettered trade, the louder are the demands, as in England, for greater protection. The great land barons, although they are protected by tariffs twice as high as those they had before the war, demand still higher tariffs. The government is sincerely trying in some directions to bring down the price of foodstuffs, and has just achieved a reduction in the price of bread and meat. At the same time it continues to raise tariffs at the very moment that it should be lowering them to increase the markets for German goods. More than that, the government is subventioning all sorts of businesses, with the result that the industrialists thus aided are pocketing the winnings while the state makes good the losses. Nor can the government be defended for authorizing the building of another armored cruiser or so-called "pocket battleship." Germany's tiny fleet could protect nothing in time of war, and is being maintained merely as a matter of stupid national pride.

Meanwhile, Brüning has unquestionably gained during this breathing spell. His victory in the Reichstag and in the Foreign Affairs Commitee of that body has strengthened him and so have the stupidities and excesses of the National Socialists. The tactics of the Hitlerites in attacking the Catholics, of whom the Chancellor is the distinguished representative, the speeches of some of Hitler's lieutenants, and the constant rioting of the National Socialists—as, for example, at Frankfort recently, where they attacked not Communists but Social Democrats—are bound to injure them in the long run. The defeat of the fascist and Heimwehr leaders in Austria is also a help. But Brüning's great test is still to come when the Reichstag meets on December 3.

One wonders whether a world conference to study the whole frightful situation—of Europe especially—will not soon be in order. It ought not to take many months more for the so-called statesmen to realize that the crisis affects everybody and that as one country sinks, as Germany is doing, to lower and lower standards of living, it gradually affects the welfare of every other country. Here is a chance for Mr. Hoover. Unfortunately, Mr. Hoover is the very one who has been preaching the doctrine that America can go it alone, prosperous, happy, and entirely self-contained, while the rest of the world goes to the dogs.

Frank L. Wright and the Chicago Fair

By DOUGLAS HASKELL

THERE is to be a World's Fair at Chicago in 1933; the buildings are to constitute the biggest collective undertaking in American architecture since the last World's Fair in Chicago forty years ago. Yet in the list of the participating architects one looks in vain for the name of Frank Lloyd Wright. It is as if one should plan an anthology of American literature which excluded Emerson.

For Frank Lloyd Wright's position today is unique in American art. He is perhaps the only artist we have who for thirty years has been sending a powerful original impulse around the whole world from America. In painting and sculpture we have admittedly been indebted to France; in literature we have been pursuing our own ends; but in architecture, through this one man and him only, we have stood at the forefront of an international development.

The evidence is conclusive. In 1910 the leading German architectural publishing house, Wasmuth's, had already brought out every scrap of Wright's designs then available, in two large lithographed folios of plates. By 1911 they had published a popular edition for Germany with an introduction by the English architect C. R. Ashbee. The year 1916 saw the erection of the Imperial Hotel in Tokio, which has instigated a whole native school of architecture in Japan. By 1925 the Dutch magazine *Wendingen* had collected a series of special issues into a handsome volume on Wright, which, by the way, they translated, and which is the only book about him yet available in English. And last year, in the latest edition of the volume on modern architecture in the monumental art series of the Propyläen Verlag, the editor fittingly repeats the tribute: "It is no wonder," he writes, "that this great artist is exerting a strong influence on the architecture of Europe."

Nor has Wright been without honor in his own country. Less quickly than in Europe but none the less certainly, his leadership has been attested by every responsible and disinterested authority in America. This includes not only men like Lewis Mumford, who are in sympathy with Wright's aims, but men like Fiske Kimball, who very much like the classicism which Wright has been fighting against, and Dean Edgell of Harvard, who cares very little for the modern effort in toto. Those who disagree extensively with Wright's manner, like Henry-Russell Hitchcock, pay him the obverse compliment of extended discussion.

Wright was born and educated in Wisconsin, a pioneer from a family of the first pioneers. All his life he has been an independent. His architectural training was in the office of the "old master" Louis Sullivan, who fought the valiant one-man battle for an indigenous architecture against the whole Beaux-Arts in the fair of 1893.

No man has gone more deeply than Wright into the nature of materials, has known better the obligation to leave brick as brick, stone as stone, wood as wood. At the height of the Morris agitation for handicraft, Wright had already recognized the inevitability and usefulness of the machine, and had formulated a clear program for its use as the tool of the artist himself.

Perhaps the best shorthand for him lies in his own aphorisms with their Emersonian pithiness: "Principle is the safe precedent. The working of a principle is the only safe tradition." "An organic form grows its structure out of conditions as a plant grows out of soil. . . . Both unfold similarly from the within." "In organic architecture decoration is desecration because to decorate is to apply." "'Of the thing itself'—never 'on it' applies to every feature of an organic building." "Monotony is impossible to the working of a principle because all then lives. Standardization could live similarly." "Solemnity, sincerity, sobriety, gaiety—all may characterize architecture, but humanity will best love creative work characterized by joy."

Wright works from the overflow of an astounding vitality. His carriage is princely. But when the Eastern architects, who had the power of selecting their Chicago confreres for the new fair, said they had omitted him (without so much as a consultation) for fear he would "seek to dominate" and "might not cooperate" they made too much of a very minor trait. His boundless self-assurance in other circumstances might be called sheer vanity, stubbornness, or what you will. In architecture no pioneer could survive at all without it. In that ruthless game the innovator almost literally has to push a whole civilization in front of him. A rebel artist can at least paint his own picture; but a pioneer architect cannot so much as build his own building. He has to cajole or bully client, contractor, material man, politicians, laborers, and last of all that monster, the financier. There is nothing, Wright has observed with some feeling, nothing so timid as a million dollars.

There is another aspect to the question, however, which far transcends anything personal. Probably none of the architects of the fair realizes how closely this fair runs, in many people's minds, to the essential character of the previous one, which the present generation has largely repudiated. If 1893 imposed a false classic from the Beaux-Arts, these people say, the new one is about to impose a false modernism from the Paris Exposition of 1925. The second no less than the first is in their opinion a flashy picture without substance, which will send the country off on a riot of "craziness" without reason, and saddle us with hallucinations, pretense "conjoined with expert salesmanship of the materials of decay."

Mr. Harvey Wiley Corbett has now issued an interview to the Chicago *Daily News* which is extraordinary because it volunteers an additional reason for omitting Wright, namely, that Wright's architecture "has not conformed to any particular type" and might not harmonize with that of the committee. He goes on to express the hope that nevertheless "one or two things of Mr. Wright may be used." May we hope that these things will be buildings?

To the everlasting credit of the men of '93, they admitted Sullivan, the *advocatus diaboli,* into the show, and gave him a generous building, which, as it proved, American architecture needed badly. There is still a chance for the men of '33 to do the same for Wright.

Chains Versus Independents
IV. The Fighting Independents*

By EDWARD G. ERNST and EMIL M. HARTL

THE fight is on! An ex-governor of Texas has received a revelation from God to get back into politics and save his people from the chain-store dragon. A number of United States Senators appealed to their constituencies for support in the recent election on the basis of their anti-chain convictions. A few States have passed special tax legislation against the chains only to have it contested and held unconstitutional. Some forty newspapers are dedicated to anti-chain propaganda; and more than a dozen radio stations are actively engaged in the fight. In Danville, Virginia, a clerk in an independent store was dismissed from service because he made a purchase in a chain store. A school teacher in Michigan was refused her contract on the ground that she had been seen in one of these foreign-owned establishments.

Three Types of Independents

The independent merchants in the ten cities included in our survey can be separated into three classes. The first class is fighting a defensive battle. The second group is as yet unaffected and is simply awaiting the outcome, fearing that the day is not far off when they, too, will be drafted into the fray. The third class is taking the offensive, and at present their fate is not certain.

We were told by one grocery wholesaler that 75 per cent of the merchants he served had no knowledge of merchandising. They have no capital, and depend upon the wholesalers to extend them unlimited credit. They refuse to modernize their methods and expect the public to patronize them for sentimental reasons. The same condition prevails in a somewhat lesser degree in all other retail businesses. A certain chamber of commerce secretary expressed this same feeling when he said, "What we need is more merchants and fewer 'shopkeepers.'" The majority of retail merchants have never been successful; and it is this group that are now seizing the opportunity of laying the blame for their failure on foreign-owned stores.

In many communities the anti-chain feeling has been strong enough to support organizations devoted to combating the chains. These organizations, of which there are now nearly 350 in the United States, have adopted one of two methods of warfare. The Community Builders, in Danville, Virginia, never mention the chains, but keep constantly before the public the idea that communities are built and institutions supported by money that is left at home. This constructive propaganda is put over through the use of billboards, newspaper advertising, and radio programs. The success of this method is alleged to be considerable even by the local chain-store managers.

In Anderson, South Carolina, we were introduced to an organization which employs the other method. Henderson's representative had recently passed through and had managed to drain the independent merchants of $1,400, collected in the form of $12 memberships in the Merchant Minute Men's Association. The Anderson merchants thus became members of the largest anti-chain organization in existence, composed of about 50,000 business men in all parts of the country. The purpose of the "three m's" association is to reveal all the chain-store faults and shortcomings. Its attack is bitter and uncompromising. Its headquarters are located at Shreveport, Louisiana, and radio station KWKH is its chief medium of expression. Approximately $80,000 is needed per year to keep this organization functioning, and it was to this expense that the Anderson merchants so willingly contributed. But the enthusiasm for the "three m's" has since died down; and it is now generally conceded that a similar drive next year would not yield more than $12 from the whole city. Any attack on the chain stores which attempts to brand them as crooks and robbers is destined to fail after the first excitement is over.

The second class of independent merchants are not as yet faced with the chain-store competition. It is true that the great mass of our American people demand much the same class of merchandise. To them, then, the chief buying incentive is price, and when the volume of business is increased, the price is correspondingly decreased. It is upon this idea that the chain stores are built. But there is one group of consumers who will not buy with the common people; their independence demands special and tender attentions from well-trained salespeople who must cater to their whims and fancies. The cost of serving this crowd is heavy, and great profit must be realized. The turnover is small and the losses are great; therefore the advantages that the chain stores have in other fields will not serve them here.

Chain stores do not attempt very extensively such services as credit and delivery. A number of the grocery chains will not allow telephones in their stores. Only a very few do any delivering, and when delivery service is offered an extra charge is made. The great momentum of the chain system came with the saving through cash buying and selling. However, there are still a large number of people who prefer to give their order by telephone, have it delivered at the back door, and pay the bill on the first of the month. These customers are still left in the hands of independents.

The Most Effective Weapon

An independent merchant in Framingham, Massachusetts, serves as a good example of the third class of independents. He says that "a chain store is a store, that's all, and if Woolworth didn't have it John Smith would." It matters little to this man who his competitor is; he has long since discarded his old methods and adopted those introduced by his competitors. He refused to sell out and move to a less expensive location merely because the chains were willing

* The last of a series of four articles.—Editor The Nation.

to pay more rent or were moving in across the street. He paid what they would pay, and his increased volume of business which came as a result of better prices made possible through a more efficient system of buying and merchandising proved the wisdom of his move.

The independent grocers in Tallahassee are showing what can be done in competition with the chains. They are not wasting their energy "spitting fire" as so many of their well-meaning brothers are doing, but are using it in action. At the present time there is but one chain grocery store in the city. Others have come in to look over the situation, only to find the city well taken care of. The best locations on the main streets were occupied, and high rents were being paid. The stores were modern in every detail, clean, and attractive. The service rendered was of the best and the prices were exceptionally low. This is one city in which the independents have the advantage because they were able to profit by the examples of the chain stores even before one had invaded their own city.

There are many independents in this third class who have thrown away their "air-rifles" and are now meeting the enemy with "machine-gun," against "machine-gun." This, however, does not represent the limit of an independent's resources. The road to new inventions is open to him; and it is gratifying indeed to find individuals already accepting the challenge. In Shreveport, Louisiana, two independent grocers are making extraordinary advances. One is now doing more than a million dollars' worth of business in his three stores, and the other is doing a half-million in two, far exceeding any chain competitor. The secret of their success lies in the theory that parking space is more to be desired than a good downtown corner. Consequently they have purchased property and built colossal business houses some distance from the center of the city. The tired housewife drives out, parks without embarrassment or police interference, and spends from half an hour to half a day in perfect leisure and comfort, choosing from the most attractive array of groceries, meats, fresh fruits, and vegetables. She receives the most courteous attention and stands as long as she desires before the numerous full-size mirrors. These merchants have overlooked nothing in their attempt to please and satisfy every customer.

The Fight of the Wholesalers

Retailers are not the only men alarmed by the spread of chain merchandising. Wholesalers and manufacturers are also taking an active part in checking the chain-store progress. Manufacturers fear the dictatorial policies of the big chains and their final dependence upon these mammoth concerns. The wholesalers still in the race are barely hanging on. Through these classes another great effort is being made to protect the independent merchant. In Danville, Virginia, thirty-two independent grocers now belong to the Quality Service Stores, an organization which reaches into eight States. The total expense for the extra services of advertising, displaying, and the instigation of sales is covered by a $10 membership fee. Each member's store is painted and a Q. S. S. sign displayed on the front. One day each week a committee of four men decides on six items which will be sold at cost. These are advertised along with some twenty other items listed at regular prices. A window-trimmer is sent the rounds once a week to give proper display to the specials. The total cost of these services per store amounts to $21 per month. This amount is taken care of by the manufacturers. Anyone wishing to have his product given special attention pays the association so much a year, and the stores carry out the obligation. Any company not willing to pay the sum is likely to find its product off the market in the near future.

Besides the advantages of group advertising and specialized window-trimming, the members of this association receive frequent concessions from manufacturers and wholesalers. The average saving realized in this way is about 5 per cent. This helps the small man considerably, but of course it does not compare with the savings made possible by the large-quantity direct buying carried on by well-established independents and the chains.

Independent Grocers' Alliance

The greatest of all independent organizations is the Independent Grocers' Alliance. In less than four years it has grown into the second-largest grocery concern in the country; 14,000 stores now display its insignia. It was started by an accounting firm in Chicago. Realizing that its own business depended upon the success of the independent merchants, this firm organized a group of the more progressive wholesale grocers, and through their collective buying and advertising immense savings were made. These were passed on to the independent retailer in the hope that he would now be able to compete with the chains. But sales did not increase as had been expected, and it became necessary for the accounting firm and the newly organized wholesalers to help the retailers solve their problem. The very best trained minds were engaged and new programs were advanced. Independents wishing to join this powerful organization were requested to remodel their stores in accordance with a blue-print sent out from headquarters. The latest improvements were installed and modern merchandising methods introduced. Weekly sales were initiated and a price standard was set up. Advertising was handled by the super-organization, and the individual stores were taxed $3.50 per week for such services. This policy, when once introduced, made speedy progress. The sales began to increase and the independents' profits went up.

The Alliance now aims to establish one store for every 2,000 inhabitants. Only the most progressive independents are invited to join, and they are requested to buy at least $500 worth of merchandise per week from an I. G. A. wholesaler. It is expected that they will make a special effort to introduce the new I. G. A. label to their constituents, as it is through this new brand that the greatest savings can be made. For the few independents who find it is possible to join this organization there is a certain assurance of success, which is paid for by the loss of independence. They are in much the same position as chain-store managers, but burdened with much greater responsibility and risk. As for the majority of small independents, they still find themselves on the outside, with still another powerful organization, this time of independents, to fight against.

In other fields of merchandise, wholesalers and manufacturers do their collective bargaining in New York and other large centers. In this way the local jobbers can be eliminated and the selling expense greatly reduced. Many independents with whom we talked claimed they were able

to buy as cheaply through these buying organizations as their chain competitors. It is only with such reductions that they are able to meet the chain-store prices.

In Newport, New Hampshire, an independent merchant operating a variety store has a connection with a New York jobber who not only sends him all his merchandise, but, what is just as important, keeps him in touch with the latest business methods. The arrangement is proving to be very satisfactory and there is little doubt that it is a big factor in the merchant's success.

All these movements we have just discussed are merely methods of self-defense on the part of the retailer, the wholesaler, or the manufacturer, and sometimes all three are involved in the scheme. The fact that the most successful of these organizations are those most like the chains points to the ultimate triumph of the chain principle.

Let us reiterate that the chain principle of distribution is economically sound. It cannot be retarded. We must accept the chain stores as a factor in our new age of efficiency and attempt to keep them under control. New policies of community spirit must be developed. Hours and wages should be controlled, and the interests of the producer protected. In an age of greatest efficiency there must be but three main classes of people, the consumer, the producer, and a minimum number of citizens involved in distribution. The interests of all three must be given equal consideration.

Women Workers in Massachusetts

By GARDNER JACKSON

THE triumph of the Democrats in the fight for the governorship of Massachusetts brings them face to face with a challenge from the women workers of the Commonwealth, a challenge which was made explicit by the nature of the campaign conducted by the Republicans in their pose as labor's angels. Massachusetts prides herself on her advanced labor legislation—the minimum-wage law for women, the forty-eight-hour week, laws to provide good working conditions, and laws for the protection of workers in hazardous jobs. When Southern textile competition began to threaten the very existence of the textile industry of Massachusetts, loud were the cries of moral indignation against the South for its shameful exploitation of labor. In his unsuccessful Republican Senatorial campaign, William M. Butler, the great New Bedford mill owner, stumped the State as labor's friend, setting the tone of his campaign by his demand for a national forty-eight-hour law.

It is true that the forty-eight-hour law has withstood the attacks of the Arkwright Club—of which ex-Senator Butler is a member—and other mill owners' organizations; it is equally true that Massachusetts's methods of enforcing labor laws renders some of them all but valueless. Except for two or three individual members the State Department of Labor operates upon the principle that the less trouble the better. It is obvious that no labor laws can be administered honestly without trouble, given our present attitude toward labor, and particularly in times of depression.

If Mr. Butler had been sincere in his pose as labor's friend he might have investigated conditions in his own city of New Bedford and the adjoining city of Fall River, especially the wages and working conditions of the thousands of women and girls employed in the small shirt, overall, underwear, and similar industries. These industries, with which this article deals exclusively, have been brought to Massachusetts by the chambers of commerce and banks to replace the larger textile industries that have waned.

Conditions among the women workers in Fall River and New Bedford are so bad that the church leaders, social workers, and, in one or two instances, even the city officials have held despairing conferences to see what can be done. But nothing is done. The minimum-wage law is virtually disregarded and neither the Department of Labor nor the Minimum Wage Commission can be stirred to action. Samuel Ross, the aged labor member of the Minimum Wage Commission, was sent by the department to one conference, where he made promises that something would be done. That was many months ago. Nothing has happened.

The Consumers League of Massachusetts conducted a thorough investigation in Fall River, New Bedford, and Lawrence during the past summer. Two college women worked in various of the new industries and experienced conditions at first hand. The wages paid are quite as bad as anything of which the South has been guilty. I quote from the report of one of these college women on the Sally Middy Company of Fall River, where 107 girls were employed in August. The average age was twenty-two.

> There is no standard pay. Rates are determined individually and no one can figure out how much one is supposed to receive. The rates range from $3 to $13 for a full week. After a girl has been in the plant a certain length of time (this varies) the manager decides to put her on straight piece rate. Some of the rates are as follows: straight time rate, 12½ cents an hour; making middy collars, 2 cents a dozen; sewing on buttons, 4 cents a hundred; sewing around bottom of middy, 3 cents a dozen. Pay roll ending July 31 was as follows: eight received between $1 and $2, nine between $2 and $3, ten between $3 and $4, seven between $4 and $5, thirteen between $5 and $6, seven between $6 and $7, six between $7 and $8, fourteen between $8 and $9, three between $9 and $10, four between $10 and $11, six between $11 and $12, five between $12 and $13, two between $13 and $14, two between $14 and $15, one received $16, one $18, one $20. Sixty received less than $8, the minimum for beginners. . . .

Or take the investigator's report on the Lincoln Shirt Company of New Bedford, employing about 200 girls, averaging eighteen years of age.

> Wages run from $2 and $3 up to $13 a week. All wages are paid by the piece. Paid weekly, the first week's wages are held back until the second week. Paid in workers' time, not company time.

It was because of the pitiful wages in this and similar Fall River industries that John L. Campos, organizer for the American Federation of Labor, conducted an inquiry and called a conference early in the year which was attended by

Mr. Ross of the Minimum Wage Commission. Nothing has been done since despite the fact that Campos's files indicated that wages of $3 to $6 a week are paid to many of the women and girls in the various shirt, underwear, and allied industries. Conditions of work in the industry—sanitation, rest periods, ventilation—are reported as almost uniformly bad.

Practically all of these industries, which employ a total of several thousand women and girls, are comparative newcomers to Fall River and New Bedford. Some of them hail from New York. It is just possible that they were glad to escape the ministrations of the New York Department of Labor, headed by the idealistic and able Miss Frances Perkins. And except for the activities of the despairing social workers, the Massachusetts Consumers League, and one or two courageous labor officials, the newcomers have not been bothered. It is at least worth mentioning that in one known instance a new arrival who was disturbed by complaints against his labor methods presented himself to the head of the Labor Department with a letter of introduction from Homer Loring, the presumed financial genius of Massachusetts, intimate of bankers and industrialists, who had been persuaded by the Fall River mill owners to apply his talents to the rejuvenation of that city.

The situation in Lawrence is similar, though a different type of industry is involved. The Everett Mills, one of the largest factories in New England, with 1,500,000 square feet of floor space, was forced to close its doors in 1928, owing to the unwillingness of its New England owners to change from the manufacture of ginghams and other cotton goods to the manufacture of rayons, silks, and other materials which the stylists dictated, and also because of Southern competition. Title to this great factory was secured by the Lawrence Factories, Inc., whose president at the time of incorporation was James H. Eaton, a Lawrence banker, an active backer of the Lawrence Industrial Bureau. This bureau had been formed by the Lions Club, the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, and others, to pull Lawrence out of the doldrums. It has the blessing of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and city and State officials.

A Lawrence bank held a $140,000 mortgage on the Everett Mills and the property was assessed by the city assessors for tax purposes at between $1,250,000 and $1,500,000. Two years went by and the property remained unoccupied. Then, on January 5 of this year, the following two-column display advertisement appeared on page 22N of the business section of the New York *Times*.

> MANUFACTURERS CAN CUT OVERHEAD
>
> Save 60 per cent to 80 per cent on rent; 50 per cent to 25 per cent on insurance; *15 per cent to 25 per cent on direct labor* [italics mine]. Several New York and Brooklyn manufacturers have recently moved their plants to Lawrence where these savings are possible. Modern buildings with private sidetracks. Skilled and experienced labor. Low power rates. Send letterhead for full information. Department D, Lawrence Factories, Inc., Lawrence, Mass.

Inquiry revealed that when the advertisement was inserted the Lawrence Factories, Inc., had acquired a new president in the person of Isidor Goldberg, president of the Pilot Radio and Tube Corporation, Brooklyn, New York. The other officers included Albert V. Sadacca and his brother, Henri, who are associated with Mr. Goldberg in his various radio and electrical manufacturing enterprises. The Goldberg interests had acquired title to the Everett Mills through the Lawrence Factories, Inc., for the surprising price of $300,000 and the assessed tax valuation was conveniently lowered by the city authorities to less than a quarter of its former $1,250,000.

The Goldberg concern had decided to move its radio and electrical industries to the Everett Mills. But it could not hope to fill the great factory space and so thought to persuade others. Before making the decision Mr. Goldberg had sent Albert Sadacca to canvass the situation carefully. Mr. Sadacca had conferred at length with officials of the Department of Labor and the Minimum Wage Commission. A few months afterward, at a meeting of the Lawrence Industrial Bureau, Mr. Sadacca, after outlining the Goldberg plans for moving to Lawrence, is quoted as having frankly stated that he had received assurance from the Minimum Wage Commission that he would not have to bother with wage laws for two years at least. William G. Powell, executive secretary of the bureau, corroborated Mr. Sadacca's statement at the same meeting. It was after this meeting that the advertisement appeared in New York offering a saving on direct labor costs of 15 to 25 per cent as an inducement to manufacturers to locate in Lawrence.

Robert J. Watt, thirty-six-year-old vice-president of the Massachusetts branch of the A. F. of L., and for the past six years president of the Lawrence Central Labor Union, was present at the meeting of the Industrial Bureau at which Mr. Sadacca made his boast. Backed by his Central Labor Union, Watt took the matter up with the Department of Labor and the Minimum Wage Commission. From them he got denials that they had done more than promise Mr. Sadacca "a reasonable time" in which to get his industries started before inspecting under the Minimum Wage Law. From the women and girls employed by the Noma Electric Corporation, the Detroit Radio Products Corporation, and the Tinsel Corporation, which were the first three Goldberg industries to move to the Everett Mills and which started operation early this year, Watt learned that the wages were $7.20 a week, or even lower, although the minimum for women electrical workers in Massachusetts is $12 a week. Under pressure of public discussion by the Lawrence Central Labor Union some of the girls were raised to $10.08.

Meanwhile the Lawrence newspapers groomed their city to be "America's greatest radio-manufacturing center." Front-page stories with large headlines played upon this theme all winter and summer. For variety there appeared at intervals front-page editorial attacks on Mr. Watt and the Central Labor Union.

> It would be most unfortunate [said such an editorial in the Lawrence Sunday *Sun* for March 23, 1930] if some slight deviation from the letter, and not the spirit, of the law should be used as the means by which new industry is discouraged. . . . The future of Lawrence is more vital than a technical point of law. It is hoped that no stumbling-block shall be placed in the way of the progress of Lawrence by those who assume the guardianship of labor.

In an effort to insure an inspection of the new industries in Everett Mills, Mr. Watt, Margaret Wiesman of the Consumers League, and myself interviewed Governor Allen early in the summer. He agreed that no industry

should be promised immunity from any law. Then he told us to see the Commissioner of Labor and telephoned him in our presence to introduce us. As he put the telephone down he said: "Of course, you know, we've got to allow industries a reasonable time in which to comply with the law." That "reasonable time," never defined, became the burden of our ensuing interviews with the Commissioner of Labor and the Minimum Wage Commission, and this despite the fact that the Goldberg interests had presumably "familiarized" themselves with all the Massachusetts labor laws before deciding to move to Massachusetts.

Last August the commission finally "published" two of the Goldberg concerns as violators of the law, but the paper chosen for the advertisement (which is the only penalty allowed under the law) was the Lawrence Sunday *Leader*, which has the smallest circulation of any in the city and is quite insignificant. Incidentally, the names of the Goldberg concerns published were new ones—the Allan Manufacturing and Electrical Corporation and the Twin Coupler Company, Inc. The names of the concerns seem to change whenever any trouble brews, but the products of all of them go out and are distributed under the labels of the Pilot Radio and Tube Corporation, which thus avoids being mentioned as a labor-law violator. The products are distributed through the Twentieth Century Mail Order Corporation of Chicago, Illinois.

In the face of such conditions in Lawrence, Fall River, and New Bedford—conditions easily discoverable by mere cursory inquiry—the Boston *Herald* had the effrontery to publish on April 22, 1930, an editorial condemning in the most self-righteous terms a letter from a Southern chamber of commerce urging Boston business men to move their factories to a community where wages for women average $12 a week.

When President Watt of the Lawrence Central Labor Union in an open letter called attention to the conditions in Lawrence, the editor declined to publish the letter but made the following editorial explanation on May 9, 1930:

> Some days ago we called attention to a letter sent out by the chamber of commerce of a city outside New England to a Boston business man citing the advantages of that city for the reason that an abundance of cheap labor was available. We expressed the opinion that it was a case of advertising peon wages as a means of enticing our industries to move, and told of our satisfaction that such things were not done by our own chamber of commerce.
>
> Since then our attention has been called to an advertisement in a New York newspaper last January. A corporation in a Massachusetts city was emphasizing the advantages of coming to the plant controlled by that corporation. These advantages included large savings in rents and insurance, and savings of "15 to 25 per cent on direct labor." We were sorry to see this "ad," but it is pertinent to notice that it represented, not the concerted effort of any official body of that city, but the policy of an industrial corporation which had only shortly before obtained possession of a large plant there. . . .
>
> This seems to be an isolated case. No other such advertisements have been called to our attention. We doubt that it represents the permanent advertising policy of the concern in question. The traditional practice in New England is quite different. . . .

The *Herald* has apparently not thought it worth while to check up on the policy of "the concern in question." It would discover that even the "publishing" of two of the Goldberg concerns as law violators has not brought the women's wages up to the minimum of $12. The majority of them were still $10.08 a week or less at the last check-up.

It is to be assumed that the new Democratic State administration as one of its first acts will remove General E. LeRoy Sweetser as Commissioner of Labor. For no State in the Union can show a more shameful anomaly than General Sweetser as head of the Department of Labor, intrusted with the enforcement of laws enacted for the benefit of labor. General Sweetser (general in the Massachusetts National Guard) is the man who, as a colonel in 1912, led the mounted troopers against the strikers in the great Lawrence strike of that year in such brutal attacks that even many conservatives joined with the strike leaders and liberals in labeling him "Cossack." Under him the Department of Labor has deteriorated till it is noted throughout the country for its ineffectiveness. Repeated efforts have been made by delegations of liberals, including such women as Mrs. William Z. Ripley, Mrs. Arthur G. Rotch, and Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, to persuade Governors Fuller and Allen to supplant General Sweetser. But Sweetser stays on.

It seems, however, that at least his Minimum Wage Commission—Edward Fisher, representing the public; Herbert P. Wasgatt, representing the employers; and Samuel Ross for labor—may be in for legislative scrutiny this winter. At the instigation of President Watt of the Lawrence Central Labor Union the Massachusetts branch of the A. F. of L. in convention this past summer adopted a broad and bitter resolve calling upon the legislature to investigate the commission. If an investigation is held and is thorough, much of interest will be uncovered, not the least of which will be the attitude of the commissioners toward the law they were appointed to administer. During an interview with them I asked, "Do you believe in the minimum-wage law?" Each vied with the others in expressing his pride that he had never publicly committed himself on that question. Obviously, they do not.

As hard times continue and the conditions of women workers get worse, instead of giving evasive replies to the Consumers League, to Mr. Watt, to the Women's Trade Union League, to Mrs. Ripley, and to the other few individuals and organizations sincerely concerned with the plight of women workers in Massachusetts, the Department of Labor and its Minimum Wage Commission may perhaps be forced to face the issue. The ground was scratched last winter with the brief legislative discussion of the wages paid to Harvard scrubwomen. In his only attempt at reply to the Consumers League on the question of Lawrence, General Sweetser referred to that case. "The object of the minimum-wage law," he wrote, "is in improving wage conditions for the working women and not having them thrown out of work as in the Harvard College case." General Sweetser may be asked why the scrubwomen were allowed to be employed by Harvard for nine years below the minimum-wage rate before anything was done about them and why Harvard never was "published" as a law violator.

In no State will the continuing "liquidation of labor" (especially women) warrant closer study than in Massachusetts this coming winter, for in no State is there greater pretense of progressive labor administration and less reality.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter arrived in Granada by mistake. From Ronda he had firmly intended to go to Malaga. His ticket was marked Malaga. But unfortunately no one thought it necessary or found it possible to tell him to change trains at Boabadilla. And so it happened that in mid-afternoon, instead of the blue sea stretching toward Africa, he saw white peaks rising in a hot June sky. The breezes of Malaga, cool as fresh grapes, were beyond those high sierras. The Drifter sighed and descended with his bags from the hard seat he had occupied for eight hours. Outside in the station square blazed the same wearing Spanish sun which had beaten down all day upon the white-washed villages and dried-up fields his train had traveled through. Was this the fabled city he had dreamed about? Wearily he selected a carriage and ordered its drooping driver to the Alhambra hill. Through wide streets that had been emptied by the heat the dejected horse barely maintained a half-hearted trot. When finally the carriage turned up a narrow ascending street the trot quieted down to a plodding walk, the clatter ceased, and the sun fell with increasing weight upon a prostrate world.

* * * * *

THEN, suddenly, the Drifter was conscious of an arching gate and a wide dark coolness. He sat up. Ahead lay the broad dim avenue roofed with green that leads to the palaces of the Moors. Behind him the gray stone Gate of the Pomegranates, by which one enters the gardens of the Alhambra, was a black arch filled with solid white light. This contrast between sun and shadow in Spain is always dramatic—no wonder Spanish painters use it so freely and with such exciting effect in their canvases.

* * * * *

ALHAMBRA HILL is a quiet hill. Birds fly and sing, a carriage or an automobile goes slowly up or down the long slope. Sometimes a cock's crow strays in from the prosaic world outside. But there is never anything that quite drowns out the one pervading music of the place—the sound of water. The Moors, no doubt from long experience with deserts, loved running water. It is a common saying in Spain that where the Moors settled, there will be found plenty of good water. The citizens of Granada still use the drainage systems which the Moors installed 500 years ago. And in the palaces and gardens of the Alhambra one never loses the sound of splashing streams. Each room and terrace and court has its fountain, fed by a network of streams under and above ground. This flowing water is the life of the place—an evidence of continuity. Without it the Alhambra would be a mass of dead ruins, the Moors as unreal as Isabella and her court, who stayed long after the Moors were gone. There is in particular one stone stairway for which the Drifter is forever grateful to the infidels from Morocco. It is a wide, gently sloping staircase, completely shaded by over-arching trees, which leads from the highest to the lowest terrace in the informal gardens of the Generalife, the summer palace. Stone banisters perhaps four feet high run the entire length of the stairs, curving outward to inclose the three round landings. So far it is an ordinary stairway. But the Moors made it their own. On each landing, of course, a fountain plays. And along the top of each banister in half-tiling open at the top runs a stream of fresh water which flows down the inclines, almost splashing over as it turns to follow the curves of the landings, to disappear finally underground at the foot of the staircase. How many Moors on hot days have dabbled their fingers in the cool rushing water those worn tiles have held?

* * * * *

GRANADA'S spell was hard to break. Deliberately to leave its quiet and inclosed existence seemed worse than foolish. But one morning the Drifter came away half-heartedly. The red towers glowed in the early sun, and as he watched them disappear the Drifter sighed a sigh for Boabdil the Unlucky, the Moorish king to whose lot it fell to hand over the keys of his beloved Alhambra to that determined and self-righteous queen, Isabella. He remembered the words of Charles V, who, upon seeing the Alhambra and thinking no doubt of his grandmother's triumph, had the unaccustomed grace to exclaim, "Unhappy he, who lost all this!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Cuba and the World Court

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial on the World Court in the issue of October 22 you praise Cuba for holding up the new amendments to the court and yet you conclude by attacking the court's political character. It seems to me that the writer of this editorial is completely misinformed as to the nature of the court amendments and of Cuba's objection. The purpose of these amendments was simply to increase the judicial independence of the court, an object which I assume *The Nation* approves. In 1929 the World Court was actually in session for a longer time than was the Supreme Court of the United States. The proposed amendments would recognize this situation by providing that the court should remain permanently in session except during judicial vacations. Judges whose homes are located five days' journey from The Hague would be entitled, in addition, to six months' leave every three years. No judge should engage in any other occupation of a professional nature (a rule followed in the United States and every other advanced country) and should be paid about $18,000 a year—which is lower than the salary of some New York State judges. Cuba did not attack these amendments for any altruistic reason, but simply to enable the present Cuban judge to retain his position on the court and at the same time carry on a lucrative practice in Havana.

New York, October 27 RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

[It is unquestionably true that Judge de Bustamente's personal interests were in accordance with the objections which Cuba raised. That, however, does not weaken the intrinsic force of the objections.

The Cuban position still seems to us unchallengeable. The constitutional objection to the adoption of treaties by silence stands alone. The rest of the provisions, however—for permanent sessions, constant attendance, abandonment of all (not only international) engagements—serve just one purpose, namely, to justify an increase in the salaries of the judges. Un-

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doubtedly, Judge de Bustamente's personal desire not to spend a full year at The Hague, mainly twiddling his thumbs and abandoning all his Cuban engagements, had much to do with those two objections; but they were justified from the point of view of any other busy and able man, and particularly one on the American continent.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

What's Wrong with *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You ask me why I have decided not to renew my subscription to *The Nation*. Seriously, my main objection to *The Nation* is that in its editorial policy it is rather too gentle—rather too optimistic. *The Nation,* it seems to me, is too easily put off its track by factitious promises, by empty though pleasing words.

While I hesitate to illustrate, because illustration becomes entangled with personal views to obscure the point, still such a paragraph as that on page 541 of the issue of November 19 is a good illustration. The paragraph describes "a frontal attack upon the evils of Jim Crowism" (by talk) and ends with "such a campaign must be of inestimable benefit toward the desirable end of improving the status of the Negro in this country." It seems to me perfectly clear that such a campaign will not be of the slightest benefit toward that end. Again, the first editorial begins, "Progressives and liberals may take heart from the great protest registered by the voters of the country on November 4." I have, oh, so many doubts that any protest was registered at all, and even more that if any was, liberals and progressives have anything to take heart from. *The Nation,* I think, should sprinkle a little more of what is erroneously called cynicism into its pages.

Still, *The Nation* is a fairly good magazine. Its so-called feature articles are dull, but even the best of the weekly magazines does not seem to be able to avoid these desiccated discussions of nothing in particular. I should like to commend the book reviews, which, I believe, are the best to be found in any weekly magazine.

I still think *The Nation* is a good magazine to buy once a month, perhaps, but for reading every week give me rather less sweetness and light.

Brooklyn, November 15 A. NORMAN KEMPTON

Smash This One

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please make war on the proposal to increase the rate of letter postage under the untruthful pretense that this is simply charging what the service is worth. Letters are already paying all the service is worth. The increase is not to pay the cost of carrying letters but to pay the cost of carrying other mail at lower rates. Since the government lays a prohibitive tax on any competitor in the letter-carrying business, so that the sender of a letter has no option but to use the post office, an increase in the rate of letter postage becomes a compulsory tax on the business of letter-writing. It should be obvious that a tax on letter-writing is a bad tax, and that it is no more justified for the purpose of carrying somebody else's mail of a different nature than it would be justified in order to pay the expense of enforcing prohibition or enlarging the Weather Bureau.

Better taxes can be found. Smash this one.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., November 13

HOLIDAY BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXXXI, No. 3413 Wednesday, December 3, 1930

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Holiday Book Section

Standards (Loud Cheers)

By HENRY HAZLITT

IT is not possible to read much critical literature nowadays without coming again and again upon the impressive word Standards. The word appears perhaps most frequently in the writings of Irving Babbitt and his followers; Norman Foerster, for example, gave his latest book the ringing title, "Toward Standards." But the use of the word in this sense is by no means confined to the new humanists; it long antedated their appearance, and one finds it frequently today in the pronouncements of many of the emerging youngsters and of seasoned critics like Henry Seidel Canby.

Yet the word has always bothered me, for the writers who employ it most frequently almost never pause to define it; they merely bemoan the absence of Standards, and imply that if these existed our criticism would be rescued from its present intolerable chaos. It is obvious, in brief, that the word is nearly always used by critics with the intention of invoking sentiment, and that this usage must be sharply distinguished from that in any simple indicative sense. The distinction between these two meanings of "standards" is almost precisely the same as that between the two meanings of "reality" so amusingly drawn by A. S. Eddington in "The Nature of the Physical World." The purely scientific use of "reality," he finds, need give the scientist little difficulty, but its traditional metaphysical use is surrounded by a celestial halo. He quotes a parliamentary report to illustrate this peculiar connotation: "The right honorable speaker went on to declare that the concord and amity for which he had unceasingly striven had now become a reality (loud cheers)." The conception which it is so troublesome to apprehend, remarks Eddington, is not "reality" but "reality (loud cheers)."

Now the troublesome conception in literature is not "standards" but "standards (loud cheers)." If we use the word in its simple indicative sense, it is obvious that the charge that a given critic or group of critics has no standards is never true. A critic's standards may be low, they may shift with every book he writes about or even in the course of a single review, but standards, in the sense of implied comparisons, he must have. If a play reviewer on one of the dailies remarks that a play is good, he probably means that it is better than the average play of the season; if he remarks that it is excellent, he may mean that it is one of the five or six best of the season; if he pronounces it superb, he may mean that it is the best of the season. Such standards are not high, but they are sensible, and all that is necessary is that we have a clear idea of just what standard is implied in the reviewer's judgment. "Once in a Lifetime" may be obviously trivial and ephemeral when compared with the comedies of Molière or Shakespeare, but that is a poor reason for reproving the reviewers who praised it. The relevant question is how it compares with other modern comedies playing for the theatergoer of today.

The standards that we apply to any dramatic or literary work, in short, must be relative to the pretensions of that work and to the purpose of our criticism. There are an increasing number of critics who imagine that the higher they place their standards the better their criticism will be; but such lofty standards, applied inappropriately, may lead to deplorable results. Achievement is rare in proportion as it is high, and the critic who compares every new dramatic or literary achievement with that of Sophocles or Homer merely dooms himself to condemn everything that appears in his own lifetime. That there are critics who do not shrink from such a course is shown by the enchanting spectacle of Mr. Babbitt and his humanist followers, who disdain everything written in our day except, quite strangely, their own criticism.

The present demand for these exalted standards is in part a hangover from Matthew Arnold and his famous "touchstone." "There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good," he wrote, "than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry." The possible results of such a standard are not difficult to imagine. The more original new poetry is, the less it is likely to bear any superficial resemblance to old poetry, and therefore the more likely the touchstones are to condemn it. Even if the test were final, it might tell us whether poetry was of the first class or not—that is, whether it belonged with Homer and Dante—but not whether it belonged to the second, third, or fourth class. Unfortunately, it is with these more modest orders of merit that the critic dealing with contemporary work is nearly always obliged to concern himself. For the critic of contemporary letters, even if he lives in a creative age, is necessarily occupied for the most part with what (from the standpoint of eternity) must be classed as second-, third-, and fourth-rate work. If he is a certain type of prig he may, recognizing this, dismiss contemporary writing as beneath his notice. Wishing to place his superiority and high taste above suspicion he may, like Paul Elmer More, devote himself to praising Homer and a few other of the worthy dead whose reputations are safely established, and then lump all the creative work of his own time in a general contempt that finds it pointless to draw distinctions. But he may discover in time that Homer can get along without his praise; and he may even come to perceive, when he inconsistently turns to the present (as he sometimes will), that he has not learned how to tell his first-rate contemporaries from the second-raters, and that he has been directing his anger mainly at those creative writers of his own day who have had the impudence to become better known than their fellows.

There is not room here for any thorough discussion of standards, but there is room to point to two cardinal principles that we must keep in mind regarding them. The first is that such standards must concern themselves primarily

with positive achievements rather than with defects. It is neglect of this principle that has led to so much of the recent ill-natured abuse of the leading figures of the twenties. Jules Lemaître, writing for the Brunetières of his own generation, might have been writing for the Mores and Shafers of ours:

> Ah, my good and eminent professors, good taste, good sense, good order, morality, the ideal—any other decent man of letters could have put those into a book! I could do that much myself if I desired to! But the radiance, the sonorousness, the abounding lyricism, the brilliant profusion of images in the "Contemplations," and the strangeness and plastic perfection of the "Tentation"—these are the things of which Hugo and Flaubert alone were capable. It would have been better had they added good taste and good sense, but, after all, I do not attach so high an importance to what I might possess or acquire like any other.

Our own academic critics insist that they could correct Mr. Dreiser's syntax and elevate Mr. Lewis's point of view, but most of them have not yet got around to the point of perceiving that they could not write "Babbitt" or "An American Tragedy."

The second cardinal principle is that our standards must never be narrow or special and seldom directly applied. Even Matthew Arnold hastened to modify his touchstone suggestion:

> Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them [the lines and expressions of the great masters]; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them.

But even with this qualification the advice, as it stands, is bad. Its consistent application would merely breed an unhealthy respect for precedents and traditional patterns. What lies behind this endless search for "standards"—as even Arnold betrays—is the pathetic yearning for infallibility, which, alas, is not to be attained. There is no external or objective "standard" that can raise the judgments of a critic above the limitations of his own knowledge and taste. There is no touchstone that can tell him what he ought to admire if he is afraid to confess what he really does admire. Arnold's test is sound only in the sense that the more a critic knows, the better critic, other things equal, he will be. If he has read the greatest literature of the past he will not be easily taken in by second-rate work in the present. He will have acquired a better *general* sense of what is excellent. But even so, he will be wise if he does not have *specific* "touchstones" in his mind when he approaches fresh work. Otherwise he will stumble into that most common of all critical errors—the denial of one sort of excellence because it is not another. If he assumes that there are in literature rules, standards, or canons arbitrarily set off in a special compartment from the rest of life he will make the mistake of pedants and mandarins. What standards he has should be useful guides, not rigid finalities. All his experience, all his reading, all his knowledge of art, science, society, will enter into his judgment of a book as it enters into his judgment of a man. His standards in literature, in brief, will not be essentially different from his standards in life.

White-Face

By JAMES RORTY

Hard times, hard times, hard times for White-face!
White-face is God's fool, White-face curls accomplished toes around the rolling ball of things as they are.
White-face is sane, White-face is honest, White-face gets fifteen per cent, White-face is caught in the trap of his own miracle.
Too many loaves? Too many fishes? White-face will save us, watch
How his shrewd knout whips the greed of the ravening multitude!
Onward, onward, faster, faster, wheels, wheels, wheels!
The hoop-snake swallows his tail, gentlemen! This engine runs on credit—just one quart of synthetic future, keep moving, you can't stop here!

Once White-face stood with folded arms on the rolling ball called Destiny!
I saw the strange indifferent winds from beyond the world billowing the tent of the greatest show on earth;
I saw White-face fall as the Guard met thundering death on the field of Waterloo.
I saw the great ball roll away and a dozen White-faces scramble to mount it; I heard ten thousand devils shouting,
"White-face is dead! Long live White-face!"

Yesterday White-face bestrode the schoolmaster's globe-map of the world so well they made him President.
White-face, the foot-juggler, in scholar's cap and gown, balancing the rolling ball of history.
The ball bursts into flame. Quick, White-face, put out the fire!
Brave White-face, proud White-face, too proud to fight! . . .
White-face is afraid. White-face can't stop. Faster, faster, force without stint! Ships, guns, soldiers, war, war —war to end war! . . .
White-face in the fool's cap of victory. White-face with death in his eyes and death taking the tall body by inches.
Peace, White-face, peace without victory.

Once White-face was not afraid.
Once White-face rode up to Jerusalem and the great ball rolled joyously before him.
The scribes and the pharisees were afraid; White-face was not afraid.
Lazarus rose, the evil spirits departed, the blind saw;
Who walks in the joined armor of life-and-death, him you cannot crucify.
Who conquers Time, what Caesar shall compass his kingdom?
The Virgin's strange lover, the invisible betrayer, was it not Death who came, that the son of man might live?
Life is the lone and barren tree, death the great bee buzzing in the orange flowers.
Two tides, one ocean; on these waters you must walk, White-face; on this sea none shall perish.

American Culture Since the Sixties

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THE huge enterprise of Professor Vernon Parrington, all but completed before his sudden death in 1928, was nothing less than the rationalizing of American culture, from its beginnings in the Colonies down to our own Babylonian days. The third and last volume of his history of "The Main Currents in American Thought," treating of the period of 1860-1920, he titled: "The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America."* Significant title—we must return to consider its implications. But first we must do homage to the man who, in the guise of a professor at a Western university, was far from pedantic, and in reality was a vibrant critic, an earnest and outspoken liberal, impatient in the quest of certainties; one who, in the semblance of a compendious textbook, has written for us with passion and eloquence his vision of the broad movements of American thought. Parrington had the gift of epithet: the period that followed the Civil War, for instance, he epitomized as "the collision between a shambling democracy and an ambitious industrialism;" or it was the "buccaneering orgy" of the frontier spirit, a world of "triumphant and unabashed vulgarity." The whole picture of the American scene of that day, with its folk-heroes, its political bosses and business barons, and their great barbecue, he made dramatic and rich through the massing of detail. It is true he classified and catalogued over much the intellectual expressions of the period, for he had absorbed the economic view of history, which had come to be widely accepted here at the beginning of the present century. "The interpretation of our literature since 1860," he wrote, "must be fitted into the broad lines of our national experience and will follow its main development . . ." Fitted, willy-nilly? Such a method has its shortcomings, but it lends a peculiar excellence and freshness to his conclusions. The "Main Currents" is a great, luminous improvement over the unctuous and vacant work of the school of Barrett Wendell.

The era which the last volume of the series treats of he terms "perhaps the most characteristically native, the most American in our total history." It is most fascinating for us because it is the era, precisely, out of which our own machine age sprang; whereas we now feel ourselves almost as far removed from the time of Jefferson as from that of John Milton. Let us observe then, in passing, that the original Fathers of the Republic, certain spokesmen for independence or liberty, a certain Jefferson or Franklin, take on a hue that seems more and more "un-American" with the advancing years.

Parrington's major theme is the industrialization of the States after the Civil War "under the leadership of the middle class," and the rise of a critical attitude toward the ideals and handiwork of that class. The slogan of those stirring times of fifty and sixty years ago always included the essential ideas of preemption, exploitation, progress. Led by such folk-heroes as Grant, Jay Cooke, Drew, Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and statesmen such as Boss Tweed, Senator Cameron, James G. Blaine, the great continent was staked out, adorned with mills and railroads, and saw nearly all its resources made productive. Whether this work of exploitation were best done out of social or privateering motives is still an open question. But it was an immense strenuous labor to be done somehow, by someone; and it was achieved within the span of a few years, with little plan and even less scruple.

Such a revolution in society, from an agrarian-commercial stage to an industrial one, was accompanied by an equally important revolution in our manners and ideas. There was a general abandonment of the briefly flowered individualism and idealism of Channing and Emerson during the New England renascence. There was general abandonment of the Jacksonian equalitarianism. There was muffled, confused struggle and defeat. Like many other modern historians who have groped toward the same view, Parrington perceives a fairly complete break-down of "the traditional individualism," the agrarian democracy that flourished in the early period of the American republic.

Do not think that the triumph of the steam and coal civilization, of the strange, new political usages, passed unopposed. We have in Parrington's story all the testimony of whatever resistance, questioning, or dissent arose during the benighted but Gilded Age. We hear the voices, querulous, protesting, discordant, complacent, or feeble—never strong or clairvoyant—of the divers conflicting factions. There are the sermons from pulpits, the social tracts, the novels, and the preposterous speeches of statesmen. There are quacks and fads, demagogues and plutocrats. But in truth the culture and the criticism of ideas are at a very low ebb; Parrington's material, with which the thought of the time must be illustrated, is poverty-stricken and leads to a want of proportion in his own estimates. This poverty, this low-pressure point of the spirit, occurs at a time which is peopled with titans of industry. The real history is made by them, as Henry Adams pointed out very late in the game in one of his letters from the South Seas; and the real history of the time might be pursued by the veritable historian in the concealed maneuvers of those titans. As Edwin Godkin, the admirable founder of *The Nation*, said, it was in no sense a society "presided over by men of light and learning."

The men of light, we feel—despite Parrington's too generous expositions of them—were a pale company, having only the tiniest weight in the affairs of the age; they pale even further when we contrast them with the vigorous, full-grown personalities who were speaking to Europe at the same period: Spencer, Ruskin, Arnold, Renan, Marx, Tolstoy. Those of them who were survivors of an older order, Walt Whitman and Wendell Phillips, made their protest in libertarian terms that were little heard or no longer understood. The cultivated of New England protested a little, like Lowell, and soon lost faith in democracy. The genteel felt "the nostalgia for culture" and fled to Europe. In the realm of political and social theory, Populists such as Peter Cooper or George W. Curtis sought in vain to stem the resistless tide. And always there is a perpetual

* Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

confusion of terms, chiefly centering about the notion of democracy. The spokesmen for capital wish to safeguard democracy through injunctions against organized labor. The farmers', the laborers' partisans urge the smashing of the trusts in the name of democracy. For all this, there is a steady decline in the whole program of democracy. In this connection it is interesting to recall the words of Godkin, toward the end of his career: "I am not sanguine about the future of democracy," he said. "I think we shall have a long period of decline . . . and then a recrudescence under some other form of society."

There is little of "critical realism" in the period whose movements Parrington has pictured. It is not till the end that such a spirit makes itself felt. Parrington feels that he went to school in "a great age of liberalism," when profitless romance had been put away and the method of economic interpretation taken up. His generation came of age in the more constructive early period of Woodrow Wilson's reign; when hope ran strong of a steady amelioration of social ills, of a revival of the democratic effort. We remember the liberal spokesmen of a social-democratic tinge in the years before 1917 and their great defeat in the World War. This story Parrington did not live to tell, although in the fragments of addenda which the publisher has furnished we sense his personal drama.

"Then the war intervened . . ." he writes. "With the cynicism of post-war days the democratic liberalism of 1917 was thrown away like an empty whiskey flask. Clever young men began to make merry over democracy . . ."

He is sympathetic to the naturalistic novels of the twentieth century which have multiplied and prospered; their message may be a negative one, as in Dreiser, but it implies essentially a social criticism. He is in despair, however, at the great numbers of young men who are enchanted by Mr. Mencken of the facile and irresponsible cynicism. And what is one to do with Mr. Sinclair Lewis? What positive ideals does Mr. Lewis have which would be comparable to "the ferment of twenty years ago . . . bent on carrying through the unfulfilled program of democracy?" And in truth, "Babbitt," which easily dominates the last decade of American letters, which set so many thousands of Middle Westerners in motion toward Greenwich Village, is a criticism of a people's morale rather than of social conditions. It is in this quality that its singular truth and usefulness reside.

Even more pathetic is Parrington's final bewilderment as he considers the still younger members of the post-war generation: "youthful poseurs at the mercy of undigested reactions to Nietzsche, Butler, dadaism, vorticism, socialism, overbalanced by changes in American critical and creative standards, and in love with copious vocabularies and callow emotions." This is hard; and we must also forgive the incompleteness of the jotted accusation.

The post-war generation has certainly lost its interest in political distinctions and theories. Nothing explains better the abortive nature of present-day liberal efforts. The new generation has perceived democracies as prone to war, and as ruthless in war as despotisms; as incompetent and corrupt in peace. It appears no longer to prize its liberties. It questions whether its life would be less regimented, standardized, oppressive, under a regime of communism than under the capitalism of mass production. It is vain for it to consider a return to lower physical standards of life—"plain living and high thinking"—centered about a church and a rural community, unless it considers also guillotining nine-tenths of its population.

Perhaps we have tended constantly to underestimate the severity of the transition from an agrarian and moderately industrial society to a rigorous mass life and a dominantly urban life. The younger generation has been faced with a more immediate, painful question of adjustment. The sheer problem, for the economic unit, of how to live under the more picturesque and difficult conditions is confronted largely without religious faith, and with little room for the discovery of a collective social faith. All that we may note thus far, in attempted answer to Parrington, is that the post-war generation is primarily interested in its psychology and—do not laugh—in its morals. Its absorption in psychoanalysis is but an indication of such anxiety.

Parrington's concluding words on American liberalism are: "It is a discouraging essay. Yet it is perhaps conceivable that our current philosophy . . . may indeed not prove to be the last word in social philosophy." Certainly, nothing is the last word. But the philosophy of this technological society must be conceived in its own terms.

Prelude

By LEONORA SPEYER

Between town and town,
Beginning to twinkle their windows,
Between field and field stripped brown,
Is a path running into the shadows;
The hills are aware of first frost,
The meadows are lost.

And I say to you,
"Is autumn green too?
For see—
How the lush blades of winter-wheat spring
From fresh-planted furrows;
And hear—
How the sound of the cricket comes quavering
Into the dusk."
And you say to me,
"Where was corn, there is song on the husk,
There is warmth where the small mole burrows."

Between hill and hill,
The west is heaped high on the world's hardy ember,
Somewhere are red leaves burning pungent and somber,
Smelling good;
And a star stretched wide as a bird on the wing,
Flies overhead.

Always I shall remember how you suddenly said,
"What is that? What is that?"—as a light,
Lurking and lambent and white beyond whiteness,
Flamed in the autumn wood;
And we stood, quiet lover and lover,
Watching the moon, like a river,
Flood over and into the night.

Books

A Master Pedagogue

Charles W. Eliot. By Henry James. The Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. $10.

MR. JAMES pretends very little to that omniscience which, especially in recent years, has been the conceit of biographers as well as of novelists and theologians. He finds, instead, that Eliot was a very curious and mysterious fellow, full of inexplicable talents and equally inexplicable stupidities, and prudently leaves him at that. The man, indeed, can no more be explained scientifically than Harvard itself can be explained: he was a state of mind far more than a body of ideas. What he thought, said, and did, concretely considered, was often irrational and sometimes downright foolish, but taking one day with another his cogitations undoubtedly ran in a salubrious direction, and so it is quite reasonable to put him down as one of the important men of his time. He became, toward the end, something rather more than that: he was invested, if only by living so long, with the occult grandeur of a sage. But even if he had died at fifty he would have been remembered, for he began his life work at thirty-five, and before ten years had come and gone he had left a mark upon American pedagogy which remains brilliantly plain to this day.

Eliot, far more than the Adamses or any of the Cabots and Lowells, was the epitome of New England. He was three-fourths a peasant, but there was also ecclesiastical blood in him, and a sturdily commercial strain. The Puritan faith in pedagogy was strong upon him, and to it was added the scarcely less ardent Puritan faith in money. He believed that, given schooling enough, anything could be done with the young of the human species, and he believed that, given money enough, any amount of schooling was possible. So he proceeded to convert Harvard, for years a feeble academy for the training of preachers, into a university with as many divisions as a railroad or a department store, and to force upon each of them the maximum of pedagogical efficiency. If, in the course of that effort, he produced some monsters of fantastic aspect, and, what is worse, opened the way for the production of even more outlandish ones, then let it be remembered that he also gave the Harvard Medical School its new start and created the Law School out of nothing—two achievements of the first rank, not forgotten now and never to be forgotten so long as learning survives in the Republic.

Mr. James gives a good deal of attention, and quite properly, to Eliot's relations to Daniel C. Gilman, the creator of the Johns Hopkins. Gilman was the elder by three years, and on the whole the more original and daring man. His plan to set up a genuine university in the United States, first formulated in the early seventies, undoubtedly influenced Eliot very greatly, and after the Johns Hopkins was opened the two men remained in close communication and were friendly rivals. But what Gilman did at Baltimore was, after all, much easier than what Eliot did at Cambridge, for he had a clear field to work in, whereas Eliot struggled with a weed lot full of brambles. Moreover, it is not to be forgotten that both men achieved their greatest successes not with their universities as wholes but with their medical schools, and that here Eliot was a leap ahead, for the Johns Hopkins Medical School was not launched until 1893. Gilman was so forceful and (I say it without disrespect) so cunning a man that he swept the Baltimore Babbitts before him, and it was not until after his death that they recovered their faculties, resumed their natural ways of thinking, and reduced the Johns Hopkins to the level of a seminary fit for 100 per cent Americans, with night football, a summer school for schoolma'ams, and a chair of motor troubles. But Eliot, less the Berserker, had to wear out his fellow-Bostonians by slow stages, and more than once they came very near fetching him.

Neither was of much learning, as they themselves defined the term. Gilman, I believe, called himself a geographer, but his contributions to geography, if he ever really made any, were too trivial to be remembered. Eliot, by the same token, was a chemist, and probably one of the most incompetent that the profession has ever seen. He pottered about an amateurish laboratory for a few semesters, but never got enough skill to analyze a sample of gin. Nor was either man a pedagogue, in the ordinary sense. Eliot's pupils rather disliked him, and he seems to have taken little interest in them; as for Gilman, he got rid of his at the very first chance. Both were simply university administrators—high-geared, bold, revolutionary, and immensely competent. They founded the art and mystery of the college president as it is now practiced so magnificently in this happy land. They knew how to attract learned men to their staffs, they knew how to keep those learned men in order—a feat comparable to running Congress or a movie lot—and, most of all, they knew how to get the money to pay them. It was a highly complicated science that they created, and no successor has ever surpassed them at it. In 1890 or thereabout, when Eliot was in full blast at Harvard and Gilman was still supreme at the Johns Hopkins, both universities were stupendous successes, and not even the most arrant pessimist could imagine the sad estate to which they have sunk today.

Eliot's weakness was his deficiency in what may be called general culture. He does not seem to have been much of a reader, and he knew little if anything about what are called the fine arts. He regarded Chaucer about as the Harvard professors of today regard Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, but he rose above them by admitting, nevertheless, that "The Canterbury Tales" ought to be taught to sophomores. His general tastes, as he revealed them in his frequent speeches and especially in a volume called "The Durable Satisfactions of Life," were healthy and respectable, but scarcely exciting. He indulged himself in advanced thinking only within the confines of his trade; otherwise, he was a good New Englander, and rather inclined to commercial ways of thought. All the same, there was a touch of genius in him. He accomplished things that were beyond ordinary men—even beyond most men of the abler sort. There was a fine resolution in him, and an eagerness for perfection, even though he often defined it ineptly. His tolerance was large and real. He never cherished grudges, and had a shrewd eye for the virtues and uses of his enemies. Somewhat stiff and pedantic in manner, he seldom made men love him, but he almost always made them respect him. If he was not really great, then he was nearly so. Mr. James has made an interesting book about him, and deals with him honestly and sensibly.

H. L. MENCKEN

Divided Souls

Five Masters. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.50.

THOSE who, with growing appreciation, have followed the writings of Mr. Krutch in these columns and elsewhere know that he has at least one of the qualities of the exceptional critic. He possesses a vigorous faculty of objective generalization, an ability to detach himself both from the subordinate details of a work of art and from the momentary effect of it on his own consciousness. Yet, despite its anti-impressionism, his prose is devoid of frigidity or supercili-

ousness. It is clear, flexible, sober, and tempered with an unobtrusive irony.

Surely this book is his most admirable work and the one which brings into clearest focus the best qualities of his mind. It is far more restrained and logically impregnable than "The Modern Temper" and far freer of current intellectual jargon than his book on Poe. Ostensibly a collection of literary essays dealing with five great novelists, it is actually a careful study of the manner in which five men identified themselves with or transcended the dominant spiritual temper of their times. These men—Boccaccio, Cervantes, Stendhal, Richardson, Proust—broke so radically with the traditions of fiction-writing that their products may justly be called mutations. But these mutations represent more than innovations in the history of novel-writing; they correspond to sweeping changes in the mentality of Europe in general, they crystallize certain social and philosophical dilemmas as no tract or metaphysic has ever crystallized them. It is with the delicate problem of the interaction between these dilemmas and the souls of his five novelists that Mr. Krutch is largely concerned.

Each essay, consequently, becomes, among other things, an examination of a reigning philosophy. Boccaccio is seen as the type-man of the early-Renaissance empirical revolt, of that devaluation of the transcendental which began with the death of Dante. Out of his recognition of himself as a natural man in a natural world came Boccaccio's "Decameron." But like the Italian Renaissance which he summed up, Boccaccio lacked either the courage or the intelligence to carry out the implications of his naturalism—and therein lay his failure. In Cervantes we perceive a far more sophisticated mind, an artist intuitively aware of the limitations, both spiritual and logical, of naturalism. "Don Quixote" becomes a dramatic exposition of the major perplexities of advanced Renaissance thought. These problems—"the dependability of the senses, the reality of the supersensual world, and the power of persistent idealism to create values not originally existing in the world of nature—were present to him in a form not to be solved as simply as they had been solved by either the dogmatic faith of the mediæval Christian or the naive materialism of the Renaissance skeptics."

In direct contrast to the Cervantian cosmos, with its apotheosis of the heroic, stands the bourgeois world of Samuel Richardson—dogmatic, complacently virtuous, the first complete expression of the aspirations of the English shopkeeper. Mr. Krutch's explanation of Richardson's stupendous triumph is conceived in socio-economic terms which would gladden the heart of Mr. Calverton. He is perhaps less convincing in his attempt to prove Richardson, that eighteenth-century Dr. Cadman, a great novelist. Clarissa Harlowe is unquestionably a memorable character, but she is memorable for reasons her creator would indignantly disavow. How far Richardson should be credited with an enjoyment which derives almost entirely from our own sense of irony is surely an open question.

Perhaps because they touch on attitudes which are of personal concern to Mr. Krutch, the Proust and Stendhal essays are by far the most penetrating and finely written. As we should expect from the author of "The Modern Temper," the warped romantic figure of Stendhal comes in for severe handling. In him is seen the entire problem of nineteenth-century egotism, which Mr. Krutch sums up in a single flashing sentence: "The distinguishing mark of Stendhal and his heroes is that they pursue with realistic means a happiness which has illusion as the condition of its existence." Yet his personal antipathy to the Stendhalian approach to life does not blind Mr. Krutch to those tragic sources whence Stendhal drew the inspiration for his magnificent novels, those sources which lay far deeper than the romantic attitude he was never able to actualize.

The discussion of Proust is so closely and sensitively reasoned that no summary can do it justice. With the possible exception of Mr. Wilson's essay it will surely rank as the best approach to Proust that has so far been made by any American critic. It is not merely an examination of Proust's art but an illumination of the basic problem confronting the twentieth-century novelist. By some magic Proust manages to view the modern world intelligently—which is to say, with a skeptical eye—and yet to surround it with those iridescent veils without which a novel is merely a transcript from life. It is this Proustian magic which is the real subject of Mr. Krutch's remarkable essay.

Even more fundamental, perhaps, than his philosophical preoccupations is a psychological one which underlies his entire book. In his discussion of Richardson he endeavors to account for the immense advance of "Clarissa" over "Pamela" and finds that one of the reasons is Richardson's anxious desire to penetrate into that great world which is so ignorantly set down in his first book. This desire worried him and eventually added a new dimension to "Clarissa." Mr. Krutch goes on to say: "That complicated balance of elements which is necessary for good fiction seems usually to have been achieved by the imagination of a writer whose mind was to some extent divided against itself." What Mr. Krutch has done is to track down, in each of his five novelists, the moment when that division, that "complicated balance of elements," was most propitious to successful creation. A critic could set himself no harder task.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The New India

The Power of India. By Michael Pym. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

The Case for India. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. $2.

Reconstructing India. By Edward Thompson. The Dial Press. $4.

Mahatma Gandhi—His Own Story. Edited by C. F. Andrews. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Prophets of the New India. By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by E. F. Malcolm-Smith. Albert and Charles Boni. $5.

SOMEONE has said that anyone who sits down and reads half a dozen representative books on a given subject will immediately know more about it than any except the specialist with a lifetime of devoted study behind him. This is nonsense. One might as well claim that being familiar with the black dots and their accompanying names on a map gives one real knowledge of a particular country. Yet books, like maps, are useful guides and convenient storehouses of information, and anybody who is interested in India will not find that he has wasted time in reading—preferably in the order given—the five new volumes on India listed above.

Michael Pym supplies an excellent composite picture of the Indian landscape and the divergent types to be met there. "'Considering that I don't understand anything, not even myself, I don't expect to understand India. I'm going to *see* India,'" she explains to a friend before she leaves New York. And see India she does, over a long period of wandering up and down the land, straying into all sorts of odd corners; and with a happy facility that sometimes takes on genuine distinction of style she makes her readers see it, too. Very little escapes her eye, and with her alert and restless mind she investigates everything—from the attitude of a prostitute plying her trade among the rough hillmen of the Afghan border to the Indian conception and understanding of God. What is distilled at the end is Mrs. Pym's appreciation of India's

spiritual depth—this is "the power of India." After all, it is impossible for her not to attempt to integrate what she has seen.

The book is marred, in my opinion, by only one serious mistake. Belonging to the minority group that dislikes and distrusts Gandhi, she has devoted several pages to a vituperative and contemptuous portrayal of his character as she appraises it. Somewhere in another connection she refers to "the orgy of debunking which is even now proceeding; debunking history, debunking heroism, debunking religion, but never, unhappily, quite debunking oneself." Evidently she, too, has been caught up in the vortex and must needs "debunk" Gandhi. She observes at one point that "everything, in India, depends upon personality. No amount of pomp and show impresses the Indian if the central personality isn't convincing." If one accepts this, how is it, then, that India has so extravagantly rendered homage where she has chosen to withhold it? She concludes the passage just quoted by asserting, "Indians know what you are thinking rather sooner than you do yourself." One is led to wonder whether possibly Gandhi read the mind of his interviewer, and having found himself so many times pilloried by hostile interviewers in the past, simply resigned himself to one more unprovoked attack. In any case, the taste of the chapter can be questioned. It certainly introduces a jarring note.

If one wishes light on the political and economic aspects of the present struggle between England and India, one can gain the illusion of impartial consideration of both sides of the question by reading in conjunction Will Durant's short impassioned plea presenting "The Case for India" and Edward Thompson's longer, carefully documented volume which might have been called, instead of "Reconstructing India," "In Defense of England." In reality, of course, one will accept as authentic whichever view one leans toward temperamentally. Between them, however, one should get a pretty clear idea of how it happens that 27,000 political prisoners, according to the official statement of the Secretary of State for India, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, are in Indian prisons at this moment.

Will Durant spent but a brief six months in the country and acknowledges at the outset that he is poorly equipped to write on India. It was the sickening poverty and the oppression that he met with that stimulated him to indignant protest. "If I write at all it is not only because I feel deeply about India, but because life cannot wait until knowledge is complete. One must speak out and take sides before the fight is over." He throws a spotlight on the chicanery of the territorial conquest of India in the days of the East India Company and in quick, biting sentences makes clear for money-conscious Americans what the subsequent economic exploitation has cost India. He depicts the now familiar horrors of Amritsar and brings the narrative up to date by describing the lathi charges of the police in their attempts to break up demonstrations by Gandhi's followers since the inauguration of civil disobedience. His point of view is that of Nationalist India. Though he makes some effort to be fair to the opposing camp, his verdict is overwhelmingly in favor of India. On the other side of the Atlantic the book will be referred to as another example of mischievous meddling by an outsider in a matter that concerns only Great Britain and India. (But does it?) Perhaps more ex-officials from India will arrive to correct the "utterly erroneous impression" it has created, and we shall be treated to further addresses on the theme of the benefits conferred upon ungrateful, unreasonable, and quarrelsome Indians by the patient sons of Albion. Meanwhile, casting the whole weight of his influence with the side that has enlisted his sympathy, Mr. Durant has done that side a service by presenting its cause—not precisely its case—so clearly in such short compass.

Mr. Thompson, on the other hand, knows India through long residence and intimate personal contact with its people and some of their manifold and intricate problems. Being an Englishman, he also knows England. It must have been exceedingly painful to him to acknowledge, as he has done without equivocation, the stains on the honor of England in the long history of its dealings with India. In discussing whether or not General Dyer "saved" the British Raj by giving his famous order to open fire at Amritsar eleven years ago, he comments briefly, "Few men can have damaged it more in ten minutes." In culling over old records, he has been justified in rescuing from oblivion those examples of able administration, keen intelligence, courage, unswerving devotion to justice, and generous sympathy on the part of British rulers in India that he has come upon. But the times have changed, and changed again, and the trouble, as Mr. Thompson sees it, is that the latter-day Imperialists and Conservatives have been too long in dying. He does not blame the Indians for growing impatient and for losing faith in England, but he would ask them to exercise a little more reasonableness and to accept the only solution that he believes possible as a result of the Round Table Conference—dominion status, with safeguards for British interests. On the whole, the book is well written and is entitled to a place on anybody's five-foot shelf of Indian books. The question remains, Will India be reasonable? Feeling as well as reason governs the destinies of nations as of human beings, and unless England makes her reason coincide with India's feeling, Mr. Thompson's optimism in regard to the probable outcome of the Round Table Conference may prove unwarranted.

We come to the remaining volumes, which take us into another field—the psychological and the spiritual. Gandhi's autobiography has already appeared in India in a longer version and under a better title, "My Experiments with Truth," but it is now made available in the condensed one-volume edition, edited by C. F. Andrews. Incidentally, it is a pity that the publishers have permitted the name to appear as "Ghandi" on the cover of the book.

As autobiography, the work is in a class by itself. It is a document that must inevitably be read by every future historian of India, not because it sheds any great illumination on events that will go to make history, but because it reveals Gandhi himself, the maker of those events. It is Gandhi thinking aloud. It is safe to say, however, that not knowing the end before the beginning, not knowing that it was *Gandhi's* autobiography that was being read, few would read far. The story is too utterly naked, too artless. I think it must be the most honest autobiography ever written! For Gandhi does not try to burnish the halo with which others have endowed him. He drags the reader with him through all his "experiments," painful and otherwise, much as a scientist might make a demonstration before a class. He leaves no mistake unmentioned, glosses over no detail of his life that had personal significance to him in his struggle to go forward on the path toward the goal. It is only when one realizes that Gandhi's ideal of Truth compels him to literal truthfulness that one understands the motive behind his words, and that out of the strange mixture of repelling and appealing fact contained in the story of his life he emerges for us with something of the source of his mysterious power made clear—his devotion to principle.

Romain Rolland's long elaborate study of certain Hindu mystics and religious leaders of the past few decades, chief among them Ramakrishna and his disciple Vivekananda, is a distinguished searching after the most profound spiritual thought of India. If one hopes to grasp what is fundamental in Indian life, one must apprehend the spiritual values that India has stressed through countless centuries. One must also learn something of a different technique from that which we

are accustomed to use in our ordinary approach to knowledge. Romain Rolland writes as an enthusiast, for which he will be subjected to criticism by certain types of sophisticated intellects, but his enthusiasm springs from the fact that he has come to understand a secret better known in the East than in the West. The West is not accustomed to give with that completeness which spiritual discipleship demands, and it is through spiritual discipleship, India maintains, that spiritual perception is sharpened. One has need to shed many prejudices, to suspend for the time being intellectual judgment, to put oneself in the frame of mind of believing. This is precisely what Romain Rolland has done, and those who read his book should adopt the same attitude as a preliminary to understanding the personalities through whom India's highest thought has been transmitted.

GERTRUDE EMERSON

From the German

The Dance of Youth. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

A Room in Berlin. By Gunther Birkenfeld. Translated by Eric Sutton. Horace Liveright. $2.

Claudia. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Success. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $3.

IT is too bad that Sudermann's last novel was translated; at least his English-speaking admirers might have been spared this spectacle of disintegration and collapse. There is neither power nor insight in this story of sixteen-year-old Stumpy, whose three love affairs are at once banal and implausible. She moves stiffly across the stage like a manikin, accompanied by the equally unconvincing Gudrun, her sister, and Herbert, her half-brother, both of whom are introduced as representatives of the youth of post-war Germany. Nothing stands out in the novel but the febrile eagerness of a septuagenarian to show how well he understands the younger generation. It has long been recognized that Sudermann's chief weakness was his tendency to become sensational, but it is none the less shocking to find that at the end he abandoned himself so completely to his vices.

Sudermann evidently took a vicarious pleasure in the naughtiness of his young men and women and at the same time enjoyed the sense of superiority that came from iconoclastically maintaining they were not naughty. He could not possibly have achieved the objectivity that gives "A Room in Berlin" such distinction as it has. Gunther Birkenfeld writes about adultery, prostitution, and incest with the calmness of an anthropologist discussing the sex life of the ancient Assyrians. Though his principal theme is like the theme of Jean Cocteau's "Les Enfants Terribles," his method is altogether different. Cocteau probes deeper and deeper into the psychology of the brother and sister of his novel, whereas Birkenfeld limits himself to description, paying, indeed, so little attention to motives and mental states that the acts he describes are not altogether credible. The effect of his objectivity is to shift the emphasis from the characters to their environment, and the reader's chief impression is of the terrible poverty of post-war Berlin. Because of the author's failure to realize his characters, the book is little more than a social document, but as such it is not unimpressive.

Arnold Zweig's "Claudia" is interesting for the insight it gives into the mind and methods of the author of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," but it also demands attention in its own right. It is a collection of seven short stories rather than, in any strict sense of the word, a novel, but there is a single theme for all the stories. Like Henry James, Zweig is occupied with the kind of problem that can arise only among sophisticated and sensitive people. The quality he studies in most detail is fastidiousness, the dominant trait of his heroine. In order to give his episodes dramatic force he has to make Claudia's dilemmas real, and in order to do that he has to make his readers share her delicate sensibilities and accept her subtle standards. He lets us see Claudia as she sees herself, as her husband sees her, and as her mother sees her. By the time we reach the last episode Claudia's scruples have taken on such significance that we credit and perhaps even share her disgust at her husband's revelation, and her ultimate conquest of her fastidiousness has the effect of some great triumph of the human soul. "Claudia" is, like all such works, a little tenuous, and the illusion of importance Zweig creates is not abiding; but the creation of that illusion is an artistic achievement, and one feels that at least a few facets of human personality have been illumined with absolute clarity.

"Claudia" and "Success" are almost at the two extremes of current practice in the field of the novel. "Success" is a story of post-war Bavaria. More than a hundred characters figure in it, members of the government, leaders of the True Germans, Communists, industrialists, vaudeville entertainers, waitresses, artists. Feuchtwanger has put the whole of Bavaria in his book, representing each section of the populace not with one but with half a dozen characters. He has made a nation his theme.

Magnificently ambitious the book undoubtedly is, and in a sense remarkably successful, for Feuchtwanger, as readers of "Power" know, works well on a large scale. But he has not solved the great problem of such a book; he has found no principle of selection, no basic unity. He has employed three different devices in the attempt to secure unity, and not one of them works. In the first place, he has related every character in some way to the Paul Kruger case, a Bavarian *cause célèbre* with which the book begins and ends; but his interest in the characters for their own sake and his desire to portray a complete society carry him farther and farther from this particular case until it becomes one episode among many. In the second place, he has made "Success" a kind of novel of ideas, a treatise on justice; but the ideas are constantly being set aside in the interest of concrete details, and in the end they seem to be simply so many more details introduced for purposes of documentation. His third device is the weakest of all: from time to time he assumes that he is writing the book ages hence, and to make us realize his assumption he introduces definitions of commonplace terms or descriptions of familiar practices; he apparently hoped that he would thus secure that semblance of unity that distance in time gives to the historical novel, but the method serves only to distract attention, not to focus it, and Feuchtwanger's use of the device is inconsistent and amusingly half-hearted. The material will not hang together, will not take on shape and meaning.

It is interesting to see that Germans as well as Americans are having their difficulties these days. There are novels like "Claudia" that are finished performances, molded into beautiful forms by artistic hands; but such novels have no great vitality, no sweep, no close relationship to the pervasive problems of modern life. Then there are novels that are full of life, intimately related to our daily problems, thrilling in their portrayal of events that affect us all; but they lack form, and that is simply to say they lack meaning. They leave these vital materials in the chaos in which we find them in the daily papers. Indeed, whatever the merit of particular passages in such a novel, the total effect is that of journalism. Cannot the two qualities be reconciled? Proust found one way of doing it, by relating the broad social movements he described to a purely personal standard. One wonders if there is no other way, if

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events have no meaning beyond that which they assume in relation to individual experience. To find more than personal principles or standards to which events can be related seems to be the chief task of the modern novelist, and it is a task that has significance for the future of more than the novel.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Decade of the Doomed

Some of Us. An Essay in Epitaphs. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $7.50.

MR. CABELL is amused to find himself in agreement with the "new humanists," or rather to find them in agreement with him. They all agree that American literature of the twenties is doomed to speedy oblivion. But anyone familiar with Mr. Cabell's brand of criticism may be sure that however much he may agree with the new humanists in his conclusions, he will never agree with them in his reasons. He is, for one thing, so incorrigibly romantic in his approach to literary art. And then he is perhaps, of all American critics, the one least liable to be sidetracked by non-aesthetic principles of judgment. His way with the humanists is highly characteristic of his general tactics, his critical finesse. He is not given to direct body blows at whatever seems to him absurd and wrong-headed. Whatever he wishes to demolish he approaches with the most smiling urbanity. In the case of the humanists, his way is to associate himself with them, to declare that they are right, and then to prove them right by totally ignoring their line of argument, by advancing considerations so foreign to their way of thinking that they are made to appear futile and irrelevant.

The humanists think the twenties are doomed because they have no moral backbone—in short, no merit. Mr. Cabell thinks they are doomed simply because readers like novelty and grow tired of an author as soon as they have learned what is the correct thing to say about him. This is a pity as concerns the leading American writers of the twenties, because, after all, they have such considerable merits. Mr. Cabell thinks they have all been sufficiently praised; he doesn't want to give the impression that he regards any of them as particularly important in the perspective of the centuries; still less does he wish to bore us by saying over again the obvious things that have so often been said of them. But he considers, for example, that Elinor Wylie has considerable distinction in "that minor romance over which one is tempted to say the moon presides." He ventures to remind his forgetful readers of the vivid figures evoked by Joseph Hergesheimer from periods sufficiently remote from ours so that we may suppose them to have been gallant and amusing. In Dreiser and Anderson he finds some merit over and above that of having roused the Watch and Ward societies. "Here also is honesty; here is frankness; here is human tolerance: and these three one respects perforce." He finds something to say for Frances Newman and Ellen Glasgow. He finds a good deal to say for Mencken, "whose gravest literary offenses have been his admirers." A great merit of Mencken is that, unlike his admirers, he has avoided the error of taking his own notions quite seriously. Mr. Cabell believes that if the world were destroyed and Mencken had, like God, to fashion things anew to suit his fancy, he would create the same identical world he has spent his days lampooning. "He would need Congressmen and Rotarians and ecclesiastics as an ogre needs food." By the same token he would need ever more new humanists. Here for an instant Mr. Cabell shows the cloven hoof. But the epithets with which he proceeds to characterize the academic critics are all taken from the *American Mercury*, so that he has the ventriloquist's pleasure of making the abusive words come from the lips of his dummy. Mr. Cabell is most surprising in what he has to say for Sinclair Lewis. Here again he manages to take a position of his own, and praises Lewis not for his realism but for his grotesque imagination. His famous characters he calls goblins, and their nearest congeners are the amusing monsters who people the American scene in "Martin Chuzzlewit." One of them, at least, will escape oblivion and outlive his decade, for George Follansbee Babbitt of Zenith City is on the way to become a myth and take his place in the literary consciousness of the race along with Don Juan and Mrs. Grundy and the brown god Pan.

The great common merit of the leading writers of the decade, according to Mr. Cabell, is that they were individualists, and as such in rebellion against the prevailing tendency in American life to force us all into the same pattern. This tendency, which received such an impetus during the war, has been growing stronger and stronger ever since, and it is this which has brought into such prominence the academic school of Decorum. This is at bottom no other than the discipline of Zenith City, to whose dictates Babbitt made, in the end, abject submission, convinced that the only way to get along in this world is to do in everything that which is expected of us. That may be a good rule for the conduct of life, but there is no use trying to carry it over into literature. It would be to miss "the main fact about literature—that great books are not written by rule, but by men of genius." And so it is, by the most amusing series of tactical evolutions—retreats, evasions, elaborate flanking movements—that this champion of humane letters has put to rout the enemy and left the beleaguered twenties in virtual possession of the field. That in all these operations his progress was lighted with the genial flares of imagination and wit no one could doubt who had seen him at work in "Beyond Life"—the rare and accomplished critical essay that so auspiciously ushered in the decade of the doomed.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Technological Politics

The American Leviathan. By Charles A. Beard and William Beard. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THIS 800-page volume by Professor Beard and his son naturally suggests comparison with Bryce's "American Commonwealth," notwithstanding that important differences in subject matter distinguish the two books. A good deal of what is descriptive in Bryce's work, of course, is now incomplete or out of date, for the last revision was published twenty years ago, and the interval has seen a very great extension of the federal activities of the American government and marked changes in the relations between the nation and the States. The Beards' book, on the other hand, is as nearly up to the minute as the conditions of printing allow. Bryce accompanied his description of the governmental machinery with a wealth of leisurely but penetrating comment on the history and significance of our political arrangements, and paused again and again to compare American institutions with those of other countries. The Beards are chary of philosophical reflection, cut down the history in most cases to the merest outline, and devote themselves mainly to cataloguing the long list of government operations with summary descriptions of the various parts. The result in their case is a book which, while of high value and unique practical usefulness as an up-to-date explanation of what the federal government does, seems in comparison with Bryce's sweeping and philosophical survey pervadingly formal and unexpectedly dry.

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thesis of the book is exceptionally interesting and important. "This volume," the preface announces, "is the result of an effort to unite politics, government, and technology as reflected in the federal system of the United States, with emphasis on the newer functions created under the pressures of the machine age." Government, we are later reminded, is "a cultural complex, not a machine." The technological revolution "has emphasized as never before the role of government as a stabilizer of civilization," given a high complexity to the environment in which government functions, multiplied its tasks, and brought it into "daily contact with all industries, sciences, and arts." "Historic morals and common sense" are no longer a sufficient equipment for most government duties. Nevertheless, although technology has introduced the scientific method it has not made "a single important contribution to the philosophy of government," and the problem of democracy is as yet unsolved. There still remains the necessity of regarding the opinions of the multitude and also those of classes and groups—a necessity which the Beards suggest may be met by adopting the proposal of Walter Lippmann for "a frank recognition of the nature and role of private associations in government."

All this, of course, is good social philosophy and good political science with those who accept the technological point of view, and its application relegates to history a good many of the constitutional and political considerations which have been prominent in the study of American government hitherto. Neither Hamilton nor Jefferson remains quite as important as a political philosopher as each has been held to be, and the scientist or administrator disputes rank with the jurist. As a criterion of public conduct, on the other hand, the theory cannot be regarded as entirely closed to debate, and the Beards, in championing it, had before them a capital opportunity not only to illuminate the theory by a masterly survey of the varied list of things which the American government undertakes to do, but also to consider whether, from the standpoint of the kind of citizen needed to make democratic government successful, the government has not been led to undertake too much; whether, to take a current example, the business depression from which the country is suffering might not be more readily dispelled if Washington would let business alone for a time instead of meddling and prodding as it does.

The treatment of the matter by the Beards is certainly both masterly and illuminating, but it is not conspicuously so save in the wealth of information that is displayed and the thoroughness with which the technological activities of the government are traced. In comparison with Bryce the book appears as an elaborate and able piece of special pleading, replete with supporting arguments in the form of illustrations but curiously slight in its critical evaluation of the contemporary trend. It offers the last word in modernity but spares little space for telling us how we came to be this way. Even the general reader, for whom the book is specially intended, will not fail to note the small attention given to constitutional questions, and he will be likely to feel that politics, in the sense of parties, issues, and elections, have been heavily subordinated to administration, science, and "business." Doubtless they are so subordinated in the mind of the technologist, and in any age of technology the administrator, the scientist, and the business man are entitled to their day in court, but a little cross-examination into the cultural significance of their claims would not have been amiss.

Perhaps it is their absorption in the technological program that has led the authors to avoid committing themselves on a number of matters regarding which Professor Beard in particular might have been expected to speak out. The case of Rosika Schwimmer is recounted with no stricture upon the extraordinary position taken by the Supreme Court and vigorously traversed by Associate Justice Holmes; the rejection of

Mr. Hoover's nomination of Judge Parker evokes no comment; enator Norris's proposal for getting rid of the "lame-duck" ession of Congress is not referred to, and the anomalous con-itutional provision itself is merely described; the Federal arm Board is spared a critical evisceration of its policy; the ontrol exercised by the State Department over foreign oans gets only a noncommittal paragraph, and while a few of he pros and cons of prohibition are sedately balanced the solu-on of the problem (the authors do not make it quite clear hat there can be any) is shunted to the future.

Given the limitations of its outlook, however, the general ubstance of the book calls only for praise. Strength and nov-lty are most in evidence, of course, at the points at which the cientific or business operations of the government have been nlarged to enable it to cope with technological change—the udget and banking systems, motor transportation, pipe lines, viation, radio and wire communication, promotion of business nterprise, labor and immigration, agricultural aid, conserva-on, and so on—but the chapters dealing with the constitu-onal framework of the government, federal relations with the tates, and the conduct of foreign relations are as satisfactory s such brief summaries are likely to be. A novel feature of he copious bibliography is a classified list of motion-picture lms useful for the study of government; for the news reel as ell as the government document now carries the technological esson.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Miss Macaulay's Laughter

taying with Relations. By Rose Macaulay. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

LIKE all wits, Miss Macaulay will, if the occasion arises, sacrifice pity, justice, honor, and the interests of her plot, so she may wield her shaft of lightning and kill with it a edious person or a tedious thought. In her present novel she ees the world through the eyes of a young lady novelist who has ien and women conveniently catalogued as types—the Domes-c Type, the Harlot, the Mother, the Dilettante. Turned oose unexpectedly among a group of her relations—and in a Central American jungle, at that—the novelist has a splendid pportunity to observe, deduce, and classify. And when her ypes are all pigeonholed neatly, with the appropriate labels, up eps Miss Macaulay and shows that everything is something ther, things are not what they seem, the cool, languid woman ho looked for all the world like a perpetual mistress is willing o marry a widower with five children because she has such a assion for maternity. And so on.

This, of course, is not the stuff of which great novels are ade. Its pattern—that every person in the novel must turn ut to be directly opposite from what too hasty observation eclared him—becomes a little tiresome. It would be unbear-ble without Miss Macaulay, who is present at all the autop-es, and while she dissects the corpse convulses her audience ith her comments. And, to pursue the metaphor perhaps un-uly, her weapon is of the finest-tempered steel; it is handled elicately, with precision, without mercy. It would draw blood, xcept that, after all, this is only a cadaver and not living flesh efore us. A young American girl in the novel is lost for a ight and a day in the wilds of the Guatemalan forest. She is eautiful, she is distrait, she thinks her husband does not love er, as indeed he does not, she is twenty-one. Through a ter-fic thunderstorm she plunges into the heart of the jungle. Vild lightning illuminates the fearful vegetation—the poison ines, the looped creepers, the monstrous trees. There are nimals—their frightened eyes are lit for her by the lightning—ey creep beside her, they threaten to drop on her, they shriek,

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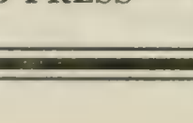
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they roar, they hiss. A truly fearful situation. Miss Macaulay makes it fearful, she remembers the insects that will bite, the sun next day that will burn, the roots that will trip up our lost young lady. But when a rescue is at last effected, when Isie is restored to her mother's arms, when she is safely quarreling with her husband once more, a glass or so of hot milk and a night's sleep make her as good as new. It is as if her creator said: You thought this was tragedy; your heart was wrung for this poor stumbling creature. But it is only farce. Even jungle terrors cannot make life into anything else.

And this, probably, is the source and the secret of Miss Macaulay's power. She is a wit, she will have her laugh or her wry smile, but underneath the jesting lies a profound pessimism. Her characters dismiss restrictions of time and space, family obligations, the demands of friendship, the compulsions of love with a laugh or a shrug of the shoulders. But it is because they believe that these things, like the fearsome jungle, have no permanent influence on the human spirit, which pursues its stupid or idle or vain or unseeing way according to some caprice imposed from within or without. This, they say, is a world which has no meaning, no order, no sense. Let us laugh at it. And Miss Macaulay laughs and her readers laugh, and, if the world is stupid, while the laughter goes on it does not matter in the least. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Vergil the Innovator

Vergil's Primitive Italy. By Catharine Saunders. Oxford University Press. $3.

VERGIL had a way of starting things. Some of his experiments failed; some succeeded to the point of shaping literary conventions that have since grown tyrannical. In his school days he broke away from his professors and from religious orthodoxy with considerable vigor. With an enthusiastic disregard for logic he adopted a grim philosophy that appealed to his imagination. In the "Ciris," which he never published, he toyed with romanticism and the sentimental prettinesses so popular in his youth, but gave them up after he had learned what they could teach him. Then he tried his hand at smart epigrams and realistic miniature work, but with little satisfaction. Finding a temporary home near Naples, in a milieu that suggested a favorable soil for Sicilian pastorals, he undertook to Italianize Theocritus. Gifted with a musical line, a keen eye for landscape, a generous nature condimented with good sense, he shaped, after some mediocre attempts, allegorical pastorals that breathe the very atmosphere of Campania, but the reader must go to Campania—at least in spirit—to enjoy them.

Even to Vergil, a Transpadane, the "Eclogues" must have seemed too packed with cunning, and so he went on to new experiments. His sense of artistic integrity grew stronger with years. His love of the earth and what it created held him long; but in the "Georgics" the old temptation to personalize and to yield to preciosity appears less and less frequently. He now sought poetry in revealed nature, not too artfully selected and seldom adorned, and in a heterodox gospel of work that he had found in himself.

The whole of the "Aeneid" was a book of daring experiments. Here Vergil resolutely turned his back upon the narrative methods that had prevailed up to that time: the method of telling that progressed by way of suggestion, allusions, half-statements, omissions, hesitations, and retarding descriptions. He felt that he had a story of significance to tell and he would tell it naturally and completely and trust to the integrity of his narrative to carry it. In the year 30 B.C., that was itself a courageous innovation.

He determined also to avoid the extraneous tricks of style hat all his teachers of rhetoric had lectured into him—the ropes and adornments, the lingering rhythm of the *novi poetae*, he purple patches, the far-sought rhetorical balances and start- ng anaphoras, and above all the assumed carelessness of dic- on and meter that had been employed to produce an air of ontaneity. His ear for music, for fitting sound, for thematic ythm, for appropriate and adequate diction resented such ifts. His own directness of style surprised the critics into buse. They said that the poet was trying to put over a new ick; of writing without artistry.

The epic was also an experiment in characterization. The xtaposition of Carthage and Rome suggested the tragedy of ido and Aeneas. Literary critics were prepared for a tragedy ke that of the fourth book: it had been done before; but no ne in literature had yet attempted an adequate exposition of he antecedent romance. In Vergil's predecessors a casual ance or a love philter was still the indolent device used to ccount for the entanglement, and that was readily disposed of half a dozen lines. Vergil gives us three books before the nsummation of the fourth, two thousand lines of compelling tuations that make the end plausible. The modern reader who nows all the post-Vergilian romances may discover some sim- icity in Vergil's method, but he ought at least to remember hat it is Vergil who first saw the necessity of engaging all the uman instincts and emotions through sight, dialogue, and fancy efore romance could be compelling enough to make tragedy evitable. In the slow wrenching of literature away from set nvention there is no innovation more significant than this one f Vergil's, unless it be Catullus's idiomatic paraphrase of appho that forms the starting-point of the modern romantic ric.

Professor Saunders's book also deals with one of Vergil's xperiments in poetic integrity. It is an old story that the Aeneid" is a national epic. In his "Georgics" Vergil had for he first time extended the scope of Roman patriotism over the hole of Italy, and that, too, at a time when Rome's aristocracy ould see no virtue beyond the city walls. Vergil's compatriots cluded the millions from the Alps to Sicily: the Samnites and abines, the Greeks and Etruscans and Celts, whom Rome had bdued. The famous encomium on Italy in the second Georgics" must have startled many at Rome, but it prepared en for the "Aeneid."

In his "Aeneid" Vergil shows no mercy for the old concep- on of a hero concerned merely with the affairs of Rome. He volved in the national wars of Aeneas the cities of the whole Italy. And to justify his plan he delved deep in the legends nd studied with care the antiquities of a dozen towns in order ferret out, as far as possible, their oldest associations with ome.

Moreover, in his unusual antiquarian research he was the st of the ancients to feel strongly that an honest epic of a st day must give the tone and color of its own time. He d not acquire pedantic details for their own sake—they never trude; he even felt free to add splendor to old ruins when he eded a massive array of troops; but he was aware of time, had read history with intelligence, and as an Epicurean he nd learned the meaning of the word "progress." He deliber- ely observed the oldest Italian temples with their stores of sty votive offerings of arms, plate, and primitive art in order e better to create a plausible environment for his heroes. his is a detail of Vergil's conscientiousness that only archaeolo- sts have guessed, but to Vergil's contemporaries it must have attered immensely that he lifted their fancies into an age of mance of which they had here and there a few scanty re- inders.

Professor Saunders has done a very useful piece of work in inting out what is actually known of that very ancient Italy

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and in showing what the poet did by way of visualizing The work has long been needed, but it is only recently th excavations have progressed to the point of making the atten possible. She knows Vergil thoroughly and has studied the si and objects with equal thoroughness. Her conclusions a soundly based and stated with scholarly reserve.

TENNEY FRANK

Novel Within Novel

The Man from Limbo. By Guy Endore. Farrar and Rin hart. $2.

SINCE "literary generations" seem to be growing short every year, we are already on the lookout for the you men who will take the place now held by the post-w expatriates. Guy Endore in his first novel is a striking examp of an early step away from the hard-boiled manner. This not to say that his work is soft or emotional; on the contra his prose has a hard, clean surface and he has written wh may be taken as an autobiographical study with an excelle display of level-headed detachment. As a novel of ideas a obsessions, Mr. Endore's "The Man from Limbo" is extr ordinarily frank, yet there are no self-consciously post-war titudes struck, nor is any effort made to exploit a "younge generation" confessional.

Harry Kling, the man from limbo, was afraid to lea college. The world of reality that he had known was a nigh mare created out of tenement hallways and dingy East Si tailor-shops. Extreme poverty, bedbugs, and cockroaches we a part of that world; the only possible escape for him was dream of an American heaven composed of tiled bathroom bodily cleanliness, and millions of dollars. Invent somethi and get rich overnight, or sinking deeper into the glorious drea world, conceive a mysterious and fabulously wealthy relati who would die, leaving you, Harry Kling, his heir, a fleet motor cars and the eternal, omnipresent white-tiled bathroom The nightmare, however, was not to be put aside so easil Bedbugs followed from rooming-house to rooming-house, a the job, upon leaving college, was that of a hack in the offi of a fourth-rate technical magazine. An elaborate cultur education was a handicap, providing merely another entran into a dream world.

Even the job, bad as it was, petered out. Kling hated t sight of his work and encouraged his boss to waste time telli him how vast fortunes were made by chance investments. I was driven back to his rooming-house to write a biography a boy whom he had seen at a drinking party and who died Kling did not even know the circumstances of his death. Re land, the dead boy, was a means of escape. Kling proceeded his way into the story. At this point Mr. Endore revives favorite device of the eighteenth-century novelist, the novel wit in a novel. We are propelled into a story of a hunt for buri treasure; a phantom of great wealth is created in an atmosphe as fantastic as the remarkable backgrounds conceived by Fit James O'Brien. The treasure hunt begun by the mythologic ancestors of a mythological Redland develops into the biograp of a poor boy obsessed by the thought of a fortune in platinu buried somewhere on the island of Martinique. Almost befo we realize it, Redland has been converted into Kling himse living in a squalid rooming-house, holding distasteful jobs, a dodging into subway entrances.

All of this makes for a novel of ideas in which an eleme of suspense is maintained until we have reached the last pa of the narrative. Mr. Endore flatters his readers by telling h story of vicarious adventure with no little show of intelligen and dispatch.

HORACE GREGORY

An American History

The Growth of the American Republic. By Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager. Oxford University Press. $6.

THIS excellent volume of 950 pages is to a considerable extent a revision of Professor Morison's "Oxford History of the United States," which appeared in 1927, and which, it may be noted, contained only 140 pages more than this newer work although it was in two volumes. The revision, however, has been very extensive, and the beginning of the story has now been thrown back to 1760 instead of only to 1783. How old is the United States? seems to be as indeterminate of answer as How old is Ann? At present the colonial period seems to be suffering an eclipse in public interest, but it is hard to understand America without it, and the reader is helped considerably by getting back even to 1760. Both works end "in the small hours" of April 6, 1917, so there is nothing of the war or the immensely important decade and more since. There can be little quarrel, however, with limits deliberately set, and within these this book is an immense improvement over the earlier one.

There has never been any question as to Dr. Morison's scholarship within his chosen field, nor as to his possessing a good and extremely entertaining style. Dr. Commager's style I do not know, but the new book is quite in that of Morison, which means that it holds interest from start to finish. It is not worth while to try to pick out the strands of each author as though they were Elizabethan dramatists, and the contribution which Dr. Commager has made seems clear enough. It has been a very valuable one. Although there was much to praise in the "Oxford History," as in everything that comes from Morison, there were two qualities in that book which prevented me joining in the whole-hearted praise generally accorded it. One was a lack of proportion. Morison is apt to write about what interests him and skimp his own blanks. This is no drawback at all—quite the contrary—in such gossipy essays as made up his "Bay Colony" or in such a rambling but wholly delightful book as his "Maritime History." When, however, the whole narrative history of America has to be compressed into so many pages, the question of proportion and emphasis becomes of vital importance. Again, I felt that, with the best will in the world, it was evidently impossible for Morison to get out of his Massachusetts strait-jacket, and think and write as an American for Americans instead of a New Englander for New Englanders. These were my two quarrels with the "Oxford History." I have no such quarrel with the present work. The architectural proportions of the book are infinitely better, and the existence of the West and South is fully in evidence. Dr. Commager is a Middle Westerner with Southern affiliations, we are told, and it would seem clear what he has contributed to the joint work. The collaboration has been highly successful, and the result deserves all praise. I know of no other one-volume history of 1760-1917 in which the reader will find so much narrative of actual fact and so much philosophical interpretation, clothed in so delightful a style, as he will in this book. The bibliography is exceptionally good and the maps are excellent. There are obvious difficulties in the way of bringing a scholarly history "down to date," but if in the future editions the authors could append a sketch of what happened between our entry into the war and the debacle which overtook the new era of supposedly unbreakable Republican prosperity in 1929, the ordinary reader who wants a complete survey of his country could ask for nothing more, while the bibliography for such a chapter would be of great use to the thoughtful citizen facing present problems. As it is, however, the book can be heartily recommended.

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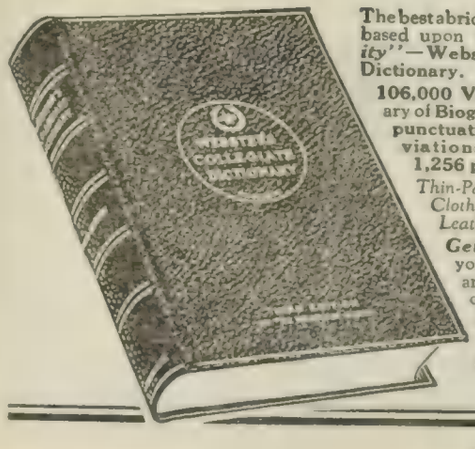
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Books in Brief

A Bachelor Abroad. By Evelyn Waugh. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

At the outset of this journal of a Mediterranean tour Mr. Waugh, who is the author of "Vile Bodies" and "Decline and Fall," confesses that he has written it to aid the sale of his earlier volumes and to keep his name before the public. This kind of "frankness" is maintained throughout the whole of his book, and it is representative of an important side of his character—or, more properly, of the effect of a certain popular and jaunty code of manners upon his character. Whenever possible he takes the opportunity to lament the fact that he is a product of England, of Oxford, and the public school. The reader is delighted. "Here is a young man," he exclaims, "who is under no delusions about himself, who appreciates the evils of his particularly pernicious environment, which for a long time have been pointed out by the most serious and thoughtful of the English themselves." At the conclusion of the book, however, the reader is perplexed. "I thought the young man was dissatisfied with Oxford and the public school," he muses; "but here is the same complacency, the same lofty rudeness in the name of good breeding, the same smart patter, the same blindness, the same anaesthesia that I have been finding in every Oxford novelist for the past twenty-five years. Surely there was nothing ever more Oxonian and public-school in spirit than this?" While he is asking himself this question the reader discovers that he has entirely forgotten the Mediterranean tour. And apparently it made little impression on Mr. Waugh himself.

Beasts Called Wild. By André Demaison. Translated by Gustan Endore. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

Probably the best story in this book deals with Poopah, the elephant, who on the fourteenth of July drinks to the French Republic, one and indivisible. The bored officials in a tropical town celebrate by treating Poopah to a bucketful of liquor, syrup, and soda water. Thenceforth Poopah craves alcohol and experiences the joy, shame, desires, and degradation of a drunkard. Like the other characters in this book, Poopah makes one wonder if there isn't something in Renan's contention that animals reach out for moral values. Demaison convinces us that a lioness, a marabou stork, an elephant have inner conflicts of dramatic import; that they have imagination and feeling. To give precise form to the imagination of African animals is no easy task. The author follows their motivation—gratitude, affection, nostalgia, curiosity, and even a species of humor. He does it all with unusual intelligence and zest. The book has enjoyed wide popularity in France and richly deserves to succeed in this country. The translation is a capable one and the illustrations by André Duranceau are quite striking.

Spawn: A Novel of Degeneration. By Nat J. Ferber. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

One is at a loss to reconcile critically this novel's moments of power and truth with its weaknesses and fallacies. "Spawn" tells the history of ■ New York village, inclosed by mountains, remote from the world outside, where, during the Civil War, the women were left with only three men in their midst; when later a hundred Vermont quarrymen, come to work the quarries on one of the hills, are billeted on the families over a period of ten years. Inbreeding, incest, venereal diseases, and resulting degeneration afflict the little community, which originates out of hardy, rebellious pioneer stock. Pike Hollow, or "Bastard's Notch" as it comes to be called, is not unique. Off the beaten track of railroads and highways there are such

mmunities throughout the country—not so many now, probly, since the war and the great popularity of the automobile. ut Pike Hollow is extraordinary in that it seems not to have ffered from poverty or undernourishment. One finds it difficult reconcile the wealth (in hard cash) with the isolation and norance. However, Mr. Ferber is drawing the picture of actual village now extinct, and he has the facts. His story s moments of beauty, power, pathos, understanding. Except its more florid passages it is carefully wrought. But he afts on these people emotional and spiritual complexities which ey would never have had either before or after the beginngs of degeneration. Your true backwoods, unlettered ankee is a baffling specimen. Mr. Ferber has studied his eech and manner. He is not so well acquainted with the rings of his emotions.

ast and First Love. By Abel Hermant. Translated by Slater Brown. The Macaulay Company. $2.

This novel, the first by Abel Hermant to be translated into nglish, is a four-part cycle of the adventures of Lord Chelsea, elderly and distinguished English nobleman and cosmopolite. he Gallic wit of the book, consisting in large part of goodumored satirical thrusts at the English, is delightful. The otic strain, salted with a highly sophisticated element of persion, is most delicately now concealed, now suggested. The udies of character and situation, the themes and descriptions, l so far removed from the banalities of the commonplace and e conventional that they seem too delicately tenuous, show a btlety which only a Frenchman can contrive. The last epide, as advertised, does somewhat resemble the trial and crucixion of Oscar Wilde. But in character Lord Chelsea bears ttle or no resemblance to the lord of epigram.

eggars Abroad. By Jim Tully. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

This is a queer book. Jim Tully has written a travel olume, a sort of sentimental journey through England, France, nd Ireland. He wanders at will and at length into storylling, often delightfully; he retails historical and descriptive formation that can hardly be termed novel since most of it is the guidebooks; and he tells of his meetings with celebrities, uch the saddest portion of the book. One suspects that Tully nows what he is about. His simplicity of style covers a wellorked-out pattern, just as his Irish sentiment gives lift to his olly applied craftsmanship. Of course, he is writing not of urope but of Jim Tully, and he probably supplies his naive ts of information with deliberate purpose. But the book oesn't quite come off. The ice is too thin for Mr. Tully's eight. The "Sentimental Journey" becomes in too many places "Innocents Abroad"—except that the humor is wholly nconscious.

he Santa Fé Trail. By R. L. Duffus. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

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Drama

Buried Personalities

WITH the passing of the years my amazement increas as I observe the small reliance which managers p in the stars whom they hire for their shows. particular I am thinking of the men who make the musi shows. Having played truant from the drama for seve weeks the easiest way back seemed through attendance at current revues. I had in mind the fact that starving men said to have died because of taking chops or beefsteak s denly.

But I must confess that even when acclimated and in swing of things I have leaned a little to the lighter form entertainment. A rule of conduct well established for cri is that in all cases of conflict they must choose the dram offering. This custom may be well enough for critics but casual playgoer will do well to reverse it. If a play is it may quite easily be bad all through. In fact, memory c to my mind a score of comedies, farces, and tragedies wh had not one single redeeming feature. Yet even the shabb musical show is likely to contain some snatch of song, s dancing interlude, or bit of foolery which will make the ever something less than wasted.

But in edging my way back to the task of sitting high u a judgment stool I chose entertainments which promised m merely in the wealth of talent displayed upon the signs out the theaters. Surely no trio such as Fannie Brice, Ge Jessel, and Jim Barton could fail utterly. And so I sele "Sweet and Low" (Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theater) my initiation. Nor do they fail, and yet I felt that in t utilization there was grave wastage. I rather think that these three tossed out upon a bare stage could achieve r than they accomplished when all handicapped by lights and tumes and several silly sketches.

Jim Barton is one of the most exciting and humo dancers who ever shook a foot upon a stage, and so it s strange that he should be cast for a revue in which he almost no dancing to do. My theory of the efficacy of th dividual on his own, without benefit of book or chorus, is ported by some small amount of evidence. Many seasons when the actors went on strike, they hastily organized themselves a benefit in some large barnlike structure, on New York's abandoned opera houses. Each one of the r significant people in the revolt ambled out in modern cl and did what came casually to his mind. No producer ever put on a show one-half so good.

It was the first time Broadway ever saw Jim Barton. W in the month he had been lifted from his role as chief hoof a burlesque circuit. And before he had a chance to ap in the production for which he was under contract he f himself a striker. Moreover, at this first volunteer appea he was offered as a substitute for some great star who been unable to put in an appearance. There was a ga disappointment as the unknown recruit was thrust out t the gap. But without any preliminary song or anecdote B began to dance, and the walls came tumbling down.

In "Sweet and Low" I found much amusement i work of George Jessel, who has developed into a so cynical Al Jolson. And naturally Fannie Brice had moments, but there might well have been more. It a seems to me as if the familiar phrase "surrounded by tinguished supporting cast" might read more truthfully word "ambushed" were substituted.

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Mr. Ziegfeld's offering called "Smiles" (Ziegfeld Theater) constitutes an even more tragic waste of high talent. Here again one might readily look forward to a joyful evening secure in the knowledge that the cast contained Fred and Adèle Astaire and Marilyn Miller. All are duly present as advertised, but the plot gets in the way, the costumes confuse things, the scenery and the chorus distract attention. It seems to be impossible for producers to learn that there is something more dazzling than cloth of silver and cloth of gold. That thing is human personality, and one day there will be a musical show in which the director will be intelligent enough to clear the stage and give it a chance to shine.

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"Grand Hotel" (National Theater) is a magnificent assembling of all the old and most thoroughly tried theatrical hokum. There is the dancer, slightly passé, who is revived through love; there is the black sheep of a noble family who, coming to steal, remains to adore; there is the important business conference solved by a neat trick; there is the captain of industry who is paid for the crime of trying to seduce his stenographer by being involved in a murder; and there is the young man who must Get the Money or You Will Not Leave This Place Alive! It is a pleasure to report that all these matters are put together so cunningly, are staged so energetically, and are acted so capitally that "Grand Hotel" becomes one of the plays of the year. It would be hard to find superlatives enough for the half-dozen leading actors; and of them all, Eugénie Leontovich as Madame Grusinskaia is superlatively the best. Beside her most of our American ladies of the theater seem wooden and uninspired. Her performance alone would make the play worth seeing—not once but many times.

D. V. D.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 635
EDITORIALS:
An Unemployment Program 638
Competition and Trusts 639
The Russian Giant 639
The Sins of New York 640
FIGHTING UNEMPLOYMENT. I. ORGANIZING THE LABOR MARKET. By Henry Raymond Mussey 641
SAVE THE CHILDREN. By Florence Kelley 643
LOANS AND REVOLUTIONS. By Drew Pearson 644
SOUTHERN WOMEN ATTACK LYNCHING. By Willie Snow Ethridge 647
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 650
CORRESPONDENCE 651
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:
Suicide by Drowning. By Louise Townsend Nicholl 652
Modern Architecture. By Henry Hazlitt 652
"Czar" Reed. By Louis M. Hacker 653
This Mathematical Universe. By Maynard Shipley 653
Short Stories by Novelists. By Florence Codman 654
The Hoosier Poet. By C. Hartley Grattan 655
Books in Brief 655
Films: The Travel Picture. By Alexander Bakshy 657
Drama: The Third Mrs. Tanqueray. By Heywood Broun 658
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The British Empire in Conference. By J. A. Hobson 662
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 662

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IN HIS SECOND ANNUAL MESSAGE to Congress Mr. Hoover has again failed miserably to apply the constructive leadership and scientific statesmanship which in 1928 were widely advertised as his principal qualifications for the Presidency. The message offers nothing in the way of valuable advice to either Congress or the country. Mr. Hoover admits that "during the past twelve months we have suffered with other nations from economic depression," and he contends that "the number of those wholly out of employment seeking for work was accurately determined by the census last April as about 2,500,000." He devotes a third of his message to a casual examination of this situation, applauding himself for the little work he has done toward relieving the unemployment strain. But aside from approving Senator Wagner's suggestion that a public-construction program be launched to take up the employment slack, he appears wholly unable or unwilling to suggest to Congress any means whereby it might help to correct our economic deficiencies or solve our unemployment problem.

ON THE OTHER GREAT public questions of the day Mr. Hoover is equally noncommittal or meaningless. He dismisses the power issue with an inconsequential recommendation for "effective regulation of interstate electrical power"; he urges an inquiry into the "economic working" of the anti-trust laws, but he has no solution to suggest for remedying the inequities that have arisen under the application of these laws; he confesses to some knowledge of the plight in which the farmers find themselves, and declares that the government would "meet its full obligation" to the farmers by lending them money with which to buy seed and feed for animals; he temporizes on the immigration question, urging that the present laws be made more flexible and declaring that "the whole subject requires exhaustive reconsideration." He lists "Muscle Shoals, bus regulation, relief of congestion in the courts, reorganization of border patrol in prevention of smuggling, law enforcement in the District of Columbia, and other subjects," as among the measures awaiting final disposition in the short session of Congress, and adds that "it is desirable that these measures should be completed." But he makes no attempt to guide Congress as to how it should act upon these questions. As to prohibition and similar measures which are likely to affect his personal political fortunes, he says nothing whatever. The whole message is weighted down with timidity and indecision, where courage and boldness were needed.

THE WORLD COURT PROTOCOL is to come before the Senate at last, notwithstanding Mr. Hoover's noncommittal allusion to it in his Armistice Day speech and the possibility that its submission at this time may clog the legislative wheels in the Senate and necessitate an early session of the new Congress. We doubt if Mr. Hoover, or anybody else except a small group of embattled propagandists, cares very much about the World Court now or is particularly anxious to see the United States a member of it, but Mr. Hoover has probably done rather well politically to get the matter off his hands. He held back the protocol while the London naval conference was on the air so as not to interfere with that program, and he has kept it by him until it was clear that the Geneva disarmament debate was not likely to come to anything. Now he turns it over to the Senate, and if the Senate chooses to reject it, or uses it to embarrass the other business of the short session, it will not be his fault; while if by chance it should be ratified, the event can be represented as a diplomatic success offsetting some rather conspicuous failures in the domestic field. We have already said that the much-praised Root formula seemed to us only a piece of word-juggling, and we see no reason to change that opinion.

THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE COMMITTEE has not been particularly happy in its choice of American recipients of the prize. Viewed in retrospect, neither President Roosevelt, who was awarded the prize in 1906, nor President Wilson, who was similarly distinguished in 1919, appears to have contributed notably to world peace, and Ambassador Dawes, who joined the list in 1925, had no more to do with the actual framing of the reparations plan that bears his name than had others of his associates in

the undertaking. The selection of Frank B. Kellogg for the award as of 1929 in recognition of his services in originating and carrying through the Kellogg-Briand anti-war pact was probably inevitable after a previous award to M. Briand, but it nevertheless singles out for honor a man whose career in American politics is inseparably associated with reaction, and whose efforts to explain that reservations—or "interpretations," as he preferred to call them—made by any nation before the pact was accepted did not really mean anything are creditable only to his legal ingenuity. For his insistence, however, while the phraseology of the pact was being discussed, that the proposed renunciation should not be limited to aggressive war, and his firm stand against making the United States a party to any alliance or agreement to enforce peace by arms, he is entitled to commendation, and if his share in an undertaking whose obligation makes strange reading in the light of French militarism and American naval building appears to the administrators of the Nobel prize worthy of heralding, the United States can stand it.

SENATOR ROBINSON of Arkansas is reported as having made "a working agreement" with Mr. Hoover in the matter of the adoption of a program of legislative procedure for the short session of Congress, particularly in connection with measures intended to overcome the business depression and unemployment. However commendable this may be for the moment, Mr. Robinson has thereby betrayed his position as leader of the Senate minority. Under our party system of government the minority theoretically acts as a check upon the majority. In ordinary times this check may not be so necessary, but in extraordinary times like the present it is essential that it be exercised to its fullest extent. The theory that there must be no opposition in periods of stress, but that party lines and principles must be submerged in the interest of the common good, is exactly the theory upon which European dictatorships have been built.

A WASHINGTON DISPATCH forecasts the plan reported to be agreed on by President Hoover's committee for the transfer of the public lands to the States in which they are located. The plan, it is said, represents a compromise between Secretary Wilbur's original proposal to transfer only the surface rights and the demand of the public-land States that the subsurface rights as well be included. At the time of the President's original suggestion in the summer of 1929 we pointed out the dangers involved: "Give the States the surface rights today, and tomorrow for the same reasons you may give them the mineral rights, the power rights, and the forests." If the tentative proposals published do not arouse the storm of protest that we hope they will stir up, then we shall apparently not have to wait for tomorrow to see the beginning of the fulfilment of our forecast. The last two proposals are for "interstate agreements covering water control and elimination of theories of federal ownership and control, with dismissal of all pending cases predicated upon such policies" and "recognition of State sovereignty in dealing with control, development, and utilization of resources." Will those Americans who remember the fundamental importance of controlling natural resources sit by calmly while the Hoover Administration relinquishes control of their remaining land heritage?

AN EXTENSIVE PROGRAM is being prepared for Congressional enactment by the Association of Railway Executives, representing all the Class I railroads. According to Mr. Charles C. Paulding, vice-president of the New York Central lines, the program will include extension of the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission to coastwise steamship lines, authorization of the railroads to operate steamships coastwise and on the Great Lakes and also to operate buses and trucks, regulation of interstate passenger-bus operation and imposition of bus and truck licensing fees adequate to meet the costs of maintaining highways, and application to pipelines of the restriction now resting on railroads against transporting commodities of which they are the owners, thus requiring the oil companies to divest themselves of the pipelines. The Transportation Act of 1920 was hailed as a great constructive measure for the stabilization of railroad income and the consequent improvement of service. Motor competition, however, has cut deeply into traffic. Freight carried increased by 62.2 per cent from 1910 to 1920, but only by 8.8 per cent from 1920 to 1929, while passenger traffic, which grew by 46.5 per cent during the first-named decade, actually fell by 34.2 per cent during the second nine years. Our effort to combine private operation and competition with some sort of assured return to railroad-security holders is being subjected to a severe test, and the net result is likely to be to hasten the inevitable day of government operation.

MR. HOOVER has refused to submit to the dictation of the American Federation of Labor in selecting a new Secretary of Labor. He has named William N. Doak, legislative agent of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, to the post just vacated by James J. Davis. Mr. Hoover was unquestionably right in administering this rebuff to the federation. Neither this organization nor any other has a monopoly on any of the public offices in this country. President Green's contention that Mr. Doak stands "outside the recognized American labor movement" is, of course, buncombe of the most puerile sort. Mr. Doak's record shows that he is just as much a part of the reactionary labor aristocracy, which finds its widest expression in the A. F. of L., as any candidate Mr. Green might have found among his followers. We believe that the new Secretary of Labor will serve quite as usefully and ably as did the humble iron puddler who preceded him. What we question is the wisdom of choosing a legislative agent, or lobbyist, to give him his proper title, as the new Secretary. Mr. Hoover probably could have found a more truly national leader of labor than is this man who has long been identified with one of the most conservative wings of the labor movement.

A STRIKE has been in progress in the Danville, Virginia, textile district since September 29, when 4,000 workers walked out, protesting the "stretch-out" system and maintaining the right to organize. The Danville mills are widely known for their welfare work and their system of "industrial democracy," and the strike is more or less a test of strength between the mill owners and the United Textile Workers, the organization conducting the strike. Early in the struggle Judge Turner Clement issued an injunction which recognized the right of peaceable persuasion, but forbade pick-

ets from going on mill property. When the mill management sought to have mill executives deputized to guard the property, Judge Clement wisely refused, holding local police protection sufficient, and the police officials have managed until recently to maintain cordial relations with both sides. During the last week of November, disorders which the strikers attributed to strike-breakers and Communists "employed by the management" broke out, and the local authorities declared themselves unable to keep order, whereupon Governor Pollard ordered 600 members of the Virginia National Guard to Danville, to stay as long as needed. An earlier offer of the Governor for arbitration of the questions at issue was declined by H. R. Fitzgerald, president of the mills, and the invitation of Secretary Davis to Mr. Fitzgerald to go to church with the godly Secretary on Sunday, November 30, "and then meet in Christian fellowship around the conference table in the afternoon" has yielded no tangible results. The strikers appear to have acted with unusual self-restraint and the authorities with uncommon fairness. We hope that the stubborn resistance of the management may not result in the starving out of the strikers in their admirable fight for the elementary right of organization.

THE REFUSAL, by the Supreme Court of California, to recommend a pardon for Warren K. Billings, convicted with Tom Mooney in the Preparedness Day bombings fourteen years ago, does not, unfortunately, come as a surprise. The history of the case, and the attitude taken by responsible State officials from the Governor down, could not have inspired hope except in the most determined of optimists. Last summer after pardon for Billings had been first denied, when the supposedly perjured testimony of John MacDonald, prosecution witness in the trial, was reviewed before the court, it was evident that the sympathy of the jurists was not with the two convicted men. The case against them, which has been open on the books for fourteen years, has not closed but entered a new phase. California will in January have a new governor; it will in time have a new court; there will be other petitions, other reviews, other examinations, perhaps, of witnesses and testimony. Meanwhile Mooney and Billings will remain in jail—whether for knowing who threw a bomb, for throwing another bomb maybe in another place, or merely for being workers and organizers in the labor movement and therefore unwelcome to the capitalists of the State of California. The creed of the latter is simple: The only good Indian is a dead Indian; the only good labor agitator is a labor agitator in jail.

POLAND UNDER PILSUDSKI continues to play the part of the bad boy of Europe. Only recently Polish troops began a reign of terror against the Ruthenians of Eastern Galicia. Since then this method of attempting to instil patriotic love for Poland into the breasts of minority peoples has been tried upon the Germans of Polish Upper Silesia. In connection with the elections to the provincial Sejm, mobs of Poles, abetted by the Polish police and other local authorities, sought to intimidate German voters by attacking them in the streets or by entering their homes and smashing their furniture. Six persons were killed in the rioting. Despite the terrorism the Pilsudski candidates won only 19 of the 48 seats in the provincial Sejm. Berlin has announced that it will demand that the League Council institute a thorough investigation. Clearly the fault is not wholly Poland's. There is also much uncontrolled bitterness and there are any number of hot-heads on the German side of the line. Furthermore, the German fascist motion introduced in the Reichstag asking that a volunteer patrol of 1,000 men be stationed along the border to "quell Polish excesses" will not go far toward establishing goodwill. Yet the evidence at hand puts the major share of the blame upon Poland. Pilsudski, whose position at home is none too secure, should be awakened to the extreme peril of playing with fire along the German border, which is one of the sorest of the sore spots of Europe.

MOTHER JONES waited to round out her century before she died. And although she spent the last of her hundred years in bed, she was not without her old fire. She could talk vigorously—and profanely—to visitors; she could make peace with John D. Rockefeller, one of her old enemies; she could keep up with the American labor movement which had engaged her energy and her passions for sixty years. When she was thirty-seven, a yellow-fever epidemic killed her husband, an iron molder, and her four children. By 1870 she had begun to devote herself to the cause of labor, beginning with the striking employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the miners in West Virginia, who were in the midst of their fierce struggles to organize. She was a tireless speaker, the typical "labor agitator," who held the cause of the workingman nearer her heart than any other. Her personal reward came when President Taft asked her to the White House to discuss labor problems; but more reward than that was a strike honestly won, or bad working conditions decently ameliorated. Though she was a fighter and a woman she was opposed to woman suffrage; though she was a reformer and a woman she hated prohibition and never lost an opportunity to take a fling at it; though she was a labor leader she was unqualifiedly averse to socialism. She leaves no successor with half her courage or her fire.

"LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER" was not admitted to this country during D. H. Lawrence's lifetime. The book was too vile for our customs authorities. It was never, in consequence, granted an American copyright. As a result there are now at least four editions of the book in the American market—first, bootlegged copies of the authentic Italian edition; second, bootlegged copies of a pirated edition printed in America; third, bootlegged copies of an authorized French edition; and, finally, a pirated edition, printed here, sufficiently bowdlerized and emasculated to get past the postal authorities and the local police. This last edition is now being sold in otherwise reputable bookstores, and advertisements for it have been accepted by otherwise reputable newspapers. Presumably the authorities will do nothing about it, for the four-letter words which they find so horrifying when they see them in print are not in the present book as they were in Lawrence's original story. The present novel, therefore, is not "immoral"; it is merely an act of robbery. We trust, however, that the bookstores as a whole will have enough self-respect not to act as receivers of stolen goods.

An Unemployment Program

WHAT shall we do about unemployment? The question reechoes today through almost every country on earth except Russia, which, in the midst of an incredibly swift industrialization under a unified plan of operation, suffers a shortage of man power. Here in the United States we have refused to face the question, but we can refuse no longer.

As a result of our shameful neglect, our first thought must be simply relief of immediate suffering. That means improvised jobs and, despite all pious phrases, charity. By this time we have committees enough to coordinate this, and cooperate in that, and in general to urge somebody else to do something. Now let everyone who can give generously, and let our private relief organizations administer the funds carefully and generously. The States and cities, too, must give—direct appropriations for unemployment relief where necessary, in close cooperation with existing agencies, in order to reduce the inevitable waste and graft to a minimum. The Mayor of New York calls for $2,000,000 a month to take care of 40,000 out of the 46,000 unemployed families shown by the police census. It represents but a fraction of the known need. The Emergency Committee for Public Works is demanding a federal bond issue of $1,000,000,000 for public works essentially as a relief measure. Let the armories be open, with proper sleeping facilities, for homeless men. Let us do the work of "relief" thoroughly, as penance for our social sins, and then let us turn our thoughts to measures of prevention for the future.

First, we must organize the labor market. We need a national system of public labor exchanges. Many cities and States have organized exchanges, but city and State action cannot meet the problem, however helpful such action may be locally. We urge that the States immediately indicate their purpose to take advantage of the federal subsidy to State exchanges proposed in the Wagner bill, if and when enacted, with the understanding that uniform procedures will be developed with a view to incorporation in a genuinely national system. Congress ought without delay to pass the Wagner bill, unemasculated by the House amendments, and to make generous appropriations for the statistical and placement activities of the national employment service cooperating with those of the States. With a real national system of exchanges set up and functioning effectively, we can with some hope of success again raise the question of abolishing private agencies, and clearing all labor through a unified, free public system.

Thus we should move straight forward to unemployment insurance. Voluntary private plans will never cover more than a fraction of the workers, and we must not be diverted from the real task by any idea that they will meet the need. The United States ought to utilize the rich European experience, and side by side with labor exchanges develop compulsory public-insurance plans on an actuarial basis, with employers, employees, and the government contributing, perhaps equally, and with benefits held strictly within actual insurance limits. If extraordinary unemployment at any time makes it necessary to go beyond those limits, let the State meet the whole cost and not ask the insurance system to carry an impossible load. Under our conditions, we believe that such action would rarely be necessary. If anyone criticizes this extension as a "dole" let him suggest something better, or else admit his preference for charity.

In the present constitutional position, how can the federal government do its duty in respect to insurance? It can certainly, on the subsidy principle, offer to match State funds for insurance, dollar for dollar, again with a view to a national system in which State systems would ultimately be merged. The money for that purpose ought to come, in first instance, from higher income surtaxes and estate taxes. The 15,780 persons who in 1928 had incomes above $100,000 received in all $4,903,000,000 and paid income and surtaxes of $700,000,000, or a little more than 14 per cent. To raise this figure to 25 per cent (an extremely moderate rate) would make a half-billion dollars annually available to subsidize State insurance systems, and would be a trifling move in the direction of reducing that inequality of distribution which now imperils our economic and social system. We could thus take the first step toward a national insurance scheme.

Organization of the labor market and unemployment insurance by themselves will not solve the problem of unemployment, as the experience of Great Britain and Germany since the war indicates. In fact, insurance may be so handled as to increase the number of men out of work. The great preventive of unemployment is the stabilization of industry, and both publicly and privately we must use every possible means to that end. Our most powerful single agency, the Federal Reserve System, prostituted under the present and the preceding Administration to purposes of stock gambling and political advantage, must in future be used primarily for stability. There are possibilities, exaggerated in recent discussions, in the long-time planning of public works. Let both federal and State governments now draw up carefully studied plans of needed public improvements, extending over, say, ten years or more; let them secure the necessary bond authorizations; and then let the less pressing items be held back against the next period of hard times. Something can be done thus. The major task, however—that of keeping fundamental industries running on an even keel—requires planning and action on a nation-wide and a world-wide scale. The conquest of unemployment requires not only a national economic council to organize a planned national economy, but an international economic conference to work out the methods of international organization and control essential to a stable world industrial order. Today certain short-sighted captains of industry and finance and their political satellites all over the world bedevil all efforts at national and international organization that threaten to interfere in any way with their pursuit of profits. They may be well assured that the success of their endeavors will spell disaster; for unless the industrial leaders and the political rulers of the Western World can find a way to stabilize industry and get rid of the miseries of unemployment, the men who work and suffer will some day overturn their rule. If we do not want communism, let us abolish unemployment.

Competition and Trusts

IT cannot be said that the recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the motion-picture cases have done much to rid our federal anti-trust policy of its complexities. To be sure, the case against the defendant corporations was reasonably clear under the Sherman act. Ten of the largest producers and distributors of films, controlling 60 per cent of the business in the country, had adopted a standard form of contract with exhibitors, and then combined through thirty-two film boards of trade with other distributors who with themselves controlled 98 per cent of the entire business. One of the features of the contract was a provision for compulsory arbitration before the film boards of trade of disputes between distributors and exhibitors. The agreement appears to have been voluntary with those who originated it, and its provisions were the result of six years of discussion and experiment, but exhibitors who were opposed to the contract found themselves compelled to sign it in order to obtain films. In the case of a group headed by First National Pictures, the practice of cutting off the supply of films from motion-picture houses which did not post security with credit committees of the film boards of trade when the ownership of a theater was transferred was also found to be coercive.

Under these circumstances, the court had no difficulty in holding that the standard contract and rules of arbitration were not such "normal and usual agreements in aid of trade and commerce" as the courts have been inclined to tolerate, and that "unusual arrangements," entered into "under the guise of arbitration," which "unreasonably suppress normal competition" could not escape the charge of illegality. Nor was it necessary to show, the court held, in order to establish violation of the Sherman act, that the arrangement suppressed all competition or that the parties were discontented with it. "The interest of the public in the preservation of competition," the court declared, "is the primary consideration. The prohibitions of the state cannot be evaded by good motives. The law is its own measure of right and wrong, of what it permits or forbids, and the judgment of the courts cannot be set up against it in a supposed accommodation of its policy with the good intention of parties and, it may be, of some good results."

The sweeping pronouncement is reported to have raised in some quarters the question whether the court has not here abandoned the "rule of reason" which it invented some years ago in order to allow "good" trusts to go on while leaving "bad" ones by the wayside. As a matter of fact, it appears to have embraced both horns of the dilemma. In the same breath in which Justice McReynolds declares that the Sherman act "seeks to protect the public against evils commonly incident to the *unreasonable* destruction of competition" he also affirms that the judgment of the courts cannot be set up against a law which is "its own measure of . . . what it permits or forbids." What would have happened if there had been no element of compulsion in the case is, of course, guesswork, but a decision which speaks of the statutory proscription as if the word "reasonable" were a part of it, which it is not, and then appears to adjudge the case according to the strict letter of the law, obviously does not indicate which way the court is likely to jump when its judgment is again invoked.

Undoubtedly the whole question of trust regulation bristles with difficulty. The particular evils which the Sherman act aimed to meet have largely ceased to exist, but there is nevertheless a widespread feeling that unless competition is preserved the business of the country will shortly be controlled by monopolies and the consumer will have to pay all that the traffic will bear. On the other hand, it is obvious that the trend of a machine age is toward centralization and consolidation, and that the field of effective and profitable competition is everywhere being narrowed. The rigid prohibition of the Sherman act is unquestionably a bar to the formation of trusts whose operations, from most points of view at least, represent a natural economic development, but the difficulty is not wisely met by allowing the courts to usurp legislative power by reading into the statute a qualification that is not there, nor by permitting the Department of Justice to grant a tentative immunity from prosecution by saying in advance that a proposed combination is in its eyes objectionable.

There are weighty objections to repealing the Sherman act altogether and leaving the trusts to go on unchecked. Small business men would have less chance than ever of keeping their heads above water, and the exactions of the trusts, as well as their influence in politics, would not be long in becoming intolerable. There is no reason, however, why the act should not be amended to make it conform to the facts of changed economic conditions. To straddle the issue as the United States has long been doing means no good to anybody.

The Russian Giant

OUR ultra-patriots in Washington are hammering away again at the Russian menace. They have succeeded in persuading the Treasury to change its policy with regard to the importation of Russian products, but this has not satisfied them. Their ultimate goal is legislation that will effectively and unmistakably bar all Russian goods from the United States market, and they appear prepared to go to any absurd length to achieve this end.

It was rather surprising that the new Treasury regulations should not have sufficed to appease these superpatriots. Certainly under the order the Commissioner of Customs can with little stretch of the imagination keep out any Russian commodity the importation of which might in any way annoy or injure American business interests. Section 307 of the Tariff Act of 1930 prohibits the importation of convict-made goods. The new regulations throw the burden of proof upon the importer when a shipment is challenged (and such a challenge can be issued by any interested person in the United States). The importer must furnish a certificate from the shipper or seller setting forth that the merchandise in question is not the product of convict labor. Even then the customs officials need not admit the goods in question if "the commissioner [of customs] decides that the merchandise was mined, produced, or manufactured, wholly or in part, by convict labor." Thus the Commissioner of Customs is clothed with arbitrary power to prohibit the importa-

tion, if he deems it proper or politic, of whatever goods may be challenged.

Both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon have endeavored to make it appear that the Treasury order was not directed primarily against Russian products. This may, of course, be true, but it is extremely difficult to see how any other interpretation can be placed on the order after all the recent agitation against the admission of Russian timber, pulpwood, coal, and manganese ore. There has been no agitation against the acceptance of the merchandise of any other country on the ground that it was or might be the product of convict labor. Mr. Hoover has been represented as wishing to avoid a trade conflict with Russia and as having expressed the hope that economic relations with the Soviet Union would continue. Obviously, American trade with Russia, which in the period from October, 1929, to March, 1930, involved exports from the United States amounting to $64,000,000, and imports totaling $10,000,000, is something worth preserving. But the President cannot hope to have Russia continue to buy in this country if the government insists upon hampering Russian sales here, even though Mr. Hoover attempts to soothe Moscow with the suggestion that the Treasury regulations are not directed against Russian goods alone.

Difficult as it may be for Russian goods to get over the new Treasury barrier, the Wolls and the Oddies and the others want still more effective restrictions. They want a complete embargo, no matter what its effect on the Russian trade Mr. Hoover desires to preserve. They paint terrifying pictures of a Russian economic conspiracy; they accuse Moscow of seeking to wreck the American home and undermine our national defenses by its sales in this country. They are resorting to every questionable kind of argument to make more effective their appeal to the average American through his pocketbook, through his family instinct, and through his sense of patriotism. The same specious arguments are being turned upon Congress. These anti-reds are ostensibly demanding protection against the dumping of either Russian goods or Russian propaganda into this country. They actually are demanding that the Russian problem be legislated out of existence.

Nothing could be more futile. Russian success or failure depends upon the Russians themselves, not upon the character of a few domestic laws that may be adopted by the United States. If Russia fails, the sound and fury now issuing out of Washington will not have contributed to its downfall. If success is the Soviets' lot, we shall be confronted with a real Russian problem that cannot be held back by customs embargoes. The permanent establishment of communism along the lines Lenin dreamed of will provide an alluring goal for our own working classes unless we do something to augment their comforts, increase their contentment, and eliminate the many economic and social inequities under which they are now laboring. Moreover, the Soviet state, through its trade monopoly, will offer the severest sort of competition to private American traders in the foreign field, not only in the marketing of raw materials, to which Russian foreign trade is now primarily confined, but also in the sale of manufactured products. That is the real Russian problem. Embargoes will not solve it. Only by bringing our own house into order can we hope successfully to compete with this great giant who is rising in the East.

The Sins of New York

UNDER the above title Edward Van Every writes running comment for illustrations taken copiously from the immortal *Police Gazette* in its best days. Under the title of "Peter Arno's Hullabaloo" Mr. Arno draws his own pictures and writes his own comment—or leaves it out when it is superfluous—his subject being substantially the same: the sins of New York, not in 1845 or somewhat later, but in this particular year of grace.

At first glance they would seem to be very different kinds of sins, but careful scrutiny reveals the fact that they do not differ so much after all. Only the emphasis is different. In the *Police Gazette* New Yorkers saw their city shown up for the dangerous woman she was. There were Predatory Females who preyed on an unsuspecting gentleman out for a good time. They befuddled him with wine and stole his watch and chain; they met him in the park and robbed him after he had succumbed to their blandishments; they lured him to gambling dens, they entertained him lavishly in dance halls, they did not scruple to betray by their wiles, if they could, the clergy or the statesman. In the course of all this, there was occasion for a display of feminine curves that filled the eye of the beholder, while the tone of the picture and its moral emphasis soothed him for the pleasure he got out of looking.

Mr. Arno, of course, draws under another sky altogether. A well-turned ankle in a high-buttoned boot is no longer enough to satisfy a population surfeited with pictures of ladies in negligee. Mr. Arno's ladies disclose sections of their anatomy that would have made even a hardened Police Gazeteer turn the page with a blush. But they are no less predatory. They do not, it is true, betray the innocent gentlemen whom they meet casually of an evening. They do not steal watches or purses—not right out. They betray instead their husbands, their lovers, their tradesmen, their women friends, their children. They betray by disloyalty, by lies, by hypocrisy, by the grossest of self-deceptions. And in the process they are as drunk and disorderly as any group culled at random from the *Police Gazette*.

This is not to say that Mr. Arno is not excruciatingly funny, with, as Robert Benchley says in his preface, the "dementia which amounts to genius." But anybody who fails to see Mr. Arno as a moralist, though of a slightly different sort than some of his predecessors, fails to see him at all. He not only pictures ladies who have deceived their husbands, which might conceivably have occurred to a moralist of the *Police Gazette* era, but who are betraying the new and "modern" and supposedly more honest code of morals which has in a measure replaced the old code. His young ladies are quite willing, for example, to marry a man with whom their somewhat unconventional romance is already outworn. What a pass have we come to in this city, says Mr. Arno in effect, when we not only violate the conventional code, but are equally untrue to the code we have set up in its place!

Finally, Mr. Arno, while he is being moral, is not only being funny but what the mode of his day calls risqué. If there is any closer parallel than this to the *Police Gazette*, it is surely not needed to prove that he is the legitimate successor to the artists of that worthy sheet.

Fighting Unemployment
I. Organizing the Labor Market*

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

UNEMPLOYMENT has become a permanent feature of American life. In no year since 1920, it is safe to say, has the average number of workers out of a job in non-agricultural employments fallen as low as 1,500,000. In the worst years it has probably been three times as great, students of the subject tell us, though nobody knows even approximately the actual number today. The difference between good and bad times is one of degree, but during good times we forget the whole thing. The more reason, then, that we should not let the present crisis pass without making at least a start on policies that give promise of reducing unemployment in future and eliminating its worst results. Organization of the labor market, unemployment insurance, and stabilization of industry—these are the lines of attack on which scientific students of unemployment have centered attention, and no need for immediate relief measures ought to be allowed to divert attention from them.

At present we can think of nothing but unemployment due to hard times, or in more elegant language, to cyclical fluctuation of industry. As a matter of fact, the best figures that we have (poor enough at that) indicate that over any considerable period of time such fluctuation does not account for even as much as one-half of our total unemployment, the remaining amount being due to seasonal irregularity, the displacement of men by the introduction of better machinery and organization (technological unemployment), and casual labor, such as exists among the dockers of an unorganized port. Cyclical unemployment, from which we are now suffering, is the most spectacular of all, is due to causes the least understood, and is therefore the hardest to attack. It will be the less puzzling, the better we are able to isolate it from unemployment due to other causes. Full, accurate, prompt, and continuous knowledge of employment conditions throughout the country is a prerequisite to intelligent action in meeting other kinds of unemployment and thus paving the way to an attack on the baffling problem of cyclical fluctuation. Such knowledge it is impossible to get without a comprehensive organization of the labor market, and that organization is therefore a first condition of any intelligent program to prevent unemployment. It is a means both to knowledge and to direct prevention.

Nation-wide organization of the labor market in a huge country like this will be largely organization by industrial districts. State lines mean little. Yet our efforts in the past have necessarily run largely along State lines. Aside from the efforts of trade unions to inform their members of work opportunities, aside from the work of private fee-charging agencies, and aside from the short-lived war-time Federal Employment Service, what little has hitherto been done in organizing employment exchanges has been done by the States and municipalities. Yet according to the report of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in 1929, the total appropriations of all the State governments together for this purpose amounted to but $1,203,906, of which sum Illinois alone expended more than one-sixth. There were only 170 State and municipal public employment offices in the entire country. On June 25 last the number had risen to 176. Plainly enough, under the best conditions these more or less isolated efforts could not possibly meet the country-wide need for bringing together the worker and the job, to say nothing of furnishing the comprehensive and continuous information that is necessary.

But no one familiar with the history of these bureaus would maintain that most of them have worked satisfactorily. I quote the words of Benjamin M. Squires, chairman of the General Advisory Board of Illinois, who speaks understandingly and sympathetically of the work of such offices:

> Their answer [that of personnel men] concurred with my own views as to public employment offices wherever they have been set up; and that is that the best labor does not apply there. And when they have tried to get help from the public employment offices they find the men sent do not fit the job. They state in further detail that the public employment offices are not well located, not well planned, not well staffed; that the personnel of the public employment offices is frequently controlled by political influence; and that the insecurity of the job makes it difficult to secure competent help through those offices.

Too often, as Mr. Squires suggests, State employment offices have been havens for political hacks; yet even so the record is by no means wholly barren, and in some cases notable and encouraging advances have been made recently.

Even if the record is somewhat discouraging, then, it ought to be noted that what little we know about the facts of unemployment we owe largely to the work of State departments of labor, like those of Massachusetts and New York, which over a period of years, with the cooperation of trade unions and employers, have been patiently building up a system of regular reports. The federal Bureau of Labor Statistics also, cooperating with the State bureaus, and depending on the direct reports of employers in States where such cooperation does not exist, now receives, directly and indirectly, reports from establishments employing almost 5,000,000 workers. Its monthly figures give some information, at least, about the total number and proportion of unemployed workers in manufacturing, mining, public utilities, and trade. The bureau's ill-advised efforts of last winter to get weekly reports for a time, in response to orders from above, threw the whole reporting situation into confusion; and the results were used by the Administration, it will be remembered, to throw dust into the eyes of the public. Reporting machinery cannot be devised overnight. The bureau recently called attention sharply to the fact that nobody

* The first of a series of three articles. The second, Unemployment Insurance, will appear in the issue of December 17.—EDITOR THE NATION.

knows, and that it is nobody's business to know, even the total number of men out of work throughout the country at any given time, to say nothing of having the body of detailed information by industries and localities that we need. It is in such a situation that we have now to take action. While State and local activity are important, national action is absolutely necessary if anything important is to be accomplished. We cannot solve a national problem without dealing with it on a nation-wide scale.

The Wagner bills are a first step in the right direction. After a hard fight, in which the Administration for the better part of three years was consistently on the wrong side, the first of these bills (S. 3061) was passed by both houses of Congress and signed by the President on July 7 last. By failing to make any appropriation, however, Congress made it of no effect for the time being. The bill appears innocuous enough. It simply directs the Bureau of Labor Statistics to collect and publish monthly statistics of employment as indicated by number of persons employed, total wages paid, and total hours of employment, in manufacturing, mining, construction, agriculture, transportation and public utilities, and retail and wholesale trade. The bureau is also authorized to arrange with State and municipal agencies for their help in getting the figures. The importance of this law consists in its promise and its possibility, not in its actual prescriptions. Once we accept national responsibility for learning and publishing the elementary facts of employment and unemployment, the work may be developed as desired, and in time we may get full current information. It is not hard to show, however, that such information will always be incomplete in the absence of the labor registration that is a prerequisite of insurance.

The second bill (S. 3060) has passed the Senate and has been held up by Administration forces in the House, where it is being dangerously attacked by the process of amendment. The bill as passed by the Senate directs the Bureau of Labor Statistics "to establish and maintain a national system of employment offices" and "to assist in establishing and maintaining systems of public employment offices in the several States and the political subdivisions thereof." An annual appropriation of $4,000,000 is contemplated, of which $3,000,000 is to be available for distribution among the States, in proportion to population, to aid in the maintenance of State and municipal employment offices. In each case the State must accept the provisions of the federal act and must appropriate an amount at least equal to the subsidy it will receive. Further, the State agency must be carried on in accordance with plans approved by the Director General of the federal Employment Service. The familiar scheme of federal subsidy to the States, which has been successfully applied in the case of road building, maternity work, and other activities, would thus be used to stimulate the activity of the States, to bring about as far as possible uniform policies and procedures, and to unite the various State and federal offices into a single national system, without taking away the independence or responsibility of the States, although they would be held to federal standards just as in road work. The federal bureau would be charged with the responsibility for publishing information on employment opportunities and for clearing labor among the States—a function not possible for the State bureaus.

This bill has received the support of scientific students and civic organizations all over the country. It was opposed in the House hearings last spring only by the National Association of Manufacturers and the private employment agencies, which latter fear the effects on their business of a thoroughly organized and well-managed nation-wide system of employment exchanges. Mr. James A. Emery, for the manufacturers, urged the menace of federal bureaucracy and the invasion of States' rights. Proposed House amendments tend simply to weaken the bill, and it is to be hoped that they will not be embodied in the measure as finally passed. Among other things, such amendments would reduce the salary of the director of the proposed employment service, and would take away the authorization to establish and maintain uniform standards, policies, and procedure among the States, and to aid in the transportation of workers going to employment. The bill as passed by the Senate is by no means perfect. The authorized appropriation of $3,000,000 a year that is proposed for State subsidies during the period up to June 30, 1934, if matched by equal State appropriations, would make available for the State offices some $6,000,000, a sum five times as great as that expended by the States before the business depression. Even so, the amount will be inadequate if the system grows as it ought to, and adequate appropriations will have to be forthcoming as the work develops. More serious is the fact that the bill, as expounded by Senator Wagner to the House Committee on the Judiciary, would not give to the federal Employment Service the power to require, as a condition of subsidy, the appointment of employees of State offices under civil-service regulations. If the practical result of the Wagner bills were to be simply the subsidizing of State employment offices politically manned and run, then we should have merely a fresh waste of public money. The matter is one of importance if we are to build up a national employment service and not a set of State bureaus cursed with political personnel, as they have often been cursed in the past.

The bill ought to be safeguarded in this particular, and driven through to enactment in the present session essentially in the form in which it was passed by the Senate. If this be done, we shall have the beginning of a national employment service, even though its form be much more decentralized than is theoretically desirable. The essential thing is not theoretical perfection, but the setting up of a practical and workable system, national in character, operation, and outlook, yet adjusted to local peculiarities and difficulties. It is not necessary to do more than suggest the possibilities of such a service if it were given the ungrudging support of the Administration and of Congress, and were put under the direction of any one of half a dozen competent students and administrators who are at present to be found in the federal and State administrative services and in the universities as well.

Advocates of such a system, however, ought not to exaggerate what it can accomplish. Assume that passage of the Wagner bills is only the first step in establishing a national system of employment offices, and that such a system will be fully developed. Even so it can only prevent a certain undetermined amount of unemployment by bringing together unemployed men and vacant jobs when both exist, and can furnish certain essential information to serve as a basis for stabilization procedure, and for insurance when unemployment cannot be prevented. At present workers

spend millions of dollars on "situations wanted" advertising in the newspapers and many more millions for the services of fee-charging private agencies. The abuses of this type of agency are so grave that a number of European countries and five Canadian provinces have prohibited their operation entirely. The Supreme Court of the United States, however, has held, though with strong dissenting opinions, not only that a State may not prohibit such agencies, but that it may not even regulate the fees charged by them. For the present, therefore, whatever the future may hold in store, a public system of employment offices will have to establish itself in the face of private competition. It cannot be the exclusive and all-inclusive agency for the placement and clearing of labor. Therefore the information at its disposal cannot be complete, and accordingly it cannot perform either its placement or its information task with theoretical perfection. Only as a public employment service is combined with some kind of insurance system under which all workers are registered with that service as a condition of enjoying insurance benefits, does its work approach such perfection. Public opinion in this country has not yet accepted any general system of unemployment insurance, however rapidly it may be moving in that direction. We cannot hope immediately, then, for anything better than a partially effective employment service. The more reason for taking promptly the first necessary steps, in order to prepare the way for the next ones.

Save the Children

By FLORENCE KELLEY

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S third White House Conference on Child Health and Protection has been held. It is too soon clearly to foresee what may emerge as its ultimate result for good or evil. It cannot be adequately interpreted without reference to its predecessors. A few nights before President Roosevelt's first White House Conference he was dining informally in a settlement on the lower East Side of New York City with a little group of intimate friends acquired chiefly during his lively career as police commissioner. One of them asked him point-blank: "What are you expecting of our special group?"

"Oh," said Roosevelt, "come and bring all your best thoughts with you! This conference is not mine. It is yours and the children's. I am only your sounding board, your reverberator."

The company and hundreds of others attended the conference, and out of it there emerged in concrete, legislative form in 1912 Lillian Wald's dream of a center, somewhere in the federal government, for all the needs, known and still unknown, of all the country's children. President Taft signed in 1912 the bill that created the federal Children's Bureau.

Early in 1919 the Children's Bureau, the first of its kind in the world, having served wisely and faithfully under the able and imaginative administration of Julia Clifford Lathrop, received from President Wilson (in addition to its routine appropriation) the sum of $100,000 from the $100,000,000 which Congress had voted to the President to be used as he saw fit in reconstruction work. There ensued the world-famous Children's Year.

From Belgium came Dr. René Sands, from England Doctors Newsholme and Newman and other medical authorities on maternal and infant mortality. Everywhere they preached the duty of governments to stimulate local authorities to help make childbirth safe, anticipate its dangers with prenatal care, and thus reduce the appalling number of motherless homes.

As our older boys and girls owed the immeasurable benefits of their bureau to President Roosevelt's first White House Conference, so the children of the present owe to President Wilson's farsighted encouragement of the bureau in the Children's Year, 1919, that concentration of the nation's thought upon preventable deaths of mothers and babies which led Congress to enact, in 1921, the Sheppard-Towner Act for Maternity and Infancy, and to extend it, in 1927, for two years ending June 30, 1929.

But what of the third White House Conference? It has served to reveal clearly at last President Hoover's long ill-concealed intent to dismember and destroy the federal Children's Bureau to whose upbuilding his predecessors, Presidents Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge, contributed, each in his own way. The dominant interest of this year's conference was the overwhelming protest of the delegates against the committee recommendation that all medical work of the federal Children's Bureau be transferred to the United States Public Health Service. The recommendation split the conference on Thursday morning, November 20, and there was no subsequent reconciliation. On Saturday morning, the closing day, Secretary Wilbur announced that the recommendation would not be further discussed, but would go to a Continuation Committee to be appointed by President Hoover. Any recommendation of that committee can, however, have no final effect, for Congressional action is needed to give validity to a transfer.

Dismemberment of the bureau had been recommended at a July meeting in Chicago of a committee appointed nearly a year ago, with Dr. Bishop of Cleveland as chairman. Miss Grace Abbott, a member of the committee and chief of the Children's Bureau since 1921, dissented and filed a minority report. This minority report was suppressed, and is not included in the cloth-bound preliminary volume of 600 pages confidentially put forth by the Department of the Interior in advance of the opening of the conference by President Hoover on November 19.

The protest of the delegates occupied the sessions of Thursday and Friday mornings and Friday afternoon. It was initiated by Senator Davis, hitherto Secretary of Labor, in an admirable address to the general session on Thursday morning. The bureau being in the Labor Department, he spoke with full and intimate knowledge of its work. Senator Davis warned the conference that the proposed transfer, if sanctioned by Congress, would definitely end the cooperation between the government and the States for the especial protection of maternity and infancy which had existed under the

Sheppard-Towner Act to the measureless benefit of children, whose death-rate it had reduced. He foretold the injury to them if they were deprived of their position as the central interest of their own bureau, created and maintained solely to save and serve them, and were relegated to that of mere newcomers among the beneficiaries of the thousand and one activities which occupy the attention of the United States Public Health Service.

Dr. De Normandie came from Boston to register his protest in person, and telegrams of protest were read from the floor by Lillian D. Wald of New York, head of the Visiting Nurses' Association, signed with the following names, quite as distinguished as any on the committee which favored the transfer:

Dr. M. C. Winternitz, Dean, Yale School of Medicine
Dr. Grover S. Power, Pediatrician, Yale University
Dr. Franklin C. McLean, University of Chicago
Dr. Edward A. Park, Pediatrician, Johns Hopkins
Dr. George Gellhorn, Obstetrics, School of Medicine, St. Louis University, St. Louis
Dr. McKim Marriott, Dean of the School of Medicine, Washington University, St. Louis

A similar protest, signed by the executives of the following twelve national organizations of women, was also read from the floor:

American Association of University Women
American Federation of Teachers
American Home Economics Association
American Nurses' Association
Council of Women for Home Missions
National Board, Young Women's Christian Association
National Consumers' League
National Council of Jewish Women
League of Women Voters
National Woman's Trade Union League
Service Star Legion
Girls' Friendly Society

As Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard School of Public Health acutely pointed out:

> The sole argument for the recommendation advanced by its defenders is that it is logical to have all medical work done by the government headed by medical men. But our government has never rested upon logic. We are pragmatic. What works well we keep, what proves worthless we drop. If there were any logic in the organization of our government how could the United States Public Health Service be under the Treasury?

The long-heralded conference has come and gone. It was stormy and disillusioning for committee members who had for months sacrificed time and strength to serve the children. And if their sacrifices are to be justified, the greatest effort has only begun. For Congress meets at once, and the struggle which continued from June 30, 1929, when the Sheppard-Towner appropriation lapsed, to the end of the long session will henceforth be above ground before multitudes of witnesses. One cheering item is the fact that the Senate Commerce Committee reported favorably the original Jones-Cooper bill to appropriate to the Children's Bureau funds for its work for the hygiene and welfare of maternity and infancy. Of the multiplicity of bills dealing with the subject this alone came out of committee. This bill intact is still before the Senate awaiting a favorable vote.

Loans and Revolutions

By DREW PEARSON

WHEN Augusto B. Leguía, recently deposed dictator of Peru, first entered the presidential palace in Lima twenty-two years ago, he was not nearly so experienced in the ways and wiles of dictatorships as he became later. As a result he suffered several inconveniences. Once troops dragged him out of his palace into the Plaza de la Inquisicion, where he had to do some fast talking about a forged death warrant in order to give his friends time to rescue him. Again, his house was surrounded at night and he had to man all his windows with armed servants until morning. Eventually Leguía was forced into exile.

When he came back in 1919 two things had happened. First and most important, the United States had cornered the world's gold supply and had begun to pour it into Latin America to the tune of $5 for every $4 that it had invested in Europe. Second, Leguía, not having had very much to do while he sat in Paris, had given much more thought to the art of dictating and had developed some brand-new ideas on the subject.

The result was that as soon as Leguía seized office again, Peru began to be famous as the outstanding friend of the United States in Latin America. Leguía never failed to declare the Fourth of July a national Peruvian holiday. He never failed to instruct his delegates to Pan-American conferences to back any proposal sponsored by the United States. He even placed a portrait of President Monroe, most famous and probably most unpopular of North American Presidents, in the halls of the Peruvian Parliament. And during the visit to Peru of President-elect Hoover, when one of the sailors on the U.S.S. Maryland, enjoying shore leave a little too exuberantly, shot a completely law-abiding Peruvian policeman, President Leguía allowed not a word of it to reach the Peruvian populace, which was busy acclaiming a North American President.

Under Leguía's paternal protection a United States naval mission came to train the Peruvian navy, the International Telephone and Telegraph Company was given monopoly control of the telephones, Standard Oil exploited Peru's vast oil resources, and the Fawcett Aviation Company was given a contract to spray coastal cotton fields with insect powder. And as the *pièce de résistance,* President Leguía sent to President Hoover the Grand Cross in diamonds of the Order of the Sun of Peru, with a Grand Cross without diamonds for Secretary of State Stimson.

Coincident with this policy of good-will toward the "Colossus of the North," Augusto B. Leguía began to receive loans from North American bankers. The loans, at first, were given because the bankers had plenty of money and

considered the Peruvian government a sound investment. Later there seems to have been some doubt about this latter condition, but the loans continued for an amazing length of time.

Leguía not only borrowed money for his own federal government, but under his tutelage various municipalities also borrowed. The loans went to pay for what appeared to be praiseworthy and beneficial enterprises—the construction of roads, public works, sewers, and irrigation projects. It was subsequently discovered, however, that Leguía employed an ingenious method of construction. He farmed out much of the work to his military commanders. He sent a regular monthly instalment to a commander in the north for road building and such and such a sum to a commander in the south for port improvement. But he did not specify how many miles of roads were to be built or the quality.

The system certainly was no more corrupt than the method by which construction contracts are let in many of our larger cities, and it had the one all-important merit of keeping peace in Peru. As long as loans were coming from the United States, and as long as percentages of these loans were regularly reaching the pockets of the military, Leguía was able to exile his enemies, imprison labor agitators, and run the country pretty much as he pleased. The military did not drag him out into the Plaza de la Inquisicion as they had done in his less-experienced days as dictator. They did not snipe at his house at night. They were his most obedient servants; and American loans did it.

All went well—exceptionally well—until depression hit the world. The prices of cotton, copper, and sugar—Peru's chief exports—seemed to have been thrown into a bottomless pit. The low price of exports affected Peruvian buying power. Imports decreased. Government revenue, chiefly derived from customs duties on imports, fell off one-sixth. The bankers not only were unable to float more bonds for Leguía, but their eyes had been opened at last and they probably would not have done so if they could. Leguía had no more money to send to his military. The military were caught with a series of half-constructed roads on their hands with an upkeep which cost nearly as much as the original construction. The military revolted. They set up their own government. Leguía's magic formula for successful dictatorships had failed.

Of course, Leguía, ambitious, human, was a mere cog in the machine. The point is that American bankers, with the sanction if not the approval of the State Department, were largely responsible for running a neighboring nation head over heels into debt, for maintaining a high-handed dictator in office for eleven years against the will of the people, and indirectly for bringing about revolution. The point, further, is that the same situation obtains, in varying degree, in all but one of the other countries which have experienced recent revolution. Argentina was the only government which did not owe its prolongation of life chiefly to American loans, and even in Argentina the states are overborrowed beyond any reasonable capacity to pay.

In Brazil American loans were an important cause, though not the most important, of revolution. The government had been in the hands of a São Paulo clique, and with the election of Julio Prestes to succeed Washington Luis the country was faced with six more years of domination from São Paulo. The state of São Paulo had launched upon a very definite but very unsuccessful policy of borrowing money from American and European bankers. In addition to heavy borrowing for public works, the state had negotiated the famous coffee valorization loan—disapproved by the Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover—for the purpose of buying up the surplus coffee crop every year in order to keep the price high for the American coffee drinker. The result was an accumulation of 27,000,000 bags of coffee, as against a production this year of about 24,000,000 bags and a usual annual sale by Brazil of about 15,000,000 bags.

In addition to the heavy financial burdens incurred by the state of São Paulo, the federal government of Brazil, dominated by the São Paulo clique, had also borrowed somewhat heavily and most injudiciously. It had negotiated, among others, the famous Dillon, Read loan of $25,000,000 for the electrification of the São Paulo Railway. Although the loan was negotiated eight years ago, not even the price of a flash-light battery has been spent toward electrifying the line. It might be libelous to say what became of the money, but Epitacio Passoa, the man who floated the loan, is now living in Paris, reputedly a multimillionaire.

The state of Rio Grande do Sul, with some of its southern sisters, objected to this extravagant borrowing policy, and although there were many other causes for the recent revolution, this was important enough, at least in the eyes of Secretary of State Stimson, to cause him to throw all the weight of the United States government behind the administration which had borrowed the money and whose fall might jeopardize the loans.

Although the circumstances in no two Latin American countries are exactly analogous, it was a fact that before the recent Bolivian revolution the dictatorship of President Siles continued only because of the 1928 Dillon, Read loan of $23,000,000; it is a fact that President Machado remains in Cuba only because of both financial and political support from the United States; and that Dictator Gomez in Venezuela, although lacking practically any external debt, is able to keep on top of the most tyrannical dictatorship in the Western Hemisphere only because the income from Andrew W. Mellon's and other British and American oil companies permits him to continue paying his army.

Waiving entirely the question of whether or not the United States should lend itself and its money to supporting unpopular dictatorships, there remains the somewhat more concrete question of whether or not the new regimes which have supplanted these unpopular dictatorships will actually pay their predecessors' obligations, and whether the State Department was wise in passing favorably on these loans.

The question is not without some degree of importance. In the first place, North American loans to Latin America are now greater than those to Europe. The Department of Commerce estimates them at approximately $5,500,000,000. In the second place, all the loans to Latin American governments, states, and municipalities have been passed on to the people of the United States. The bankers in New York simply pocketed their commissions, sent high-pressure salesmen out into the country, and the American public, having the utmost confidence in any bond bearing the stamp of a foreign government and the supposed approval of the State Department, did the rest.

Finally, the question is one which is being asked by many of the highest officers in the Hoover Administration

and is admittedly the most important problem before the State Department at the present time. The fact is that some of Mr. Hoover's experts think the federal governments of Peru and Bolivia and some of the state governments of Brazil and Argentina will not be able to meet their obligations. Approximately one-half of the income of both the Peruvian and Bolivian governments now goes toward service charges on foreign loans. The Banco del Peru y Londres, chief commercial bank of Lima, has had to suspend payments owing to the fact that its securities were found to consist chiefly of I.O.U.'s on ex-President Leguía. Peru's deficit last year was estimated at $11,000,000 and the year before at $9,000,000. Bolivia's deficit last year was nearly $11,000,000. Interest payments have been kept up chiefly through incurring deficits and then reborrowing. This is true not merely of Bolivia and Peru. A survey of the Latin American loans from 1913 to 1926 shows that the total borrowings for the continent during that period just about equaled the total deficits. Governments borrowed money, incurred deficits to meet interest payments, and then borrowed more—until the crash came.

Probably there are many people holding Latin American bonds now selling far below par who are asking why the State Department approved this tremendous number of issues when it must have known how precarious was their position. Probably before many months are over there will be a great many more people asking this question.

There is much to be said both for and against the State Department on this point. Unfortunately, the public has come to think of the State Department as the guardian of the public interest in regard to foreign loans, and also that the State Department approves an issue after examining the debtor's capacity to pay. Perhaps such supervision is desirable, but at present it does not exist. The first conception of the State Department was created by Mr. Herbert Hoover when he, as Secretary of Commerce, vetoed the Brazilian coffee valorization loan because he maintained it would increase the price of a commodity largely consumed by the American people. The second impression—that the State Department *approves* a loan—is totally erroneous. The State Department never approves a loan. If the loan is contrary to the country's political interest—if, as is still the case with Russia, the country has not yet paid its debts—the loan is disapproved. But the reverse of disapproval is never approval; the reverse—to use the State Department's own punctilious language—is "to raise no objection." Unfortunately, this fine distinction is lost on the general public, which labors under the always misleading and frequently disastrous belief that the State Department has examined into and guarantees the capacity to pay and general economic stability of the borrowing country.

The State Department, of course, has not one iota of faith in the idea of protecting the public through the veto of loans. It figures that nothing can protect the investing public except its own sad experience, and there seems to be some justification for this belief. The State Department points out, for instance, that after Herbert Hoover vetoed the Brazilian coffee valorization loan in 1924, São Paulo went to Lazard Brothers in Paris and London, who negotiated the loan at a slightly higher rate of interest and then proceeded to sell the bonds in the United States. The American public got the bonds; the bankers got the commission.

A country which controls most of the world's gold supply cannot be prevented by artificial barriers from lending money, the State Department contends, and ever since the veto on the Brazilian coffee loan, it has steadfastly refused to veto loans to foreign countries which have paid their war debts to the United States.

The position of the State Department might appear to be altogether sound were it not for the fact that it is the subject of constant caustic comment from the Commerce Department. The latter objects to many things which its sister department treats more or less as a matter of routine. It objects, for instance, to the fact that the foreign-loan man at State may call up at about four o'clock and ask whether the Department of Commerce has any objection to a loan of so much money to such and such a country, adding that such and such a country wants the answer before four-thirty. It objected also—although not vigorously enough to win out—against the 1928 Dillon, Read loan of $23,000,000 to Bolivia. The loan was earmarked for refunding of previous loans and for railroad construction; yet within the year $5,000,000 of it had gone for the purchase of munitions from Vickers, Ltd., with which to upset Frank B. Kellogg's peace negotiations between Paraguay and Bolivia.

Perhaps there is poetic justice even in the realm of high finance. For the State Department, despite Commerce Department frowns, had insisted that the loan be passed, because failure to do so would cause Bolivia to default, which in turn would capsize the structure of Latin American finance. The policy is to prevent default by any one nation with subsequent loss of confidence in the entire Latin American bond market. The State Department approved a similar policy of throwing good money after bad when Speyer and Company and J. Henry Schröder took up the matter of floating the coffee devalorization loan. The purpose of the loan was to unload gradually on the market the 27,000,000 bags which had been heaped up in São Paulo warehouses after Lazard Brothers negotiated the original valorization loan. European bankers and American bond-holders who had bought the loan were frankly in a hole. The question was whether to come to their rescue by throwing new American money after old European money now pretty far gone. The Commerce Department hedged; but it finally recognized that the funds actually had been raised not in Europe but chiefly from gullible American bond buyers. The loan went through; but at last American bond buyers had learned not to be gullible. They bought only about 15 per cent of the flotation. The bankers were stuck with the rest.

What will be the result of South America's present economic chaos is impossible to predict. Fundamentally, its position is sound. It is rich in minerals, wheat, meat, wool, tropical woods, and has a hot-house climate that will grow anything anywhere. For the present, however, its position is anything but sound. Whether it will pull through the present without a moratorium on debt payments and without following Mexico's example of appointing international bankers' committees, seems doubtful. That many of the loans now held by American bond buyers will be scaled down seems probable.

According to international law, if a nation can prove collusion between the bankers and its own officials, it is justified in asking for debt cancelation. Under circumstances where representatives of as many as eight banking houses were in one capital all bidding for a loan, and where

the most favorable bidder did not always get it, proof of collusion would not appear to be difficult. Certainly the facts surrounding the $25,000,000 loan for the electrification of the São Paulo Railway are such that the new government of Brazil might go before an international tribunal and reasonably expect cancelation. In that case the loss would fall not upon Dillon, Read, but upon the people who bought the bonds.

There is only one safe statement that can be made about the future of Latin American finance. It is going to attract much more scrutiny by both Congress and the State Department and cause much more sorrow on the part of the American public than anyone now dreams.

Southern Women Attack Lynching

By WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE

SOUTHERN women, whose chastity has been saved, according to a widespread belief, for the past hundred years by lynchings, have initiated a movement to eradicate this protection by rope and faggot. Meeting in Atlanta and Dallas in November, they mapped out a definite program which they hope will eventually wipe out all mob violence. Their move into this bloody field, hitherto held undisputed by their men folks, was actuated by the recent increase of lynchings in the South.

During the first nine months of this year there were twenty-one lynchings. This was nine more than in all of 1929, ten more than in 1928, and five more than in 1927. There were six lynchings in Georgia, four in Texas, three in Mississippi, two in South Carolina, one in North Carolina, one in Oklahoma, one in Alabama, one in Florida, and two in Indiana. Twenty of the twenty-one victims were Negroes. And though the familiar chorus of rape which follows each lynching stanza swelled as loudly these nine months as ever before, only seven of the twenty-one were even accused of rape. This proportion is in accord with the records for the past forty-four years, as compiled by Monroe N. Work, director of the Department of Records and Research of Tuskegee Institute. He found that of the 4,287 persons lynched from 1885 through 1929, only 884 were charged with rape or attempted rape. This is one-fifth or 20.6 per cent of the total.

Cognizant of these facts, the women decided that it was high time, in this year of increased barbarism, for them, who have been used as a smoke screen for man's brutality, to take steps to end it. Representatives from twelve Southern States gathered in two separate meetings to outline a plan of action. Eight States east of the Mississippi sent delegates to the Atlanta meeting and four Southwestern States to the Dallas conference. Officials of the women's organizations of the Southern Baptist and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, the Parent-Teachers' Association, the League of Women Voters, the Y. W. C. A., the Federation of Women's Clubs, and other organizations were present.

Their first official act was to issue a statement cutting the ground from beneath the men who salve their conscience with the soothing theory that they lynch to protect womanhood. The women informed them that they wanted no more of their red-handed courtesy. The statement read in part:

> We are profoundly convinced that lynching is not a defense of womanhood or of anything else, but rather a menace to private and public safety, and a deadly blow at our most sacred institutions. Instead of deterring irresponsible and criminal classes, as it is argued, lynching tends inevitably to destroy all respect for law and order. It represents the complete breakdown of government and the triumph of anarchy. It brutalizes the community where it occurs, including the women and children who frequently witness its orgies, and particularly the youth who are usually conspicuous participants. . . .
>
> We would call attention that lynching is not alone the crime of ignorant and irresponsible mobs, but that every citizen who condones it, even by his silence, must accept a share of its guilt.
>
> We therefore call upon all our public officials to use every power at their disposal to protect from mob anarchy the laws they are sworn to defend; upon our religious leaders to cry aloud against this crime till it ceases to exist; upon parents and teachers to train up a generation incapable of such relapses into barbarism, and upon all right-thinking men and women to do their utmost in every way for the complete eradication of this crime.

The plan of action formulated by the women calls for a committee of at least twelve women in each Southern State to be the generating power of the movement. The members of the committee will authorize their chairman to use their names on appeals to the sheriffs and officers of counties where lynchings are imminent, urging them to protect their prisoners from mobs and assuring them that if they do the women will stand behind them.

The women are of the opinion that conscientious sheriffs, determined to guard their prisoners at all costs, can do more to stop lynching than any other one force. The mob's chief trait is cowardice and it does not move forward in the face of bullets. Officers of the law have prevented 267 lynchings in the South in the past eight years, but approximately 185 others could have been prevented during that same period. For a sheriff now to stop a mob is to endanger his job. The mass of voters resent such presumption in an officer of their choice. This fact was borne in upon the Commission on Interracial Cooperation recently when it tried to present an Alabama sheriff with a medal for saving his prisoner.

"What do you want to do—kill him politically?" the sheriff's friends demanded. "If it ever got out that he received a medal for stopping a mob, he wouldn't have a ghost of a chance at being reelected."

The women will work to change this situation. When a sheriff successfully opposes a mob, they will praise him publicly through the newspapers, congratulate him personally, and, what is of much more importance, they will do all in their power to reelect him. Conversely, the sheriff who

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gives up his prisoner will be condemned through public pronouncements and his reelection will be fought with all the strength the women can muster.

The State committee of twelve will also authorize its chairman to issue appeals and petitions to the governor asking him to send the State militia to spots where lynchings are brewing and to investigate lynchings which have already taken place, with the determination to bring the killers to justice.

All the women of the South will be urged to repudiate publicly the introduction of the race issue in political campaigns. They know that the use of the Negro as a political bludgeon stirs up race hatred and fear and increases lynching totals. This summer three candidates for the United States Senate built much of their campaigns upon racial prejudice. Senator Cole Blease of South Carolina stumped his State declaiming, "To hell with the Constitution when the virtue of a woman is at stake"; former Governor Slaton of Georgia, in his campaign against Senator Harris, declared white supremacy had been menaced by the vote of the Senator against the confirmation of the appointment of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court; and Senator Heflin beat his usual anti-Negro tom-toms. In none of these States do Negroes vote in the Democratic primaries and they were dragged into the campaigns to arouse hatred and becloud the real issue.

Those women who are alive to the evil of mob violence will bestir themselves to make all the feminine South equally cognizant of this evil. They will seek to bring into their own group an influential member of every woman's organization below the Mason and Dixon line. This member will shoulder the responsibility of getting her organization to pass resolutions condemning lynchings at the annual State meetings and at the district conferences and conventions—resolutions which will be preceded by programs and speeches on lynching conditions.

In the community where a lynching takes place the local women will make an extensive study of the character and reputation of every woman involved as a victim, or alleged victim, of rape. By such a study they plan to bring to the attention of the public the fact that many of the attacked are as guilty as their attackers and that no credence can be put in their testimony. The women will also make a study of the character and reputation of every man lynched for an alleged offense against a woman. The women hope to impress upon an apathetic public that almost always the Negro who rapes is feeble-minded. The responsibility for his crime should not rest upon his befuddled soul, but upon the citizens of the South who allow him to be at large. According to a report made recently by Dr. William W. Alexander, director of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, there is not a single institution South of the Mason and Dixon line for the care of young, delinquent, and feeble-minded Negroes. Finally, the Southern women who see all sides of the lynching problem plan also to consider the cases of assault against Negro women by white men and the disposition of such cases—not an easy subject for women to concern themselves with, but one which needs attention.

The daughters of the South are not content with hurling denunciatory phrases; they are militantly marching out to make war upon barbarism that has flourished in their name.

In the Driftway

THE American habit of doing things just because they can be done has produced some admirable results. And the Drifter approves in general of the rousing theory that there is no such word as can't, so long as it is used as a slogan and not as an absolute rule of life. But the habit can also be preposterous, as some of our victims, notably England, can testify. For years rich Americans have gone about the English countryside as if it were a huge antique shop. With a business-like eye, and a business-like disregard for taste or the feelings of other interested persons, these devotees of culture have picked out any ancient building that struck their fancy, have signed a check of almost any size, and ordered the prize sent home. For years Englishmen have fumed, and now a law is being drafted to prevent further stripping of the countryside, which, alas, is most loved by those who are not rich enough to buy it.

* * * * *

THIS practice of removing cottages and castles from their ancient ivied settings has become an industry in its own right, and the tales that go with it make one wonder that the English have been so patient. There is, for instance, the story of how the inhabitants of a certain village awoke one morning to find their proudest boast, a medieval manor house, completely gone from their midst. It had been taken down during the night and loaded on trucks, destination somewhere in California. It is as if Mount Vernon were to be bought for money and taken to Wales. There is the further story of an American who moved a castle, piece by piece, to America, where he had it set up again, only to find that he didn't like it after all. Whereupon he had it taken down again and returned to its original place. In England it has become a matter of speculation as to what will go next, Westminster or the Prince of Wales.

* * * * *

THE new law will be concerned primarily with buildings of historic or national interest. It will prohibit their removal not only to another country but to another site, and also it will attempt to prevent the stripping of such buildings of their fittings—of the oak paneling and carved staircases which sell for huge prices in Madison Avenue shops. But the cottages and lesser castles of old England may still be transported with impunity. And the same dispatch which told of the new law also announced that an Englishwoman who subscribes all too readily to the American dictum that there is no law higher than the law of supply and demand is about to depart for America for the sole purpose of selling English cottages to Americans.

* * * * *

APPARENTLY the only way to prevent the success of this enterprising saleswoman is to set up a counter-propaganda against incongruity. But the Drifter cannot feel very hopeful on that score. It will be hard work. A multimillionaire who has learned his business English in Gothic college buildings by the dim light of casement windows will hardly perceive that it is a little ridiculous for a modern American to live in a castle with walls three feet thick.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Women and Jobs

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One wonders if those who are so zealous to drive married women from jobs realize how barren the results would be, even if the efforts should succeed. Bulletins of the Women's Bureau, federal Department of Labor, show that in the United States there are but 1,920,281 wage-earning women who are married and living with husbands. The greater number of these, it was found by an intensive survey by the bureau, being the wives of poorly paid men, give all their earnings to the family support. Of the lesser number many support dependent relatives; that still others work for better opportunities for their children would not be a violent presumption. There remains but a negligible number who can be working for "finery for themselves." To dismiss them would make small gain for unemployed *patres familias.*

If married women are to be denied work on the ground that they can live on the husband's wages, then well-to-do men and the sons of the well-to-do, who could as well live on the family income, must be dismissed. Not women alone are addicted to buying "finery." It would be a big task to explore all this. Even President Hoover's commissions would work overtime and would not get far.

Shortening the work day by two hours would make at least 6,000,000 more jobs. American workers got a ten-hour day in the 1830's and an eight-hour day in the 1880's, each time without decrease in pay. The effort in each case was materially aided by women and was centered on the struggle of wage-earners, not on sex discriminations.

Agnes H. Downing

Manhattan Beach, Cal., November 19

In Defense of the World Court

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One is sorry to see in *The Nation* such an unbalanced article as your recent editorial on the World Court. Not only in the article as a whole, but in many of its details, is the reasoning most questionable. For instance, have you made such an analysis of the business coming up before the court in the next few years that you really think the other nations and the committee of experts are wrong and that Cuba is right in blocking permanent court sessions? The plan of increasing the number of judges and increasing their salaries has already gone into effect (with Cuba's favorable vote). The increase in the court budget for this purpose was about $100,000. Britain pays a greater proportion of the court expenses than any other nation and her share of this is about $10,000 per year, Cuba's share about $1,000. Do you seriously think these amounts too much to spend in trying to build up a truly permanent court to settle wisely the legal disputes between nations?

By far the most serious part of your article is the charge that France dominates the court and that France can "count on" the votes of several judges. To secure election a judge must receive a majority of the votes both in the Assembly and in the Council. Moreover, he must have been nominated by some national group in the old Hague Court of Arbitration, or if the country nominating is not a member of this court, then by a similar group. For instance, the four men who make nominations from the United States are Elihu Root, Newton Baker, Roland Boyden, and John Bassett Moore. They nominated Frank B. Kellogg as the most competent and available person from our country. The same technique prevails for all the other judges. To say that France is able, even if she tried to do so, to influence this machinery so as to get persons elected who will favor her rather than pronounce justice as they see it is preposterous.

Any election is subject to human motives and personal opinions, but granting all this, we must recognize that no possible scheme of election would be satisfactory to all. To charge that the judges have in the past or will in the future favor any one country is ridiculous. France has already lost two cases before the court, in one of which, the Tunisian nationalities case, her own judge voted against her, the vote being unanimous. Two other cases she won by a large majority.

New York, November 5 Philip C. Nash

Holmes and Brandeis

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I call your attention to the interesting case of Dunn *vs.* State, 173 Northeastern Reporter 22, in which the Ohio Court of Appeals declared constitutional a statute to prevent usury in the wage-loan business. This decision was later affirmed by the Supreme Court of Ohio. In the course of the court's opinion, which was written by Presiding Justice Vickery, the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the New York theater-ticket case (Tyson *vs.* Banton, 273 U. S. 418) was discussed, and among other things the Ohio court had this to say:

> But, mark you, out of the learned gentlemen that constituted the Supreme Court of the United States, four of the nine judges, and among those four were men like Justice Holmes, men like Justice Brandeis, and other men who are more in accord with the advanced thought of the day than were the majority of the court, dissented. Justice Holmes stands out in his ninetieth year as a monument to progressive thought and as an exponent of the emancipation of the court from the traditions which have made it hidebound for so many years, and Justice Brandeis, who coincided, is an able compeer.

Chicago, November 21 Pertinax

Billings and the Supreme Court

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is only one question before the California State Supreme Court *re* Warren K. Billings. That question is not his views on God or the government, but simply whether there is convincing evidence that he placed a bomb at Steuart and Market Streets in San Francisco on July 22, 1916.

I was not in California at the time of the bomb explosion. I am not connected with any "radical" organization nor am I personally acquainted with any individual of radical sympathies. I have not read a word of the material published by the Mooney Defense League. I have read, however, every word of the testimony presented at the recent Supreme Court hearing.

Starting without sympathy and without prejudice, I am convinced by that hearing that the evidence placing Billings at Steuart and Market Streets with a bomb would be insufficient to warrant hanging a yellow dog. It is apparent from the record that in that hearing an emotional bias amounting almost to hysteria was shown by Justices John W. Preston and John E. Richards.

Oakland, Cal., November 5 Nancy Barr Mavity

Books, Films, Drama

Suicide by Drowning

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

It had always been his doom
To be afraid of the walls of a room.
Around him, even in the air,
He felt the forming of a square.
Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall,
Each one a towering, crowding wall—
All human life confined by seasons
As madness is by reasons.

And it wasn't only the year—
There was that other thing, the sky,
Making it doubly clear
That he should die.
East, South, West, North—
Always that relentless fourth.
There could be no escape
From a square shape.

One last thought he had reserved
Against a final smothering—
Water was not square, but curved,
And held remembered mothering.
There were no angles in the sea—
That was the one way to be free.
He'd trick the grave, the box, the hearse,
And all the foursquare universe.

Modern Architecture

The New World Architecture. By Sheldon Cheney. Longmans, Green and Company. $10.

FROM the standpoint of its illustrations, which number nearly four hundred, this is by far the most satisfactory book on the new world architecture that has so far appeared in America. It is, moreover, a fine campaign document for "modernism." For though Mr. Cheney's book lacks the erudition and sometimes the insight of Henry-Russell Hitchcock's recent "Modern Architecture," though its vocabulary is romantic and occasionally even a trifle effervescent, it is written none the less with admirable clarity and straightforwardness.

By the new world architecture Mr. Cheney does not, of course, mean all the prominent buildings that have been erected in the world in the last few years, but only those designed and built according to certain "machine-age" principles. This he often calls "stripped architecture"; its various champions have called it "pure," "time-space," and "elementarist" architecture; Mr. Hitchcock has called it the architecture of the "New Pioneers," and also "technical" architecture, because it represents "the triumph of the technical point of view." It is distinguished, according to Mr. Cheney, by the fact that it consistently achieves certain qualities:

> . . . geometric simplicity; absolute honesty in the use of materials and "motives"; total independence from known styles of decoration; a new massiveness and precision; clean lines, hard edges, sanitary smoothness; resistless *drive*.

For this new architecture Mr. Cheney is an ardent propagandist. The architecture of the entire five hundred years before 1900 he sweeps aside as so much "architectural slavery"; it was "weak, unoriginal, vacillating, showy"; and

> The new architecture begins to raise its head today throughout Europe and the Americas, as the first creative manifestation in the art since Michelangelo (who came a century after his time) laid down his tools.

This is tall talk. None the less, it has become evident to nearly everyone that the last decade has witnessed a genuine architectural revival, and that the bold and vigorous pioneering represented by such leaders as Wright in America, Le Corbusier in France, Oud in Holland, and Gropius in Germany is destined to become increasingly influential.

The present struggle between traditionalists and radicals has revealed an amazing chaos in architectural theories and ideals, and the very success of the "New Pioneers" makes it of increasing importance to separate what is salutary in their theories from what is dubious. Contempt of servile imitation or servile "adaptation" of past styles; insistence that the first thing to be considered in designing a new structure is its function, and that design and materials must be such as to enable it to serve that function most efficiently; insistence that materials must be used logically and genuinely (that steel must not parade as wood or concrete blocks as stone), and that each material should be given its highest inherent expressive value; that no pillars or heavy masonry should be used without genuine structural reason —in short, the insistence that our architecture must cease to be falsely historical, "picturesque," or reminiscent, and that a true style of architecture must grow out of a method of construction —all this is sound and healthy. But some of these ideals have been carried to questionable extremes: antagonism toward *all* ornament and decoration; insistence that *all* structure be revealed, and hostility toward *all* traditionalism.

It is the extreme left wing of the functionalists, represented by Le Corbusier, Oud, and Gropius, who are consciously anti-decorative, who insist on a functional or structural reason for *every* detail. This anti-decorative bias has certain easily understandable historic grounds. Inappropriate decoration borrowed from some alien historic style, gingerbread, cheap machine imitation of handicraft, have combined to make most decoration suspect, at the same time that we are beginning to recognize the inherent beauty of the smooth polished surfaces made possible by the machine. Yet even the best of the "New Pioneer" homes, those, for example, designed by Gropius, make a fetish of nakedness and barrenness, and lack even that symmetry and balance that are possessed by the machines—automobiles, airplanes, liners—they are supposed to emulate.

It must be said for the extreme functionalists—and in this lies their greatest contribution—that their purpose is not, as is so widely supposed, to reduce architecture to "mere" engineering, but to raise engineering itself to an aesthetic activity. Among the achievements illustrated in Mr. Cheney's book, this has been brilliantly done in the hangars at Orly designed by Freyssinet, in the *Bauhaus* by Gropius, in the bathhouse interior by Bonnier, in the Grandfey viaduct at Fribourg, and in other instances. The ideal of giving engineering an aesthetic expression is not, of course, entirely new. It was reflected in the Brooklyn Bridge in 1883, and even in the Roman viaducts of two thousand years ago. What is significant is the revival, the extension, and the insistence upon this ideal. It is mistaken, however, to suppose that every revelation of structural means must result in an aesthetic gain *ipso facto*. The steel-frame skyscraper, for example, is no more improved by protruding ribs than a chorus girl is. It is open to question whether the

aesthetic pleasure which we take in skyscrapers that accentuate the vertical lines is really the result of the fact that such lines "express" the structure or whether it is merely that they emphasize the verticality of the building as a whole. The twelfth-century Campanile at Venice, which had no steel structure, emphasized the vertical lines precisely as our latest skyscrapers do. The vertical emphasis of skyscrapers seldom falls solely on the upright girders or indicates their real width; it is more likely to be placed with an eye to the window lines. The actual undraped skeleton of a skyscraper, in fact, is not vertical but cubical; and when Mr. Cheney indorses the present practice of setting the cross-floor girders slightly back on the ground that this gives the upright lines "fullest structural validity," one naturally asks whether this is not virtually denying "structural validity" to the horizontal lines—whether the practice isn't, to use one of Mr. Cheney's favorite words in discussing conventional architecture, "dishonest." The truth seems to be that the question of structural revelation cannot be reduced to doctrinaire rules. As Santayana, in his "Reason in Art," sensibly reminds us:

> Maxims in art are pernicious; beauty is here the only commandment . . . To take any mechanism whatever and merely because it is actual or necessary to insist that it is worth exhibiting, and that by divine decree it shall be pronounced beautiful, is to be quite at sea in moral philosophy.

The final danger of the new architectural pioneers is their obsessive fear of "leaning on the past." They are naturally obliged to do this technologically, for without the technological discoveries of the past their buildings could not exist. But they scorn even the faintest *aesthetic* suggestions from the past. This attitude, however, is not likely to be held indefinitely. Architecture is more than machinery, and the architectural tradition is richer than the engineering tradition. The architect, like the painter, the musician, or the poet, must absorb the traditions of his calling if only to achieve a genuine originality.

HENRY HAZLITT

"Czar" Reed

Thomas B. Reed: Parliamentarian. By William A. Robinson. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON'S new biography of "Czar" Reed is a competent piece of work, though I am afraid that the extravagant praise he lavishes on his hero will fall on deaf ears. Reed had a mordant wit and undoubtedly was an honest man: both refreshing qualities in an age, happily past, that did honor to its Grants, Blaines, Garfields, McKinleys, and Camerons. Reed often turned the shafts of his invective on the well-meaning Populists, which was cruel as well as stupid; while his integrity was largely of the negative sort, for though he was bitterly opposed to the Spanish-American War and the acquisition of the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, he refused to lead a popular clamor against any of these policies.

Otherwise, Reed was a Republican standpatter of the customary stripe. He was a New England high protectionist, a gold bug, a zealous friend of the Civil War veteran, and he was opposed to governmental regulation of railroads and industry. In an era that saw the flowering of Carnegie, Armour, and Gates, he refused to believe that any such thing as monopoly existed. To agrarian and labor problems he apparently never gave an instant's thought. He sat in the House of Representatives from 1877 to 1899 and as Speaker wielded the gavel over three Congresses, the Fifty-first, the Fifty-fourth, and the Fifty-fifth. Future generations of Americans will remember Reed as the man who debased the lower House from one of the most important deliberative assemblies in the world to a gathering of anonymous time-serving politicians. Calhoun, Clay, Webster, John Quincy Adams, John Randolph, Lincoln, Stevens, Dick Bland, and Abram Hewitt had once graced its floors; after Reed promulgated his new rules in 1890 the House was to see only timid hacks who obeyed the party mandates humbly and were thankful for the occasional favors from the pork barrel that were thrown them. Professor Robinson seems to think that this achievement of Reed's will number the gentleman from Maine among the imperishably great, but then, Professor Robinson may have his own ideas about the true role of parliamentary bodies.

LOUIS M. HACKER

This Mathematical Universe

The Mysterious Universe. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THAT great physicist, Sir Oliver Lodge, believes that after a man dies he becomes a ghost. Sir James Jeans, eminent mathematical physicist (not "astronomer," as is so frequently stated in press and pulpit), believes—or half believes—that man is a ghost both after he dies and before he is dead. For him even the mysterious universe itself is a ghost. He calls his ghost Mind—fragments of the universal Mind (Ghost), the Supreme Mathematician and Great Architect.

All this we learn from the concluding chapter of his latest work, appropriately entitled In the Deep Waters. Very deep; so deep, indeed, that the science of the preceding chapters is buried beneath the flood of verbalism, and the man of science emerges at the surface, head only half above the deluge, as dreamer, mystic, one of a tripartite hybrid, in which the genes of Plato, Bishop Berkeley, and Jeans the twentieth-century authority on thermodynamics have somehow merged into one pair of chromosomes.

In quieter moments Sir James is a stickler for "the method of science," which, as everyone knows, is concerned with accurate observation, rigorous experimentation, exact measurement, logical inference on the basis of ascertained facts, leading to helpful working hypotheses or theories explanatory—tentatively at least—of the facts observed. And his first four chapters are written in this spirit of science, in conformity with the great principle laid down by William of Occam: "We must not assume the existence of any entity until we are compelled to do so." Jeans fully agrees, as a competent scientist, with Newton's first rule of reasoning in philosophy (from the "Principia"): "We are to admit no more causes of natural things than such as are both true and efficient to explain their appearance. . . . Nature is pleased with simplicity, and affects not the pomp of superfluous causes." The place to seek causes that are both necessary and sufficient bases for explanations is among phenomena observed or weighed or measured. Jeans looks for them instead in the deep waters of Plato and Berkeley. (I am not referring here to that part of Chapter V which deals directly with the mathematical consequences of relativity—though this is verbalistic enough!)

Passing from the glimmering abstractions of relativist philosophy, Sir James states that "the universe appears to have been designed by a pure mathematician"—that is, the universe so appears to a pure mathematician. No doubt the theoretical chemist, electrical engineer, or biologist who should happen to perceive the evidences of a Designer within his particular province of study would almost as inevitably find that the universe "appears" to have been designed by a chemist, an electrical engineer, or a biologist. One is not surprised, therefore, to

hear a mathematician say, as Sir James does in one place:

> It would now seem to be beyond dispute that in some way nature is more closely allied to the concepts of pure mathematics than to those of biology or engineering, and even if the mathematical interpretation is only a third man-made mold, it at least fits nature incomparably better than the two previously tried.

The natural scientists have failed in their "man-made molds." On the other hand, "our efforts to interpret nature in terms of the concepts of mathematics have so far proved brilliantly successful."

This despite the fact that mathematical physicists never before in the history of the world have witnessed a period of interpretation wherein confusion has been worse confounded! One of the most distinguished of mathematicians, Heisenberg, tells us that nature "abhors accuracy and precision above all things." And nature, therefore, permits a certain "margin of error"—the Creator-Mathematician having, somehow, slipped in his perfect "design."

A few years ago Sir William Bragg put the case as it then was in this ironic form:

> We now teach the wave theory of light on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and the quantum theory on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Today Sir William would have to add evening classes in order to include the teaching of the "wave-mechanics" of Schrödinger and Louis de Broglie and the Heisenberg-Dirac "uncertainty principle" (on alternate evenings), with its implications, by which electron-waves may be regarded

> merely as a sort of symbolic representation of our knowledge as to the probable state and position of an electron. If so, they change as our knowledge changes, and so become largely subjective.

Of the "margin of error," Jeans himself says:

> If we try to get within this margin, nature will give us no help: she knows [that is to say, the "Universal Mind," the "Great Architect" knows] nothing, apparently, of absolute measurements.

Hence the Heisenberg "principle of indeterminacy," under which our good old friend "free will" may be restored—according to the new metaphysical physics of Jeans and Eddington—to its time-honored place in the best of all possible worlds, made in the image of the "pure mathematician," a world in which *causation*—determinacy—has no place.

Sir James admits that *some* of the concepts with which the pure mathematician works "are taken direct from his experience of nature." The rest are, as one might say, preexistent as partial expressions—perhaps Lodge would say, "lumps in the ether"; or, as Plato has put it, "they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit"—or Eternal Ghost. Sir James feels that

> . . . the universe can be best pictured, although still very imperfectly and inadequately, as consisting of pure thought, the thought of what, for want of a wider word, we must describe as a mathematical thinker.

Many persons who are not mathematical thinkers but just plain realists will find all of Chapter V mighty diverting, and some of it informing. The four preceding chapters are in a different category—they are excellent popular presentations of the latest views put forward by modern physical science, including much astronomical data of great interest. Jeans has only Eddington as peer in his ability to present the highly technical problems and discoveries of modern physics in a manner understandable to all intelligent laymen.

The book under review is offered by Sir James as a supplement to his very popular volume of 1929, "The Universe Around Us"—itself a simplification of his great work of 1928, "Astronomy and Cosmogony." In his former books (with slight exceptions) Jeans—who is, by the way, sometime professor of applied mathematics in Princeton University, later lecturer in applied mathematics in the University of Cambridge—scrupulously avoided the introduction of metaphysical discussions, writing always as a scientist, not as a layman-philosopher. Doubtless some of his admirers will not applaud his present incursion into the domain of what Dr. David Starr Jordan calls "sciosophy," where, as Henshaw Ward would say, "thobbing" takes the place of realistic discussion of established facts.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY

Short Stories by Novelists

Tales Told by Simpson. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Certain People. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Morals for Moderns. By Elmer Davis. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

IN general what may be said for these authors as novelists may be said for them as short-story writers. None of them is a novice or an initiator. They each transfer a well-formed, facile style, which by long practice has become a convention with them, to another medium without any serious results to either style or medium. Of the three Miss Sinclair is the ablest, treating the short story as an independent form, a distinct aesthetic expression capable within its brief and brittle outline of manifold variety and richness. Mrs. Wharton's book, with a single noteworthy exception, is shockingly third rate, and "Morals for Moderns" is a lesson and a warning to all students of fiction writing.

With the shadow of "Mary Olivier" still about her Miss Sinclair continues to depend on psychology, slightly abnormal psychology, for her material—for her incidents and effects. She traces the barren bitterness of disillusion, the mental buffoonery which fame evokes, the devastation which a cold, conscientious, beautiful woman can cause. Her cynicism prohibits her emotion from deepening into tragedy. Out of the dark fabric of men's minds she makes patterns of farce and pathos. Because she is so intensely modern, because her method is so strictly scientific, her insight has the semblance of dissection. This spirit is special to her. From older writers such as De Maupassant and O. Henry she has learned much of her technique, but the relish with which she reveals the subtleties of her observation, the precision of language and attitude, the fatality of outlook are her own. In "Tales Told by Simpson" Miss Sinclair finally seems to be climbing out of the morass into which in her recent books she has sunk.

There is no excuse for "Certain People" except what resides in the quality of After Holbein. The two mystery stories are incredibly naive and maladroit, the medieval romance is little more than a literary exercise, and Atrophy suffers from the success of After Holbein. The latter story preserves in miniature all the essentials of Mrs. Wharton's talent. It deals with death and decay among New York society leaders of the older generation. It is a prism—delicate, transparent, colorful—containing a whole social order, a perfect imprint of a vanishing race. From behind its worn-out forms, its self-imposed seriousness, importance, and virtue Mrs. Wharton draws whatever humanity it has. She draws it conventionally so far as style goes and painlessly so far as ideas are concerned, but she draws with mature grace and rich understanding.

Just what ethical contribution Mr. Davis (or his publishers) felt that this collection of stories could make when adorned by such a title and the quotation which has been

inserted as a foreword is doubtful. In view of the caliber of the stories the title has the effect of cheap advertising, of trying to make some innocuous tales pass for philosophy. The tales are actually "problem stories" of the type one finds in magazines with a circulation of a million. They run the gamut of the marital and extra-marital difficulties which beset even the nicest middle-class people today. They are accurate as far as they go, and they all click. They have the proper amount of suspense, fast dialogue, character, and neat endings prescribed by correspondence-school courses, but they are pseudo. Mr. Davis neither ventures beyond the shallows in which his characters founder nor does he suggest a solution. The truth is that his shallows are a sham. Difficulties such as he describes are always more complex, never so pleasant or adaptable to solution, and always more ruthless. FLORENCE CODMAN

The Hoosier Poet

Letters of James Whitcomb Riley. Edited by William Lyon Phelps. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

ONE of the unwritten sections in V. L. Parrington's "The Beginnings of Critical Realism in the United States" was to have been a treatment of James Whitcomb Riley under the title Whitcomb Riley and Folk Romance. We are fortunately able to know just how Parrington intended to treat Riley and his successors, for on pages 373-4 of the book referred to we read:

> I. The Romantic Interpretation of the Small Town. A hold-over from an earlier period. Derives from Riley; elaborated and defended by Meredith Nicholson, "The Valley of Democracy" (1918). According to this theory the Middle Western village is: (1) a land of economic well-being, uncursed by poverty and unspoiled by wealth; (2) a land of "folksiness"—the village a great family in its neighborliness, friendliness, sympathy; (3) primarily middle-class and therefore characteristically American, wholesome, and human in spite of its prosaic shortcomings; (4) the home of American democracy, dominated by the spirit of equality, where men are measured by their native qualities.

Parrington did not have Riley's letters to work with when he made that tentative outline, but they confirm his views and there is nothing to add.

I suppose that there is not an American living who does not in a vague way know some of Riley's poetry. If nothing more, it is a knowledge of the ending of "Little Orphant Annie":

> An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
> Ef you
> Dont
> Watch
> Out!

Or it is the line: "When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock." Or, "Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare the crick so still and deep . . ." Am I exaggerating when I say that all Americans know this much of Riley's work?

But assuming that most Americans know Riley's verse in a vague sort of way, I advise them not to read Riley's letters. Let a vague, pleasant impression remain. Don't reread the verse. Don't read the letters. The disillusionment is too horrible to bear. It is not so much that the ideas Parrington saw stemming from Riley seem hopelessly uncritical, but that he was such a vacuous old fellow himself. These letters are as devoid of intellectual content as a drum. All they give us is a kindly man with a gift for a sort of rhyme and a wide and accurate knowledge of Hoosier dialect. His critical capacity never got ripe; it was always rotten; and one of his major flights was to call Ella Wheeler Wilcox a "highly intellectual woman." It was not that he failed to look up, or down for that matter, but that he failed to look at all. He took the world as his most good-natured neighbor found it, and cast the atmosphere of Thanksgiving Dinner over it, specializing on the period when the hard cider began to work. The best writer he ever helped was Booth Tarkington, and the worst is so incredibly bad as to be not worth mentioning. If Riley stands as a sort of ancestor for Meredith Nicholson's "Valley of Democracy" he is also an ancestor for Edgar Guest. He never rose above Nicholson but he frequently sank below Guest.

Yet he was a nice old man personally. He could swear as lyrically as Mark Twain, but unlike Twain he was somewhat pious. He got drunk on occasion, on whiskey. He was fond of children both in his verse and in actuality (not always the case, so it seems). He was indefatigable in encouraging the literary efforts of all who could read and write. He had a fine sense of humor. As a platform entertainer he could be relied upon to give a good show. And he truly desired God to "bless us every one."

That's all. That's Whitcomb Riley.

Professor Phelps was the logical editor for his letters.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Books in Brief

A Short History of Julia. By Isa Glenn. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In 1907 the de Graffenrieds, mother and daughters, live in the atmosphere of dignity and delicacy suitable to Southern ladies of the old aristocratic stock. There is no man in the house and only the Negro servants supply a touch of basic humanity and emotional exuberance as a check against a growing excess of refinement. Between the de Graffenrieds and the Negroes there are the barriers of racial caste and the wall of fear that lies behind the familiar external affection. The younger sister marries, marries the man the elder, Julia, loves and should have had. Mrs. de Graffenried dies. Julia, for all her beauty, is left alone in the old house, dependent on her mother's bridge-playing set for society, watching the younger generation grow up around her. Her sister's daughter, still in her teens, steals Julia's second man from under her eyes. Isa Glenn could hardly write a book which was not intelligent or one which did not make a conscientious approach toward truth, both of setting and of character. But her latest novel seems a little thin and a little obvious after "Transport."

Burnt Offering. By Jeanne Galzy. Introduction and Translation by Jacques Le Clerq. Brentano's. $2.50.

The Prix Brentano for 1930 has been awarded to a woman novelist who in "Burnt Offering" has achieved a delicate, mature, perceptive, and spiritual story. Marie Pascal is a teacher. Through her classroom year after year passes a procession of young girls, girls just on the outer verge of childhood. And then after nine years it comes about that the diffused mother-love integrates to attach itself to one little girl who charms Marie first with a little essay on "The Saddest Day of My Life." The longing of the still young but subdued teacher, the responsive adoration of the lonely little girl, lonely because her father has died and her mother is in love, are rendered with a poignant sadness. Other characters are sketched in lightly but with a skilled pencil—teachers, children, Annette's mother, and her mother's lover. And the inner drama marches beside an outer drama that carries one along without a stop to the end.

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The Back-to-Backs. By J. C. Grant. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

This is a furious picture of life among the English coal miners. Had Mr. Grant contented himself with a simple presentation of detail, he would have wholly claimed our horror and anger. Unfortunately, however, he has swathed his detail in hysterical prose, at once crude and overwrought. His story as story is sparse, dull, and conventionally perceived; his satire is feeble and trite; he irritates by trying so obviously to shock us into sensibility, and he strains our emotional credulity by gratuitous melodrama. In short, he commits almost all the sins of the avowedly propagandistic novelist and his book has all the weakness of propagandistic distortion. Nevertheless, so strongly does Mr. Grant feel his subject, so intense is his rage, that through all the faults (presumably those of immaturity) certain passages of unforgettable horror emerge.

Best Seller. By N. O. Youmans. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

"Best Seller" is, more or less, what a novel about the publishing business is expected to be. That is the best one can say for it. As satire it is as effective as any heavy-handed slapping about of a dummy figure labeled to suit could ever be. No one can possibly miss the point, for everyone knows what the point is supposed to be: that publishing is now in a class with the manufacturing and ballyhooing of soap or beans. The figures through whom the author makes this fact more than evident are stock-in-trade, staple products. Occasionally their conversations are amusing, and their drinking manners, certainly, are more natural than those of the characters in Mr. Van Vechten's "Parties." One of them even has pertinent remarks to make about the Negro racket in publishing. But the characters are there only to adorn the tale and point the less than side-splitting moral. The most interesting thing about the novel is somewhat external to its comments: the methods used to put it over are almost precisely those used in the book to put over "One Woman's Life."

The Amazon. By Elliot Paul. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

The war furnished material for this book, but it is not in any sense a war novel. It is rather an exercise in fantasy and naturalism—a blend of Poe's tale of ratiocination with a study of character on the mechanistic level. Its naturalism is not new, and the tale of ratiocination has long since become banal in the detective-story class. The combination of the two is something of a tour de force, but it is difficult to see its contemporary value.

An Introduction to Social Anthropology. By Clark Wissler. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

Anthropology has never had a textbook. The books that have been pressed into service are published lectures and books on special subjects, like Lowie's "Primitive Society" and "Primitive Religion." Dr. Wissler's systematic survey is therefore exceedingly welcome and has an importance the general run of textbooks do not possess. Because it is a textbook, however, and takes very seriously all the current requirements for the textbook, it is dull anthropology. Its virtue is, as Dr. Wissler desires it to be, the minimum of commitment, and even in subjects to which he himself has made telling contributions the matter is soft-pedaled into insignificance. For this is a volume of generalizations under each of a few hundred captions, and any systematization takes precedence over concrete material. It is the law of the textbook. One is driven to remember William James's belief that extensive acquaintance with human facts is more enlightening than any generalization, no matter how admirable. Nevertheless, we need systematic surveys and are grateful when they are provided.

Problems of the Pacific, 1929. Edited by J. B. Condliffe. University of Chicago Press. $5.

The published proceedings of the third conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, held at Kyoto a year ago, includes summaries of the round-table discussions and texts of some of the research papers. The summaries of discussions—upon problems of population and industrialization in the East, upon the revision of the "unequal treaties" with China, upon Manchuria—are suggestive but inevitably dull. The most valuable documents concern Manchuria. Chu Hsiao's statistical survey of its resources, industries, trade, railways, and immigration and Walter Young's paper upon Chinese colonization are of particular importance.

Films

The Travel Picture

THE experiment of a special theater for camera news launched over a year ago by the News Reel Theater must be pronounced a complete success, at least if the attendances at the theater can be taken as a criterion. The fact is very gratifying for those who believe in a differentiated cinema, a cinema that sets itself the aim of satisfying the more or less special interests and tastes of the various sections of the public. Under this head comes the interest in educational subjects, and if the example of the News Reel Theater finds imitators, as it should, there is no doubt that a theater devoted exclusively to educational films will be generously supported by the public.

At present the Cameo Theater bids fair to develop into such a specialized house. So far it has given particular prominence to travel pictures, of which "The Wild Men of Kalihari," following almost on the heels of "Africa Speaks," has been the latest exhibit. Other theaters, too, are of course showing travel pictures, and it is a significant fact that the same week that saw "The Wild Men of Kalihari" at the Cameo also saw "The Hunt" at the Roxy and "The Mediterranean Cruise" at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse. On the other hand, it must be admitted that interesting as some travel films undoubtedly are, they are apt to pall when one has seen a few of them. The trouble lies in the pictures themselves. Even when they do not repeat one another (natives and wild animals of "the dark continent" have been done almost to death) there are inherent limitations in the conventional type of travel film which make it largely ineffective. For one thing, it is not enough for a film to show a series of views and scenes that are interesting in real life. This is done in "The Mediterranean Cruise," a picture that somewhat suffers from poor photography. Scenery and people, however beautiful or unfamiliar they may be, can never impress the eye from the screen if they are nothing more than camera records devoid of any unifying concept or emotion. A travel film does not need a story in the sense of a plot, but it needs one in the sense of a connected exposition of a scientific idea, of an emotional narrative, or of a pictorial vision. A similar criticism applies to "The Wild Men of Kalihari," which claims to set on record the exploration of a scientific expedition, but manages only to romp inconsequently about the African continent to wind up in a rather flat account of the Kalihari Bushmen. How much more interesting the picture could have been if it had tried to connect the Bushmen with the story of the recent finds of prehistoric human remains in South Africa!

There is, of course, a way of enhancing interest in a travel film by selecting dramatic episodes, as "The Hunt" does with a fair measure of success by showing an Indian drive-hunt with a force of 150 elephants closing in on 3 tigers. Or one can



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Edited by Stuart A. Rice

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Plays to See

†Art and Mrs. Bottle—See advertisement.
*Elizabeth The Queen—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
†Lysistrata—44 Street—44 St., W. of B'way.
†Oh Promise Me—Morosco—W. 45 St.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
*Overture—Longacre—220 W. 48 St.
*Roar China—Martin Beck—45 St., W. of Eighth Ave.
*Scarlet Sister Mary—Barrymore—47 st., W. of B'way.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
†The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St., W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
†Tonight or Never—Belasco—44 St., E. of B'way.
†Twelfth Night—See advertisement.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

Films

Big House, beginning Dec 6; Moby Dick, beginning Dec. 10—The Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
Her Man, beginning Dec. 6; Big House, beginning Dec. 10—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of 7 Ave.
Holiday, beginning Saturday, Dec. 6; Bride No. 68, beginning Wednesday, Dec. 10—5th Ave. Playhouse—13 St.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Ver Klungen Traume (German)—8 St. Playhouse—W. of 5 Ave.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt (German Film)—55 St. Playhouse.

Lectures and Discussions

Prohibition, a Violation of the Design of Life.—Sun. Aft., Dec. 14.—See Advertisement.
"Should British Rule in India Be Ended?"—Community Church, Tues. eve., Dec. 9 at 8:15.
Rand School of Social Science.—See Advertisement.
League for Industrial Democracy.—See Advertisement.
Why Marry? Friendship Tours.—See Advertisement.
The People's Institute.—See Advertisement.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

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NEW YORK

December 13th—Luncheon at 12:45 P.M., Hotel Woodstock
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December 28th—Annual Dinner
Speakers: Morris Hillquit, "A. E." (George Edward Russell), Harry W. Laidler. Chairman, Norman Thomas.

December 29th and 30th—Intercollegiate Winter Conference
Subject: **UNEMPLOYMENT.**

PHILADELPHIA

December 13th—Luncheon at 12:45, Boothby's Restaurant
Subject: **CAN BUSINESS BE CIVILIZED?**
Speakers: Dr. John Henry Gray, former President, American Economics Association; Paul Blanshard, writer, Executive Director, City Affairs Committee of New York; Henry Tatnall Brown, President Brown Brothers Paper Company, Chairman, Professor Karl Scholz of the University of Pennsylvania.
Tickets: Members $1.00, Non-members $1.25.
Make reservations at the L.I.D. office, 413 So. Carlisle Street.

DETROIT

December 12th—Webster Hall, 8 P.M.
Subject: **THE EXTENSION OF SOCIAL SERVICES—RECREATION AND HEALTH.**

CHICAGO

December 20th—Luncheon at 12:30, Men's Club
Subject: **OUR INTERLOCKING DIRECTORATES, or WHO RUNS CHICAGO.**
Tickets: Members, $1.00, Non-members $1.15.

January 2nd-4th—Intercollegiate Winter Conference
Subject: **THE RADICAL FADE OUT. CAN LIBERALISM SURVIVE GRADUATION?**

enhance dramatic situations by faking them, as was done in "Africa Speaks." But by far the better way of improving the travel film is that of using the camera in order to illustrate an intellectual concept or to relate an emotional experience. A scientist in particular is overdue on the screen, on which anthropology, ethnography, and zoology would be much more effective than the rambling observations of amateur travelers. In fact, the entire field of popular science should be brought on the screen for the edification of the man in the street. And it should be done by scientific institutions in cooperation with film manufacturers rather than by the method which seems to be invading this particular field. The advertiser is awakening to the possibilities of the screen. Within the same week there have been "The Mediterranean Cruise" manufactured by a great German shipping company and advertising its boat service, and a short film at the Rivoli, a revival of the early news reel, which is presented "by the courtesy" of a well-known cigarette manufacturing company. The scientific short film lends itself easily to such uses of publicity, as has been demonstrated in several pictures shown in the smaller theaters. The question is how far this development will go. It is only to be hoped that the practice will be discouraged and that the insidious influence of the advertisers will be prevented from bringing the movies to a still lower level than they have already reached.

"Morocco" (Rivoli) may be recommended as fair entertainment; "Just Imagine" (Roxy) is decidedly not.

Alexander Bakshy

Drama

The Third Mrs. Tanqueray

WHEN Paula Tanqueray discovered that her former lover was about to marry her stepdaughter she walked slowly from the stage and committed suicide. Audiences wept at the woman's fate and applauded her tact and discretion in difficult circumstances. But by a shift in theatrical manners an almost identical situation furnishes the hilarious ending for the second act of Paul Osborn's new farce, "The Vinegar Tree."

Twenty years ago, and maybe ten, this rowdy entertainment would have sent a New York audience into the night suffused with blushes. But if anybody changed color at the Playhouse opening I was not in a position to observe the phenomenon. I think that theatrical reformers from John Haynes Holmes up and down are inaccurate in estimating what seems to them a saturnalia along Broadway. At least I generally hear the theory advanced that greedy commercial managers are debasing the minds of the public. Did anybody ever stop to think that possibly the public is debasing the theatrical managers? Few producers of my acquaintance are signally endowed with the gift of leadership. They follow where the patrons lead.

If shows seem much franker than a few seasons ago it is because playgoers have demanded more license, and I must add more honesty. Personally, I think an increase in ribaldry of expression is a healthy sign. I would term no state of mind cleanly if it were founded on nothing more than a fear and horror of a few phrases. Yet the mere admission of certain shock words might be insufficient proof that a large number of persons are thinking through inhibitions into cleared ground. I rather suspect that there is also an actual difference in point of view. One hates to cry "revolution" incautiously, but if some timid generalization may be founded upon audience reaction, New York grows calmer about sex. It no longer sees red because some unfortunate wears a scarlet letter.

□ FILMS □ PLAYS □ DEBATE □ LECTURER □

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December 21—THE SCIENCE OF MENTAL FORMATION, ITS RELATION TO THE HEALING AND PREVENTION OF DISEASE
Mr. John V. Dittemore

December 28—ARMAMENTS AND WORLD PEACE
Mrs. Mary Sayles Moore

January 4—SCIENCE AND RELIGION
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Professor Social Science Yale University
"Russia Today"

JOHN A. FITCH — Monday, December 8—8:30 P. M.
New York School of Social Work
"American Social Legislation"

MORRIS HILLQUIT — Wednesday, December 10—8:30 P. M.
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OR

HUS THE HERETIC

by

POGGIUS THE PAPIST

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In saying that "The Vinegar Tree" uses for farce the situation which Pinero employed for tragedy I did not mean to suggest a comic suicide. When Laura Murdock is informed that Leone plans to marry Max Lawrence she does not seek gun or poison. Instead, she clasps her hands and sitting solitary upon the stage mutters brokenly "Incest!" The curtain falls and the audience laughs heartily.

Now a reformer might say, indeed some one of them will, that a plot which includes the possible marriage between a middle-aged man and the daughter of his former mistress is an ugly and unspeakable thing. I would reply that any such criticism must depend upon the mood and treatment. But I hold that hearty laughter is far to be preferred in such a situation than sudden suicide. If the question of immorality is at stake I hold Pinero to be the guilty party. He put before his audience a wholly irrational piece of conduct and succeeded in convincing the playgoers of his day that here was logical and inevitable tragedy. Surely we can arrive at some saner attitude toward love and life if we do not insist on treating every problem as tragic and insoluble.

But the moral which I have attempted to draw from "The Vinegar Tree" is not part of the author's intention. His object is one of mockery. His play might be called a "sophisticated farce" if that phrase were not so commonly used as one of reproach. It is generally employed to describe such entertainments as are unusually hard-boiled and immoral. "The Vinegar Tree" is neither. It is pleasant, witty, satirical, and fast moving save in the second act, which slumps somewhat below the general level. Your Aunt Minnie might not like it but she should, for after all it does not endeavor to haul down the older verities but scoffs at the newer school of self-expression. The young girl who feels that she really ought to have experience before marriage is treated as a comic figure and her mother's willingness to seek her lost youth is sketched as farcical. Moreover, the author follows the American convention that while characters in plays may talk about affairs they must not have them.

Mary Boland as Laura gives a fine performance. A captious critic might point out that she is possibly a shade too sure of all her points, but I think this is an ungracious exception, since she misses none. A young actress named Helen Brooks is enormously good because she plays her comic role as if it were intense and serious and never permits the audience to know that she is in on the joke. It is the better way. I have seen too many farces spoiled by an overeagerness on the part of the performers to collaborate in the laughter.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Those who have seen that finished and delightful comedy, "Topaze," from the French of Marcel Pagnol, will be disappointed in "Marseilles" (Gilbert Miller Theater) from the same author. Partly this disappointment may be the result of a poor English version (the play has been "adapted" by Sidney Howard), but to some extent it is inevitable because Pagnol leans more on stock materials—his central situation, for example, is that of a youngster who is torn between his desire to go to sea and his fondness and obligation toward the girl who loves him. None the less, the play as it stands is rich in humor and full of admirable touches, and it is supported by an excellent—if not always convincingly French—cast, including Alexander Kirkland, Alison Skipworth, Dudley Digges, Guy Kibbee, Hubert Druce, and Frances Torchiana.

"Oh, Promise Me" (Morosco) is a fast-moving and boisterous travesty on the breach-of-promise racket and its tabloid echoes. There are no subtleties in it, but the dialogue is remarkably natural and the characterization is as malicious as Ring Lardner's.

H. H.

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The British Empire in Conference

By J. A. HOBSON

THE Imperial Conference in London has ended with an outpouring of sentimental rhetoric covering an almost complete failure of substantial results. On the constitutional side some minor steps have been taken toward removing the last remnants of British parliamentary control over dominion legislation and placing each dominion in an identical relation with Britain itself toward the Crown. General Hertzog, the South African Premier, in a speech at Dublin even expressed a desire that this doctrine of absolute equality should be marked by substituting the term kingdom for dominion, though the proposal would scarcely fit the mood of the Irish, hankering after a republic. The principle of establishing an *ad hoc* tribunal for settling disputes that may arise between nations of the Empire was accepted, though the form and procedure of such tribunal were not settled. No final decision was reached upon the question of the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. But in substance the dominions now may be considered as separate autonomous nations under a common Crown, taking voluntary counsel with one another on matters of common interest, but each free to follow its own course of action. In form this may appear to make for disintegration of the Empire, but in fact it is the only way of preserving any real community of policy in world affairs. It is the substitution of voluntary for legal bonds.

Less satisfactory were the results of the economic discussions. Some of the dominion representatives appear to have come to London with the hope and expectation of getting a reversal of our free-trade policy in return for some quite inconsiderable promises of enlarged preference upon their part. Mr. Bennett's offer of 3 per cent additional preference on British imports, following the recently increased Canadian tariff, was a really farcical endeavor to catch a whale with a minnow. Discussion soon made it evident that none of the dominions was prepared to forego the development of manufacturing industries which would, as soon as practicable, displace the goods they now import from us. The preferences they offer are mere interim arrangements. They will prefer our machines and other manufactured goods until they can fulfil their own ambition of becoming self-sufficient economic systems. In return for this precarious gain they invited us to abandon our free-trade policy by giving them preferences in the supply of the foods and raw materials which we have hitherto drawn from the competitive markets of the world. A fatuous proposal, though it has the support of the Conservative Party in this country, while even a sprinkling of Labor politicians play with it! Though the proportion of our food imports from the Empire has considerably increased since 1913, about three-fifths are still derived from foreign sources, and our dependence upon foreign supplies of such essential raw materials as cotton, timber, iron ore, and petroleum is almost absolute.

It is argued that fixed agreements for solid preference to empire goods would evoke large supplies, and that the Empire would make rapid advances toward self-sufficiency. But Britain cannot engage in such risky policies. We are not willing to jeopardize our vital needs for some problematic enlargements of imperial supplies. Take wheat and beef, the two first articles recommended for bulk purchase within the Empire. Last year, owing to small imperial surpluses, we drew three-fourths of our imported wheat from foreign countries, and the greater part of our beef came from South America. Mr. Snowden, who is a staunch free-trader, presented an adamantine opposition to any extension of the existing preference, and the Government made no concession beyond an undertaking to maintain existing preferences for the next three years. In the present financial embarrassment it would have been difficult in any case to remit any existing source of revenue.

Some discussion took place on marketing propaganda and organization for consumption of dominion products within the United Kingdom, and the Empire Marketing Board has been put upon a more solid financial basis. The Imperial Economic Committee has also been reconstituted and will examine and report upon any economic questions which the dominions may agree to refer to it.

Last and not least, the failure to reach tangible economic results has been covered by a proposal to adjourn the "economic features" of the conference to a meeting at Ottawa to be held within the next twelve months. At this meeting would be discussed the questions of wheat quotas, import boards, and bulk purchases put forward by the Labor Government in lieu of protective tariffs but in forms too inchoate for elaboration before the London conference.

If, as is conceivable, and even probable, the Labor Government falls before next summer and is replaced by a Conservative administration devoted to a protective policy, the proposed Ottawa conference may prove to be a conspicuous landmark in the annals of human folly.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 663
EDITORIALS:
Politics and the Power Issue 666
Sir Oswald's Britain 667
California in Disgrace 667
Design Piracy 668
WASHINGTON WONDERLAND. By Paul Y. Anderson 669
FASCISM BANKRUPT. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 670
FIGHTING UNEMPLOYMENT. II. UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE. By Henry Raymond Mussey 673
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE BANKS? By J. G. Curtis 675
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 676
CORRESPONDENCE 677
BOOKS AND MUSIC:
Do As I Tell You. By Genevieve Taggard 679
Rainer Maria Rilke. By Henry Hazlitt 679
Two Poets. By Eda Lou Walton 679
Beerbohm in the Stalls. By Mark Van Doren 680
The Poet of the River Rouge. By James Rorty 681
Village Life in India. By W. Norman Brown 682
In the Reign of Anne. By Isidor Schneider 682
Mary Baker Eddy. By Fred T. Marsh 683
Prisoner of War. By James B. Wharton 683
Books in Brief 684
Music: Transcribing Bach. By Arthur Mendel 684
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 686
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Russian "Dumping." By Louis Fischer 688

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NO LESS A PERSON than John Bassett Moore, one of the foremost American authorities in international law and formerly one of the judges of the World Court, took occasion a few days ago, in an address before the Bar Association of New York City, to say some things about American policy toward Russia and Latin America that put the State Department on the defensive. According to Judge Moore, the United States "necessarily recognized the Soviet Government" when it allowed that government to adhere to the Kellogg-Briand pact, and the refusal to have diplomatic relations with it now, like the policy of meddling and frowning when events in Latin America do not go to our liking, "has indoctrinated our people," Judge Moore declared, "in the preposterous and mischievous supposition that the recognition of a government implies approval of its constitution, its economic system, its attitude toward religion, and its general course of conduct." To agree that differences shall not be settled by war, and then to deny to one of the parties the recognition which would enable them to be settled by diplomacy, is, in Judge Moore's caustic phrase, to "approach the limit of incoherence." Mr. Stimson, prodded by the newspapermen to say what he thought about it, declined to enter into any controversy with the distinguished international jurist, but "let it be known" that American policy toward Russia remained unchanged.

HIS SAD EXPERIENCE in the Judge Parker case should have warned Mr. Hoover against stooping a second time to cheap politics. Instead, he has blundered again and under the same circumstances. His appointment of Frank R. McNinch to the Federal Power Commission was plainly made to pay off a political obligation to a man who had helped swing North Carolina to the Hoover ticket in 1928. A similar debt, it may be recalled, lay behind the nomination of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court. Also, there is a serious question as to the source of the funds Mr. McNinch used to put North Carolina into the Republican column two years ago. Many persons, including Senator-elect Bailey of North Carolina, have suggested to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee that a part of the funds came from a power company. At least, according to Bailey, "these rumors have not been denied." Before any of his other qualifications or disqualifications are even considered, Mr. McNinch must be compelled to reveal the sources of his funds. Similarly, all the other Presidential appointments should be thoroughly and assiduously investigated lest some other political favorite slip into office undetected.

SENATOR MORROW of New Jersey delivered himself the other day of certain sentiments with respect to our American merchant marine which deserve scrutiny. It will be recalled that Mr. Morrow was a member of the American delegation to the London conference for the limitation of armament. About this conference many noble words were exchanged between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, words which had to do with the necessity of disarmament, the importance of the Kellogg peace pact, and the unpleasantness of war in general. What Mr. Morrow thought about these matters he did not directly state. But the other day he officiated at laying the keel for the first ship in our projected enlarged merchant marine, and made the following remarks:

> My experience has convinced me that the most indisputable interest the United States government has in building an adequate merchant marine is to have a secondary defense in time of war. . . . I surely would not wish to be accused of having no real interest in the cause of peace. Yet I surely think that an adequate merchant marine is an essential element in providing for our national security, just as our armed forces at sea are.

If this is not hitting the Kellogg peace pact and the cause of disarmament generally below the belt, we do not know that gesture when we see it.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION in its annual report recommends repeal of the recapture clause of the Transportation Act, under which half of any earnings in excess of 6 per cent on the value of property are taken by the government and put into a contingency fund to be used for loans to weak roads. During ten years the total amount thus recaptured has been less than

$11,000,000. The commission rightly thinks the recapture provisions logical, but open to serious practical objections, particularly in respect to the litigation to which they may give rise. Such litigation, the commission believes, may lead to the establishment of "certain principles relative to valuation and the like which will have an unfavorable reaction on many broader phases of public regulation." Just what this cryptic utterance may mean we do not know, but we do know that the attempt to give investors an assured return on railroad securities under the valuation theories apparently favored by the Supreme Court threatens industry and agriculture with a transportation tax that we do not believe they will pay. In that case the Transportation Act, a combination of irreconcilable principles, will break down of its own weight, and we shall be driven to actual government operation of the roads.

A FURTHER DIFFICULTY in the Transportation Act is illustrated by the commission's decision of December 6 ordering the Pennsylvania Company, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to divest itself within six months of its 48 per cent stock ownership of the Wabash Railroad and 30 per cent stock ownership of the Lehigh Valley, an aggregate investment of more than $100,000,000. The commission was ordered by the Transportation Act to devise a plan for the consolidation of railroads in the interest of financial stability and economical and efficient service, having regard always, of course, to the sacred principle of competition. From that day to this, consolidation in trunk-line territory has been the plaything of the great Eastern lines, each of which naturally is anxious to aggrandize its own interests. The Pennsylvania has played against the New York Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, and other big roads, and its officials announce that they will fight the present divestment order all the way up to the Supreme Court if necessary. The commission, given the duty of bringing about necessary consolidations, is given the contradictory duty of maintaining competition, and finds itself unable to carry forward the work of consolidation in the face of the powerful private interests that are threatened thereby.

DOES GOLD SUPPLY determine prices? The German Institute for Conjunctural Research answers this perennial question with a qualified negative, and by inference acquits the yellow metal of responsibility for the present depression. Gold affects prices, the institute points out, only as the reserves of central banks affect their credit policy. From 1913 to 1928 currency supplies increased almost eightfold as compared with their gold foundations; the institute accordingly denies that gold supply controls credit volume in any such rigid way as the quantity theorists a generation ago were inclined to believe. It seeks the explanation of economic ups and downs in "the variegated periods of growth to which world economy is exposed." Perhaps the most important practical question facing central-bank administrators today is whether they can so use their power as to maintain relatively stable price levels in the face of varying gold production. If we must have some kind of gold standard, we certainly do not want our economic life periodically plunged into chaos by the accidents of gold production. Few theoretical questions, therefore, have greater interest than that of the relation between gold supply and prices.

CHANCELLOR BRUNING'S bold step in having the financial and tax reforms enacted into law by presidential decree has been upheld by the Reichstag. Any other course taken by the parliament would have added immeasurably to Germany's difficulties and might indeed have led to a disaster the effects of which would have been felt far beyond Germany's borders. Had the decree been disapproved President Hindenburg would have been compelled to dissolve the Reichstag once more and call new elections. The new Reichstag doubtless would have contained more extremists than the present body, in which the right and left radicals have 40 per cent of the seats. In the municipal elections that have been held since the general elections of September 14 the fascists, or Nazis, have greatly increased their strength, becoming the leading party in cities like Karlsruhe and Kehl, and increasing their vote anywhere from 100 to 1,200 per cent in other cities like Bremen, Constance, and Freiburg. That Germany's credit standing would also have been severely shaken goes without saying. Brüning's victory was, however, none too substantial. The Social Democrats supported him, for example, not because they whole-heartedly agreed with his program, but because they believed disapproval would have resulted in catastrophe for the nation.

SO LONG AS THIS SUPPORT HOLDS, the Brüning Government will remain in office on a constitutional basis, but the negative character of the support indicates the exceedingly precarious position in which the Cabinet finds itself. It is questionable whether the Government can withstand any considerable increase in political or economic pressure. That political pressure is increasing is revealed by the further swing to the fascist right in the municipal elections. More important, however, is the constantly growing economic pressure. Unemployment, to take one aspect of the grave economic problem, has almost gotten out of hand. The number of jobless held around 3,000,000 for several months, but lately has mounted to about 3,500,000, and observers believe it will reach more than 4,000,000 and possibly 5,000,000 by midwinter. Inasmuch as the unemployed are entitled to relief from the government insurance fund for only a limited time after leaving their last job, the number of persons dependent upon community relief or occasional charity is growing. As a result disorders are spreading throughout Germany, these disturbances taking on more and more the character of food riots rather than that of street fighting between rival political gangs. By putting its fiscal reforms speedily and efficiently into effect, the Government may save the day.

PREMIER TARDIEU'S FALL was not wholly a political accident as most observers have suggested. His opponents had been noticeably strengthened by adverse economic conditions. Taxes had been increased, and inasmuch as tax receipts continued to fall off there was every likelihood of still further increases being sought. Industrial activity and commerce, especially foreign trade, had entered what it now appears may become a major slump. The number of unemployed, though still very small, had multiplied fourfold in November. Added to this was the financial disaster that had overtaken the Oustric group of industries, which left in its wake a scandal involving two members of the Tardieu Cabinet because of their former association

with M. Oustric. These are some of the problems with which the new Cabinet will have to contend. As usual; because of the multiplicity of French parliamentary parties, numerous difficulties have been encountered in attempting to form a new Cabinet. The republican blocs have a majority, but the right and left wings of this majority are widely separated on many important political questions, and in the past have been brought together only by some outstanding personality like Poincaré or by clever political tactics of a kind that thus far have been lacking in the present crisis. In any event it is almost certain the next government will be strikingly similar to that of Tardieu's, differing only as it inclines somewhat more to the right or to the left. Hence the government's domestic policies will be changed but little and its foreign policies perhaps not at all.

WHILE THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE has drawn its full share of publicity in our daily press, the news from India has dwindled to a few lines on scattered days. But those lines are significant. On December 1 the editor and the publisher of the Bombay *Chronicle*, one of the most important Nationalist newspapers, were sentenced to five months' imprisonment because the paper mentioned in a news item the Bombay Congress Committee, which, like all Congress organizations throughout India, had beeen declared unlawful. The Indian newspapers fill out the story in page after page of items reciting the never-ending tale of arrest, imprisonment, new ordinances, and lathi blows by which Great Britain hopes once more to subdue India. And now H. N. Brailsford, whose word as an eyewitness will hardly be doubted, confirms in an impressive article in the *New Republic* the most brutal tales the Indian papers have told, and at the same time testifies to the remarkable extent of non-violence. He confirms also the determination which runs through the Indian accounts like a band of steel. When one white-capped volunteer disappears into hospital or jail—there are 60,000 in jail—another takes his place. Meanwhile the Round Table Conference has become shrouded in rumors of intrigue, dissension, and compromise. Its outcome no one can foretell—but in India, where the real struggle is taking place, the outcome of the conference will mean nothing unless it means self-government.

GOVERNOR BILBO'S RAID of last June upon the educational institutions of Mississippi has had wider results than the worthy Governor dreamed. It will be remembered that he summarily dismissed more than one hundred members of the faculties in order to make room for new appointees politically pleasing to him. As a result the American Medical Association last summer took action toward preventing graduates of the Mississippi Medical School from practicing in other States, and the American Chemical Association warned its members against accepting positions in the Mississippi institutions until present conditions are corrected. At the end of October the American Association of Universities removed the University of Mississippi from its approved list, because of the insecurity of faculty tenure. In consequence the diploma of that institution will no longer admit its graduates to study elsewhere. Finally, on December 4 the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States suspended the four Mississippi State institutions from membership. We rejoice in the action taken by these organizations, though we regret the undeserved penalty thus visited on the Mississippi colleges and graduates. Possibly such action may stir the people of Mississippi to further effectual protest and thus lead the Governor to adopt a civilized educational policy.

AS UNSEEMLY A ROW as has been seen in New York City in a long time took place in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, when the Bishop of New York called certain of his colleagues and former Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Colorado names, and Mr. Lindsey replied by shouting defiance to the Bishop in the very shadow of the pulpit. The resulting fracas, in which Mr. Lindsey was dragged out by policemen to cries from the congregation of "He ought to be lynched," was a not surprising end to the whole sorry scene. This is not to say that the Bishop's sermon was not provoking. It was ill-timed and unjust. Bishop Manning complained of alleged "persecution" by a little group of clergymen in the diocese and by "a religious journal, miscalled liberal, published in this city." He described Mr. Lindsey's book on companionate marriage as "one of the most filthy, insidious, and cleverly written pieces of propaganda ever published in behalf of lewdness, promiscuity, adultery, and unrestrained sexual gratification." Besides being misrepresentation of the grossest sort, this is hardly the language that a Christian minister might be expected to use in the house of God. But instead of allowing the Bishop's bad temper, bad taste, and bad judgment to speak for themselves, Mr. Lindsey hurt his cause by his own ill-timed response. He would have done better to await the ample exoneration which time would speedily have afforded him. Meantime he has been charged with disorderly conduct, the Bishop has been subpoenaed as a witness, and the original controversy—whether or not it was proper for Mr. Lindsey to lecture to the New York Churchmen's Association on companionate marriage—is not settled.

A CORRESPONDENCE which is described as consisting of "love letters" between Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry, to be published shortly by the Fountain Press, is the literary news of the season. The letters cover a period of thirty years, during which the writers met only once, although of course the actress was seen many times from the pit by her admirer and dramatic critic, Mr. Shaw. For years Shaw tried to persuade Sir Henry Irving to permit Dame Ellen to appear in one of his plays. Not until after Irving's death in 1905 was the matter arranged. Then, with Dame Ellen scheduled to appear in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," the fateful meeting at last took place, and Dame Ellen found herself almost immediately captivated—by James Carew, a member of the company, whom she married! Quotations from the letters are not at present obtainable, but they are described by Elbridge L. Adams, of the Fountain Press, as not only beautifully phrased and full of brilliant wit, but abounding in tender epithets and avowals of devotion from each to the other. Mr. Shaw, who for so many years has discussed love as if it were a clinical matter which a sane man need not take too seriously, is thus about to be disclosed as a lover, although in a strictly Platonic love affair.

Politics and the Power Issue

THE power issue will not down. The political handymen of the power group and its friends in high places, from the President down, would like to quiet it. They cannot. The fight goes on without interruption, now here, now there, now all along the line. In our issue of November 19 we called attention to the sensational success in the elections of November 4 of those candidates who opposed private exploitation of power resources and power-company domination of public life. President Hoover's Federal Power Commission (Secretaries Wilbur, Hurley, and Hyde), under the guidance of Executive Secretary Bonner, appointed by Mr. Wilbur with the approval of his friend Paul Downing, of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, proved so complaisant to power-company contentions that Congress legislated it out of existence by providing for a new full-time commission of five members. The President counters by naming five men—one of whom is already facing progressive opposition. Meanwhile Senator Couzens's bill is still pending, providing further drastic reorganization of the commission to give it jurisdiction over all interstate power and communications companies, including holding companies. The bill is full of dynamite. The Federal Trade Commission continues its devastating investigation of power and utility finance, and no one is able to stay its hand. The companies, meantime, having secured from the Attorney General a convenient opinion questioning the constitutionality of the Federal Power Act, are now taking action in the Clarion River and Appalachian Power Company cases to free themselves from practically all effective federal regulation. The Hoover Administration loses no opportunity of giving the power interests wider liberty of action. The President, avowed foe of public operation, seems determined to drive the country willy-nilly to that policy by aiding the companies in their successful efforts to make regulation of private operation ineffective. Small wonder that, in spite of unemployment and prohibition, power forced itself to the front at the elections; small wonder that it is an issue of the first order in both houses of Congress today.

The legislative center of the fight is Muscle Shoals; the heart of the Muscle Shoals issue is government operation. The solid knowledge, determination, and honesty of Senator Norris carried his bill for government operation through to victory in both houses in 1928, only to have it killed by President Coolidge's pocket veto. Again he drove it through the Senate last spring, to have it blocked by President Hoover's regulars in the House. Despite the scandal of Claudius Huston and the power-trust lobby, the House obediently passed a substitute providing for leasing to private interests, and the President gave his blessing on June 12 last by announcing that under no circumstances would he approve the Senate bill. Congress adjourned with the measure in conference. The President made the issue clear in the election by indorsing, alone of all the candidates who were seeking office, Representative Carroll Reece of Tennessee, who had played a leading part in substituting the House measure for the Norris bill—and Mr. Reece was disastrously defeated. Similar results all over the country brought Congress back to Washington in a chastened frame of mind, and some of the regulars hastened to announce their support of the Norris resolution.

Here the matter stands today. The House conferees, piloted by the President's friend, Reece the Rejected, are trying to rig up some agreement by which Muscle Shoals can be leased to private interests, while the representatives of the Senate refuse any terms except government operation. In the smooth words of Mr. Reece, the House conferees are willing to amend their bill "in a manner that will embody and attain all the objects of the Senate bill without putting the federal government into the power-distribution business as a doubtful experiment at Muscle Shoals." In other words, the President's pretorian guard in the House will yield everything but the one thing essential. There is no possibility of compromise. One side or the other must surrender, and there is every indication that the Senate will not accept anything but government operation. If the President, then, really wants the Muscle Shoals plant to go into operation, his only way of accomplishing it seems to be to release his followers and let them agree with the Senate as they once did before. It is doubtful whether even a lame-duck House, freed from threat of the Administration whiplash, would dare reject the Norris bill in view of the unmistakable election results.

If the President and his supporters, in defiance of what may reasonably be interpreted as a popular mandate, persist in their determination that the Muscle Shoals plant shall not be operated except under private management, let them frankly accept the responsibility. If the legislative deadlock is prolonged and an extra session is necessitated, let the people realize that it was caused, not by Progressive recalcitrance, but by a Presidential filibuster against the will of Congress on a fundamental question of public policy. The private power interests are carrying on a desperate fight to prevent our making a great experiment in public operation. If private management is as superior to public as they profess to believe, why are they so anxious to prevent this experiment, which would quickly enough demonstrate the truth of their contention? The fact is that they fear, not its failure, but its success. They are afraid of the Muscle Shoals yardstick and the measurement it would afford of the merits and demerits of private exploitation. Let the President go on fighting their battles if he will. Let him force an extraordinary session of Congress if he so desires. Let him throw the power issue, in this fundamental form of private versus public operation, into the campaign of 1932 if he dares. The Progressive advocates of public operation can afford to meet him in honest and open combat, relying confidently on the outcome, if only the facts can be fairly set forth before the people. What they cannot do is to compromise in the major battle now raging over Muscle Shoals. Far better to go down if necessary to another temporary defeat, fighting for a correct principle, than to enjoy a so-called victory based on compromise and the surrender of all they have fought for so long.

Sir Oswald's Britain

THE revolutionary proposals which Sir Oswald Mosley, backed by sixteen other members of the House of Commons, has brought forward for the cure of Great Britain's political and economic ills are well calculated to shake British complacence on the one hand and intensify dissatisfaction with present conditions on the other. Barring some rather obvious vagueness of statement and a not too great consistency in the various parts of the program, the pronouncement has at least the merit of attacking the governmental system of Great Britain at its foundations, and of envisaging an economic arrangement about as different from that which now exists as black is from white. To this extent, at least, Sir Oswald is to be commended for his courage, and if he wants a widespread discussion of the merits of his plan he has probably taken the most direct route to that end.

What kind of Britain do Sir Oswald and his associates desire to see? The core of the proposal, around which all the rest of the program turns, is the temporary suspension of parliamentary government and the substitution of an emergency Cabinet of five members "invested with power to carry through the emergency policy." Great Britain, in other words, is to pass under a dictatorship. The ostensible reason for the change is the alleged refusal of Parliament for ten years to face the facts of an economic situation which Sir Oswald and his colleagues are convinced should be changed. The manifesto is silent as to how the transition from parliamentary government to the dictatorship of the five is to be effected, but since the statement nowhere hints at action commonly regarded as revolutionary, we may perhaps assume that a self-denying ordinance by which the present Cabinet and Parliament would abnegate their functions for the time being and designate their temporary successors to carry out the plan is the process that the innovators have in mind.

Upon this emergency Cabinet of five the Mosley plan proposes to devolve the execution of a colossal task of economic reorganization which shall "adjust the balance of British production to the new conditions now prevailing in the world." To this end the resources of the state "should be mobilized to assist in the development of new industries and to secure modernization and reequipment of industry, especially in the sphere of coal, oil, electricity, and transport." The home market, Sir Oswald declares, "must be the future basis of British trade," and since the home market depends upon "the high purchasing power of the people, which in turn depends on high wages," both wages and working conditions must be protected against such evils as "price fluctuations, organized dumping, and the competition of sweated labor." The needs of agriculture are to be met by the creation of an import control board for foodstuffs and raw materials, through which the agriculturist will be guaranteed "a stable and economic price for his basic products" while the consumer will be guaranteed "that prices shall not rise." Until this can be done, Sir Oswald suggests an old interim scheme of commodity boards, made up of producers and consumers of a given commodity and exercising their control of imports either through a license system or by a tariff. Beyond aiding the home market, the plan contemplates the systematic development of foreign markets, not only by means of trade agreements with foreign countries, but also, and especially, through a wise expansion of trade within the Empire. The plan further calls for "direct action" on the problems of slum clearance and working-class housing, and the establishment of a financial policy which shall cease to benefit bond-holders at the expense of industry. Any budget surplus derived from duties "after the present serious financial situation has been met" should be devoted to paying interest on loans for constructive work, removing burdens on food and "prime necessities" of the working class, and reducing taxes on "the hard-earned incomes of skilled technical managerial workers."

The Mosley program is likely, we think, to be greeted with some enthusiasm by those radicals, especially numerous among young men and women, who have lost faith in the virtues of parliamentary government and are not unkindly disposed toward a political dictatorship. It may very well appeal also to those who doubt the ability of capitalism, privately controlled and operating on competitive lines, to remedy the industrial and commercial ills from which the whole world is suffering. As an economic program for Great Britain, on the other hand, what the Mosley groups appear to have in mind seems to be nothing less than a comprehensive and virtually complete government control of industry and trade, with protective duties as the main device for enabling the nation to hold its ground and eventually forge ahead. About all that can be said at this stage is that if political dictatorship and a tariff wall offer to Britain the only way of salvation, the plight of that honored citadel of popular government and free trade must be grave indeed.

California in Disgrace

"HOLMES and Brandeis dissenting" has long been a familiar phrase in reports of United States Supreme Court decisions, but never in his most outspoken moments has either of those champions of law and common sense administered such a lashing to his colleagues as Justice William H. Langdon, of the California Supreme Court, lays on in his dissenting opinion in the recent decision of that court in the Billings pardon case. As an example of legal rejoinder, Justice Langdon's opinion will commend itself to everyone whose mind is not closed by ignorance, prejudice, or fear, while as an exhibition of personal courage it entitles Justice Langdon to a place on any honor roll of men who have deserved well of the country for their service in a great cause.

The six justices who formed the majority of the court refused, it will be remembered, to recommend a pardon for Billings on the ground that Billings had neither made out a case for executive clemency nor materially changed the status of his case since the court had passed upon it. In the view of the majority, the presumption of innocence which in theory attaches to an accused person could not be recognized in this instance, since the hearing which the court gave did not constitute a new trial. Billings, it was affirmed, had been constitutionally and fairly tried, and it was necessary for him at this time to show that he was innocent.

Justice Langdon tore this extraordinary ruling limb from limb. "The requirement of the majority," he declared, "that the petitioner prove his innocence is unreasonable and unwarranted. A perfectly innocent person may be unable to prove an alibi. And it is preposterous to demand of the accused that he place his finger upon the real culprit in order to exculpate himself. Although Billings has presented an alibi, it is unnecessary. When the chain of proof is destroyed he needs none."

And what of "the chain of proof" that satisfied the six jurists learned in the law? "Considered either as an argument of an advocate or as a judicial review of the evidence," Justice Langdon pointed out, "the consolidated majority report is unsound and indefensible. It is unsound because its conclusions are not founded upon established facts. Suspicions, conjectures, unwarranted inferences, irreconcilable inconsistencies, and admitted perjuries are treated as facts. It is indefensible because it appeals to passion and prejudice. One-fourth of the report is devoted to anarchistic propaganda and the bad character of the petitioner. The trial court properly held that these matters were not admissible. It is manifestly improper to inject them into this inquiry." Admitting, as the accused himself has admitted, that Billings was "a most undesirable citizen," his character does not release the court from the obligation to insure for him a fair trial and to "determine, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice," whether he "has been proved guilty of the crime with which he is charged." "I do not know," Justice Langdon continued, "whether Billings is guilty or innocent of the crime. I do know that there has been a failure of proof to such an extent that there is now not even the semblance of a case against him. Upon the record now before us a recommendation for executive clemency cannot justly be withheld."

For the moment, unhappily, this devastating rebuke must remain without effect. The law of California denies to a person who, like Billings, has twice been convicted of a felony the right to appeal directly to the Governor for a pardon. A pardon can be granted only upon the recommendation of the Supreme Court, which in such circumstances acts as a kind of advisory pardon board, and it is this recommendation that the court, after a grossly biased review of the case, has refused to make. The only hope, apparently, lies in the possibility that James Rolph, Jr., who succeeds C. C. Young as Governor in January, and who presumably will not be legally bound by the acts of his predecessor, may be disposed to reopen the case, and in the further possibility that the legislature, out of regard for the good name of the State, may change the law. The latter redress, considering the political influences which dominate public opinion in California and the bitter hostility there to radicalism in every form, is probably not to be counted upon with much confidence. Meantime the courageous words of Justice Langdon stand as a damning indictment of the administration of law in California. From this time on, unless the decision of the court is reversed, any person to whose offense a political stigma can be attached must expect to be adjudged guilty before he is tried, and required to prove his innocence if, having been convicted upon testimony shot through with prejudice and lies, he has the temerity to apply for a pardon. If even the elements of justice are to be preserved, there could be no stronger argument than has here been offered for the popular recall of judges in California.

Design Piracy

THE Vestal bill for the protection of original design is one of the important minor measures which will come up before the Senate during the present short session of Congress. It is minor because it directly concerns only a relatively small class of the population—the creators and the manufacturers of original designs used in commercial art; it is important because it not only affords to these persons protection for their work and their merchandise, but will prevent the public from being exploited by manufacturers who offer them a pirated design made up in an inferior article, often for nearly the same price.

It will come as a surprise to many persons to be told that an artist is not protected by the same sort of copyright laws which conserve the rights of an author. Under the present law designs to be used for commercial purposes may not be copyrighted, but can be protected only under the patent laws. To obtain a patent is a long-drawn-out and expensive process. Commercial art is largely seasonal. By the time a patent can be obtained for a silk pattern, for example, not only can a pirating manufacturer steal the design and sell it many times over, but the mode may have passed on to other and newer designs. The revenue which an artist can expect from an original design is derived only in part from initial payment for the use of the design itself; exactly as in the case of the author, royalties from sales make up the bulk of the expected financial return. And if the design is stolen and used for an inferior grade of merchandise, the sale of the original naturally suffers.

It would seem to be obvious that the artist is entitled to protection for the fruits of his labors, and the honest manufacturer to the just proceeds from his sales. But although the Vestal bill has successfully passed the House of Representatives, it was only in the face of determined opposition, which is now concentrated on the Senate. At present the opposition has narrowed down to that of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, which objects to the bill on the ground that it would cause, in the process of protecting the artist by recourse to the courts if necessary, endless controversy and litigation, not only, to quote Mr. Channing F. Sweitzer, managing director of the association, "between manufacturers and retailers, but among manufacturers themselves." The fact is that the Dry Goods Association, which in the last analysis means the large department stores, is amply protected by the provisions of the bill. Under the bill department stores have no liability for selling an article containing a design until the court has stated that the design has been pirated. Thereafter, a department store may sell such articles containing the design as it may have in stock, but may not purchase additional articles without liability. This would seem to offer justice to all parties concerned.

The public, which is the more or less helpless and ignorant receiver of inferior and stolen goods, and which can only benefit by articles honestly designed and honestly offered for sale, need not stand by and watch this battle between manufacturers and artists on the one side and retailers on the other without lending a hand. It is necessary only to exert the pressure of public opinion on the members of the Senate to send the Vestal bill through.

Washington Wonderland

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 6

WONDERLAND did a lot for Alice, but unless she was in Washington to study events attending the opening of the last session of the Seventy-first Congress her education is hardly complete. She could have seen the Honorable Jim Watson, the Honorable Charlie McNary, and the Honorable George Moses, supposed leaders of the Republican Party in the Senate, repairing to the office of Vice-President Curtis to curse a Republican President in terms that neither she, I, nor Charles G. Dawes would repeat, while simultaneously the Honorable Joe Robinson, supposed leader of the Democratic "opposition," arrived at the White House to discuss plans for expediting the Administration program. She could have witnessed the seating of Jim Davis, nominated on a ticket whose campaign expenditures were between $650,000 and $1,000,000, by the votes of the same Senators who declared that an expenditure of $196,000 in behalf of the Newberry ticket constituted a danger to free government. She could have seen an era of "harmony" inaugurated with a series of acts which tend to split both parties wide open, and she might have observed that the only group which appeared to have any constructive program or any definite plan for achieving it consisted of the "destructive" and "insurgent" element of Congress, those terrible Progressives. The like of this was never witnessed in Wonderland; even Washington is hard pressed to make sense of it.

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BACK in the dark days when the depredations of the Ohio gang were coming to light; when the Old Guard exhibited every symptom of panic, and even the calm Calvin cowered in the White House in a fever of fear, Senator Moses remarked: "No matter how bad we may look, we can always trust the Democrats to look worse before election day." In the present instance that forecast is being fulfilled with startling promptness. No sooner had the polls closed on an election which produced a stunning repudiation of Republican policies than Democratic leaders started up with the announcement that they could be trusted not to prevent those policies from being carried out. Davis's brazen insistence that he be seated immediately afforded them the first opportunity to live up to that incredible pledge. Confronted with evidence that the "Kingfish" had been the beneficiary of a primary-campaign fund amounting to more than $629,000, and entreated by the investigating committee for time in which to unearth further contributions, they proceeded with indecent haste to admit him where they had barred Vare and Smith. It is to the credit of the Nye committee that, betrayed by its colleagues and deluged with abuse by ignorant or mendacious editors, it has gone ahead with the Pennsylvania investigation, and already has brought up to $641,000 the total known to have been spent in behalf of the Davis-Brown ticket in the latest "golden primary." Nevertheless, the divided Democratic vote on the Davis motion is ominous of a growing discontent with the Robinson-Hoover coalition. Such party hacks as Pat Harrison and Claude Swanson may be content to be "led" in this fashion, but men like Black of Alabama, Barkley of Kentucky, Wheeler of Montana, Glass of Virginia, and others will not. It is also my guess that the neat little scheme recently hatched to ditch Governor Roosevelt in favor of Owen D. Young as New York's choice for the Presidential nomination will come to grief. Naturally, all loyal Hooverites will pray incessantly for its success. It would save them infinite misery. As the one man who impersonates perfectly both the power trust and the radio trust, Mr. Young is the one man whom Mr. Hoover certainly can beat. The conduct of some Democratic leaders recently has been that of men who are vastly more interested in the stock market than in any political party.

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ALTHOUGH the Great Sufferer may properly take comfort from the antics of his adversaries, it is high time he took alarm over the conduct of his pet Cabinet member, the Secretary of the Interior. Dr. Wilbur has just made the bland announcement that federal control over water-power sites should be confined to an interest in navigation. This merely means that the Secretary proposes to abdicate all powers of federal regulation of the rates and financial structure of power companies, and destroy the fruits of twenty-five years of conservation work, by the simple device of nullifying the principal provisions of the Federal Water Power Act—one of the most important legislative achievements of the past ten years. The professor must be naive, indeed, if he hopes to get away with that. True, he has been fairly successful in the past. His innocent proposal to ignore the law in apportioning Boulder Dam power to the private companies which had fought the project from start to finish got him nothing worse than a sharp rap on the knuckles, and his furtive essay at intrusting a test case—that of the Clarion River Power Company—to a minor subordinate of an official who had already pronounced the law unconstitutional was abandoned almost as soon as it was exposed. But if he thinks he can calmly set out to junk the whole act without getting into all kinds of trouble, he has a lesson coming. In fact, he has a lesson coming anyway, and he is likely to get it soon. A few sound bruises often supply the lack of a sense of shame.

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FROM this morass of futility, fright, favoritism, and political trickiness, one fact emerges with all the substance and reality of the Washington monument in a fog: there is one group composed of men of character and purpose who have a genuinely constructive program and a brave and resourceful leader. On this point I dissent sharply from the judgment expressed in *The Nation* of December 3 that the Progressives have neither a program nor a leader. The leader is Senator Norris, but the group is not limited to Progressive Republicans. It includes such independent Democrats as Wagner of New York, Black, Glass, Barkley, the two Walshes, and a substantial number of others. The program includes the bill for government operation of Muscle

Shoals, the amendment abolishing lame-duck sessions, the Norris-Walsh-Blaine anti-injunction bill, and the Wagner measures for unemployment relief. The sponsors and supporters of these bills will not be intimidated. If a special session is necessary to secure votes on these measures, they will take the responsibility for one—although the responsibility would properly belong on the Administration which has so long blocked action on them. Just now the Old Guard leaders are falling all over themselves in an effort to be conciliatory and "fair." In the case of the redoubtable Longworth, Tilson, and Snell, such humility is pathetic if it is real. The sight of a hard-boiled sinner blurting out his sins at the mourners' bench and promising to be good always impressed me as being somewhat obscene, provided it seemed sincere. But whether the tears are salt or crocodile is not likely to matter. Uncle George and his collaborators know exactly what they want and how to go about getting it. Barring Democratic betrayal on a scale which is not indicated even by events of the last week, much valuable legislation will be enacted at the short session or the newly elected Congress will move in soon after March 4.

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MEANTIME, a number of prolific investigations are scheduled. Although the voters of Illinois performed a neat operation on Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick and her private detectives November 4, the Nye committee is not through with her. When it resumes, it would be wholly warranted in exposing the scandalous newspaper tactics which constituted an important part of the plot to "gang" the committee when it was in Chicago. These tactics were carried over into Nebraska, to the extent of suppressing vital facts disclosed about the conspiracy to eliminate Senator Norris by paying a grocer boy of the same name to run against him. Incidentally, that little affair will occupy further attention. Already it is known that a substantial part of the cost was borne by a power magnate and by a member of Mr. Hoover's Farm Board, but the committee has information leading it still nearer the White House. It is perfectly apparent that the urge to "get Norris" came principally from the Hoover Administration and the Electric Bond and Share Company. By the time this is published, it is possible that a resolution will have been offered in the Senate authorizing an investigation of Ralph Kelley's charges of favoritism, maladministration, and fraud in connection with the shale-oil lands. On the face of the matter as it stands now, two circumstances seem rather significant: (1) that President Hoover and Secretary Wilbur went to extremes of vehemence in denying "charges" which Kelley had not made, and which were not even intimated in his published articles; (2) that they passed over lightly or avoided entirely the very direct and circumstantial charges which he did make. If Walsh of Montana can be induced to take up this inquiry, we shall know the truth. The Blaine committee is loaded with dynamite on the post-office lease investigation and will set off some of it soon. Altogether, it looks like a gay winter season, with a lively possibility that the gaiety will not end March 4.

Fascism Bankrupt

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

MUSSOLINI has grown distinctly less belligerent. The Fascists of Italy are no longer so confident as they were in the days of 1925, when their apparent chances of success were at a peak; they have even lost much of the boldness that distinguished them a bare six months ago. Fascist discipline may remain, or at least Italian submission to this discipline, but here and there this too has begun to crumble. Bread riots lately reported from the industrial section of the country are a symptom of the welling opposition. In Turin signs have appeared upon the walls of houses and factories demanding: "Bread for our children, or the head of Mussolini!" Mussolini may suppress the workingmen who dared post these signs, but he cannot suppress the thought that they express.

Il Duce is not unaware of the plight of his countrymen. He may be blind to his own shortcomings and to the failure of fascism; he may attempt to shift the responsibility for the unrest in Italy, but he does know that his people are unhappy and that many of them are suffering. Unemployment in Italy is increasing at a dangerous rate; trade, both foreign and domestic, is stagnant; wages are being forced down to the starvation-point; business men and industrialists are in growing numbers engaging in sabotage against the efforts of the dictatorship to subordinate them to the success of the Fascist system; and, lastly, a number of disastrous financial failures (the Società delle Bonifiche Ferrarisi affair and the bankruptcy of Signor Gualino, the rayon king of Italy, are prominent examples) have recently shaken the Italian economic edifice to its anything but stable foundations. Mussolini is alive to all this. He confessed as much in a most remarkable speech, delivered before the National Council of Corporations on October 1 last, in which he assumed the role of apologist and special pleader rather than that of Caesar triumphant. In part he said:

> The situation has grown considerably worse throughout the world, including Italy. We are still under the repercussion of the American crisis. Italy's economic uncertainty was first revealed by the increasing number of unmet bills, then by an increasing number of failures and bankruptcies, the growth of unemployment, and a decrease in the state income. The state is doing its utmost to help deserving bona fide business concerns, but it cannot answer all S.O.S. appeals. Dishonest business men, bogus financiers with fictitious balance sheets who are ruining countless families, deserve not imprisonment but the death penalty.
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> The state's action is twofold—positive and negative. It helps and it punishes, but it cannot perform miracles. Not even Mr. Hoover, the most powerful man in the world in the richest country in the world, has succeeded in putting his house in order.

Mussolini has endeavored in various ways to stem the multiplying difficulties. He has sought to increase the effectiveness of Fascist discipline by replacing the milder Augusto

Turati with the much sterner Giovanni Giuriati as secretary general of the Fascist Party, by organizing a secret police along the lines of the Russian G. P. U., and by imprisoning numerous former government officials, liberal leaders, and intellectuals suspected of being unfriendly to the Fascist regime. He has reduced state salaries, including those of army officers (a dangerous move for a dictator), and he has compelled private industries similarly to reduce their pay rolls. He has authorized the adoption of a new commercial code providing extreme penalties for business men, bankers, and others who conduct their affairs or publish statements or statistics concerning their businesses in any way that Mussolini may deem detrimental to the larger economic interests of Italy. He has, finally, combed the money markets of the world for financial help to bolster up the now sagging system upon which he tried so vainglori-ously to erect a new Italy, but the international bankers have turned the other way when Mussolini's agents have come begging.

Having demonstrated his inability to regulate the operation of economic laws through dictatorial decrees, though he is not yet prepared to admit this, Mussolini has maneuvered himself into the hands of the world's bankers, and also, curiously enough, into the hands of the United States government. The power now lies with them to break this man. That they have this power is obvious. That they also have the power to guarantee ultimate success for the Fascist experiment cannot be admitted. Nor can it be said that foreign financial assistance at this time will do much more than postpone the inevitable internal collapse in Italy. That country has always been a poor investment. Before the war the world's bankers refused to lend it money because they considered its economic structure unstable. Only one foreign loan was granted up to 1915, and Italy experienced great difficulty in meeting the charges on this loan, even though it resorted to legislative jugglery to reduce the interest rate from 5 to 4 per cent. During the war the Allied and American bankers, principally the latter, were compelled to lend huge sums to Italy in the interest of an Allied military victory.

Following the armistice the stream of foreign loans into Italy was continued, not because financial opinion as to the country's basic stability had changed, for it had not, but because of the supposition, fallacious in fact though widely held, that a bad investment can somehow be made good merely by sinking more money in it. Then came Mussolini with his ambitious goals and his sweeping but unsubstantiated claims to progress, which enhanced many times the appeal of the sales arguments used in unloading Italian bonds upon the investing public of the United States and other countries. The bankers did not let their adverse opinion of Italy interfere with their eagerness to take advantage of the ready market thus provided. Lately, however, the stream has stopped. Foreigners, particularly Americans, are no longer buying Italian bonds. Unfortunately for fascism the golden flow has ceased just at the time when Italy stands most desperately in need of financial aid.

This situation must be corrected or fascism falls. Thus reasons Mussolini, and quite justifiably. He has sent Count Volpi, former Finance Minister, to this country to persuade American bankers and the government in Washington that Italy must be saved at any cost. If Volpi hoped to find sympathy here, or expected to have his pleas dealt with on a purely financial basis, he has been disappointed. He has found that the United States is willing to discuss the Italian problem only in the light of European politics. Doubtless Volpi was forewarned. It had already been suggested indirectly and most discreetly to Foreign Minister Grandi in Rome that assistance would be forthcoming only on the basis of a political arrangement. This suggestion came first from France. It was followed by the visits paid to Paris and Rome by Mr. Gibson, American Ambassador to Belgium. It is not yet known, of course, whether a credit to Italy was discussed or even mentioned at the State Department conference at which Gibson's mission to France and Italy was considered. Nevertheless, it would be childish to believe that Mr. Gibson hoped to achieve success in Rome merely through judicious use of his gracious manners and clever tongue. Even Bismarck, perhaps the greatest of all diplomatists, never entertained such an extreme and unreliable hope. Gibson undoubtedly went to Rome armed with something substantial in the way of a *quid pro quo*. According to several New York banking officials, a plan had been worked out whereby a leading American financial house was to make available to the French government a credit somewhere in the neighborhood of $500,000,000. France, in return for Italian concessions on the naval question, was to transfer this credit to Italy, at the same time concealing its source. That the scheme failed was due to Mussolini's belief at the time that any sacrifice of the prestige of the Fascist regime, such as would surely have followed his surrender in the naval dispute, was more immediately dangerous to him than was the internal economic situation.

Thereafter Mussolini arrested the attention of Europe, perhaps deliberately, by beginning an open flirtation with Moscow. He also redoubled his efforts toward the formation of a union of the disgruntled Powers of Europe. He hoped to ease the economic strain by bargaining with Russia for the purchase at low prices of the raw materials Italy so urgently needs, and he thought he might deal with France politically by opposing a counter-bloc to the French group of allies. France stood in a fair way not only of being outmaneuvered politically, but also of losing the financial club with which it hoped to subdue Italy. From an attempt to coerce Rome on the naval question by use of this financial weapon it was but a step to a new effort to frighten Italy away from Russia and from the proposed counter-alliance as well.

But success depended and still depends upon American cooperation; if the New York money market, which has financed Italy these last fifteen years, can be closed to the Fascists, France can take care of the financial centers of Europe through her great gold stores. There was talk of a "gold entente" between France and the United States for the avowed purpose of shutting off loans to Italy, and although this report met with the customary denial from Washington, the possibility that it exists remains. It seems unbelievable that the United States government should have had a hand in this latest development. Yet the Gibson adventure was undeniably a long step in that direction. If the United States felt free to intervene in a European domestic question in the interest of the London naval treaty, why should it not also be free to interfere in other European matters in the interest of world peace? The whole situation

suggests that there has been a radical, not to say perilous, departure in American foreign policy, that the Gibson trip established a precedent for American intermeddling in Europe of the most dangerous sort.

This is what Count Volpi has found in the United States. He has his own political weapons, which ultimately may prove the more formidable. He can warn and he may already have warned New York bankers and Washington officials that Italy is on the verge of an economic collapse which can only have the most disastrous repercussions throughout the world, but which immediate and generous financial aid might avert. A collapse would most likely mean revolution in Italy, and faced with such a contingency Mussolini might be expected to prefer a foreign war rather than take a chance on losing his head in an uprising of the Italian people.

Whoever first conceived of the idea of using Italy's financial difficulties as a means of settling some of Europe's political disputes, there can be no question that this device has only temporary value. Italy is so poorly constituted economically that its chances of attaining industrial or commercial prosperity are slight, if not indeed nonexistent. Italy has always had an adverse balance of trade, due primarily to her lack of fuel and essential raw materials. She has never been able to build up a favorable balance of credit or exchange abroad with which to pay her current bills or meet her foreign obligations (of which the Italian debt of $2,022,000,000 to the United States government is the largest item). She has had to pay high prices for her raw materials when the world as a whole has been prosperous, thereby reducing to a minimum her possible margin of profit as compared with the profits of other countries which need not go abroad for their raw materials, and in times of world depression her products bring very poor prices in the international market, so that again her margin of profit is reduced.

It is true, of course, that during past years the adverse trade balance has been partly offset by shipping fees, emigrants' remittances, and other such invisible items, but shipping companies today are not prospering, while the funds sent home by Italians abroad have been sharply reduced, partly because of the world-wide depression, partly because of the disturbances in South America, where many Italians have gone to live, and partly because the American immigration laws have decreased the number of first-generation Italian emigrants in this country (it being a notorious fact that second-generation emigrants do not send money to the land of their forefathers). Among these invisible items, only tourist expenditures have been increased on the whole in the past few years, but recently even these have fallen off because of the world slump. Mussolini may point with pride to the punctuality of Italian railroad trains under Fascist administration, to the efficiency of the dock workers in Naples, to the progress of the electrification program (which has been made possible mostly by American investors), and to the reclamation of great stretches of swamp land; but none of these things has served to reduce Italy's chronically unfavorable trade balance, to provide her with her own sources of raw materials, or materially to decrease her dependence upon foreign supplies of fuel. Fascist efficiency has touched only the surface of the problem; it has not removed basic deficiencies.

Before the war Italy struggled along principally upon her own resources. Today, however, there has been added to the native economic weaknesses of the country a mountainous foreign debt, already so huge that the Fascist Government dare not publish the exact figures, and this debt is growing every year. Many estimates of the precise total of this debt have appeared, but these have varied so widely, coming as they have either from Fascist sources, which naturally would seek to present the Italian financial situation in the most favorable light possible, or from anti-Fascist sources, which can always be expected to take the opposite view, that the estimates must be accepted with great caution. Based upon New York and London bankers' statements and upon American and British government records, it is probably safe to say that the Italian government's debt totals somewhere close to $9,500,000,000, including both the public debt and the funded war debt. How heavy a load this is for Italy may be seen by comparing it with the $16,000,000,000 public debt of the United States, a country whose national wealth and economic resources exceed those of Italy many times over.

Finally, there are many noted economists who are of the opinion that the lira was stabilized at too high a figure, so that collapse of the currency is bound to occur. Almost all disinterested observers are agreed that this unhealthy condition cannot much longer continue. They are of the opinion that a crash is coming and that another foreign loan will make it only the more severe. Mussolini doubtless can keep the creaky machine running a while longer provided that the foreign bankers come to his assistance, and provided also that he succeeds in preserving his personal prestige. But there are symptoms of internal unrest. When the people begin crying out against their hunger it is time for a dictator to take stock. Small wonder, then, that Mussolini has taken to singing a softer tune.

What effect an Italian crisis would have at this time upon the international situation is difficult to forecast. It has been suggested that Mussolini would prefer a foreign war to revolution at home. This has been the choice of virtually all dictators faced with a similar problem. Mussolini himself has lent weight to the suggestion by his many belligerent utterances since he came into power. Granted that he would make such a choice, the war would of necessity be short-lived. Italy could expect no financial help, and it is apparent that she cannot finance a war alone. Moreover, she would have to fight virtually without allies. It is highly unlikely that Germany, Hungary, and Russia, all faced with political and financial problems of their own, would join her. In view of these realities it would appear more than probable that Mussolini would elect some other means of meeting the crisis. This is the view generally held by European bankers and statesmen. An overthrow of the Fascist regime would, on the other hand, prove more or less a domestic affair, although it would serve to relieve the dangerous tension now existing in Southern Europe. Unlike a possible revolt against Pilsudski's dictatorship in Poland, which would be a serious matter for Europe because of Poland's proximity to Soviet Russia and because of Germany's bitter antipathy toward Poland arising from the corridor and Upper Silesian questions, a revolt against the Italian dictatorship would serve to clarify rather than to complicate the European political situation.

Fighting Unemployment
II. Unemployment Insurance*

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

INTEREST in unemployment insurance is rapidly increasing in the United States. If we want to establish a workable and effective system, we have available for our guidance a rich body of European experience, by whose lessons we may profit greatly. Great Britain is the classic home of unemployment insurance, having established the first modern compulsory system in 1911. It was followed in order by Italy, Austria, Queensland, Russia, Poland, Irish Free State, Germany, and France, all of which introduced compulsory insurance at various times between 1919 and 1930. Six other European countries subsidize the unemployment funds of trade and fraternal organizations and of cities. A large part of all this experimentation, it should be noted, has occurred during the post-war decade, and has had to cope with the extraordinary industrial difficulties of that time. These difficulties in turn have given rise to much of the legislation. No small part of the criticism of the working of the insurance plans has arisen out of these special difficulties rather than out of anything inherent in the insurance principle itself.

The problems involved are grave enough, but it is worth while in studying them to remember the emphatic testimony of a skilled American observer, Miss Mary B. Gilson, who after a careful study of the British system last year wrote: "I found not a single employer who would willingly abandon unemployment insurance for the old haphazard methods of relieving destitution due to unemployment." Such testimony could be multiplied, but it is unnecessary to do more than quote the words of the Blanesburgh committee, which reported in 1927: "Nobody has suggested to us that the principle of unemployment insurance should be abandoned." In Great Britain, as elsewhere, the plan has succeeded so well, despite all difficulties, that everyone has accepted its basic principle, though there is endless disagreement over its application. An examination of the great British system illustrates clearly both what can be accomplished and what ought to be avoided.

The original British plan, established by a Liberal Government in 1911, rightly combined a national system of labor exchanges with the scheme of unemployment insurance; for insurance without such exchanges would be unworkable and disastrous. The system was compulsory on industries employing about 2,250,000 workers, and required contributions from employers, employees, and the state. An unemployed worker was entitled to benefit up to fifteen weeks in any one year, but to no more than one week of benefit for five weeks of contribution. The scheme was on a straight insurance basis, and was in no sense a plan of unlimited unemployment relief. It was designed to be self-supporting, and there was a provision for a readjustment of rates if the fund at any time threatened to become insolvent. Launched in a period of good times, the system got into operation smoothly, and by August, 1914, the fund had accumulated a surplus of £3,185,000.

The war and the catastrophic unemployment following it completely changed the situation, and led, in March, 1921, to the introduction of "extended benefit," that is, the payment of benefits, at first for sixteen weeks only, to those who had exhausted their insurance right to benefit. At this point, that is, unemployment relief in the form of the "dole" was added to unemployment insurance, though the name and the form of insurance continued. In 1924, under the Labor Government, benefit was made unlimited in time, and that principle is retained in the existing act, which was passed by the Conservative Government in 1928, and which covers more than 12,000,000 persons, including all workers between sixteen and sixty-five except those in agriculture and domestic service, and a few other relatively small groups. The scheme has no real actuarial basis, and now rests essentially on Treasury grants. The contributions of employers and employees are little more than a mode of taxation, and except for these contributions, the plan differs comparatively little from unlimited non-contributory relief. Contributions, moreover, are not proportioned at all to unemployment in the various industries; and with unemployed percentages varying from less than 3½ per cent in commerce, banking, professional services, and tramway and bus service to about 28 per cent in shipbuilding and dock service, it is plain that the steady industries are being compelled to pay for the sins of the irregular and overstaffed ones. The crowding events of the post-war years have thus fundamentally changed the character of the scheme. In its origin it was a plan of genuine and limited insurance based on the contributions of employer and employee, with government subsidy. It has become a plan of practically unlimited unemployment relief, based on public funds derived from taxation. It is perhaps not strange that Americans, urged to introduce unemployment insurance, point to the British experience and ask whether advocates of the insurance plan wish to see a similar development here.

What then are the actual gains and losses that Great Britain has derived from this combined insurance-relief system? Would it be possible for us to attain the gains without suffering the losses? What are the dangers to be guarded against if we are to set up an insurance scheme? As for the first question, the one great item on the credit side of the ledger is that through the worst industrial depression in British history, the standards of living of the working people of Great Britain have been maintained to a degree that would be unbelievable if the facts were not so clear. Health records, crime records, records of every kind agree with the testimony of social workers and other first-hand students of working-class conditions that the lowering of living standards and the loss of working morale in consequence of the

* The second of a series of three articles. The third, Stabilizing Employment, will appear in the issue of December 24.—Editor The Nation.

severe and long-continued depression and consequent unemployment have been astonishingly small. Indeed, it is the opinion of the most competent scientific students that the insurance and relief system has been perhaps too successful, as will be pointed out later, in keeping up standards of living. Be that as it may, no one will question the immense social gain that has accrued to Great Britain as a result of the protection its workers have had. Nor will anyone seriously question the contribution of the insurance laws to British social stability during these last difficult ten years. The Communists will despise them for thus hindering the onset of revolution; the rest of the community will be likely to value their service highly.

But there is another side to the account. It is not that men live off the dole instead of seeking work, as has been so often and so vociferously charged. The evidence on this point is quite clear, and Sir William Beveridge, one of the foremost authorities on the subject of unemployment, characterizes such charges as "idle and irresponsible talk." The system of labor exchanges, an indispensable part of any sound insurance scheme, makes it possible, as Beveridge points out, to control with comparative ease any tendency to prefer idleness to work. If the British experience is any guide (and the experience of Britain does not differ from that of other countries) the United States need not be deterred from introducing unemployment insurance by the fear that its workers will be demoralized by it. The danger lies in another direction. As Beveridge says, it consists in:

> . . . the risk of demoralizing governments, employers, and trade unions so that they take less thought for the prevention of unemployment. Relief of unemployment is after all a very bad second best to its prevention. . . . Once it is admitted in principle that, either under the guise of insurance or in some other form, genuine unemployment can be relieved indefinitely by the simple device of giving money from a bottomless purse, prevention is too likely to go by the board.

These are weighty words, whose meaning and application ought to be pondered carefully by every friend of unemployment insurance; for, to quote Beveridge once more, "A state which undertakes to relieve adequately and indefinitely from a bottomless purse all the unemployed will soon find itself subsidizing the manufacture of unemployment, unless it adopts counter-measures."

To illustrate, England's coal trade in its old extent is gone. If, then, England simply continues indefinitely to pay unemployment insurance, or more properly relief, to unemployed miners, they tend to remain in the depressed areas permanently unemployed, instead of moving elsewhere to better industrial opportunities. If the docks continue their old practice of hiring men on an absolutely casual basis, maintaining what have been called stagnant pools of only partly employed labor, and if the state proceeds to pay insurance benefits to these unemployed men, out of funds derived from taxes or from the contributions of more regular industries, then plainly the state is subsidizing the docks to maintain men in chronic unemployment. And, paradoxical as it may all appear, if the state uses its system of insurance and relief to maintain living standards and wages at a point higher than that at which industry can profitably employ all the workers, then the state is creating permanent unemployment and is lessening the total product from which all incomes must be drawn. It is not possible to do more than thus suggest briefly a few of the outstanding difficulties and dangers of administering a system of unemployment relief; nor is it possible to indicate in detail the "counter-measures" that Beveridge points out are necessary if the dangers are to be avoided. Suffice it to say that both British and other experience indicates that the dangers can be avoided provided political and industrial administrators are willing to do the necessary thinking and planning. As a single illustration, Beveridge suggests that employers in chronically irregular industries might be charged for each man registered as available for work, no matter how much work he got, or such employers might make a payment each time they dismissed a man—a suggestion very similar to that of a tax on labor turnover suggested by a correspondent elsewhere in this issue.

If, then, we are to introduce unemployment insurance, which present conditions imperatively demand, we must meet the conditions necessary to its success. We must have a national system of employment exchanges. We must distinguish sharply between insurance and relief, and must remember that the latter is defensible only as a temporary measure to meet extraordinary conditions. We must forever bear in mind that insurance is not simply a means of preventing distress, but that exchanges and insurance alike are means of fitting the supply of labor to the demand so as to insure the worker the highest pay possible consistent with steady employment. Finally, we must recognize the danger that insurance will lessen the intensity of individual and collective efforts at stabilization, which after all is the ultimate goal to be sought. So far as there is a distinctive American approach to the unemployment problem, it contemplates an attack through such regularizing of employment rather than through the relief of the unemployed. For that reason there is perhaps the less danger that success with insurance will lessen our efforts at prevention.

We have had hitherto in this country no serious proposal for a national system of unemployment insurance. Now is the time to strike for it. Fifteen bills for State systems have been introduced in State legislatures during the past decade and a half. Not one has been enacted. No State system, moreover, can adequately meet the need. Despite manifest constitutional difficulties, then, we must now drive forward to erect a national system of employment exchanges plus a national scheme of unemployment insurance, the two being intimately wrought together. The insurance scheme ought to be contributory, with government subsidy, on a strict actuarial basis. If, in addition, experience should in time show the necessity for relief (as opposed to insurance) under extraordinary conditions, it ought not to be confused with insurance, and it ought to be financed entirely out of taxation. But we ought definitely to set our faces against any idea of permanently supporting any body of men in idleness. That is to throw up the problem, not to solve it. As foreign experience, even amid the difficulties of the past ten years, shows, exchange and insurance machinery can be used to increase, not to lessen, the stability of industry and employment. That stabilization is the aim of any intelligent fight on unemployment. For as Beveridge says, "Unemployment remains . . . a problem of industry, not an Act of God."

What's Wrong with the Banks?

By J. G. CURTIS

DURING the past month more than 100 banks have suspended in the United States, not counting those which were merged with other banks to avoid suspension. The same thing has been happening all through the past ten years, but it is now more intense. The following tabulation is based on figures presented by the Comptroller of the Currency last spring. The figures represent "banks closed to the public either temporarily or permanently by supervisory authorities or by the banks' boards of directors on account of financial difficulties" in the nine years preceding 1930.

Year	*Number of Banks Suspended*	*Deposits of Banks Suspended*
1921	501	$196,000,000
1922	354	111,000,000
1923	648	189,000,000
1924	776	213,000,000
1925	612	173,000,000
1926	956	272,000,000
1927	662	194,000,000
1928	491	139,000,000
1929	640	234,000,000
Total	5,640	$1,721,000,000

When charted, the figures show a trend upward, in spite of the fact that the highest point was reached in 1926, and a low point subsequently in 1928. This upward trend will be emphasized when the figures for 1930 are all in, for our present year's record will pass all previous ones. The record for the first ten months is shown below in figures taken from the Federal Reserve *Bulletin*.

Month	*Number of Banks Suspended*	*Deposits of Banks Suspended*
January	97	$30,000,000
February	85	33,000,000
March	75	24,000,000
April	95	34,000,000
May	52	19,000,000
June	67	71,000,000
July	65	33,000,000
August	66	22,000,000
September	66	24,000,000
October	66	27,000,000
Total	734	$317,000,000

Comparison of the figures for the present uncompleted year with those of the preceding completed ones shows at a glance how much worse the situation is now than it has ever been before. The deposits involved in the ten months' failures surpass those for every preceding twelvemonth, and the number of failures for the ten months surpass those of every preceding twelvemonth but two. And this is without November. With only newspaper reports to rely on till the official figures appear in December, it is impossible to do more than guess, but it seems probable that suspensions for November will exceed 150, and that the deposits involved will be close to $100,000,000. One of the November failures alone involves deposits of $40,000,000. It is the National Bank of Kentucky of Louisville, the largest national bank that ever failed.

What do these failures mean? In the first place, depositors do not always lose their money. Frequently the stockholders of the suspended bank will make good the impairment so that it may reopen or get another bank to assume its deposit liabilities. Or enough may be realized on its assets to pay out in full. More frequently there is a loss. Nor is the depositor the only loser. People who have borrowed from the bank find suddenly that they must satisfy an altered and importunate creditor, and in many cases their loss will seem as substantial as that of the depositors. The stockholders also are losers, though in the rough justice that prevails in bankruptcy they get no sympathy. In weighing the loss to the whole community, however, the stockholders' share of it is as real as that of the depositor or borrower. Thus, although the sum of two billion dollars, which is the amount of deposits tied up in bank failures for the ten years including 1930, has not by any means all been lost to bank depositors, it is reasonable to assume that the indirect loss to the population, taking into account the loss to borrowers and to stockholders and the reaction upon business in general, has exceeded that amount. This is a record that the Coolidge and Hoover Administrations have never taken credit for.

Why do banks fail? Occasionally they fail because their depositors in sheer panic start a run and the banks are unable to get cash fast enough to meet demands. Sometimes the panic is quelled. For instance, an important bank in Texas stopped a dangerous run under such conditions early this year by putting an orchestra in the mezzanine, clearing a space in the lobby for dancing, serving refreshments, and turning the affair into a grand party. At the same time they kept up the grim work of paying off the gradually subsiding demand, but both music and money had to be kept going till midnight, when the demand ceased. More often there is no music and little money. The doors have closed simply because the bankers have made loans that they cannot collect or investments that prove to be no good.

But it is apparent that there is more behind the long epidemic than isolated errors of judgment. There is clearly something general and social about it, as there is about the long agricultural depression in the West and South—the very region of course where suspensions are still most numerous. It is the inflation and collapse of farm values that is still the outstanding occasion of bank failures. With the shrinkage of values and of the dollar volume of business, some thousands of banks created by inflation were left exposed. Worse still, even with the number sweated down from 30,000 to 23,000 there are still too many left. In a capitalistic society banks must be profitable in order to be safe. Since there are obviously too many banks, the only alternatives to failure are consolidation, or subsidy, or a return of the boom that carried Western and Southern land values to their war-time heights.

Since this last alternative would be good only while it lasted, and would then leave things worse than they now are, it is a consolation to reflect that it is wholly improbable anyway. One of the other alternatives is subsidy. On the assumption that small, local, individualistic enterprise is essential to the maintenance of our traditional social and economic status, we could subsidize the small banker whose failures account for nine-tenths of the record. This could be done by discriminatory taxation, such as is being put into effect in some States for the protection of independent merchants, ostensibly from chain-store competition, but in reality from consumers who prefer to buy where they can get the most for their money. This alternative appears to be quite as reasonable as the Smoot-Hawley tariff, which subsidizes our struggling productive industries, but for that very reason it is to be hoped that it would not be tried even if advocated.

This leaves the third alternative, merger—an alternative that is already being resorted to. The present wave of bank failures would have been much worse indeed if federal and State authorities had not in many cases succeeded in getting banks that were in good condition to take over those that were about to collapse. But the merger is more than a remedy for failures. Both are adjustments to profound social changes. Banks that do not fail merge instead. The merger is in fact a milder method of achieving for society as a whole the same end that bankruptcy achieves. On the surface, this may not be obvious; it may seem that mergers are effected in order to make more money. As a matter of fact, they are effected in order to keep from making less.

Of course, this is no immediate answer to the problem of bank failures. Nor will any immediate answer be found, from the way things look. The failures will simply go on. For ten years authorities have been uttering their flatulent reassurances and after ten years they are still uttering them. It is part of their job to do so, and to the extent that they are believed doubtless many banks suspend later than they would otherwise do. This does not mean that there is a debacle ahead, for there is no apparent reason for thinking that the future will be either very much worse or very much better than the past has been. On the one hand, the same causes of failure that have prevailed still prevail; and on the other, the authorities are gradually acquiring, or are having forced upon them by necessity, a preventive technique which suffices to keep the failures checked, but not to end them. Only something revolutionary in the whole economic structure of the country could do that, for it is impossible for banking or any other one business to go on unconditioned by the other forms of enterprise and by the social institutions and traditions amidst which it is conducted. Lacking that, however, something revolutionary in the supervision of banks would help.

There was a vain hope in many quarters years ago that State guaranty of deposits would minimize the losses from suspension. The disastrous bankruptcy of the guaranty funds in the States where they were set up proves that they won't. There has been a better-grounded hope that the Federal Reserve System would meet the situation. As to that, three things may be said: The great majority of banks that have failed were never members of the system; to the extent that its membership is affected, the situation became desperate before the system was sufficiently developed to do anything about it; and our traditional division of authority over banks, which the system shares with the independent Comptroller of the Currency and with the forty-eight independent State supervisors, gives it more excuse than it should have for failing to propose a program of conservation.

Our immediate need consequently is, in the first place, for a radical simplification and rationalization of our jumbled State and Federal banking laws; and, in the second place, for a concentration of supervisory responsibility, which is now divided according to the convenience of politicians rather than according to the reasonable requirements of constructive administration.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a brick on his desk, not for defense, but for commemoration. On one side you may see lettered "R. Hoe & Co." It is perhaps the last brick left of the old printing-press works which stood where the new Amalgamated Apartments rise with terraces and garden, the first flower of Lillian Wald's dream of a rehabilitated East Side.

* * * * *

FOR many years there stood on Grand Street a tower that served as beacon to all the adventurous spirits that braved, and got lost in, the lower East Side. It was not much of a tower as towers go in this age of Jack-and-the-Beanstalks, but it held a big clock above the tenements, and to its face the working world turned as a mariner to the sun. With what gratitude has the Drifter, when lost in the labyrinth of crooked push-cart streets, hailed a glimpse of the tower with its plain black "R. Hoe & Co."

* * * * *

FOR more than ninety years this "cradle of learning" unostentatiously supplied the world with printing-presses. At the outset Colonel Hoe brought his skilled workers from England. (Indeed, it was only by anglicizing their names that Jewish mechanics in later years could find employment there, but whether an English accent was required or not the Drifter never heard.) Among the early arrivals was the Colonel's cousin Richard, from Nottingham. Three generations of that family worked in the Hoe plant, settling down to live beside the great building which was their pride. Pleasant homes surrounded it then. When the Drifter was a boy, a family friend took him to see an old yellow frame house, turning its side to the street in Salem fashion and fronting its fenced garden before the house was torn down to make way for tenements. Here the three generations had lived, Richard's son marrying the daughter of a Nieuw York Dutch sea captain who had retired to a farm on Hester Street! As the old couple from Nottingham wore themselves out and journeyed westward by hard stages in search of health, the young people were bringing up their children in the yellow house on Columbia Street, less pleasant now, in a neighborhood growing poorer and more crowded. With the young father and his oldest son dead from overwork, the little boys went to work in the plant—the eight-year-old feeling that now he was a man at last! Four years later he achieved real distinction. Since Morse the inventor was

a close friend of Colonel Hoe, it came to pass that the first private telegraph wire in the world was installed from Colonel Hoe's office to his home, and the young twelve-year-old was the operator.

* * * * *

RICHARD'S family worked as long as health lasted, giving the best of their old age, manhood, youth, and childhood, but they all loved their work, were proud "owners" of the plant, never heard of exploitation, or child labor, or workers' insurance. Some of them lived to get their health back. Even sturdy old Richard found his in "Alegany"; his good wife, who had been "verey anshess" about him, wrote that he could again "eatt his vitales heartey." That intrepid speller, who would pluckily have-at a word time after time and never hit it twice the same! Along with his brick the Drifter cherishes a unique letter from old Richard's wife, and who can boast its equal? She wrote: "Alageney his plesenter a great deal pleasenter than Puttesburgh in some parts. Pittsbergh it his a smokey place but ould Amereakens say it his the haltheyes place in the uineoun."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Insuring Wages

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me unfortunate that you have given space in your issue of November 26 to the article entitled Dividends Are Insured—Why Not Wages? because the author's proposal is so absurdly unreasonable that its publication reflects upon the intelligence of your editors.

The surplus of a corporation belongs to its stockholders, many of whom may be persons of small means, some perhaps themselves wage-earners. This surplus consists of saved profits and is a return on capital like rent and interest, but your author makes an arbitrary difference. He proposes to confiscate saved profits for the benefit of unemployed wage-earners, but to leave intact saved rent and interest. This discrimination is particularly unreasonable because profits usually result from efficient management, whereas a landowner may receive a huge percentage return on the original cost of his land because of an increase in population for which he may not have been in any way responsible.

The stocks of our very successful corporations which are financially strong are now on deposit as collateral with banks all over the country. If the surplus of these corporations should be confiscated, the resultant decrease in the value of their stocks alone would cause another panic, which would be disastrous in the extreme to our already weakened business fabric.

Oak Park, Ill., November 24 GEORGE SELENINE

[Our reader apparently misinterprets Mr. Corey's proposal, which is not to confiscate corporate surplus for the benefit of unemployed wage-earners, but to establish a system of unemployment insurance, which might be financed in any one of several different ways. The point would be to insure to wage-earners the regular receipt of wages or their equivalent just as corporations try to insure regular dividends to their stockholders by drawing upon the surplus during times of depression. —EDITOR THE NATION.]

Down with Idealism!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My subscription expired in June of this year. Since then I have received so many letters from you asking me to renew it that I simply cannot help writing this letter.

I was a reader of *The Nation* for exactly eleven years, during which long time I do not remember a single important point on which I did not agree with you. *The Nation* helped to keep up the flame of idealism in me, to nurse my innate morality and decency in matters political, or in those concerning my fellow human beings.

But what are the results? Here I am, thirty-eight years old, supposedly intelligent, well-read, and honest, but with not a dollar saved during all these years. I have been taking honesty too literally, and my idealism has turned out to be a highly impractical proposition as far as money goes. I have lost jobs because I helped people and protected them from injustice; I have been branded a Communist for having predicted the unheard-of thing—that the present Russian government will not go to the dogs according to prearranged schedule; and last but not least, although I gave my left leg for my country, for which I fought as an officer for years, I have not even been granted a pension, because of my "sympathies with the reds." By the way, my "sympathies" did not go an inch farther than recognizing undeniable facts, and I might even say that although I agree with many a thing the Soviet Government is doing, I am by no means a Communist and don't care a hang about old Mr. Marx.

So, goodby *Nation*, I am leaving you now. I will subscribe hereafter only to the worst jingo journals; I will cry and get excited whenever I hear a national anthem or see a flag; I will cultivate the friendship of hurrah-patriots and top dogs, and will cheer whenever the strong beat the weak. And if God ever favors me with a war, somewhere in my neighborhood, then I will jump with my remaining leg on the next table of my *Stammcafé* and yell: "Forward, boys, give 'em hell! Vorwärts! En Avant! Banzai! Avanti! Nazdar! or Eloere!" as the case may be, and then turn to supplying something to somebody at a price.

Down with idealism! Three cheers for big business! And I hope that by the end of the next ten years I shall have become a citizen who is respectable to the tune of at least six figures in real money.

I remain, dear *Nation*, for bigger and better armaments, wars, and for the exploitation of the weak, your very up-to-date

Japan, November 1 EX-READER

A Tax on Labor Turnover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The New York State Legislature has authorized the appointment of a Tax Revision Commission charged with working out some new form of taxation which will relieve real estate of the great burden of taxation it now carries. Approximately three-fourths of all the taxes collected in the State are raised from real property.

Any social method of taxation must be based on one of two principles: taxation for revenue based on ability to pay, or taxation producing some revenue but having as an additional purpose the suppressing of alleged anti-social influences.

One of the greatest disturbances in our present life is the instability of industry, with its uncontrolled periods of prosperity followed by periods of depression. Such economic trends

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are of course closely connected with the related practices of hiring and firing labor. In periods of real or assumed prosperity employers enter into business expansion and hire additional labor which must be fired on the first crack of bad business.

As a step toward stabilizing such irresponsible and sporadic hiring and firing, why not have a tax on labor turnover? It has been well established that every time an employer replaces an employee, the cost of such replacement is in the neighborhood of $50. This economic waste arises out of the expense of advertising for help, running an employment office, breaking in and supervising the new help, and the errors of the new help.

A tax on labor turnover should be levied somewhat as follows: Every employer, whether an individual, a partnership, or a corporation, in the State of New York should be required to file a report at the end of each year setting forth the average number of persons employed during the year and the total number of persons hired during the year. From the total number hired during the year deduction would be allowed for the number of increased employees taken on, and the employer would be allowed an additional exemption of, say, 10 per cent of the average number of employees.

Probably different exemptions would need to be allowed for different industries. The exemption should be large enough to take into consideration the death of employees. Moreover, provision would have to be made as to the interpretation of strikes or lockouts in relation to the terms "hiring" and "firing." The excess in turnover would be taxed on a graduated scale.

The first outstanding advantage of such a tax is that it would direct the attention of employers to the waste of unnecessary turnover. When our federal government first adopted the corporate income tax, the tax was designed not to collect revenue but to gather data as to corporate incomes in the United States. This is clearly indicated by the low tax rate and the high exemption. Likewise, a tax on labor turnover would serve to direct an additional amount of consideration and resulting intelligence to one of the basic problems underlying economic stability. Secondly, it is a tax that could not very easily be passed on to the public. For instance, a department store which had an intelligent employment service would have a small turnover and a negligible tax, if any. A competing concern which was wasteful in hiring and firing and therefore a real disturber in the employment market would be subjected to a large tax on its excess turnover. But the second firm could not pass the tax on to the public and still meet the prices of its competitor.

In the third place, the tax would place employers in proper relation to one another. Such a firm as Wurlitzer and Company, which recently announced that it had guaranteed employment to its workers, would obviously obtain the advantage of freedom from the tax. It would fall instead upon competitors who hire and fire labor without regard to public effect.

Finally, through the data collected under such a tax system some intelligent progress might be made toward stabilizing the so-called seasonal industries and toward regularizing employment in those businesses that now follow a hand-to-mouth policy in hiring labor. It is impossible to estimate the amount of revenue that such a tax would bring, but it is not an argument against the tax to admit that it might be large during the first few years and then decrease, for such a decrease could only result from a decrease in wasteful turnover.

The enforcement of the tax would be far less complicated than the enforcement of an income tax or any form of sales tax. The bulk of business is conducted in corporate form and corporations at present are called upon to make reports. The tax should be levied as widely as possible, but practically it might be necessary to have it fall only on those employers who have hired during the current tax year more than twenty-five persons.

New York, November 25 JAMES F. WAYNE

Books and Music

Do As I Tell You

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Mark the earth with a cross
Before you die.
Take a small stick and bend down
And make two marks, two
Only, on the ground. Ask no one why.
Mark, before you die
The earth, for a sign. You
Are not a soul, you cannot die
Rightly, until you scratch a small mark on the ground.
Lean, and write, and be done and be gone,
And the wind be with you.

Rainer Maria Rilke

The Journal of My Other Self. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by John Linton. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

RAINER MARIA RILKE died in 1926, at the age of fifty-two. The greater part of his reputation, like Proust's, has been posthumous, but even from 1900 to 1910 he was regarded, with Stefan George, as one of Germany's two foremost lyric poets. His sympathies and experience were to a remarkable extent international. He studied in Prague, Munich, and Berlin, traveled in Russia, Italy, and France; and in his last years lived in Vienna and Switzerland. He appears to have been most profoundly influenced by three men—Tolstoy, the Danish writer Jacobsen, and most of all Rodin. When he saw Rodin's work he felt the need of knowing the sculptor; he came to Paris, met him, lived near him for twelve years, and became his secretary for a time. The French influence on his work was naturally marked; he even composed many of his poems in French. But he often called Russia the country of his soul, and was fond of saying that it had "made" him. His writing, in the end, is neither German, French, nor Russian in spirit, but essentially cosmopolitan.

"The Journal of My Other Self," originally published in Germany under the title "Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge," and usually regarded as Rilke's most important book, is now for the first time translated into English. It is a strange work: an autobiography, a journal, but never chronological. It reaches back from the present to memories of earliest childhood; moves forward again, then back. It makes no distinction between the inner and the outer worlds; the reader must divine for himself how much of what is set down is imagined and how much remembered, where reality ends and hallucination begins. There is no building toward a climax, no progression, no transition; episode and reverie succeed each other without warning. Separated events are constantly narrated as if the writer were resuming a prior narrative, and as if the reader already knew the necessary facts. The book passes through the mind like a series of uneasy dreams. Nothing, so to speak, is seen on all sides or in full daylight, but in a half-darkness illuminated by fitful flashes of lightning. And many of the scenes are as vivid and unforgettable as only objects caught in such a light can be.

I cannot guess to what extent this is the journal of a person imagined by Rilke, and to what extent it is a true spiritual autobiography. A sympathetic reader might call the narrator a mystic; others will call him simply a neurotic, a sick body in a sick soul. Nearly everything comes to him in terms of the horrible, the terrifying, the disgusting. "People come here, then, to live?" he begins. "I should rather have thought that they came here to die." And he is talking of Paris. He describes a pilgrimage through the houses:

> There were the midday meals and the sicknesses and the exhalations and the smoke of years, and the sweat that breaks out under the armpits and makes the garments heavy, and the stale breath of mouths, and the oily odor of perspiring feet.

I spare you more and worse. He goes into the street. There is a carnival, and laughter. Laughter? "Laughter bubbled from their mouths like matter from open sores." More than once he has seen a ghost, and he is obsessed by the subject of death. We carry our deaths within us, he thinks, as a fruit bears its kernel. Our deaths resemble us. There was the death of his grandfather, old Chamberlain Brigge, which was two months long, which shouted, groaned, and roared so loud that the villagers rose from their beds as if there were a thunderstorm. There was the death of his father, and the doctor who came to perforate the heart for "certainty," while the young son looked on:

> He carefully withdrew the instrument, and there was left something resembling a mouth, from which twice in succession blood escaped, as if it were pronouncing a word in two syllables.

Gruesome episodes are followed by accounts of wild childhood fears; by descriptions of nervous convulsions in others, in which the narrator seems to enter the very body of the person he is describing; by pure bravura passages, which even in translation are often hauntingly melodious, and by touches of grim humor, as in the account of Felix Arvers, who delayed his death to correct a nun's pronunciation of "corridor," or of Nikolai Kusmitch, who became so sensitive that he could feel time blowing past his ears, and was nauseated by the motion of the earth turning on its axis.

The reader will find in this book faint suggestions of Poe, of Amiel, of Baudelaire, of the Hamsun of "Hunger," even of Proust (though the "Journal" was first published in 1910, three years before "Swann's Way"). I put down these names merely to indicate certain kinships, not strong resemblances or sources of influence. "The Journal of My Other Self" is too original and personal to fit into any established genre.

HENRY HAZLITT

Two Poets

The Proof. By Yvor Winters. Coward-McCann. $1.
Chelsea Rooming House. By Horace Gregory. Covici-Friede. $2.

MR. WINTERS'S name is one of the best known in circles where modern poetry and modern criticism are discussed. Therefore when a new book of poetry appears under this poet's signature we turn to it with interest. This last volume, "The Proof," is, however, rather disappointing; it is not so significant as was "Bare Hills" either in technique or in subject matter.

Mr. Winters's whole-hearted acceptance of several of the dogmas of humanism did not astonish those who had recognized in this poet, even before he became critic, the rigid passion of

scholarship and knew this passion to be his principal theme for verse. It was clearly discernible, moreover, that Mr. Winters's innovations in verse form were actually formulae worked out with mathematical precision, formulae based always on the imagist tradition.

However, in Mr. Winters's earlier books, and particularly in "Bare Hills," there was actual passion in the statement of a fundamental problem: How can man find fulfilment in the cold passion of the mind fed more and more exclusively by books? The poet felt the mental torture involved in such detachment from life, felt the strain of a mind bent almost fanatically upon vision, blinded by habits of learning from any simple view of God. The contrast between life, which is love, and death, which is the mind confined to its own limits, was that upon which the poet dwelt with a certain horror. Already "reality was being lost in symbolism," but he could still *feel* reality.

In this last book, "The Proof," we find that Mr. Winters, dwelling upon the same themes, has lost his passion. He has indeed lost reality. The result is that many of his poems seem histrionic, a kind of redramatizing of an old theme which lies in the memory, but has died emotionally.

Mr. Winters's technique, too, has undergone a change: the pattern of the earlier poems, a kind of balanced imagery, has undergone an expansion. Now the image is more fully developed. The earlier effect of parallel flash upon flash is lost, but clarity is gained and this is, perhaps, an advance. Nevertheless, one feels that Mr. Winters's austere spirit is less at ease in these expansions, and particularly ill at ease when he uses the conventional forms.

The only subject that has ever been important to Mr. Winters is still of chief importance in his last book: the mind's attempt to get at God. We can no longer come at a knowledge of God emotionally. We are the "countryless refugees of science," to whom is left only the "naked passion of the human mind"; and we, as moralists, have "extended the mind beyond the act" and therein wrong ourselves, for "no man can hold existence in the head."

Mr. Winters remains one of the best of the imagist school, but limited by that school. He is afraid to trust himself in any extension of language beyond absolute clarity and precision, and he therefore loses much in power. He remains one of the more interesting and contemporary of our poets, despite the fact that his critical mind does his poetic mind some injury. He states more clearly than any other poet the modern dilemma: the gradual loss of feeling through too much of "print."

"Chelsea Rooming House," by Horace Gregory, announces in no uncertain terms another poet of the contemporary scene, but what a different scene from Mr. Winters's it is! For Mr. Gregory has the passion and the wider contacts with life that Mr. Winters lacks. Mr. Gregory is concerned *not* with the dilemma of the scholarly mind alone, although he touches upon this theme, but with the great dilemma of the inarticulate life striving toward a goal it can never reach.

"Chelsea Rooming House" is an extraordinary book; a fresh poetic vision and an individual talent here are loosed to express a great fear and a deep tenderness concerning human life. Mr. Gregory as poet interprets unintellectual humanity hurling itself at doors to which it has no key. These people too, in their blind way, search for some comprehension of life and death, and of God. Here are hopelessness, pathos, and insanity, all seeking the way which means escape.

> If someone said, *Escape*
> *let's get away from here,*
> you'd see snow mountains thrown
> against the sky,
> cold, and you'd draw your breath and feel
> air like cold water going through your veins,
> but you'd be free, up so high,
> or you'd see a row of girls dancing on a beach
> with tropic trees and a warm moon
> and warm air floating under your clothes
> and through your hair.
> Then you'd think of heaven
> where there's peace, away from here,
> and you'd go some place unreal
> where everybody goes after something happens,
> set up on the air, safe, a room in a hotel.
> A brass bed, military hair brushes,
> a couple of coats, trousers, maybe a dress
> on a chair or draped on the floor.
> This room is not on earth, feel the air,
> warm like heaven and far away.

Although Mr. Gregory's poems spring from a strong feeling about social conditions they never become propaganda. The poet is far too intellectual to allow that. Instinctively and rightly he connects the past with the future, throwing a vision of life backwards and forwards along its right plane. The pattern of life is different in each age, but the feeling for life is universal.

Mr. Gregory's poem O Metaphysical Head is, I think, one of the most moving and powerful of modern poems. It is far too long to quote, but in it one feels the horror of the separation of mind from body, not, as in Mr. Winters's verse, because of scholarship, but because of the mechanization of all life. The poem closes with the image of a headless man standing below the level of the street in the subway, catching pennies in the hand, and this image becomes a symbol of much that our life today must eventually mean.

Mr. Gregory, too, has invented his own rhythms, those of the voice, sometimes muted, sometimes rising to a scream, a monotonous flowing rhythm, winding in and around itself as a drunken man might talk. And this rhythm is very effective.

Taken all in all, "Chelsea Rooming House" is a book one cannot forget. It has none of the ennui, the aloofness, the sterility which have deadened so much modern poetry.

EDA LOU WALTON

Beerbohm in the Stalls

Around Theatres. By Max Beerbohm. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $7.50.

WHEN Max Beerbohm, summoned by an inspired postal card from Bernard Shaw, presented himself at the offices of the *Saturday Review* as Shaw's successor in the post of dramatic critic, he was twenty-six years old. This was in 1898, and he was by no means then unknown. He had published three books: his "Works," a volume of caricatures, and "The Happy Hypocrite." Yet he was certainly young.

Quite as certainly, however, he was in possession of all the art he was ever to have as a writer of prose—all the art, which is to say that he had more of it than any of his contemporaries, English or American, has had. The present volumes, constituting a first American edition of the famous articles written between 1898 and 1910, prove that. They prove once more not merely that Max is perfect; they prove that he always was perfect. I have read them slowly, steadily, and with a mounting, inexpressible delight. I can recommend them without any reservation whatever to all those readers who do not resent having to admire as they read, who do not object to perfection. Nor does the reader in this case have to bring with him any special concern for the theater. Max himself, as he made clear in his first article, had no such concern. Half-brother of an eminent actor, bored with plays since the age of ten, he had never read anyone else's dramatic

criticism; and so he warned his public that he might have little to say. Only, he added, there might turn out to be in his ignorance and coldness the advantage of their "making cerebration compulsory, and so giving freshness to one's style."

Twelve years later, bidding his audience goodby, he admitted he was glad to go.

> I do not recall that I have once sat down eager to write, or that I have once written with ease and delight. . . . Writing has always been uphill work to me, mainly because I am cursed with an acute literary conscience. To seem to write with ease and delight is one of the duties which a writer owes to his readers, to his art. And to contrive that effect involves a very great skill and care: it is a matter of technique, a matter of construction partly, and partly of choice of words and cadences. There may be—I have never met one—writers who enjoy the act of writing; but without that technique their enjoyment will not be manifest.

All of which, like so much of Max when he seems to be serious, is a bit misleading. For our pleasure in him is not the pleasure we may take in one who skips; he walks, he marches, he archly dances, with an extreme care which in itself we appreciate. We never for a moment forget that we are reading artful prose. But for once we are glad to be doing it. That is his glory. He conceals—without, I imagine, much effort—his lack of art.

Not that we are interested exclusively in the way he says things. What he says is in most cases more important than the momentous messages which we are in the habit of hearing from our major prophets. Max is not merely one of the cleverest, he is also one of the most sensible of men. His running account of Shaw's development is the wisest I know, as well as the wittiest. If at the time he sounded snobbish about Pinero and many another lesser favorite, he now sounds merely true; his condescension was the condescension of posterity. And let no man think that because this man has a gentle style he has a gentle heart. He can murder a playwright, he can maul an actor—he can massacre a whole cast. But I shall make no attempt to describe the contents of these marvelous volumes.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Poet of the River Rouge

Moving Forward. By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IN this latest manifesto of Fordismus, Samuel Crowther again figures as Mr. Ford's collaborator, so that who wrote what is anybody's guess. The book may be accepted, however, as an authoritative exposition of Ford theory and practice—the untempered, marvelously egoistic expression of a man of genius who had better be listened to even when he appears to be talking self-contradictory nonsense. Like Walt Whitman, for example, who wrote in the preface to the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass":

> The Americans, of all nations at any time upon the earth, have probably the fullest poetical nature. . . . Here is action untied from strings, necessarily blind to particulars and details, magnificently moving in masses. Here the performance, disdaining the trivial, unapproach'd in the tremendous audacity of its crowds and groupings, spreads with crampless and flowing breadth, and showers its prolific and splendid extravagance.

The epic of Model A is that kind of performance. By now this inspired mechanic has ridden his *idée fixe* over most of the planet. With characteristic arrogance he calls his demon "business," preempting the word for his own methods of handling men and materials, and curtly hurling lesser practitioners into the limbo of selfish and obsolescent ineptitudes. Here is "business" as Ford sees it:

> Business has been regarded as a pump which can be profitably used to supply the needs of the owners of the pump. . . . Now, if the mutations of past business experience and the omens of the immediate future are saying anything to us, it is that business is more than a means of providing its owners with a living and luxuries, that business is national defense and social education and economic supply and racial destiny rolled into one, that it is this day our one earthly anchor to all that civilization means, and that the business man is nothing more than a dollar-a-year man serving in a great cause.

Page Mr. Ham Fish and his red-hunters. One has heard the same sort of thing at Rotary luncheons, but with a difference. The Rotarians are not in business for their health, and will tell you so privately. Ford is. There is no fake about the evangelism of this amazing prophet of the great god Progress, and his health is excellent. Three years ago the wiseacres of the automotive business were licking their chops and proclaiming that Henry was through. Today many of these wiseacres are flat on their backs, and Mr. Ford can afford to make a few wisecracks himself, as, for example:

> No lamp-posts have been provided for weak or overstimulated businesses to cling to, and so they are apt to cling to one another. The embrace is called a merger.

Being in an excellent position to tell the rest of the business world where to get off and where to head in, Mr. Ford does so, to the extent of a half-dozen unsparing chapters. After which he proceeds to document his conclusions: 5,200 independent manufacturing concerns in the United States do work for the Ford Motor Company and of this number 3,500 do little else. They produce to Ford specifications, according to Ford plans and methods. He has taught the sheep men how to raise wool, the textile men how to weave cloth, the glass men how to make plate glass, the coal men how to mine coal. Starting in June, 1927, he revamped his entire industry. He transferred most of the machinery of the Highland Park plant to the River Rouge. He picked up the entire tractor plant and set it down in Cork, Ireland. A year previous he had bought 199 rusting ships from the Emergency Fleet Corporation and salvaged them down to the last pound of steel and the last washbowl in the skipper's cabin. While Model A was incubating, about 25,000 Ford employees were let out. But at the time the book was written the Ford industries gave direct employment to 100,000 more men than before the change, and indirect employment to an additional 100,000. And the average wage scale has gone up.

Mr. Ford is not arguing; he is telling you. He has a complete philosophy, embracing economics, sociology, and education. At the Highland Park Trade School, the Edison Institute of Technology, and the Wayside Inn School, Ford has applied his theories of straight-line production to education—education for leadership, as he is careful to emphasize. He dismisses the whole concept of democracy with the curt observation that it is so obviously impracticable that it has never even been tried. He disputes, successfully to my mind, the fading notion that modern technological process involves a mechanization of the worker and the decay of craftsmanship. He snorts at the very real bogy of technological unemployment, ignoring completely the statistics published in the report of the President's Committee on Recent Economic Changes; these statistics show pretty conclusively a growing displacement of industrial workers since 1920, amounting in 1927 to an estimated 650,000 who had not found jobs in the secondary cushion of commercial, as distinguished from manufac-

turing, employment. Mrs. Clinch Calkins, in "Some Folks Won't Work," has described what happens to these men and their families. Mr. Ford scoffs at any future exhaustion of basic resources, ignoring the growing divergence of the power-factor and load-factor curves, which is beginning to focus the attention of a few farseeing engineers. Incidentally, what Mr. Ford says about prohibition is neither truth nor poetry.

Yet, as a poet, Mr. Ford is not unaware that even the great god Progress pales and recedes when the springs of human desire fail, for these springs are the ultimate dynamic of even the most refined socio-technological process. In his last chapter he writes:

> The economist has never taken into account the possibility of people growing tired of mere business and mere prosperity. . . . Stagnation of interest comes when we fail to see where work and business actually serve life.

Thinking and acting wholly within the fabric of the price system, Mr. Ford sees, or thinks he sees. Some of us see, or think we see, that Ford's life work constitutes a progressive *reductio ad absurdum* of that system.

JAMES RORTY

Village Life in India

Voiceless India. By Gertrude Emerson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

THE voiceless part of India for which Miss Emerson here speaks is that 90 per cent of the total population which lives in the villages. This consists of peasants and artisans, with a small sprinkling of priests, lower officials, shopkeepers, and beggars—roughly speaking, the proletariat with a bit of the petty bourgeoisie. Though it constitutes the bulk of India's more than three hundred millions, it is the part of which we have heard the least, for it is dumb before the poets, the artists, the philosophers, the kings, the politicians. Yet it is the foundation of India's culture. By its toil is created the wealth with which the leisure classes have developed the refinements of civilization; in its huts are tenaciously cherished the customs and ideas, crystallized through slow centuries of evolution, that comprise her folk wisdom; from its extravagantly fertile loins spring the short-lived generations that perpetuate the enduring traditions.

It was Miss Emerson's idea that this part of India needed presentation to the West. She sought a remote village, had a house built there, and lived in it for more than a year, through the piercing cold of winter, the parching heat of summer, the enervating humidity of the monsoon. She studied Hindustani that she might talk with the villagers. She set herself to win their confidence, and succeeded; for she aimed to learn of them and sympathize with them, not to admonish.

The resulting study is excellent. Although the book modestly appears as "travel," it is more than that. It is also partly journalism, using the word in its best sense, for it reports vividly and intelligibly the life she saw. It is partly science; for she observed carefully and checked her observations by re-observation and by comparison with the observation of others, of whose books she has obviously read much, although bibliographical citations are few. It is partly art, in her power of appraising human motives and of painting word pictures. She has by no means exhausted the possibilities of "travel," sociological, anthropological, or economic investigation, or color; but she has combined them all, meaning her book to reach a wide circle of readers and to give a clear, reliable, as well as readable, picture of village life.

She describes the village in many aspects—its houses and streets, its public health, its agriculture, its division of land, its variety of occupation, its credit facilities, its food, its education, its association with nature, its contact with the outside world. The picture has variation and detail, governed by close unity. The life of the villager is prevailingly somber, yet it has brighter moments, as in public celebration and in the peacefulness with which Hindu and Mohammedan live together. She makes her opinion clear at times that the government should be doing more to brighten the picture.

At a time when most of the popular books appearing on modern India treat their subject with "passion and prejudice" or obfuscate issues by the use of bad logic, it is a relief to meet a study that is neither sensational nor sentimental, but on the contrary is objective, even if personal, and sober, thoughtful, honest, original; not propagandist but instructive.

W. NORMAN BROWN

In the Reign of Anne

England Under Queen Anne. Volume I: *Blenheim.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

FOR Mr. Trevelyan the reign of Queen Anne was an Augustan Age. He writes of it so tenderly that we feel urged not merely to forgive its faults but to love them like the dear defects of a picaresque hero. We are reminded that we are dealing with "a nation of five and a half millions that had Wren for its architect, Newton for its scientist, Bentley for its scholar, Pope for its satirist, Addison for its essayist, Bolingbroke for its orator, Swift for its pamphleteer, and Marlborough to win its battles," and that it therefore "had the recipe for genius." While he contemplates such glories—to which we might add, "Defoe for its reporter"—it is to be expected that a patriotic historian will not dwell long on the blots, but will pass over merely with a "nevertheless" the fact that it was in this great era that a famous writer could comment with approval upon English children of four earning their living; that in this heroic age hardly one leader kept clean of treacherous correspondence with the enemy.

Therefore it must be understood at once that Mr. Trevelyan is a prejudiced historian, but that in spite of his easily discerned prejudices he is a great one. He is preeminently a writer; he has the writer's capacity to arrange events in a narrative relevance; to show through brilliant characterization the human molds through which action flowed. This is a great and unusual gift; without it history is data, superseded inevitably and endlessly by fuller data or by the same data in a different arrangement. With it history gains the relative permanence of literature.

Mr. Trevelyan makes a concession to modern history by giving us a survey of the physiography and the social, political, and economic background of the nation at the opening of Queen Anne's reign. He does this, however, with brisk, vivid particulars, like a novelist establishing his setting. And when it is done, Mr. Trevelyan plunges with fervor into what really interests him—the Marlborough wars. It is amazing how this commercial but literary people loves its wars—perhaps because wars make such good literary material.

The war story is magnificently told. It is in effect a biography of Marlborough, and no better biography of this nearly perfect general has yet been written. Nor is this alone the chief distinction of the work. In a remarkably telling way Mr. Trevelyan shows how the Act of Settlement inviting William of Orange to the English throne united the nation under a foreign and therefore relatively neutral king, and united it, we may say, forever. It was a compromise that required a

long time to absorb inactive partisanship. For a generation the minds of men remained uncertain, still anticipating change; and this gave an opportunistic tone to the politics of the period.

It is in painting the international scene that Mr. Trevelyan succumbs to the frailty of patriots. There he is the dogmatic Englishman. Though the historical sense must tell him that diplomacy is a tainted thing, that governments have never obeyed the ethics they demand of their least responsible citizens, he insists that England's hands were ever clean; that her destiny was good not alone for England but for all the world.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Mary Baker Eddy

Mary Baker Eddy: A Life-Size Portrait. By Lyman P. Powell. The Macmillan Company. $5.

According to the Flesh: A Biography of Mary Baker Eddy. By Fleta Campbell Springer. Coward-McCann. $3.

FOR twenty years the only biography of Mrs. Eddy generally available was the pale, apologetic, goody-goody official "Life" by Miss Sibyl Wilbur—a work which seems to have made Mrs. Eddy herself squirm. It is a sad commentary on the world of authors, editors, publishers, librarians, yea, even encyclopedists, that a little body of purposeful folk held it at bay so long by the exercise of a colossal bluff. One turns with respect to the memory of the little old lady of Pleasant View and Chestnut Hill. Whatever her failings, Mary Baker Eddy had "guts."

But last year the dykes of threat and boycott burst. Scribner's published the authoritative Dakin biography, and Mrs. Springer's excellent study began running serially in the *Outlook*. After them we may expect the deluge.

The latest biography, though not "official," was projected with the connivance of the board of directors of the Mother Church. It was thought best that the book should be written "by one outside the fold." "The task fell" to the Reverend Lyman P. Powell, an Episcopal minister and a friend of Christian Science. Back in 1907 Mr. Powell wrote a different kind of book, one which expressed pretty freely the hostility which the clergy with their war cry "It is neither Christian nor scientific!" felt toward this dangerous rival of the established sects. Since that time, however, Mr. Powell has seen a great light. His story of Mrs. Eddy and his comments on her religion form together one long, glowing, sentimental tribute.

In spite of the wealth of new material which he tells us the church placed at his disposal, Mr. Powell's work is singularly free of any new facts of the slightest importance. There are a number of new anecdotes, trivial little Sunday-school stories of the kind that grow up apocryphally about the memory of every leader. Indeed, the author proves himself a very Parson Weems at this sort of thing, no cherry-tree story being too tall for him to swallow. But even these are not so incredible as the shocking omissions, the unscholarly, not to say unscrupulous, selection and treatment of the known evidence.

On the subject of the Quimby controversy he neither attacks those critics who have accused Mrs. Eddy of ingratitude and deliberate misstatement of the facts nor shows proof in defense of Mrs. Eddy. But he selects two short quotations from Quimby's son and from Dakin which would give the general reader a false impression of the attitude of these two critics. On the subject of "the fall of 1866" he quotes from Dr. Cushing's affidavit but withholds the important passages, those wherein the Doctor flatly contradicts Mrs. Eddy's statements. He deals in passing with Spofford, Kennedy, and Arens so inadequately, omitting the witchcraft trial and other matters, that the general reader would never realize the part they played in the story. He omits mention of the Frye diary and of the naive and damaging slips in the suppressed Dickey memoir. On the subject of morphine, over which there has been so much controversy, he is content to quote the authorized statement. He omits allusion to the fateful interview with the reporters at Pleasant View in 1906. The names of Mrs. Woodbury and Mrs. Stetson do not appear in his index. He makes little attempt to answer the many accusations, supported by affidavits, that appear in the Milmine biography, an invaluable source book. Except for a few vague words he leaves the subject of malicious animal magnetism strictly alone. But he contributes the opinion that "between Mrs. Eddy's discovery and Einstein's the likeness is amazing." And he can quote from one M. Louise Baum, with evident approval, "Even as the English Bible stands as the great monument of English style . . . and even as Dante made Italian speech by epitomizing it in his fervent poem, even so the writings of Mrs. Eddy are certain to stand as models of twentieth-century style."

Poor Mrs. Eddy. Someone should protect her from such sanctimonious claptrap. The lady was made of sterner stuff. She could counter-attack. She was skilled in the use of "devious ways." Close to ninety, ill, weak, she fought off her accusers. She dominated the great organization which she had erected single-handed. She penned the command, "Let there be a newspaper!" And lo! in three months and seventeen days a full-fledged daily was on the stands.

Mrs. Springer's book is sane and admirable. She softens the picture that Mr. Dakin painted. Her chapters on Mrs. Eddy's childhood and especially those on the Quimby episode and controversy seem to me to be the best that have thus far been contributed. And the later chapters make an excellent supplement to Mr. Dakin's extraordinary, exhaustive study which seems unlikely to be superseded in our time. In these two volumes one discovers anew a remarkable personage. One follows her through the years of bafflement, struggle, victory. She is surrounded by yokels. She suffers pain, poverty, ridicule, treachery. But her courage shines through her ignorance; her stiff little New England witticisms lighten the involvements of her literary style resulting from a struggle with metaphysical concepts that exceeded her grasp; her ability, ruthlessness, and daring make themselves felt through the miasma of her delusions; her gift of charming is never quite burned out by the fires of her passionate megalomania.

FRED T. MARSH

Prisoner of War

Prisoner of War: A Siberian Diary. By Edwin Erich Dwinger. Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A JUST appreciation of war literature must acknowledge "Prisoner of War," though it deals with another phase of conflict, superior to "All Quiet on the Western Front"; at least, it impresses this reviewer as more authentic, more frightful in subject matter, and a far finer literary production than "All Quiet," which is to date the world's most popular war book. "Prisoner of War" is a narrative—evolved from his diary by a young German cavalryman who was wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians in 1915—of four years of imprisonment in Russia and Siberia. It opens with the moment that the author, a volunteer only seventeen years old, is struck down by the Russians at the start of a cavalry attack. On the very first page, with startling abruptness, he becomes a captive; thus the book avoids the better-known side of war, the war of open combat which has already been so frequently dealt with in literature.

Then come horrors, a bookful of four years of horrors, the more terrible because of the unmistakable sincerity of the writer and of his literary skill. He shows us a railway journey of wounded and dying men; dressings, operations, and deaths in hospital in Moscow; a march of men weakened by wounds, by suffering, by hunger, by whippings; rides in springless wagons, painful rides on the plank bunks of cattle cars; awful incarceration in Totzkoje, which Dwinger represents as more frightful than Dostoevski's "House of the Dead"; winters and summers, summers and winters—with a change of temperature of 100 degrees between the seasons—in Siberia; utter inactivity, human stagnation, gradual physical and spiritual deterioration; death—from disease, from famine, from murder and suicide, from maltreatment and maladjustment; men turning upon each other for sexual relief, upon dogs, the dogs which later they kill and eat. Enough of horrors!

Dwinger puts down minutely, with a superb sense of literary form, his experiences, thoughts, sensations, along with those of his comrades—experiences barely credible in their frightfulness. Scenes succeed each other with neat orderliness. Conversations are woven skilfully into the fabric of the narrative. The characters stand out vividly, some close, some farther away, but all human, real. The story reads as if it had been accurately seen, genuinely felt, fairly written. Dwinger tells also of the lights, the few lights, among the vast, the innumerable shadows of the interminable four years of his imprisonment—though imprisonment seems too weak a word. The book appeals to the reviewer as a monumental work on one phase of the World War, the most harrowing of all war books he has yet read, and—even granting the good which the author has seen and shown of the Russian character (his mother was of Russian origin)—a terrific accusation against the cruelty and inhumanity of the war-time Russian nation. JAMES B. WHARTON

Books in Brief

Communist and Cooperative Colonies. By Charles Gide. Translated by Ernest F. Row. Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.50.

In this short volume Professor Gide has sought to explore the motives and actual manifestations of what he has termed "the ceaseless longing for communitarian life." He discusses the evidence at hand of communistic tendencies among animals and insects and sketches the rise and fall of notable community experiments, such as Brook Farm, Oneida, the Shaker colonies, the Mormon settlements, the socialistic Owenite, Fourierist, and Icarian colonies, the Free Society of Vaux, the Zionist colonies of Palestine, and a number of others. He attempts to analyze the factors that gave them birth and the reasons for their decline. His conclusion is that the failure of virtually all these experiments by no means proves that communistic life is impossible or impracticable. There is no attempt whatever to discuss or even to consider the larger and infinitely more important communist experiment in Soviet Russia. On the whole, Professor Gide's work is interesting and doubtless valuable for the restricted field it covers, but it is essentially without importance when looked upon in relation to the vast problems of economics and government today.

Bring 'Em Back Alive. By Frank Buck with Edward Anthony. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

It must be fun to follow an occupation which isn't taught in correspondence schools or, say, Columbia University. One fancies that is true of Frank Buck's job, which is collecting wild animals for zoos and circuses. But now that Mr. Buck has gone and told about it we may expect to see courses in Wild-Animal Capture introduced in our best institutions of learning, while amateurs will be sailing away to bag Bengal tigers for home menageries which will take the place of family aquariums. The competition will not worry Mr. Buck, though, for he will have retired on his royalties to live in a Park Avenue penthouse and rewrite for newspaper syndicates his experiences in wrestling with king cobras or buying rare rhinos from Indian maharajahs. Or probably the writing will continue to be done by Mr. Anthony, a technician who knows just the amount of wisecrackery, just the pose of sophisticated mockery with which publishers think the public wants an adventurer to recount his adventures. For Mr. Buck is a convert to Safety First. He writes (or Mr. Anthony seizes the idea from Mr. Buck and brings it back alive): "I take no unnecessary risks."

The Shutter of Snow. By Emily Holmes Coleman. The Viking Press. $2.50.

The publishers of this unusual and, in its field, probably valuable book describe it as "a first-hand document." It is an account of a few months spent as a patient in the psychopathic department of a State hospital. Mrs. Coleman, who relates her own experiences by employing a fictitious character and through the use of an impressionistic technique, has the advantage of being a literary woman. The book is no less graphic than it is authentic, an extremely rare achievement in the "first-hand document" school of letters, for usually we have drama at the expense of truth, or bald facts that unwittingly falsify the picture. "The Shutter of Snow" is a profoundly moving book, supplying as it does a glimpse of what a temporary derangement and its consequences may mean to the sufferer.

Music

Transcribing Bach

SHALL Bach's organ works be transcribed for orchestra, and, if so, how? To the second part of this question three musicians have unwittingly returned three masterly answers: Schönberg, by imitating closely in the orchestra the qualities and proportion of tone produced by the organ; Stokowski, by writing as he thinks Bach would write if he were living today and knew the music of Wagner and Strauss and Rimsky-Korsakoff; Respighi, in the Chorales with which Mr. Toscanini made his rentrée, by giving them an orchestral dress that resembles fairly closely that of the works Bach wrote for orchestra.

Schönberg has achieved, certainly, excellent imitations of the sound of the organ, but it is not easy to see just what is gained by these imitations. It is like the case of "Pacific 231"—no matter how much like a locomotive an orchestra may sound, it can never out-choochoo the original Pacific. The objections to the Stokowskian method are obvious, I think, and valid: to clothe Bach music with Strauss orchestration is to do both an injustice. It is not like playing "Hamlet" in everyday dress. (What is everyday orchestral dress, anyway?) It is more like rewriting Hamlet in the manner of "The Last Days of Pompeii." As to Respighi's treatment, it is harder to say much against it. No great violence is done to the Chorales, certainly.

And yet . . . it is a shock to have the simple tenderness one has read between the lines of the "Wachet Auf" made sensuous by the warmth of the Philharmonic strings. It is hard not to feel that the miraculous ornate melody of the "Nun Komm' der Heiden Heiland" has become too humanly expressive, lost something of the quiet eloquence that the more distant organ lent it.

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But the more fundamental question of whether these transcriptions should be made at all receives its answer many times a week in every city that can afford a symphony orchestra capable of playing them, and in innumerable cities that cannot. Good organists are not rare, nor is Bach ordinarily among the music they neglect. In New York and Philadelphia Mr. Lynnwood Farnam did all the Bach organ works, did them often, and did them with an eloquence that was a sufficient, although unintentional, answer to the transcribers. His understanding, his imagination, and his technical skill yielded an insight into Bach's organ music to which neither the orchestrators nor their interpreters would need to add much even if they could. (Lynnwood Farnam died on November 23. His Bach recitals were to many intrinsically the most thoroughly satisfying musical experiences New York afforded, at the same time that they gave welcome relief from the noisy ballyhoo and applause of most public music-making. And Farnam's absorption in Bach's music excluded so completely from his mind any interest in his own performance, as performance, that even the few words of acknowledgment here written seem almost inappropriate.)

I do not mean to imply any objection to transcription as such. To arrange organ works for the piano, either as solos or as duets, is to make intimate knowledge of them possible for many to whom the organ is physically or technically not available. Similar transcriptions of orchestral works justify themselves even more obviously. For piano arrangements are about as close to the everyday-dress idea as one can come. By reorchestrating, as Stock has done, badly orchestrated works like Schumann symphonies, it is possible to reveal thoughts long buried in a tonal swamp. A musician looking for the first time at the "Wanderer" fantasy of Schubert would be bound to agree with Liszt that it is a composition properly for piano and orchestra.

Bach, Handel, Brahms, Liszt—all transcribed freely from one medium to another. But it is just between the organ, on the one hand, and almost any other instrument or collection of instruments—above all, stringed instruments—on the other, that transcription is not practical. To play on the organ music written for these more flexible instruments is to rob it of the plasticity it needs in performance. While to transcribe organ music is to invest with too personal an intensity what needs only a cool, clear, impersonal voice to sing its song.

ARTHUR MENDEL

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ARTHUR MENDEL studied music at Harvard University and has written on music for various periodicals.

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Russian "Dumping"

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, November 2

ON March 21, 1921, Mr. Herbert Hoover made a famous statement about the Bolsheviks. "Under their economic system," he said, "no matter how much they modify it in name, there can be no real return to production in Russia, and therefore Russia will have no considerable commodities to export and, consequently, no great ability to obtain imports." Perfect logic: no production, no exports, no imports. That was almost ten years ago. Mr. Hoover's own Department of Commerce has disproved every word he said, and the current campaign against Soviet "dumping" is the best indication that the Bolsheviks can and do produce and export, as well as import.

The first knight who sallied forth to save the fair capitalist world from Soviet exports was Sir Henri Deterding of the Royal Dutch Shell. In 1922 he organized an international boycott of "stolen" Soviet petroleum. In 1923 he purchased large quantities of the same liquid. He continued to do so in 1924, 1925, and 1926. Then Moscow raised prices, Sir Henri married a Russian "white," and the Standard Oil Company began trading with the Naphtha Syndicate. These three circumstances possessed this chemical quality: they reconverted good Soviet oil into "stolen" oil which Deterding would never, never buy. Why? Because the Bolsheviks used the proceeds from their petrol exports to combat religion. American competition in India, however, and Russian competition in England soon exerted a remarkable effect on Deterding's moral standards, and since February, 1929, he has again become a steady consumer of "stolen" oil. Now Deterding has a long line of equally consistent successors.

"Dumping!" exclaimed Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, at a recent free-trade meeting in Manchester; "that word has come to be used to describe all fair and legitimate commerce between countries." At the last League of Nations Assembly, Baron Rheinbaben, the German delegate, speaking of dumping, declared that "it was not giving away a secret to say that in certain measure we are all sinners." The same issue of the London *Times* (October 4) which reported M. Briand's efforts against Soviet dumping discussed the British coal export subsidy which for years had made it possible for Yorkshire to undersell Poland and Germany in European markets. There is not a country on the face of the earth which has not indulged in dumping at one time or another.

France is the leader of the movement against Soviet exports. C. P. Bennett, a British grain dealer, gently chided the London *Times* for having been taken in by French propaganda.

> Only this year [he wrote on October 9] France did literally "dump" thousands of tons of wheat into this and neighboring countries (i.e., the French government paid a bounty of four to five pounds sterling per ton on all wheat exported), with the result that French wheat was selling in this country at shillings below the cost of production in France. As the nature of French wheat is akin to our own, this was more competitive to our farming industry even than Russia.

Investigation shows Mr. Bennett's facts correct. But hypocrisy is a virtue in politics. Indeed, wheat from Rumania, whose delegate at Geneva, M. Madgearu, initiated the League discussions against Soviet grain exports, has sold at Marseilles at a lower price than Russian wheat. Yet the campaign against Soviet dumping continues with increased momentum, and several governments, including the French, the Rumanian, and the Belgian, have adopted discriminatory restrictive measures against it.

Soviet sales to France amount to 1.35 per cent of French imports. Russia does practically no business with Rumania, Hungary, or Jugoslavia. Yet these march in the vanguard of the anti-Soviet dumping crusade. Mussolini does not object when Italy feeds on macaroni made from Ukrainian wheat, but a few tons of Russian grain seem to threaten the very foundations of the Third Republic and especially of its vassals in Southeastern Europe.

The charge has been repeatedly made that the Bolsheviks dispose of their exports at ridiculously low prices in order to undermine the prosperity of the bourgeois world and thus hasten the advent of the world revolution. See, for instance, a long London *Times* editorial on October 22. The Russians are neither so foolish nor so Machiavellian. They get as much as they can for their goods—not one kopek less. Soviet exports constitute 2 per cent of world trade. The charge is laughable.

The anti-dumping arguments are unworthy of serious treatment. "Nationalized" women and "stolen" oil have had their day. Now it is "dumping." The world must be entertained. Soviet exports, however, are extremely important in world affairs, and deserve careful consideration—something which the dumping cry makes almost impossible. Dumping is objectionable because it upsets price levels. But Soviet grain exports would unsettle the market even if they were sold at the same price as American, Canadian, or Australian cereals. A few figures will show exactly what has happened.

Before the war Russia was the world's biggest wheat exporter. Between 1910 and 1914, for instance, her average wheat sales to foreign lands amounted to 164,000,000 bushels, compared to 94,000,000 bushels exported by Canada, 104,000,000 by the United States, 85,000,000 by Argentina, and 49,000,000 by Australia. (See "Yearbook," United States Department of Agriculture, 1930, p. 610.) The Bolshevik Revolution revolutionized this situation, too. Russian wheat disappeared, while other nations, acting under the stimulus of high prices, increased production and exports. In 1929 Canada exported 422,000,000 bushels, the United States 163,000,000, Argentina 215,000,000, and Australia 113,000,000. Small wonder that a loud painful yell resounds across the continents when Russia begins to add her contribution to this already swollen volume of available exports. Today France is campaigning against Soviet dumping

for political reasons, but Canada is honestly perturbed, and Stanley Baldwin proposes a wheat quota for Great Britain, while a farcical performance by Secretary Hyde need not conceal the more serious aspects of Soviet competition.

If there was agricultural overproduction before the Soviet Union began claiming again its natural position in the international grain trade, if hundreds of thousands of farmers are deserting their holdings in various countries, if the Canadian wheat pool and American warehouses hold tremendous unsold reserves, what will happen with Russia exporting in ever-mounting quantities, as she should, barring bad crops, in forthcoming years? What if Russia again becomes the biggest seller of grain? Perhaps the fear of such eventualities is the real root of the "dumping" cry. Heavy Soviet wheat exports struck the world at a time when huge supplies and low prices made the market especially vulnerable. Hence all the noise.

It may well be, furthermore, that some business men see farther into the future. Russia's exports of flax and other agricultural products, as well as of oil and lumber, are also bound to grow within the next few years. Indeed, the whole face of Soviet foreign trade may undergo transformation. Today Russia imports non-ferrous metals and chemicals, tractors and automobiles, special steels and electrical equipment. But gigantic plants rising in various sections of the country will soon cut such imports to the bone. And who will say when the Soviets may be exporting these same articles? The entire Soviet Union boasts about 30,000 automobiles. Yet five years, perhaps four years, from now it will manufacture 1,000,000 "Fords" annually. Some of them will go to Persia, Afghanistan, Mongolia, Turkey, and even the Baltic states. By 1932 the purchase of foreign tractors may stop, and in 1934 Soviet tractors may be working in foreign soils. The Russians today are selling electric bulbs to Asia; tomorrow it may be electric motors. They are forcing the development of their potash deposits; they are this year producing aluminum for the first time; they want to make their own iodine. In fact, the list is endless. The revolution released the productive instincts and energies of a virile nation inhabiting one-sixth of the earth's dry surface—presumably the world's richest country in natural resources. This is what might well worry foreign nations, not dumping.

The Bolsheviks, with their usual rigid logic, and giving the capitalists credit for healthy instincts and clear vision, see in the dumping agitation the beginning of more sinister moves. They say: The rise of an industrialized Germany which disputed the commercial supremacy of well-established trading nations, particularly England, sowed the germ of one world war. Now a second Armageddon is being skilfully prepared against Communist Russia. The dumping campaign, they declare, is merely the panicky overture of a roaring symphony. It is, they add, a compliment to the past and coming successes of the Five-Year Plan for Soviet industrialization. The spectacular change from acute bread scarcity in 1927 to bread exports in 1930 has sent a shiver down the capitalists' spines, the Bolsheviks believe, and the bourgeois world is therefore taking measures to obstruct Russia's further economic progress.

All these considerations, however, are still speculation in historic futures. At present even Russia's miserable 2 per cent participation in world trade is achieved at the ex-

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pense of the people's stomachs and nerves. The Soviet Government must import machines and raw materials for the construction of its new industrial plants and for the fulfilment of the Five-Year program generally. It can pay for these goods only with the proceeds of its own exports, and since it will never default on a payment to a capitalist firm, it will go to any length to accumulate a sufficient valuta reserve abroad to settle all foreign bills. If this requires the sale of Russian butter and eggs to foreign countries at a time when these commodities are needed at home, the nation is asked to make the sacrifice. Foreign long-term credits would make such sacrifices unnecessary, and thus reduce Soviet exports. The Bolsheviks sell because they must buy. And they will buy where they can sell; hence their reprisals against those who have instituted an official embargo on Russian commodities. If the world wants Russian orders it will have to take Russian exports. No other alternative is possible.

Nor do I believe that the Soviet demand for foreign goods is likely to fall in the near future. The Bolsheviks, for inner propaganda purposes or because it pleases their vanity, assure the country that in two or three years, what with irrigation and other improvements in Turkestan and the Caucasus and with the cultivation of kendyr, a cotton substitute, they will become independent of cotton imports from America and Egypt. I doubt it. When the period of privation ends, when the nation's tremendously increased buying capacity is given free rein, and when the government possesses more money for purchases abroad, there will be no limit to cotton imports because there is no limit to the textiles which the country can consume. The same is true of many other articles. When will Russia cease needing foreign machines? If nations like Germany, France, England, and the United States still buy technical equipment from one another, will Russia ever become self-sufficient in this respect? Certainly not for decades. Germany industrialized is a far bigger market than a backward rural Germany. This applies with greater force to the Soviet Union, where millions still satisfy only their most primitive immediate consumption requirements, yet where the standard of living and the yearning for comforts have climbed sharply since 1917. The world stands in no danger of losing the Russian market unless by embargoes and boycotts it compels the Bolsheviks to restrict their exports.

Unfortunately, since the importance of Soviet trade is not yet considerable, Soviet exports have become a political football, and the issue is obscured. The British Conservatives and pro-protectionists use Russian wheat as an argument against free trade. In the United States it serves the useful purpose of diverting attention from the fundamental ills of agriculture. France exploits the situation to fortify its hold on its Balkan allies and to mobilize new political support in Eastern Europe against Italy, England, and Russia. With the help of the anti-dumping cry Paris is engaging in strenuous efforts to wean Hungary from Mussolini's side, to break up Rome's Greece-plus-Turkey-plus-Hungary-plus-Bulgaria constellation, and to solve the problem that has baffled French Balkan policy for a decade—the problem of Rumanian-Hungarian antagonism. When governments and parties need a lever, a scapegoat, and an excuse, and find it in Soviet "dumping," the truth about Russian exports is likely to be obscured.

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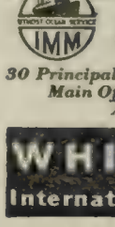
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 691
EDITORIALS:
- Raiding the Treasury 694
- The End of the Chapter 695
- What Happens in Court 695
- Censoring the Stage 696

THE POWER FIGHT GOES ON. By Ruth Finney 697
SLAVERY AND FORCED LABOR. By Raymond Leslie Buell 699
NEW DIMENSIONS IN THE TALKIES. By Alexander Bakshy 702
FIGHTING UNEMPLOYMENT. III. STABILIZATION. By Henry Raymond Mussey 704
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 706
CORRESPONDENCE 706
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 708
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:
- Wilderness. By Leslie Nelson Jennings 709
- The Writers Talk Shop. By Henry Hazlitt 709
- Lawrence's Last "Novel." By Lionel Trilling 710
- Unorthodox Orthodoxy. By Felix Morrow 711
- Too Good to Be Smart. By Gerald Sykes 711
- The Right to Work. By James Rorty 712
- Books in Brief 712
- Architecture: The Stripes of the News. By Douglas Haskell 713
- Films: Selling Sophistication. By Alexander Bakshy 713
- Drama: "A Great Man's First Play." By Heywood Broun 714

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Militarism in Modern Dress. By Paul von Schoenaich 718

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MR. HOOVER should not complain too much or too outspokenly if Congress takes advantage of his weakness and maladroitness to bother him. In his annual message he said that the time had not yet come for constructive treatment of the business depression, thus making it clear that he was still, more than a year after the stock-market crash, thinking in terms of relief, but now he is worried at the apparent purpose of Congress to appropriate twice as much as he has asked for drought relief. The House leaders failed to get the two-thirds' majority necessary to suspend the rules and cut the Senate's $60,000,000 to the $30,000,000 demanded by the President. His ill-judged censure of Congress for "playing politics with human misery" naturally aroused bitter feeling on Capitol Hill, but his reported agreement to keep step with the regulars may save him from the censure of the La Follette resolution. The decision of the Senate conferees to allow a separate vote on the Robinson amendment indicates fresh trouble for the President in getting the authority he desires to have the allocation of the $118,000,000 emergency construction fund left in his hands. The manifest lack of confidence in his judgment and political leadership is matched by opposition to some of his appointments. Enough has been brought out about Frank R. McNinch, a nominee for the Federal Power Commission, to show that he has no fitness for the place. His confirmation, however, seems to depend a good deal upon the attitude of Cameron Morrison, who succeeds the late Senator Overman of North Carolina, and Morrison's position is complicated by the fact that his colleague, Senator Simmons, whose term expires March 4, is supporting McNinch, while Senator-elect Bailey, who defeated Simmons, is strongly opposed to confirmation.

THE BANK OF UNITED STATES, with sixty offices, $160,000,000 of deposits, and 400,000 depositors, was the largest bank in this country, and perhaps in the world, ever to suspend payments; yet its closing on December 11 had comparatively little adverse effect on the security markets or on general public confidence. There are several reasons for this. Though the resources of the bank were very large when compared, for example, with large banks in 1907, the institution was not of the first rank in either size or influence among the banks of today. Again, the most drastic deflation of security markets in our history had already occurred; and this had resulted in an equally drastic contraction of brokers' loans, so that nearly all New York banks that had themselves adhered to sound business practice, and the Federal Reserve System as a whole, are in an extraordinarily strong position. Finally, confidence was engendered by the immediate action of twenty-three Clearing House banks in offering to make loans to depositors in the closed institution up to 50 per cent of their net balances at 5 per cent. It remains now for the New York State Banking Department to make a thorough investigation of the causes of the closed bank's difficulties. One aspect of the incident calls for special comment. There are good grounds for believing that several New York newspapers knew of the run on the suspended bank the day before it was closed, but published nothing about it, while some of them deliberately "played down" the news of the closing itself. All this was no doubt done with the laudable purpose of preventing any wide unsettlement of public confidence. Such suppression, however, is not only unfair to most of a bank's depositors, but when it comes to the knowledge of the public, as it inevitably does, its effect is rather to undermine confidence than to maintain it.

VOLUNTARY INSURANCE SCHEMES instituted by employers are entirely inadequate to protect wage-earners against the losses of unemployment. This fact is strikingly brought out in a report just made public by the Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., which numbers among its directors Owen D. Young, Cyrus McCormick, Jr., and John D. Rockefeller III. According to this report, there were in effect in 1928 seventy-two such systems covering 107,000 workers, less than one-half of 1 per cent of our wage-earners. The movement has been somewhat extended since that date, the great General Electric plan, for example, having been introduced during the past year, but it is doubtful whether one worker in a hundred is covered at

the present time, and there is no reason for hoping that such plans will ever be extended to more than a small fraction of our workers. To oppose compulsory insurance because of a preference for voluntary private protection, therefore, is to urge that the great body of workers remain unprotected. Without indorsing this position, the Industrial Relations Counselors declare: "Both as regards relief of the unemployed workers' distress and counteracting the inevitable reaction of unemployment upon business, the need for more adequate protection against the hazard of unemployment cannot be gainsaid."

THE WORLD SUGAR CONFERENCE illustrates both the necessity and the difficulty of international control of basic-commodity production. With a world sugar output of about 27,000,000 tons in 1929-30, stocks on hand are estimated at the vastly excessive figure of 4,200,000 tons, and consumption in the present year has fallen not less than 1,000,000 tons below that of last year. The world price of about a cent and a third a pound is declared to be below the cost of the cheapest producers, the Javanese, and the Cuban industry, largely American-owned, even with its 20 per cent tariff preference in our market, is in a critical position. A Cuban-American committee, headed by Thomas L. Chadbourne, after great difficulty negotiated an agreement with the Dutch Sugar Trust for the limitation of Cuban and Javanese exports and the gradual disposal of existing surplus stocks over a period of five years, the plan being predicated on a reduction of the existing overproduction. The scene then shifted from Amsterdam to Brussels, where it became necessary to secure a corresponding undertaking from the European beet-sugar producers, who were asked to cut their exports by 15 per cent next year. Beet-growing is an important branch of Continental agriculture. Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland, the great exporting countries, with surpluses already on hand and with exporters in a very trying position, naturally fought hard against restriction of their exports. It is difficulties of this kind that surround every effort at international control of production in periods of depression. Nor are those difficulties at an end when an agreement is reached; it is then still necessary to see that the agreement is carried out. In the final outcome at Brussels, the Germans alone refused to agree to the reduction of exports demanded, declaring that the necessity of meeting reparation payments and private obligations abroad made it impossible for them to cut exports as required. The conference broke up amid much feeling, but there is still hope that the Germans in view of the desperate condition of the industry, may come to terms within the next thirty days.

ONE OF THE MOST DISCOURAGING features of the present difficult situation in Germany is the apparent reawakening of the military spirit. Baron von Schoenaich, himself once a militarist but now an ardent pacifist, discusses in another section of *The Nation* one aspect of this recrudescence, showing the new form militarism has taken. More disturbing is the frankly militant attitude taken by an ever larger section of the German population, and also the secrecy which surrounds the expenditure of huge sums of money by the Ministry of Defense. It was popular feeling and nothing else that compelled the government to suppress the film "All Quiet on the Western Front." In this connection the New York *Times* correspondent in Berlin suggested that "the mad scramble to prevent the dark side of war becoming known has at least some connection with the clearly growing and spreading desire to keep the idea of some kind of a war of liberation fresh and popular." As for the Defense Ministry's activities, M. Franklin-Bouillon recently charged in the French Chamber of Deputies that the German Ministry was spending considerable sums in clandestine preparations for war, including the training of German aviators in Russia. Far from being challenged in Germany, his speech was not even reported in the German press. We can readily understand the feeling of hopelessness most Germans are now experiencing, and we can see no way of stopping this feeling from being translated into a demand for militant action except by Europe's honestly disarming itself as Germany is disarmed, and by easing the reparations pressure, which would require American cooperation.

PILSUDSKI has turned his new weapon, that of terrorism, upon the Polish parliament. The scandalous action of his troops in Eastern Galicia and of his political followers in Upper Silesia wiped out the last vestige of that sympathy which liberals throughout the world had had for partitioned Poland before the war. However, even before he set out to suppress the Ruthenian and German minorities by terrorism, his swing toward reaction had become all too apparent. He has now gone completely over to the extreme right. He wants to rule without even the semblance of democratic or parliamentary assistance. It was toward this end that the opposition press was silenced, opposition tickets barred, and opposition candidates imprisoned in the recent elections. Despite these tactics a minority opposed to Pilsudski won seats in the Sejm and the Senate. This minority the dictator is now seeking to gag or eliminate altogether by abolishing parliamentary immunity. Seven of the minority members are still held in the fortress of Brest-Litovsk, where, according to other members lately released from this prison, the victorious but imprisoned candidates were subjected to torture by various means. Europe can ill afford a revolution in Poland at this time, particularly because of that country's geographical position, but that is what may come unless some way is found of checking the aimless and unnecessary activities of the Pilsudski dictatorship.

DESPITE THE OPTIMISM of the State Department in Washington and the confidence assumed by President Machado, all is not well, politically speaking, in Cuba. It can no longer be doubted that, to quote the London *Economist*, there is serious and widespread opposition to "the dictator whose function it has been to maintain in Cuba that state of affairs which meets the requirements of the United States." With the increase in rioting and disorders throughout the republic Machado has again suspended the constitutional guaranties and has reinstituted censorship of the press. The internal situation is frankly rotten, and it seems clear that a majority of Cubans are openly opposed to the dictatorship, but we nevertheless doubt that this opposition can overthrow the present regime. Machado maintains a formidable army. Its officers have

been trained in Europe and the United States and it is equipped with the most modern implements of warfare. The General Staff has made, and keeps up to date, a minute and strategic study of every corner of the island. The republic is crossed with highways and railroads to concentrate military forces. No untrained rebel army, no matter how enthusiastic, could hope to win against this imposing military organization. So long as Machado finds the financial means of keeping his army obedient, it is not likely that a rebellion will succeed.

DOMINION STATUS, very limited, is predicted for India as a result of the Round Table Conference, the limitations to consist in continuation of British control over the Indian army, India's foreign relations, and, most important, her finances. Just what would be left to be called dominion status might not be quite clear to a citizen, say, of Canada, though any diehard Tory might have an answer. The Indian delegates are willing, it is reported, to concede control for a specified time over foreign relations and the army, but they have refused so far to agree to British control of finances, contending logically enough that he who controls the purse-strings controls India, whether it be called a dominion or a crown colony. On the other hand, it is felt that Parliament will not consent to desert British investments. Apparently the Nationalist boycott, though it has virtually paralyzed business in Bombay, has not yet demonstrated to British investors the obvious fact that ultimate protection of their interests lies not with any British Parliament but with the Indian people. Within the Indian delegation the Hindus, the Moslems, and the Sikhs have not yet reached a working decision in the matter of legislative representation in any new governmental set-up. The problem is, of course, a very serious one, but in the long view it is one that India must work out for herself.

THE UNITED STATES still maintains its shameful position at the tail end of civilized countries in the matter of the maternal mortality rate. Beginning with Denmark, which has a death-rate of 2.2 per thousand live births, we proceed down the line past Italy with 2.6, Japan with 2.8, Czecho-Slovakia with 3.6, Esthonia with 4.1, the Irish Free State with 4.5, all the way to the United States ignominiously at the bottom, with a rate of 6.5. Although this is an average for the forty-eight States, many of them show a maternal death-rate far in excess of that figure. The Southern States are the worst culprits: Florida had in 1928 a rate of 10.1, Georgia of 10.7, Louisiana of 11.4, and South Carolina of 10.9. The best record we can show is Iowa, with 4.8, in the same class with northern Ireland and only a little better than such "backward" countries as Lithuania and Chile. No satisfactory explanation of our comparatively large maternal death-rate has ever been offered. More prenatal and postnatal care is suggested as a remedy, but surely Italy and Japan and the South European countries do not specialize in scientific medical attention during pregnancy. It is worth noting, however, that in 4,726 cases cared for by approved nursing methods by the Maternity Center Association of New York the death-rate for mothers was reduced to 2.2. Neither these figures nor the figures for the country as a whole are well known. They should be given wide publicity.

THAT CONDESCENDING PHRASE "the woman's record" has had its status magnificently lifted by Miss Ruth Nichols, who beat the time of Charles A. Lindbergh, no less, when she flew from Los Angeles to Roosevelt Field in 13 hours and 22 seconds of flying time. In flying at least, so far as we know, women are under no handicaps that do not apply to men. Moreover, quite aside from the feminist fervor here displayed, the term is confusing. Often the real record is not even given in the accounts of women aviators. In the present instance, it was necessary to read several lines of the story—and get over that "woman's record"—before one knew that Miss Nichols had beaten Lindbergh and was second only to Hawks. The news writers were careful to point out, of course, that Miss Nichols, unlike her men competitors, spent a night at Wichita en route. But they also admitted that while Hawks and Lindbergh had made their flights in almost perfect weather conditions through balmy skies, Miss Nichols picked one of the worst months in the year for her trip and encountered most of the known kinds of weather, good and bad. Miss Nichols has certainly vindicated the "woman's record." Now it ought to be abolished. One record is enough for both sexes. And we imagine that women flyers would the first to agree, including Miss Nichols, who modestly declared that the speed of her plane was the most important factor in her achievement.

OUR FAVORITE PHYSICIST, mathematician, public man, and Visitor to These Shores is Professor Albert Einstein. In appearance he is delightful; his manners, either with interviewers or with the Mayor of this city, are perfection; he can crack a joke, even if it is in German; and he knows all about the theory of relativity, which does not, however, prejudice our judgment one way or the other. This affection for Professor Einstein is of long standing, but when he talks about peace and war it rises to its greatest heights. There are two ways, he declared in an address before the New History Society on December 14, of abolishing war:

> The first, which has already been practiced in many countries, is to refuse military duty in time of war. Real pacifists should practice this in times of peace as well. In countries where there is compulsory military service this can be done. In countries where there is no conscription, however, the pacifist can only publicly declare that he will refuse any military duty in time of war, and it should be the mission of pacifists to recruit people from all over the world for this. . . . If only 2 per cent of the men liable for war service were to refuse, there would not be enough jails in the world to take care of them.

His second suggestion was the establishment of an international war-resisters fund, to which pacifists all over the world should contribute. Both proposals go to the heart of the matter, and if more persons of an eminence comparable to Professor Einstein's would attempt to further them, something might be done to remove the curse of humankind. We warn our German guest, however, that he had better not try to become a citizen of the United States. For his sentiments would be most unpopular with our naturalization authorities.

Raiding the Treasury

IN using the press the other day to lecture a Congress which was showing signs of plunging into an illogical and uneconomical spending spree Mr. Hoover declared that "prosperity cannot be restored by raids upon the public Treasury." We agree that prosperity cannot be thus restored. We go even farther and assert that raids upon the Treasury should never be tolerated whether they come disguised as tax refunds, or as special grants to the farmers or other classes, or take the more indirect form of high tariff rates. At the moment, however, the question is not one of pouring forth the taxpayers' money without reason, in the hope that if only enough money were spent we should all be wealthier and happier. The question is one of finding sufficient funds to finance a sensible and constructive plan for dealing with the unemployment problem. Mr. Hoover's suggestion that this cannot be done without looting the Treasury, a method that we agree must be ruled out, is wholly misleading, and is prompted perhaps by the President's inability or unwillingness to grasp the magnitude and gravity of the problem before the country. The Treasury need not be raided. Mr. Hoover has means much closer at hand for obtaining the necessary funds. It is his duty to the country at all times, but particularly so just now, to see that the public finances are carefully managed. Sound and honest economy would be productive of funds much larger than the mere $150,000,000 Mr. Hoover has asked for unemployment relief, and they could be used not only in dealing with that problem, but in meeting other special situations due to the economic depression in which the government can take action.

Careful financial management should begin with the new budget, which calls for expenditures in the fiscal year 1931-32 totaling $4,667,845,468.07. This is an increase of approximately $230,000,000 over the total appropriations for the current fiscal year. It is more than reasonable to ask why an increase in government expenses is necessary in this period of depression and falling prices. Retrenchment would seem the wiser policy. Certainly the increase of $110,000,000 asked for veterans' administration, making the total of this item almost a billion dollars, might be examined with a view to further economy, especially in light of the past history of this division of the government. Another questionable item is the $100,000,000 increase for the Federal Farm Board, obviously destined to be used for speculation in a vain effort to help the farmers. Similarly, the $690,000,000 asked for the military arm of the government could stand close scrutiny with a view to saving many millions of dollars. Mr. Hoover has stated that the construction of certain naval vessels was delayed pending the outcome of the London conference. There were no disastrous results from this delay. Why not postpone for a few years the $170,000,000 of naval construction planned for 1931, or still better, abolish it altogether?

But all the responsibility does not rest with the executive branch of the government. Congress, too, must watch the taxpayers' dollars. Bills for the expenditure of $500,000 for unneeded improvements here or of $20,000,000 for ill-timed construction there under the guise of relieving the jobless have with justice been denounced by Mr. Hoover. An outstanding and flagrant example of this thoughtless waste is the proposal to convert the war veterans' bonus certificates into cash. Senator Vandenberg of Michigan wants a full payment, entailing an outlay of about $3,000,000,000; Representative Fish of New York has urged a 25 per cent payment, making a total of about $750,000,000. Secretary Mellon has already pointed out what a great additional load on the Treasury, and eventually on the taxpayers, the financing of either of these proposals would involve. Moreover, the basic economic position of the war veterans would not be one whit improved by this uneconomical gift, nor should we be any nearer a solution of the unemployment problem. If Mr. Hoover, instead of stupidly closing his eyes to his own responsibilities in the situation, had presented Congress with a definite plan looking toward a sensible solution of the unemployment problem, or if he had otherwise demonstrated that he appreciated the seriousness of the country's economic plight, perhaps he would not now be faced with this barrage of pork-barrel and log-rolling legislation. It cannot be denied that a number of Congressmen are "playing politics at the expense of human misery"; neither can it be denied that far more of them, seeing the problem more honestly than does the President, are conscientiously endeavoring to be of some help to the country in the present crisis. They have plenty of courage; what they lack is leadership and guidance.

Mr. Hoover has failed to supply the necessary leadership. His assertion that the small sums he has asked for represent "the extreme sums which can be applied by the federal government" toward meeting the present emergency has failed to convince either Congress or the country. If he would set forth certain concrete proposals designed to deal with the situation as far as it is legitimately possible for the government to go, he would win the support of the public and compel Congress to follow him rather than its own individual whims. The requisite funds could quickly be found. An examination of the budget reveals that a much larger sum than the $150,000,000 Mr. Hoover has set as the limit could be made available, and it could be done without resorting to anything that looks like a raid on the Treasury. And should this sum prove insufficient, federal taxes could be adjusted in such a way as to increase revenues without placing too heavy a strain on productive industry or on the country's purchasing power. Indeed, an adjustment of federal taxes that will deal more equitably with top-heavy incomes and excess earnings appears in any event to be essential to a sound economy. This would bring about a more equitable distribution of income and thereby help greatly to stabilize our economic order, which in itself would serve to reduce or prevent unemployment. More than that, unless the federal government utilizes the present crisis to devise such measures for the prevention of like disasters in the future, we are little likely to give any attention to the matter in times of prosperity. It is a pity now to waste time in bickering.

The End of the Chapter

IT is a relief to know that the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament has at last gone the way of all flesh, and that one of the least inspiring of the headliners' standing items will no longer have to be given a place in the news. The speeches at the final session were in keeping with the record of more than five discordant years. M. Lunacharski reminded the delegates that they had rebuffed all the efforts of Soviet Russia to save the proceedings from "sterility," and characterized as "fictitious" the so-called disarmament methods by which, as it seemed to him, the Powers were merely trying to strengthen their own positions. Count von Bernstorff, who had seen most of the German suggestions swept aside along with the Russian, hoped that the general disarmament conference, which is expected to meet in 1932, might be more considerate. Lord Cecil agreed with M. Lunacharski's criticisms, but went off quickly on an oratorical appeal to the world to do its duty, while M. Massigli announced that doubting France would come to the conference "with the will to do her utmost" provided, of course, that the little item of security were not overlooked. When Ambassador Gibson had finished speaking he had let the tired delegates know in plain language that their work was a great disappointment to the United States, and had dropped a disturbing hint that unless the governments came to the conference prepared to do more than the commission proposed, the last end of the business might be worse than the first. If there were any flowers in memory of the deceased, the press dispatches failed to mention them.

Yet the debates of the commission have not been without their lessons and their fruits. The world knows now, better than it appeared to know five years ago, that the reduction or limitation of armaments is a difficult matter, that if the task is left to military and naval experts it will never be done, and that the politicians are fertile only in objections. It has been made clear beyond peradventure that the Kellogg-Briand pact is as yet only a scrap of paper as far as aiding disarmament is concerned, and that the two governments which sponsored the pact still lead the armament race. It is worth while to have had these demonstrations clearly made, even if the years spent in making them leave the problem of disarmament pretty much where it was.

Not wholly where it was, however. Bearing in mind that the commission was not expected to insure disarmament, but only to show how disarmament might be accomplished if the nations chose to undertake it, the commission has dissolved leaving something to its credit. The draft treaty which has been drawn up for the consideration of the conference does at least suggest a method, and works out tentatively a good many of the details. It commits the conference to the reduction and limitation of military, naval, and air forces of all kinds, to strict regulation of the distribution of naval tonnage and the transfer of tonnage from one category to another, to the budgetary limitation of expenditures for war purposes, to the abolition of the use of poisonous gases or other substances as instruments of warfare, and to full publicity regarding armaments. To be sure, the absence of specific figures of limitation leaves the draft treaty only a skeleton, and the conference may set the figures too high or juggle them, but there is at least a prescription blank ready to be filled in.

Perhaps, on the whole, this is as far as the commission should have been expected to go. The great shortcoming of the agreement is that it passes on to the conference precisely the same technical disputes that have again and again balked the commission, and with them the troublesome question of national security which the French and their allies have all along insisted must be settled before the work of disarmament can begin. The treaty itself represents only a nominal agreement on the part of the commission, for it is shot through with reservations made by various Powers, among them an extraordinary reservation in favor of the Baltic states, intended, apparently, to bring Russia to their terms. Moreover, virtually the whole treaty may at any time be suspended for any Power which thinks its security menaced, the suspension to continue until such time as the other signatories shall have met and given their advice. All these are serious blemishes, and their presence does not strengthen hope. It remains for those who still believe, in spite of the small progress thus far made, that disarmament by international agreement is possible, to do what they can, in the interval of a year or more before the conference meets, to make sure that conciliation and enlightenment shall bulk larger in the proceedings of the conference than they did in the work of preparing for it.

What Happens in Court

MRS. MINNIE FREEDMAN sues in the Superior Court in Boston to prevent Mrs. Tillie Feldman from "making any rude or improper faces, grimaces, or jeering or scoffing." . . . Important Negro king sues hospital at Boma in the Congo for the possession of his leg, which had been amputated as a result of a serious accident. . . . Two hundred sixty thousand cases are waiting trial in the Poor Man's Court in New York City, some of them dating back four years.

New Jersey court enjoins a jilted lover from committing suicide on a girl's doorstep and judge advises the young man to seek affection elsewhere. . . . New York judge rules that a man may slander his own wife. . . . Alabama court holds that a wife may not keep a dog without her husband's consent, but Michigan court holds that a wife is entitled to the physical possession of her marriage certificate. . . . Madame Jeritza sues Louis and Isadore Cohen for using her name on cigar boxes. . . . Albert H. Vitale, New York City magistrate, is removed from office.

President of a State Bar Association is requested to test out the anti-evolution law and suggests that he must have a retainer, because if he does the job for nothing it is solely out of civic interest, and he will be locally ostracized. . . . Vermont court finds that false teeth furnished to the wife are necessities for which the husband is liable, provided he allows her to wear them. . . . Six thousand divorces were granted in New York State in 1930 on the ground of adultery. Adultery is a crime in New York State. Enforcement of the adultery criminal law requires the erection of at least one new prison to house these 12,000 persons. . . . Francis X. Mancuso resigns judgeship.

In the last year of Justice John Marshall's tenure as a member of the United States Supreme Court, seven judges rendered thirty-nine opinions. The nine judges at present on the Supreme Court Bench decide over 400 cases a year. . . . Since 1900, 1,250,000 laws and ordinances have been passed impinging on personal liberties. . . . It is still a crime in Washington, D. C., for an alien to pick wild flowers. . . . There is a special statute against the impersonation of God on the stage, which statute has been agreeably nullified in the case of "The Green Pastures." . . . Judge Francis X. McQuade resigns after being told by referee that he is unfit to hold office.

Eli J. Ginerich enjoins seven priests and bishops of the Mennonite church from further "moidening" or "miting" him. Such boycott, he avers, arose because he had rubber in his suspenders, which is against the church rule, and as a result of such "miting" his daughter was unable to be married. . . . The code of ethics of the American Bar Association still declares that it is unprofessional for a lawyer to state his own personal belief in his client's cause. . . . Charles Evans Hughes was objected to as United States Supreme Court Judge on the ground of the position he took in various cases where he acted as counsel. His best friends answered the charge by declaring that of course Mr. Hughes did not believe in the causes for which he pleaded and that his name on a brief carries no implication that the brief expresses his own opinion. . . . Fall is convicted in oil scandals for accepting $100,000 in Doheny black bag. Doheny is acquitted for using the same $100,000 and the same bag, confirming the old adage that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Censoring the Stage

THE unequivocal statement issued recently on the subject of play censorship by the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America should draw applause from everyone intelligently interested in the welfare of the theater. The statement, after protesting against recent attempts to censor the stage, points out that the existing law against obscene plays covers every possible angle of the situation, even going so far as to prohibit a play that will "tend to the corruption of the morals of youth *or others.*" But the dramatists go farther and declare:

> . . . the development of an adult theater in an adult civilization is dependent upon the free discussion of any and all debatable subjects, whether in the field of religion, economics, politics, or morals, and [the dramatists] announce their intention of resisting to the limit the forces of repression and intolerance which, under the pretense of fighting obscenity, may seek to strike another blow at American freedom.

This is very handsome plain speaking and brings the issue down to its fundamentals. For it is plain that obscenity is only a minor issue in the campaign to censor the stage. There are in New York revues, burlesque shows, variety shows which go on year after year without molestation from the police or anybody else, and which present frank and open smut in its most undisguised form. But let a play discuss, from an unconventional angle, marriage, divorce, "free love," let it seem to champion birth control, let it make a jest of adultery, and the censors are hotfoot after it—the public must be protected against these subversive ideas. Moreover, not alone in the field of morals and social behavior must this protection extend. We must not expose our tender-minded New York public to wicked ideas about revolution, to disparagement of the United States government, to disrespect, if seriously expressed, for our national institutions. The motion-picture censorship goes so far as to frown on disrespect for the prohibition laws!

It is worth while to stop and ask who are the persons who wish to censor ideas presented in the theater. Complaints against a given play are made by an individual, but it is safe to say that the Society for the Suppression of Vice is likely to be somewhere in the background. The Catholic church, the Anglican church, the Christian Scientists, who are notoriously the most ardent censors, do not consider it good politics to come out in the open with a complaint. If they did, it would put the situation on a much clearer footing. For if the Catholic church stands squarely against birth control, for example, as of course it does, it might in all fairness warn its followers against plays which discuss the subject favorably; which is a very different matter from invoking, directly or indirectly, a law which will operate against Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

John S. Sumner, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, has recently formed a "Citizens' Committee for Clean Plays," with the avowed purpose of resisting attacks upon the present obscenity laws. It is rumored that efforts will shortly be made to pass a city ordinance requiring all plays to receive a license from the licensing bureau—a clean bill of health, that is, from the standpoint of the would-be censors. Even though no public announcement to this effect has yet been made, it should meet with protest from all persons interested in "an adult theater in an adult civilization." They may be warned that while the passage of a law at Albany which would extend the power of the censorship regulations requires more strength than its proponents could muster at present, a city ordinance would be much easier of passage, and obviously every pressure would be brought upon the licensing bureau to keep unwanted plays off the boards.

The Dramatists' Guild is quite right in believing that every effort should be made now to keep the censor in his place. It is right also to go farther and say that the censor has no place. The adult public is perfectly able to decide for itself what plays offend the public *mores;* and by refusing to attend a play that does, it exercises the only censorship that should exist in a free state. The truth is that the public *mores* are changing, now and always. Especially in the matter of language, with which plays are so essentially concerned, ideas of what is or is not permissible are different from what they were. We hear on the stage what we hear, not infrequently, in the drawing-room. Even our maiden aunts sit composedly by and listen to an intimate discussion of family relationships. The time may very well come when we shall see a reaction against this free thinking and free speaking. The female leg may again become a limb and to display it may become an impropriety. When that day arrives the American public will be its own censor; meanwhile it has given ample proof that it does not want one superimposed by anybody.

The Power Fight Goes On

By RUTH FINNEY

Washington, December 10

OFFENSE is often the best method of defense. It occupies the attention of the enemy and spends his strength. So the power industry, finding itself confronted with growing sentiment in Congress for regulation of all utility holding companies and all interstate power transactions, with a manifest swing throughout the country toward public ownership, has launched an attack upon the existing Magna Charta of power regulation, the Federal Water Power Act. Thus, after elections calculated to dismay the stoutest power-company heart, those representatives of the people who are on the other side of the battle have had no time in which to savor victory.

The Water Power Act is under fire from several directions. The Clarion River Power Company has asked an injunction in the courts of the District of Columbia to test the extent of the Federal Power Commission's authority under it. A second court test is in the making through refusal of the Appalachian Electric Power Company to recognize the right of the commission to supervise its hydroelectric project on New River, Virginia. Other attacks have been made from within the government. The Attorney General of the United States has written an opinion in which he suggests the possibility of "serious questions regarding the constitutionality" of the Federal Water Power Act. The same opinion outlined a technical way by which the Power Commission might put aside the provisions of the act and give the Appalachian Company the right to go ahead with its project free of all federal regulation. Finally, the "lame-duck" Federal Power Commission, composed of Secretaries Wilbur, Hurley, and Hyde, has recommended to Congress in its annual report that control of water-power developments be considered primarily a responsibility of the individual States. The Federal Power Commissioners and the Attorney General are the government officials with whom defense of the Power Act, in the court cases now pending, rests.

The Clarion River Company case is concerned with the right of the Power Commission to audit accounts of construction work on projects it licenses, and to make determination of the net investment in each. This net investment is the basis of the price to be paid for company properties if the government exercises its right of recapturing them when the license has expired. It is the basis of any regulation of rates or of security issues which the government may undertake in States not providing regulation of their own.

Last winter the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee discovered that the Power Commission had never, in its ten years of existence, actually exercised the power of determining net investment. It learned that the accounting department of the commission had been so starved and crippled that it had never completed the work of auditing accounts on any project. Until last year the commission had never been provided with a solicitor to advise the accounting division on legal points involved in its work. It was urged, then, that Cabinet members had not sufficient time left from their other duties properly to attend to the work of the Power Commission, so Congress created a new commission of five full-time members.

Meantime President Hoover nominated three of the new commissioners, but too late for the Senate to confirm them, and the "lame-duck" commission has continued in office through the summer and fall. Chief Accountant William V. King and Solicitor Charles A. Russell have proceeded with the accounting work and have prepared several cases for hearing and final determination of net investment. One of these is the case of the Clarion River Power Company and its Piney project in Pennsylvania. The company claimed a net investment of $11,032,816. Chief Accountant King recommended that $6,387,731 of this amount be rejected, contending that actual legitimate expenditure on the project was $4,645,085. Mr. King objected especially to certain items in the company's investment account, namely, $144 for neckties bought at Vantine's in New York, $4,000 spent for cigars and dinners at the grand opening of the Piney project, and other charges, including "unsupported items" totaling $1,121,942.67.

The Power Commission set a date early in November for hearing Mr. King's recommendations and the Clarion River Power Company's reply to them. The hearing has not been held, however. A few weeks after Attorney General Mitchell's opinion mentioning "serious doubts" as to the validity of the Power Act, the company went into the District of Columbia Supreme Court and asked that the Power Commission be enjoined from holding hearings or making any adjudication with reference to the net-investment claims of the company.

At first the Department of Justice announced that since the case was "only a minor one," the government's position would be left to the district attorney's office to present and no one would be detailed from the department to assist. But Attorney General Mitchell asked Solicitor Russell of the Power Commission to handle the government's case after he had been criticized and after the National Popular Government League had asked leave to intervene, presenting an imposing list of attorneys associated with it, on which appear such names as Judge George W. Woodruff of Pennsylvania, Felix Frankfurter of Harvard, and Frank P. Walsh of New York. The grave import of the coming test was recognized also by the State of Pennsylvania after Gifford Pinchot was elected governor, and its attorney general asked leave to intervene in behalf of the government.

After argument in the courts of the District of Columbia the case will probably be carried through to the United States Supreme Court. If the company finally wins, the Power Commission will be deprived of its major functions and will have little authority left except to determine where hydroelectric projects may be situated.

But even this function will be lost if the Appalachian Electric Power Company wins the fight it is now carrying on. The Appalachian controversy is an old one, originating long before Wilbur, Bonner, *et al.* took over the Power

Commission. This company intends to build on a stream which is a non-navigable tributary of a navigable river and has contended for years that this location puts its project on a different footing. For two years it has refused to accept a regular license offered it by the Power Commission and has insisted that it be given instead a license prescribing only such conditions as shall protect navigation on the Kanawha River, to which the New River is tributary.

But in July of this year the Bonner-Wilbur-Hurley-Hyde Power Commission took the matter up again and had it referred to the Attorney General for an opinion as to whether they might issue the special sort of license the company wants, free from regulation of construction plans, of net investment, of securities, of rates. The question is particularly important in the case of the Appalachian Company, because under an interpretation of Virginia law it is exempt from regulation by the authorities of that State.

Mitchell replied to the Power Commissioners that they had full authority over non-navigable tributaries of navigable streams. An earlier opinion of his in the Cumberland Falls case had established that precedent. He held that the Appalachian Company "is prohibited from proceeding with the construction of its project until it shall have applied for and received a license under the provisions of this act." But Mitchell did not stop there. He went on to advance the theory that a broad interpretation of the Power Act "appears necessary in order to avoid serious questions regarding the constitutionality of this act." Accordingly he suggested that "every purpose within the power of Congress may be accomplished by issuance of a minor-part license."

This was a new idea in water-power regulation. The section of the Federal Water Power Act from which Mitchell obtained it reads as follows:

> In issuing licenses for a minor part only of a complete project, or for a complete project of not more than 200 horse-power capacity, the commission may, in its discretion, waive such conditions, provisions, and requirements of this act, except the license period of fifty years, as it may deem to be to the public interest to waive under the circumstances.

Mitchell said he thought this section ought to apply to the Appalachian Company's 80,000 horse-power project, since "the only interest which the United States has to protect, and for which it may be justified in issuing a license, is a very minor part of the complete project."

It took the big power companies of the country less than a week to grasp the possibilities of this opinion. Within a few days several of them had written to the Power Commission asking that they too be given "minor-part" licenses instead of regular ones, because their hydroelectric plants were only a minor part of the complete development of important streams. If their requests should be granted, some of the most important river systems in the country could be developed hydroelectrically free of all federal restriction.

At about the time Mitchell was writing his opinion, Solicitor Russell of the Power Commission was writing as follows, in answer to a similar contention raised before him:

> When Congress said that any applicant for the construction of a power plant on a non-navigable stream under certain conditions would be required to obtain a license under the provisions of this act, it meant the same character of a license to be issued for construction on a navigable stream, without any limitation, and such license should contain all the provisions required in a license on a navigable stream. To hold otherwise would result in questioning the jurisdiction of the commission over projects located on navigable streams. . . . A license means a license, not a piece of paper . . .

After the stir caused by the two opinions the Power Commission did nothing for some months about the Appalachian Company's request. The fact was disclosed, meanwhile, that Stanford University, of which Wilbur is still president on leave of absence, has a considerable investment in securities of the Appalachian Electric Power Company, as well as other electric utilities. Wilbur denied that he had anything to do with the university's investments.

Finally, the week before Congress was to convene to confirm successors to Wilbur, Hyde, and Hurley, a meeting of the Power Commission was called to discuss the Appalachian application. Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana protested to President Hoover against final action by retiring officials. Several other Senators quietly let their disapproval be known. Only Wilbur and Hyde were present when the meeting was held. The matter was debated at length, and in the end they announced that they had decided to let the courts pass on the issues involved. The power company will start construction of its project without a license; the Power Commissioners, if the successors of Wilbur, Hyde, and Hurley see fit, will then ask an injunction to stop them. And Attorney General Mitchell, who is on record as in favor of interpreting the Power Act to let the company build without regulation, will be responsible for the defense of regulation in the courts!

All this contention and litigation may or may not have been designed to divert attention from the Couzens bill, scheduled for prompt consideration in Congress, which provides a system of power-company regulation in some respects more thorough and more far-reaching than present regulation of railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In any event, the power companies tried similar tactics once before and won a Pyrrhic victory. They used all their resources, some two and a half years ago, to have Senator Walsh's resolution for investigation of utility holding companies and utility propaganda referred to the Federal Trade Commission. They were successful. And the Trade Commission has done the most thorough, fair, and workmanlike job that Washington has seen in a long time. With its financial investigation only half complete, the Trade Commission has disclosed closer inter-company relationships, more extensive methods of transferring profits from regulated utility-company books to unregulated holding-company books, more sudden and unexplained appreciations in property book values than the Senate had ever suspected. The amount of appreciations, the basis for security issues but not for fixing rates, is now somewhere in the neighborhood of $400,000,000.

The Couzens bill, awaiting hearings before the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, of which Couzens is chairman, provides for regulation hereafter of all utility companies doing an interstate power business, of all holding companies furnishing and sending in interstate commerce information, advice, instruction, intelligence, or direction concerning the generation, distribution, transmission, or sale of power, and of all holding companies supplying these services to any company which sells, distributes, or

generates power in interstate commerce. It provides for regulation also of rates and security issues of these companies and continues the power of the commission to license companies desiring to build on government property or on streams important in interstate commerce.

The Couzens bill is part of a general movement for regulation of holding companies—railroad holding companies and banking holding companies as well as the utilities. It was due to receive considerable support even before the elections with their verdict in behalf of stricter utility control. It is possible that the recent attacks upon existing regulation will quicken interest in it and hasten its enactment. But it will not be enacted without a battle.

Whatever the outcome, the future of regulation rests with the men who will compose the new Federal Power Commission and the men they select to work under them in legal, engineering, and accounting departments. As this is being written the Senate is considering President Hoover's selections for the commission, an event as significant as any in the winter's many-sided power struggle.

Slavery and Forced Labor

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

THE United States was one of the last of the great Powers to stamp out the institution of slavery. And it is natural that most Americans should believe that slavery came to an end for all time and for all peoples with Lincoln's famous Emancipation Proclamation of 1863. Recent revelations in various parts of the world show, however, that slavery still exists, either in direct or indirect form, in many countries. It is estimated that there are at least 3,000,000 slaves in the world today. Several years ago a commission of the League of Nations reported that slave-trading or similar acts was carried on in nineteen political areas, such as Abyssinia, Algeria, China, Egypt, Eritrea, the Sahara, and the Sudan. It declared that the slave trade was practiced openly in several Mohammedan states in Asia and in particular in the Arabian Peninsula. The Hashimite government receives dues or taxes upon slaves sold in the market; and Negroes from the African continent are imported and sold as slaves in Arabia. Many of the slaves in the Hejaz are young girls from the Orient who originally came to the kingdom upon a pilgrimage to Mecca. In 1924 one of the native kings of India, His Highness the Maharajah of Nepal, made a speech stating that there were nearly 52,000 slaves and 16,000 slave owners in his kingdom. He declared that a traffic was in existence which broke up families and caused suffering. In this speech he announced his intention of abolishing the institution outright. He kept his word.

Until recently, at least, slavery was one of the most important institutions in the feudal kingdom of Abyssinia, one of the few "independent" spots in Africa. Here the slave trade and slave raiding have also flourished. A newspaper quotes one visitor to Abyssinia as having seen a "convoy of 10,000 slaves marching toward the great slave market of Jimma; and in the course of a single day's march along the trail he counted the dead and dying bodies of more than fifty captives who had dropped by the roadside." As a result of pressure from the League of Nations, the king of Abyssinia has taken steps to remedy the situation. In 1923 and 1924 he passed edicts forbidding the trade in slaves and declaring that slaves could obtain their freedom seven years after the death of their master. But the institution has been so long established among various tribes in the country that the task of suppressing both slavery and the slave traffic is about as difficult as the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment in the United States. That the slave traffic still exists in hideous form in many parts of the Near East has recently been demonstrated in a series of twenty articles in the Paris *Matin*. Slavery also exists in the western parts of China, and according to a statement of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the House of Lords, it is even possible to buy slaves in the cities of eastern China. His statement is supported by a report of a child-labor commission appointed by the Executive Council of the Foreign Settlements of Shanghai, which states that young girls in Shanghai are bought and sold for employment as domestic servants, despite Chinese legislation making such a practice illegal. Even from South America news occasionally trickles out to the effect that slave raiding is common among certain tribes. In 1912 an international sensation was caused by the revelation of conditions of slavery upon Putumayo rubber plantations in Peru belonging to certain foreign interests. And only a few years ago a statement was made at a conference at Montevideo that certain tribes living in the remote parts of Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia still carry on the slave trade, "killing the protectors of families and then carrying the women off to sell to white people who own large plantations in these interior regions. This slave trade is encouraged by the whites, who offer large rewards."

For the most part, slavery in outright form exists only in these border regions of the world, so far removed from the centers of Western civilization that it is difficult if not impossible to obtain full particulars in regard to the institution. There are, however, a number of practices, hovering between complete freedom of contract and abject slavery, which constitute one form or another of involuntary servitude. Among such practices are peonage and compulsory, or indentured, labor.

Under the system of peonage which exists in countries in Latin America and elsewhere, the debtor agrees to work for the creditor until his labor is considered equivalent to the debt which he owes. It often happens that the creditor schemes to increase the indebtedness of the debtor so that the latter remains bound for an indefinite period. It is charged that despite legislation to the contrary peonage still exists in the Philippines. Contract labor is even more common than peonage. Although the importation of contract labor is forbidden in the United States, the system is common throughout Africa and other parts of the world where European industrial enterprise is carried on upon a large scale and where the labor supply is recruited from primi-

tive peoples. Thus the estates of Malaysia rely to a large degree upon imported or contract labor. The sugar plantations of Cuba and of Santo Domingo are worked, as far as manual laborers are concerned, largely by black men imported from Haiti and Jamaica.

Not long ago certain malpractices were revealed in the recruiting of Chinese coolies in the Dutch East Indies and in Singapore. On inaccessible parts of the island of Sumatra will be found a large number of *panglongs,* or small wood-cutting establishments which make planks, firewood, or charcoal. The owners of these establishments have secured their labor among Chinese at Singapore, and according to reports these laborers have lived in a "veritable reign of terror." Working conditions on these *panglongs* have been bad; in some cases the working day has been as long as fourteen or sixteen hours. The *panglong* owners have recruited their workers from houses of ill fame in Singapore, known as *kedehnasi,* where Chinese out of work are boarded and lodged. These coolies have paid for their board when they found work, "that is, when they are sold to an employer. The employers, in fact, considered that they bought their workers . . . and the coolie lodging-house keepers were known as man-dealers." These "man-dealers" received a sum from the employer, and sometimes an advance was made on the wages promised to the coolie to pay the "man-dealer" for supplying the coolie with board and lodging. The coolie was then sent off to the *panglong* heavily in debt. And to keep him in debt the *panglong* owner would force him to buy clothing, mosquito net, and other articles at high prices. The Dutch government has endeavored to bring an end to these conditions and an improvement has already been made.

The system of indentured labor is probably as effectively organized in Africa as in any other continent. The gold mines of Johannesburg, the diamond mines of Kimberley, the copper mines of the Belgian Congo, various types of European plantations throughout the continent as a whole—including Mr. Firestone's rubber plantations in Liberia—all require a larger labor supply than can be secured in the immediate vicinity.

The Chamber of Mines of South Africa maintains two recruiting organizations—the Witwatersrand Native Labor Association, which recruits labor in Portuguese East Africa with the consent of the Portuguese government, and the Native Recruiting Corporation, which recruits labor in South Africa proper. Farther north, labor for the mines of the Belgian Congo is recruited by a number of labor bureaus, or *bourses de travail.* An English concern, Robert Williams and Company, assists in providing laborers for the copper mines at Elizabethville. These laborers it recruits, with the permission of the British government, from Northern Rhodesia. The government of Liberia maintains a labor bureau. Various efforts to establish bureaus in other parts of Africa have also been made.

I have personally investigated on the spot the workings of four of these vast recruiting agencies, and it may be of interest to describe the process whereby native labor is actually secured. I shall take as the first illustration the Native Recruiting Corporation of South Africa. This corporation, which is owned by the Chamber of Mines, is responsible for keeping the Johannesburg mines stocked with a given supply of labor. The corporation has divided part of the Union of South Africa into districts, each in charge of a European labor agent. Usually this agent is also a trader who keeps a store which caters to native trade. It is the object of the agent to induce natives to sign a contract to leave their homes and work in the Johannesburg mines. The natives who are the object of his solicitations are not "civilized." Most of them are illiterate and speak only a native language. They are garbed in the most elemental clothing, usually a blanket. They live a polygamous existence in native kraals or huts, and their chief property is cattle and wives. The native population is wholly different from the working classes of the East Side of New York or of Passaic, New Jersey. It is a population accustomed to a pastoral and patriarchal existence. Left to themselves the natives of Africa would not leave their homes, where their wants are simple and easily supplied, to journey several hundred miles to work in an underground mine at arduous and strange labor for ten hours a day.

Therefore if the mines of South Africa are to be operated at full capacity the managers must use strenuous efforts to induce natives to become wage-earners. They do not rely upon voluntary or casual labor, they rely upon the indenture system. The Native Recruiting Corporation pays the labor agent $10 for each "boy" recruited. The labor agent is usually assisted by a native "runner" who receives a small fee for each recruit. The labor agent attempts to induce "boys" to sign contracts usually running for a term of six months. Having signed such a contract a native comes before a government official who questions him to determine whether he really understands the nature of the contract. Each "boy" is then given a medical examination, and if he passes it, he is given rations and blankets and herded on to a labor train bound for Johannesburg. In practically every case these "boys" leave their families behind. At Johannesburg the natives are debarked at a labor depot, where they are thoroughly fumigated and examined. Their fingerprints are taken and they then are marched off to the mine that has sent in a labor requisition. Once at the mines, the "boys" spend their idle time in labor compounds, which resemble army barracks. While they are frequently allowed to go into the city they must always carry a pass, and it is a criminal offense to desert. If they attempt to escape they can usually be tracked down by means of fingerprint identification, by the pass system, and by an efficient police system. The cost of this system of recruiting, which sometimes runs as high as $40 a man, is prorated among the employers. In theory each native is at liberty to sign a contract for the mines or to remain at home. Nevertheless, despite legislation to the contrary, the charge is frequently made that labor agents bring various means of pressure upon the natives to induce them to sign up. Agents may make loans of money to natives; when the native finds it impossible to pay back the loan he is virtually forced to sign a labor contract. Moreover, the various European governments have imposed upon the native population taxes which as a rule can be paid only in cash. Although some natives are able to grow and sell produce from their own farms, perhaps the majority of natives in many African territories can obtain money to pay their taxes only by entering European employment. In South Africa the dependence of the native upon European industry is intensified because the European has monopolized 90 per cent of the land.

A somewhat similar labor system has prevailed in the Belgian Congo. In the Katanga provinces are found some of the richest copper mines of the world—mines owned by the famous Union Minière. These mines rely for man power upon labor bureaus modeled after those in South Africa. Fifty recruiters from the *bourse de travail* of Katanga scour vast areas of the Congo looking for workers. The natives of the Congo are more primitive than the natives of South Africa, and to entice them into employment the labor recruiter hands out to them such articles as a jersey sweater or shorts. There is no legislation in the Belgian Congo which obliges a native to work for a private employer. But until recently at least the government has been so anxious to aid private employers that it has instructed government administrators to "intervene" in labor recruiting, that is, to give assistance to the recruiters from the *bourse de travail*. Government officials have frequently gone into villages with these recruiters and asked the local chief to turn over a certain number of men. The word of the chief is law as far as a native is concerned, and as the position and advancement of the chief depend upon the grace of the administrator, the chief invariably provides the men. It is fiction to say that they go "voluntarily." According to recent reports, this system of government intervention in recruiting still exists in the Portuguese colonies; while the export of labor from Angola to the islands of Saint Thomas and Principe has been resumed.*

Although European enterprises in many parts of Africa and other undeveloped areas have thus felt obliged to rely upon indentured labor, many employers have come to look upon the system with disfavor. The expense of recruited and indentured labor is much greater than the expense of wholly voluntary labor. Indentured labor, held at work by the fear of imprisonment, is usually inefficient; and this is especially so when the native has been tricked into employment. Finally, the mortality among recruited and indentured labor has been high. Enlightened employers in the backward regions now take every precaution to feed and house their natives properly. But when these natives are snatched out of primitive conditions and suddenly transplanted, often against their will and without their families, into an artificial European industrial center, they succumb easily to disease. Despite every precaution of the employer, they become susceptible to epidemics and especially to tuberculosis. Although the normal death-rate in a European community is 15 per 1,000 or less, the native death-rate in many industrial centers in Africa is often 80 to 200 per 1,000. The death-rate has been even higher in railway construction camps. When the native becomes gradually adjusted to industrial employment, the rate declines. Thus in the South African mines the death-rate is only about 9 per 1,000—a remarkably low figure.

Enlightened employers and governments now state that some restrictions upon excessive labor recruiting must be imposed if the native population is not to be exterminated and if the continent of Africa is to be economically developed to its fullest capacity. The government of the Belgian Congo has put this belief into effect by issuing orders that not more than 10 per cent of the adult men of a village should be taken away at a time to European labor centers. A year or so ago the Hilton Young Commission reported in regard to British East Africa that the number of natives leaving their homes should be limited "so that the number of adult males absent at any time is not so great as to endanger the proper development of native social life and political institutions." A number of governments in Africa have deliberately discouraged the development of large-scale European plantations in favor of a native-farm system. Under the latter system the native works his own land and lives with his own family. He produces food for his family and crops for export purposes. Under the native-farm system the Gold Coast has become one of the richest producers of cocoa in the world, while Uganda has become an important cotton center.

For humanitarian and farsighted economic reasons the League of Nations has interested itself in the question of slavery and forced labor. In September, 1926, the League drew up a slavery convention which provides for the suppression of the slave trade and for the complete abolition of slavery "as soon as possible." The convention recognizes that forced labor may have grave consequences and therefore provides that forced labor for private purposes should be ended "as soon as possible." The United States has now ratified this convention. Despite the vagueness of the League convention several governments in the border regions have taken steps under League stimulus to put an end to slavery.

During the past few years the International Labor Organization, which is an international body of governments, employers, and employees, has undertaken to study the whole question of forced labor in much more detail than was possible for the League. For this purpose it appointed a committee of experts, which included Professor Chamberlain of Columbia University. In 1929 this committee published a report which shows in what countries of the world forced labor still exists; and it passed resolutions asking that forced labor for private purposes should immediately come to an end. In June, 1929, the whole question of native labor was placed on the agenda of the annual International Labor Conference at Geneva. This body discussed a detailed questionnaire and decided that the question of forced labor should be placed on the agenda of the next conference. This conference was held in June, 1930, at Geneva. As a result of its efforts a convention was drawn up and signed which provides for the suppression of forced labor within the shortest possible period. Forced labor may, however, be used during a transitional period for public purposes and as an exceptional measure. Five years after the coming into force of this convention the governing body of the International Labor Office will consider the possibility of the suppression of forced labor in all its forms immediately. Forced labor for the benefit of private employers must, according to this convention, come to an end at once.

The discussion of the question of forced labor at the meetings of the International Labor Organization has been the subject of critical comment. The French government, while it issued a decree this August concerning forced labor, has declined to ratify the convention. The hostility of certain groups and certain nations toward this international effort to abolish compulsion shows that much ground must yet be covered before the goal of human liberty is reached.

* Charges that forced labor in Liberia exists on a large scale have been recently investigated by an international commission, the report of which should soon be published.

New Dimensions in the Talkies

By ALEXANDER BAKSHY

THE seeming similarity of the talking picture and the stage in the material they both use and the dramatic effects they produce has been responsible for the present confusion of thought regarding the true province of the movies. It is not merely that the prevalent copying of the stage technique reduces the movies to the position of a reproducing rather than a creative medium. The far more important fact is that the movies have not learned yet where exactly they stand in relation to the stage; what territory, if any, in the realm of representations in sight and sound they are entitled to share with the stage, and what territory they hold exclusively for their own use.

In one respect both the stage and the movies are undeniably alike. What they create is a dramatic spectacle before an audience, and there are only two principal forms in which such a spectacle can be created. The history of the theater teaches us that there can be the spectacle of the illusionist kind, which is based entirely on the effect of illusion produced by the appropriate acting and setting (as in modern realistic plays). Then, there can also be the spectacle of the frankly artificial and conventional kind (as in most musical plays), where the nature of the theatrical presentation as such is the basis of the dramatic form. The two forms are fundamentally opposed to each other. The illusionist stage strives to make the audience feel as if by some miracle it were watching, not a theatrical performance, but the actual life of a group of people in their natural surroundings. On the contrary, the conventional stage lays particular stress on those elements of acting and setting that reveal most strikingly the fact that the characters are merely actors performing on a stage in front of an audience. Again, the world of an illusionist play is separated from the world of the audience by an impassable gulf. No contact exists between the actor and the spectator. They are on two different planes. But when the play is frankly a stage performance, its very form depends on the presence of the spectator and the continuous contact maintained between him and the actor. It is because of this difference that the incongruous conduct of characters in a musical play seems in keeping with the style of the performance, whereas similar antics in a realistic play strike the audience as grotesquely absurd and an offense against good taste.

Although it is still hardly recognized, there is a division in the motion picture similar to that existing in the theater. The illusionist film and the non-illusionist or conventional film represent two distinct forms of cinematic art. And whether the aim be illusion or conventional presentation, it is essential that the artist realize the difference between the effect of illusion on the stage and the effect of illusion on the screen, as well as the difference between the specific conventions characteristic of the theatrical and of the cinematic performance.

A single example will illustrate this point. To stress a particular episode and to bring it nearer to the audience so that it may be seen better, the characters on the stage usually take a position close to the footlights. In plays in which illusion is of no importance at all, as in musical comedies and revues, the same desire for visible emphasis leads to the use of a still more artificial convention, the spotlight. Now, the screen has no footlights, nor can it use a spotlight very effectively. When it has to emphasize a scene or a detail it resorts to the close-up. But unlike the front-stage position of actors this device does not destroy illusion. The characters shown in a close-up remain an integral part of the world of the film. And it is easy to see why. Instead of disturbing the natural movements of the characters as the stage must, the motion picture only "disturbs" the spectator. It is he who is brought nearer to the scene of action, although he never actually leaves his chair. With the help of the ubiquitous camera which acts as his proxy, he is able to observe the events from a variety of vantage-points. What he sees retains the effect of illusion, but it is an illusion obtained in continuous movement from a number of viewpoints, and not from a single fixed point as in the theater.

The moral of this illustration is brief. The stage illusion and the film illusion are two distinct things, and so are the stage convention and the film convention; what is more, in no possible combination do the four mix. However, the elimination of "mixing" still leaves the problem of the true realization on the screen of the illusionist and the non-illusionist principles in their pure cinematic forms.

One of the curious effects produced by an illusionist talkie patterned after the stage is the discrepancy in the sensations received by the eye and the ear. Figuratively speaking, the spectator finds himself in the peculiar position of having his eyes forced to rove over all the different objects and places represented in the picture, whereas his ears are bound to his chair. For a sensitive person the position is decidedly uncomfortable. There is no reason why the spectator should be subjected to such inconsiderate treatment; why his ears should not be as free in surveying the world of sound as his eyes are in surveying the world of sight. As the selective method of the silent movie is the function of the camera, so the selective treatment of sound is the function of the microphone. The cinematic illusion of life is the sum total of innumerable impressions, which are so deftly, though freely, arranged that a group of consecutive words and images can be welded into a palpable reality, although this may exist only on the screen.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this power of the motion picture to create an illusion of reality without really reproducing something that has an actual existence. The reference here is not to so-called film tricks, but to the routine practice of every film director. In the silent pictures the events and even the characters we see on the screen are often purely imaginary. Shots made in different parts of the world for different purposes are frequently joined in a film one after another and give the impression of a single and naturally unfolding event. For instance, now that Byrd's Antarctic expedition has come home with miles of celluloid record, any Hollywood studio could stage a

dozen different expeditions to the South Pole, each with a different story and a different set of characters, that would all look as authentic as Byrd's own picture. And it is quite likely that a great deal of that material will yet be used in Hollywood-made pictures which will show characters who have never been farther South than the Panama Canal having innumerable adventures with Antarctic whales, seals, or penguins. Similarly, a character looking out of the same hotel window will see the streets of Paris, or of New York, Shanghai, or Sydney by the simple process of cutting into the film whatever views may be required by the story. Now with the advent of sound the creative artist in the cinema will extend yet further his power over material. He will pick out his elements of sound and speech from a number of sources, sometimes completely dissimilar and independent, and will bring them together in simultaneous or sequential order to produce the desired effect on the audience. Suggestions of such free treatment of sound are to be found in a few American pictures, notably in "Alibi," "Applause," "The Love Parade," and "All Quiet on the Western Front." But the acknowledged masters of this technique of assembling are the Russians, and foremost among them is Sergei Eisenstein. His elaborate theory of "montage," as the Russians call assembling or "editing" of the film material, seems to be capable of a natural extension to include the selecting and grouping of auditory material that will act as stimuli for certain cumulative psycho-physiological reactions.

The direction in which further progress is likely to continue in the illusionist talkies is therefore fairly definitely marked. The same cannot as yet be said of the conventional movie, for this form is still embryonic. When a spectator watches a musical comedy or a vaudeville act he is not disturbed by the unreality of the acting and setting he sees on the stage. What interests and delights him most is the quality of the performance. There is a kind of tacit understanding between the actor and the spectator that the business of the one is to act, to display his skill as a performer, and the business of the other is to watch and appreciate whatever is presented to him. This understanding is possible because the actor and the spectator are in the same hall facing one another as physical entities. There exists between them a unity of space which the history of the theater tells us has always been emphasized by the architecture of the stage whenever the dramatic form in vogue implied contact with the audience.

The same relationship between the audience and the picture characterizes the conventional film. The aesthetic aim is not illusion but performance, meaning not the barring of illusion but only its subordination to the artist's presentation of his material; and by the very nature of this aim its realization presupposes an intimate physical contact between the performer and the audience. The unity of space required is not to be understood in the sense that the events pictured in the film must appear as if they were taking place in the same building as the demonstration of the film. Although such an effect is not impossible—a recent comic cartoon showed a dog on the screen conducting a real orchestra in the pit before the screen—in this form it is neither important nor necessary. The film's command over space and time is one of its priceless possessions, and its abandonment would deprive cinematic art of its main advantage over the stage.

Fortunately there is another means of establishing a direct contact between the audience and the picture. The physical link is provided by that familiar but usually inconspicuous member of the cinematic performance, the bearer of images, the screen itself. In the illusionist film it is merely an inert surface playing no part in molding the form of the picture. In the film of convention it may become an active medium proclaiming its existence through the position occupied by the image on its surface. The image, with the spatial relations within it, becomes bound to the screen and thereby to the physical unit of space in which it is being seen by the audience.

An approach to this conventional art of the film is seen in the modern sound cartoons, among which the "Silly Symphony" and the "Micky Mouse" series are artistic achievements of surpassing excellence. But they are no more than an approach. For ordinary, that is, natural, photographic images the conventional form demands a different treatment. Instead of a single image the screen may carry a continuously changing pattern of several interrelated images. A picture could, for instance, open with an image creeping slowly from the bottom corner of the screen, then leaping to the top corner, then moving to the center and swelling to the limits of the screen, when it would fade out and give place to groups of images flitting across the screen now in one direction, now in another, or spacing themselves in a pattern of images placed side by side. Separated events, persons, or places may be shown simultaneously. Technically this can be best accomplished by the use of the entire surface of the screen, which with the cameras and projectors in use today still remains an unrealized ideal. But the enlarged projection provided by the magnascope and the "wide film" already supplies the basis for this technical reform.

As compared with the prevalent single-image film, the multiple method presents several important advantages. Its ability to give the image a lateral movement on the screen practically provides the film with a new dimension. The images can now be assembled not only in time, but in space. Thanks to this new power the simultaneous parallel strands of images restore to the film the visual continuity of its early days, which has been destroyed by the intermittent assembling inevitable in the single-strand film. From the dramatic standpoint, too, the force of contrast and emphasis obtainable with the simultaneous juxtaposition of a number of images is equally beyond anything possible in the ordinary film. Finally, in relation to the problem of sound, the advantages of the multiple method are exceptionally great. It solves the problem of conventional singing and dancing, not by inept copying of the conventions of the stage, but by establishing a purely cinematic convention of a performance on the screen. For the screen itself, and not the stage boards, becomes the meeting place of images, and no considerations of realistic truth can govern such assembling of singing or dancing "shots" together with "shots" of the more natural dialogue. Lastly, and this is perhaps its most important contribution, the method of simultaneously presenting several "shots" or images diversifies and expands the means of rhythmic organization of sounds and images to a degree hitherto unknown to the screen. So great, indeed, are the possibilities of this form of cinematic art that it is to be hoped Hollywood will have the imagination and daring to tolerate such originality in its more gifted directors.

Fighting Unemployment
III. Stabilization*

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

THE only thing to do with unemployment is to abolish it. The only way to abolish it is to stabilize employment. An unemployment program, therefore, must lead up to stabilization as its ultimate goal, and must include every possible immediate step toward that goal. Labor exchanges and insurance should be regarded as means to the steady and productive functioning of industry, and should be handled with that end in view. But there are other tasks of organization and direction that industry itself must perform if the industrial machine is to run steadily; and the Western World today faces a grave question in consequence: Can those tasks be performed adequately without such a centralized control of industry, and maybe of consumers' choices themselves, as exists at present nowhere outside of Soviet Russia? We of the West face the problem of reconciling individual freedom as we have developed it with industrial stability as we have not yet developed it.

Unemployment as we know it today falls into four chief classes: seasonal, casual, technological, and cyclical. Unfortunately we have no figures that really show their comparative importance. All are important enough. No two demand exactly the same treatment. But in connection with all alike, as Feldman points out in his notable book "The Regularization of Employment," we find one effective cause of unemployment, namely, the indifference of management. As Feldman shows, the individual concern, under favorable conditions, even with our existing industrial organization can accomplish vastly more than has commonly been supposed in doing away with unemployment, particularly of the seasonal, casual, and technological type. In fact, the distinctive American contribution to the problem of preventing unemployment has consisted largely in showing what the individual employer can actually accomplish when he definitely accepts the regularization of employment as one of the major ends of management.

In the seasonal field I will take only two well-known examples—the Dennison Manufacturing Company and Hills Brothers, packers of Dromedary Dates, both carrying on business of a highly seasonal character. They have been able, in the one case by an advanced sales technique and the development of a variety of products, and in the other by a fundamental change in technical equipment, to reduce their operations to almost entire regularity and to cut down unemployment among their employees almost to nothing. The task of regularization is extremely hard to accomplish in seasonal trades, like some parts of the building industry, whose actual operation depends directly on the weather, and in style-bound trades, like millinery and clothing, where it seems well-nigh impossible to produce except in immediate response to the instant style demands. We need to give the less advanced concerns and the more backward industries an effective motive for trying experiments along the lines that the more advanced ones have followed on their own initiative. Such a motive might possibly be found in a discriminating tax rising with irregularity of operation. Sir William Beveridge in his great book suggests two specific possibilities of this kind, and a correspondent in *The Nation* of December 17 put forward the interesting suggestion of a tax on labor turnover, a possibility well worth exploring.

The situation is different in casual unemployment, and the case against management is distinctly stronger than in the seasonal trades. Work on the docks of a great seaport affords the classic illustration. Work at any one dock is highly irregular. All the docks together, operated separately, accordingly attract a body of labor much larger than they can keep fully occupied, and there is therefore chronic underemployment among dockers. Experience has shown that it is possible to overcome this condition by organizing the labor market of all the docks of a port as a unit. Yet men for the most part are still hired in the old helter-skelter fashion because it is easy to get labor so. Casual unemployment, or underemployment, then, is susceptible to attack through the machinery of labor exchanges, provided employers are required to meet their needs exclusively through the exchanges. But the employers in such industries show little capacity or inclination to bring about any organization. We ought to make a vigorous frontal attack by organizing public labor exchanges and requiring employers to get their labor through these agencies.

Technological unemployment, which looms so large in present-day thinking, is being attacked by some firms which, before introducing a new machine, for example, require their staff to plan not only for the running of the machine, but for the employment elsewhere of the men that it displaces. However, the problem caused by technical progress in making large numbers of men superfluous where they have been employed cannot be solved by individual action alone. There must be an organization that will bring such men promptly into touch with the new industrial opportunities that are constantly being created in other lines, and that will give them the retraining required to meet the new opportunities. We thus come back to a comprehensive system of labor exchanges and insurance intelligently administered with a view not to freezing industry in its existing mold, but to bringing it about that the constantly accelerating technical changes shall bring a minimum of loss to the workers involved. This result will not be accomplished by private industry in pursuit of profits alone, for the quickest way to profit lies in the ruthless adoption of technical and organizational improvements, leaving labor to look out for itself as best it may. The history of our steel industry is a clear enough illustration of this policy and its results. Under the conditions now confronting us the cost of manufacturing millionaires by this method is heavier than we can afford to pay.

* The last of a series of three articles.—Editor The Nation.

We have to remember, however, that stabilization would be highly undesirable if it involved the stereotyping of industry. We want progress in methods and organization, which means that men who have learned a certain trade or a certain job will be superseded by machines, and that industries will move from one place to another. It is desirable to have a rational growth of wants, which means that some industries will die and others will spring up; but there would be an immense social gain if the enormous apparatus of advertising could be reduced to a fraction of its present swollen proportions. In any dynamic society, however, even if the present feverish pace of change were somewhat moderated, there is bound to be displacement of labor, but an intelligent use of labor exchanges and insurance could bring about a stabilization of employment and income for the worker without a halting of progress.

When we turn to unemployment caused by the cyclical fluctuations of industry, however, we enter a field where we deal with forces less understood and therefore less manageable. If industry the world over shrinks sharply, as it has done during the past year, plainly no organization of the labor market, however efficient, can prevent unemployment. Industry in the United States today is estimated to be operating at 30 per cent below its level of a year ago. There is bound to be a vast number of men out of work because there are not jobs enough to go around. To prevent this kind of unemployment we have got to stabilize industry itself, and in this respect we have thus far made slight progress.

We are reasonably sure, however, that the credit policies of central banks exercise a distinct influence in stimulating or repressing business activities. We are gradually building up a body of knowledge on which the banks can act. The Federal Reserve System, acting in conjunction with the central banks of other countries, even today can do much to lessen the extremes of business fluctuation, though it cannot of itself pull business out of the doldrums, as its present helplessness shows. None the less, it ought to be held to its full responsibility and pilloried for its weakness in failing to check speculative madness like that of 1929, with the resulting industrial boom and collapse.

Instead of stabilizing industry, some students in late years have grown enthusiastic over the possible use of public works to stabilize employment. Their hopes are greatly exaggerated. The notion that crises can be prevented by having an immense reserve of public works to throw into the breach whenever business falters is, I believe, wholly unsound, and the most that can be done by this means is to hold back during periods of good times certain public improvements not of immediate and pressing importance, with the idea of inaugurating them promptly when bad times threaten. Such action would involve the authorization of bond issues for public works long in advance of their actual inception, and the drawing up of programs of a comprehensive kind extending over a considerable period of years. Something, perhaps, can be accomplished by this method, but the possibilities of any such plan are extremely limited.

There remains the fundamental task of stabilizing the great industries themselves. From any rational point of view, why should the textile mills and the shoe factories of the United States be driven to capacity one year only to stand idle a quarter of the time the next? Given a certain population, we can draw up a budget of food, clothing, shelter, and other necessaries for them. That budget will not vary greatly from one year to the next. Why then should not the fundamental industries run regularly, leaving the luxury trades to bear the brunt of irregularity? The answer is, in part, at least, that the immense variety of goods at disposal of the modern community has brought it about that there are few real necessaries any longer. Shoes, for example, are no longer shoes; they are a hundred different patterns of shoes that may go out of style overnight and be discarded. There is no such thing as food; there are thousands of food articles whose consumption goes up and down with every change of income and of taste. If we are to keep this bewildering range of choice in respect to all kinds of goods, and are to change our choices overnight, as we have learned to do, it is hard to see how we are to stabilize the industries that produce to meet our tastes.

We need also a far-reaching plan of production if industry is to be steadied. We think of Russia and its Gosplan, and a conservative economist has recently put forward a proposal that American industry work out a ten-year production plan with a view to stabilizing industry. Such a proposal, however, in a society of highly developed individual economic freedom like ours encounters difficulties that do not exist in Russia. Russia's industrial dictators have the power to determine what people can get by determining what shall be produced. They can budget consumption requirements because they have the power to limit consumers' choices to what they choose to produce. Will we submit to any such limitation? And if we will, how are millions of independent producers to be induced or compelled to act in accordance with a unified plan? Yet even in the United States, under a ruthlessly competitive industrial system, business men have developed methods of cooperation in the face of common needs and dangers. While there is as yet little beyond vague suggestion of something resembling a national economic council, it is not inconceivable that our necessities may lead to the working out of a more or less rational plan of ordered growth, into which individual enterprises may fit themselves as a matter of self-preservation.

Organization will have to reach out beyond national boundaries, because the production and exchange of goods have become in so large a degree international. The Western countries have developed national central-banking machinery for the control of credit, and such machinery is being used, with an increasing degree of cooperation among central banks, for the purposes of financial stabilization. Is it impossible that a similar approach to industrial stabilization may yet be attempted? In any case, just as is true of the central banks, the organization cannot depend on private profits to make it go. It is no less clear that the successful working of any such organization would mean a great change in our present distribution of income, which contains in itself the pregnant seed of industrial disorder. Not until we can bring both economic and political life into a state of national and international order in place of our present competitive anarchy, can we hope entirely to abolish unemployment. Our capitalistic society today faces the question whether it is capable of bringing such order into our life. If not, then, to quote Mr. Thomas L. Chadbourne, "the people who are suffering from it will challenge our system just as inevitably as the earth goes around the sun."

In the Driftway

THERE are two kinds of people in the world—those who write and sell advertising and those who don't. And though the Drifter cannot always praise their handiwork as he finds it displayed in the blank spaces of the world, he counts his advertising friends among the most refreshing and amusing of all people. Their attitude toward life is sunny and uncomplicated, especially if they are good copy writers. They have a faith, at least in that new pill they are putting over, that is touching in a world of little faith. Most of them, it is true, make the concession of laughing a little at themselves and at "the game." But it is only a concession, for the advertising man knows that he will get even you in the end.

* * * * *

AND then there is the jargon of advertising. It changes and grows like any language, and each year some new phrase is king. This year the phrase is "establish obsolescence." In English it means that advertising is now in a conspiracy with the manufacturers to put across a little scheme that the latter have been working at for a long time. In the days of our grandfathers things were supposed to last for a long time. But it is obvious to anyone that if products lasted a lifetime the stream of buying and selling would be interrupted, purchasing power would be thwarted, and the new economy would be upset. Therefore, in the first place, don't make things that will last too long—enter the manufacturers with that weaker thread, those narrower seams, those terrible shoelaces, that saltless salt, and that silkless silk good housewives have been complaining about. In the second place, "establish obsolescence" by advertising. Nobody wants to be old-fashioned. Moreover, nobody can resist novelty. If he can, he ought to be deported before he drags down the standard of living. Make him buy a new set of furniture once a year instead of once in a generation.

* * * * *

SO it goes, on and on. The Drifter learned many things: How one firm, making an attempt (which was abandoned) to invent a new disease for a new medicine, lighted upon "sensitive teeth." "Why," asks one beautiful young lady of another beautiful young lady in a snappy layout for a full-page spread, "does ice cream hurt my teeth?" As the Drifter recalls it, the answer had to do with a new little germ or some other agency whose devastating work could be offset, needless to say, only by the preparation named in the large letters at the bottom of the layout. . . . A product cannot be sold for a dollar unless its actual manufacture costs ten cents or less. Ninety cents must go for advertising and distribution. . . . "Sorrow" advertising, which "pulled" in the gay days before the hard times came, does not go so well now. The people want "joy." This fact has been established by a firm which recently tried both kinds for three weeks in a number of cities. . . . It is fashionable for high society ladies who pose for Pond's or let their bedrooms pose for Simmons to give the proceeds to charity—though they don't all do it. Alice Longworth, when asked to what charity her check should be sent, gave the Longworth address. She thought charity should begin at home. . . . There was probably one person who was neither shocked nor displeased by the Lindsey-Manning spectacle in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. No living public-relations counsel could be anything but pleased at the ensuing Monday morning front-page headlines.

* * * * *

CERTAINLY the ways of advertising are strange and fascinating, but the Drifter can hardly decide what adjective should be applied to the "Holiday Wish" of the manufacturer of a certain remedy for indigestion. It is widely displayed and it goes about as follows: "Our Holiday Wish is that neither you nor your family may be afflicted with acute indigestion—but [in smaller type] you'd better be prepared with a bottle of ———." THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mishandling Facts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There ought to be a law to prohibit the mishandling of known facts that occurs much too frequently on the editorial pages of metropolitan dailies. The New York *Times* of December 10 offers a typical performance. On the preceding day President Hoover issued his celebrated "china-shop statement" charging members of Congress with "playing politics with human misery" and declaring that any increase in appropriations beyond the sums recommended by him would force an increase in taxes. By the crude device of adding all the figures contained in pending appropriation bills he was able to produce the intimidating total of $4,500,000,000—although even a *Times* editorial writer should know that such totals are meaningless, since only a fraction of the bills have any chance of passage. When Mr. Hoover first resorted to this disingenuous trick—at the last session—it was promptly exposed by Senator Glass, with the result that the President virtually apologized the next day.

But the *Times* editorial writer, swallowing the whole works, hook, line, and sinker, commended the President for "doing his duty in calling a halt," and explained that "the responsible leaders" of both parties were standing with the President for "moderate and prudent policies." What were the facts? It was obvious that the President's statement was aimed particularly at the Senate proposal to grant $60,000,000 for drought relief. A few hours after the President's statement was issued—and many hours before the *Times* went to press—the Senate voted the $60,000,000. Instead of the "responsible leaders of both parties" standing with the President, Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, joined with Senator McNary, the assistant Republican leader, in leading the fight for the measure, *and not a single vote was cast against it.*

My prohibition would apply also to news broadcasters, of whom H. V. Kaltenborn probably is the rankest and most consistent offender. I cite the instance when he alluded to the unsuccessful motion in the Senate to require Senator-elect James J. Davis of Pennsylvania to step aside until the Nye committee could complete its investigation of his campaign fund. Mr. Kaltenborn told the radio audience that such a motion might be justified if there was evidence of excessive expenditures, but that to keep a man out of his seat on "mere suspicion" or the surmise "that something improper might be discovered later" was an outrage. He added tastefully that Senator Nye had been "getting a little too loud-mouthed about his committee lately." Again, what were the facts?

In offering the motion Nye reported to the Senate that the total known to have been expended in behalf of the Davis-

Brown ticket in the Republican primary was well in excess of $600,000, this being $215,000 in excess of the amount reported to the committee in Davis's behalf, and that the committee's request for further time to complete the inquiry was made necessary by the failure of Davis's own campaign managers to make a complete report. Every word of this was a matter of official record, and had been published in the news columns, when Mr. Kaltenborn broadcast his misleading and abusive synopsis. As a matter of fact, the Nye committee went ahead with its inquiry and within forty-eight hours had brought to $641,000 the total known to have been expended in behalf of the Davis-Brown ticket in the primary—with more than half the State yet to be heard from!

Washington, December 12 PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Concerning Mayor Rolph

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with strong disapproval your recent indorsement of James Rolph, Republican, for Governor of California "because of his marked liberal leanings" and because of your "strong hope that he will see justice done Mooney and Billings."

It might interest you to know that Rolph's police force was responsible for Mooney's arrest, since Rolph was mayor at the time. Rolph is more bitter in his denunciation of Mooney than Young has been and thinks that Mooney is where he belongs. As for your belief that Rolph is a liberal, I hasten to disillusion you by pointing out that Rolph didn't even mention unemployment in his platform. And are you not acquainted with the record of Mr. Rolph's shipping company in relation to its seamen? Mr. Rolph, then, cannot be such a friend of labor as he professes to be.

Upton Sinclair, who was the Socialist candidate, came out, on the other hand, for the immediate and unconditional pardon of Mooney and Billings. He proposed to give prompt attention to the unemployment problem. I might also add that Sinclair is for the repeal of California's criminal-syndicalist law.

Los Angeles, Cal., November 24 JOE ZAMERES

Mother Jones and Socialism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your statement that the late Mother Jones was "unqualifiedly averse to socialism" strikes me as very misleading. I knew Mother Jones so intimately over a period of thirty years that she at one time wanted me to write her biography. I always regarded her as a Socialist.

When I first met her she was selling Robert Blatchford's Socialist book, "Merrie England," on her propaganda tours. She was a cofounder with J. A. Wayland of the Socialist weekly paper, the *Appeal to Reason,* and for years Wayland's home in Girard, Kansas, was the nearest approach to anything that she herself might regard as her home. It is true that she was ever at war with Socialist Party officialdom (Victor Berger, Morris Hillquit, and the rest), but Eugene Debs was her close friend and valiant admirer and she was intimately associated with Professor George D. Herron (founder of the Rand School), Gaylord Wilshire, and other prominent Socialists. I have repeatedly heard her affirm her Socialist faith and I have never known of her denying it. The way out of industrial bondage, she used to say, lies in the workers "getting together and fighting for one fraternal principle—the principle of social ownership of all the means of production."

New York, December 8 LEONARD D. ABBOTT

Exciting News from Oregon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent election in Oregon deserves a special article in *The Nation,* and its results should be listed among the events of the year for which the editor is thankful.

We elected Mr. Julius Meier governor on an independent ticket, the first time in our history that an independent candidate has won. He polled more votes than his three opponents combined, on a platform calling for the public development and ownership of hydroelectric power and the abolishment of our so-called Public Service Commission. At the same time we enacted a constitutional amendment providing for power districts, the bill sponsored by the Grange and ably championed by Mr. Meier during the campaign. A similar bill was passed by the State of Washington at the same election.

This was Mr. Meier's first venture into politics. He is president of the large Meier and Frank department store, one of the largest on the Pacific Coast. He forsook his wealthy associates and defied them in taking up the fight for the public welfare started by his lifelong and dearly loved friend, State Senator Joseph, who was nominated on the same platform on the Republican ticket at the primaries and who suddenly died from a heart attack shortly after his nomination. The Republican State Central Committee met and scrapped the Joseph platform by nominating their former chairman as Mr. Joseph's successor.

This created a revolt. Nearly five thousand of us met at a mass-meeting in the city Auditorium and nominated Mr. Meier to run as an independent. As a candidate he fulfilled our highest expectations. In his addresses and in talks over the radio he struck out straight from the shoulder with facts and figures which left the private utilities gasping for breath. He conducted his campaign so squarely and honestly that he soon had hundreds of us campaigning for him, not as paid workers but as volunteers in a great cause and for the election of a splendid man. He will be a national figure soon.

At this same election, the congressional district including Portland, a strong Republican district in a strong Republican State, elected Major General Charles H. Martin, retired, against a Republican candidate who was up for reelection and who was sidestepping all the issues. General Martin was nominated as a Democrat by having his name written in at the primary. He made his own platform: public ownership, development, and operation of hydroelectric and a national referendum on prohibition. And in this, a "dry" State, he won hands down. He made absolutely no appeal for the soldier vote and did no boasting about his record, which is very distinguished. He was recently retired from the army, having passed the age limit, but is young in mind and body. He will be a force for good in Congress, as he will back every forward-looking movement, such as the two Norris bills. He is an independent Progressive Democrat—able, honest, and fearless.

To complete the picture I must mention the election of Ralph Clyde to the office of city commissioner by enough first-choice votes to elect for both a short term, lasting till July, 1931, and a long term of four years, beginning July, 1931. He ran on the same platform as Governor-elect Meier. He is president of our State Municipal Ownership League, a former member of the old city council, and a former legislator, who has always stood foursquare for municipal ownership and who is a terrible thorn in the side of the private utilities. He has already caused the commission to file on two good power sites for the City of Portland. He has an unbroken record of service for the common good.

Portland, Ore., December 6 CHARLES B. FRISBIE

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THE NATION & ATHENAEUM

38 Great James Street London, England

Counsel of Timidity

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read the editorial in your issue of November 26 entitled An Overcrowded Ocean, and I am unable to tell whether you mean it to be for or against an American merchant marine. Or are you really deploring the present overcrowded condition on the ocean? If *The Nation* is for an American merchant marine, more power to it. If you are against an American merchant marine, I hope you may have no influence. But to say that an overcrowded condition of business is a good reason for staying out of it is merely a counsel of timidity. How about the last builder of one of these giant skyscrapers in New York City? Surely he is putting up a building in an already overcrowded area. The only way he can hope to fill his new building with tenants is to take them away from less desirable buildings.

I look at the acquisition of an American merchant marine as something that we need to have now that we have grown up, just as a man may need a silk hat and a stick after he gets along a bit. As for competition, if we build good enough ships and if we cash in wisely on the joy of riding in a ship bearing our country's flag, we will not have to worry about getting a fair share of passengers. Economically, it may be difficult, but it is not impossible.

Your editorial is cleverly written by someone who knows his way about in marine affairs, but by one who gets his leanings probably from the British idea of this thing, ably supported by the French, Germans, and Italians, not to mention the Dutch and the Scandinavians.

Cleveland, November 29 A. H. Jansson

Contributors to This Issue

Ruth Finney is a Washington newspaperwoman who for many years has specialized on the power question.

Raymond Leslie Buell is the author of "The Native Problem in Africa."

Leslie Nelson Jennings contributes verse to various periodicals.

Lionel Trilling is a member of the department of English at Hunter College.

Felix Morrow is a contributor to current periodicals.

Gerald Sykes is a writer of fiction.

James Rorty is the author of "Children of the Sun."

Douglas Haskell, associate editor of the *Architectural Record,* has written on architecture for the *Studio, Creative Art,* and other publications.

CONSEQUENCES

By JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

Introduction by John Haynes Holmes

Nathaniel Peffer, author of *China: The Collapse of a Civilization,* says: Julia Ellsworth Ford makes in "Consequences" a powerful statement of the case of the Eastern peoples against Western greed and exploitation. She makes a powerful statement of the bitter truth of the opium evil, originally foisted on China by the white man for money profit. If the novel form will lead to a wider reading and appreciation of these truths, Mrs. Ford will have done a great service.

Robert Morse Lovett, in *The New Republic,* says: The book is essentially timely in view of the whirlwind which Great Britain is now reaping in India after centuries of sowing the wind. The author's thesis is amply supported by authorities.

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Books, Architecture, Drama

Wilderness

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Only as we have entered here and gone
Is this a wilderness. We take away
Something that is no part of moss or stone,
Nameless before we came, but there to stay
Hidden where once an orchard strove against
The rocky hillside, or a cabin stood.
Most acreage is lonelier, being fenced,
Than any unsurrendered solitude.

Yet certain ones will push beyond the well-
Worn tracks to country whose fertility
Follows no plow, whose rivered valleys lie
Under an old, immitigable spell.
And they will know the silence, as a tree
Knows with its leaves the seasons and the sky.

The Writers Talk Shop

Modern Writers at Work. Edited by Josephine K. Piercy. The Macmillan Company. $4.

THE editor of this symposium-anthology is a modest young woman instructor at Indiana University, who suddenly found herself told off to inoculate her classes with the principles of English composition. The assignment seemed appalling. The untutored taste of her charges ran to *Whiz Bang* and *True Stories*. Their opinion of the classics was reflected in the words of Ted Babbitt, son of the illustrious George F.: "I don't see why they give us this old-fashioned junk by Milton and Shakespeare and Wordsworth and all these has-beens." But they were good Americans, and so could be counted upon to become alert and attentive in the presence of contemporary Success. So she sent out an S. O. S. to recognized writers. "They will accept your advice," she wrote, "because of the tangible evidence of your success; whereas they are often disposed to be skeptical of textbook theory."

The writers addressed rose to this appeal astonishingly. Their motive may have been vanity, pity, or pure altruism, but at bottom, I suspect, most authors are as fond of discussing the elusive mysteries and technique of their work as golfers are of debating the secrets of good form. The comparison goes further. Perhaps it is because we take golf more seriously than writing that we come, in general, to more intelligent conclusions about it. The majority, I have no doubt, still believe that a great "born" writer will reveal his genius in writing without previous instruction, good models, or even persistent practice; yet the same persons would consider it idiotic to suppose that a man, of whatever innate gifts, could take a golf club in his hands for the first time and make anything but a ridiculous showing against a tournament golfer. The analogy could easily be pushed too far, but if the average writer spent as much dogged pains over his prose as the average golfer does over his swing the general level of our writing would rise remarkably.

It is at least a satisfaction to observe that very few of the scores of well-known writers who answered Miss Piercy's distress signal take the "inspiration" theory very seriously. Irving Babbitt, of course, cannot write three lines without damning romanticism, but I must say that he seems to me thoroughly sound when he remarks:

> Ever since the rise of the romantic movement in the eighteenth century, a conception of creation has prevailed that puts entirely too much emphasis on "genius" and spontaneous overflow and not enough emphasis on sustained effort and conscious culture.

Walter de la Mare is convinced that "whatever natural gifts a writer may possess, all the evidence goes to prove that only constant hard and even painful work can do them justice." Ernest Hemingway thinks "it might take a lifetime to write prose well." And Zona Gale believes writing is like any other skill or art. Mastery cannot be acquired

> . . . in words any more than in notes or in paint or in marble without long and intimate practice. The beautiful part is that after one has worked at it for a little time as drudgery, it opens like a flower and becomes a delight. Everybody who plays knows that such a moment arrives in studying the piano. To a linguist such a moment arrives in studying a language. It arrives in the acquiring of any technique from ice skating up. No one skates from inspiration alone.

Miss Gale is the only contributor, so far as I recall, who actually uses the word delight in connection with the act of writing. Most of the authors appear to go through all the agonies of childbirth. James Harvey Robinson finds it "just as hard to write at sixty-five as twenty-five"; and Walter de la Mare remarks:

> Writers so dissimilar as Dr. Johnson and Cardinal Newman have declared that literary composition is one of the most laborious of all human activities, and if my own very limited experience is of any value, it convinces me that the difficulties involved in the craft of writing by no means diminish with practice.

This at least does not seem to be true of Bertrand Russell, who remarks:

> I wrote very carefully, with many corrections, until I had passed the age of thirty. . . After that, I felt that my style was formed, for good or for evil. I now hardly ever make any corrections in a manuscript, beyond altering a word where there is an unintentional repetition.

Mr. Russell adds that he always composes each sentence in full in his head before beginning to write it out. Mr. Mencken seems to follow an almost identical method:

> I write slowly, using a typewriter, and think out every sentence very carefully before setting it down. If, after completing a paragraph, I find that I have got into muddy waters, I tear up the whole page and do it over. Once I have got to the end of my MS there is little to do save correct errors of the machine and minor slips of the mind.

Mr. Mencken also offers the biographical information that daily distractions compel him to do practically all his writing in the evenings, in three-hour sessions from seven to ten.

As for stylistic ideals, Bertrand Russell tells us that "from the age of about sixteen onwards, I formed the habit, in thought, of turning a sentence over and over in my mind, until I had a combination of brevity, clarity, and rhythm." He adds:

> Style consists, fundamentally, not in ornament, but in following the reader's natural development—his breathing, as regards rhythm; his thought, as regards ideas. To ignore style is to make life a succession of jolts and jars, a football scrimmage instead of a dance.

But for the most part the contributors stress negative rules. Gamaliel Bradford thinks that the most important thing is to make it a life business to get rid of clichés, "those deadly worn

counters of phrase that circulate with all of us like dirty dollar bills." And Aldous Huxley remarks:

> My own ambition in teaching English has never risen higher than this: to teach my pupils to write grammar and sense in the fewest and least pretentious words. The great danger now is the journalistic habit of using long, pretentious, abstract words, lumped together in formless, doughy sentences.

The present symposium reflects a wide difference of opinion, as there has always been, on the merits of imitation. "In regard to authors who are to be patterns," writes Gamaliel Bradford, "I should say most emphatically avoid having any." Somerset Maugham believes just the contrary:

> My own impression is that the best masters to enable anyone to form a pleasant English style are Dryden, Swift, Addison, and Newman. For a long time I gave up half an hour a day to copying out passages of these authors.

And suppose, in spite of all these bewildering differences of practice and mutually canceling bits of advice, the most talented boy or girl of Indiana University does, after great toil, achieve an admirable style? Mr. Cabell is not encouraging:

> I do not know of any reason for moiling over your own "style" except that you may chance to enjoy this form of solitaire: for the benefit to be derived by any reader from careful writing—unless, to be sure, he reads for the benefit of his personal "style"—remains remarkably dubious.

HENRY HAZLITT

Lawrence's Last "Novel"

The Virgin and the Gipsy. By D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE tendency of Lawrence's later work was toward simplicity. The manner of his first novel, "The White Peacock," is rich, involved, almost Meredithian. This manner reached its height in the extremely subtle emotions and motives of "Women in Love." Thereafter, his work became less lambent and more plastic, and simpler in content and manner. The tendency reached its ultimate in "Lady Chatterley's Lover," which, despite lyric and ecstatic passages, is characterized by a directness and economy of style and a crisp limitation of the emotions it exploits. Two reasons may be given for this tendency: advancing maturity, which is generally thought to tone down or clarify an exuberant style, and Lawrence's growing didactic intention.

In terms of this tendency it is perhaps possible to interpret the sad failure of his posthumous "The Virgin and the Gipsy." It is possible to say that Lawrence allowed his tendency to simplicity to go too far. For "The Virgin and the Gipsy" is a restatement of Lawrence's sexual philosophy in terms so simple that the book is little more than a parody of that philosophy which, in so many volumes, he propounded with such persuasive insight.

The heroine of the book, Yvette, lives in an atmosphere of emotional hypocrisy and sexual deadness. Her situation seems hopeless, she seems the sure prey of middle-class English death in life, until she is awakened by a wandering gipsy. Her relationship with this man is outwardly slight, but, in the way of Lawrence's heroines, she feels his influence deep in her blood. It is not until he rescues her from the flood of a burst dam that they really confront each other; shivering from the cold and wet, they wait for the flood to send the walls of the house crashing about them; for warmth they go naked to bed together, impersonal in their shivering misery. When Yvette wakes from her sleep of exhaustion, the gipsy has gone, the flood has subsided, and she is being rescued by a police constable.

This is, of course, an old theme with Lawrence. But it is not on the ground that it is repetitious that the book may be condemned. If the theme of a woman being awakened by a man of another and "darker" race has figured in many of Lawrence's books, and if the "darker" man has assumed many transparent guises—Italian, Mexican, Hungarian, Welshman, gamekeeper—the theme was always developed with a wealth of clairvoyant detail. Each new use gave us new insight and new knowledge, or at least new interest. In this latest use, however, little more is done with the theme than to state it. The book is pitifully sparse and underdeveloped. If it is not devoid of moments of charm and penetration, that is because, even at his worst, Lawrence was a great writer.

But to explain the failure of "The Virgin and the Gipsy" by saying that it is the result of Lawrence's tendency toward simplification requires that we ignore the high excellence of his recent "The Escaped Cock." This book, though simple enough in its prose, is far from simple in its conception, and it is always satisfactorily full. And so one must look elsewhere than to the failure of Lawrence's talent for the complete reason for the distressing failure of the present posthumous work.

A good part of this reason may be found in the circumstances of the publication of the book, circumstances which must drastically mitigate the severity of the foregoing judgment of it. If, for instance, "The Virgin and the Gipsy" is not a novel at all, we cannot judge it so severely. And though the publishers announce it as a novel, in reality it is scarcely 35,000 words long. That is, despite the wide leads, wide margins, and blank pages of its format, it is a novelette or long short story. As such, it is entitled to sparse development and simple terms. But the influence of format, never to be underrated, will prevent most readers, especially those new to Lawrence, from applying to it any criteria save those for a work of large pretensions.

Another reason for leniency of judgment lies in the obscure note at the end of the volume to the effect that the work did not receive the author's revision. The reviewer knows nothing of Lawrence's method of working save that he wrote "The Rainbow" three times. The practice of rewriting after the framework is complete is common to many novelists, especially those who, like Lawrence, are philosophical and discursive. And it is highly conceivable that, given time, Lawrence would have written plenty of originality into the book.

Finally, it is by no means certain, if we have only a short story or only the framework of a novel, that either the story or the framework is complete. The publisher implies by silence that the work *is* complete—that is, brought to its intended conclusion even though unrevised. Several things, however, lay this open to doubt. The last page of the book as it stands is by no means necessarily conclusive; indeed, a considerable extraneous effort is needed to give it meaning. Again, it is not likely that "the little Jewess" and her blond lover, the Major, were so elaborately introduced only to be dropped in the middle of the story. The unlikelihood of this is increased when we remember that the gipsy woman's prophecies to Yvette of a momentous event by water, of a death in the family (her horrible grandmother is drowned in the flood), of the importance of a dark man are all fulfilled and given a functional importance, but that the prophecy about a blond man (the Major?) is not fulfilled.

In short, we have here either a work whose intended slightness is betrayed by its being misnamed a novel and bloated to look like something bigger than it is, or a work whose incompleteness is publicly exposed without sufficient explanation. Had

it been published alone in a slighter, more modest volume as a minor and unpretentious work, or in a volume of collected posthumous items as the fragment of an unfinished novel, no word could be said against it and, indeed, few words about it. In its present form it indicates that Lawrence's powers were failing as his death approached, and this, if we may judge from the high quality of "The Escaped Cock," is far from true.

LIONEL TRILLING

Unorthodox Orthodoxy

God Without Thunder. By John Crowe Ransom. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE theologian, like the politician, must combine in his flock many diverse elements, and to this end he employs the same technique as the politician: his vague and diplomatic language means all things to all men. He talks and writes as if religion were an indefinite all-inclusive something. The modernist is most prone to this practice, but perhaps less culpable, since he isn't quite sure just what religion means to him. The conservative is more to be condemned since he does know what his religion consists of, but always bears in mind that "to define the faith is to limit the faithful." It is the merit of Mr. Ransom's "unorthodox defense of orthodoxy" that he speaks plainly and does not hesitate to distinguish religion from what it is not.

Incongruous as it may seem, the picture presented by the orthodox Mr. Ransom strikingly resembles that drawn by atheistic radicalism. Both orthodox and atheist resent the modernist attempt to define religion as morality, and consider religion a form of worship rather than a moral code. For both religion is unprogressive, opposed to the increase of secular activity, which increases man's sense of responsibility for his own destiny and decreases his trust in God. Both hold that ritual is absolutely essential to religion. They also agree in denying the claim of humanists like Dr. Potter and Professor Haydon that God is not necessary to religion; and they insist that the God without thunder of the modernist, "liberal," scientific reformulation of religion, a well-meaning, ineffectual God who cannot break his own laws, is not the God of the historical religions, and is useless for religious purposes; that a God for religion must, as it were, have teeth, be concrete, not a mere Principle. It is not really surprising that atheist and orthodox agree so well in describing "religion," for both are talking about the same small segment of the history of religion—the Catholic tradition of Christianity. That *is* religion, for the orthodox. As for the atheistic radical, he is not primarily interested in discovering what religion is, but in attacking it. Organized religion is today a bulwark of political and social reaction. With much justice the radical fears that modernism is endowing the church with intellectual respectability, while leaving it as before an instrument of conservatism. That religion may offer genuine satisfactions to the religious, that it need not necessarily be pro-capitalist—these are academic irrelevancies. Today the church is an enemy of social reconstruction. So the radical holds up, as religion, a picture of orthodox Christianity which is certainly intellectually disreputable.

As a description of orthodox Christianity it is in details more truthful than the interpretation offered by the orthodox themselves. Mr. Ransom, for instance, denies the atheist (and anthropologist) view—that it is the function of ritual to gain access to supernatural power in order to sway it to the purpose of those employing the ritual. He calls such use of ritual mere magic, not religion, though he makes the fatal qualification that many, perhaps most, religionists think of ritual in such a way. The true purpose of ritual, he declares, is "metaphysical." Just what he means is scarcely clear. Mr. Ransom and anyone else to the contrary, it can be easily proved that the supreme authorities of Roman and Greek Catholicism consider ritual an effective influence on the natural environment. How else can one interpret it, when the Pope orders prayers for Russia which, says the *Commonweal,* "may affect the future much more profoundly than the success or failure of the Soviet Government's Five-Year Plan"?

"God Without Thunder" has no other virtue besides its avoidance of theological dodges. It is full of fantastic Biblical exegesis; and its criticism of the modernist term "moral religion" is limited to attacking the conception of God as a dispenser of good only—the old Calvinist attack, but no longer possible, for no religion today can do without a theodicy. There are more significant uses of the term "moral religion" which need criticism—notably what Mr. Rockefeller means by it when he supports a denomination to preach it, what Mr. Coolidge meant when he said that government needed religion's moral aid in maintaining order. A large part of Mr. Ransom's space is taken up with the usual religionist diatribe against science, the substance of it being that science is not omnipotent; a conclusion which, presumably, should send us all looking for omnipotence in God. There is also the usual confusion of industrialism with the prevailing economic system of distribution, so that Science—the old Satan!—is blamed for the results of advertising and high-pressure salesmanship.

The enemy of organized religion might find "God Without Thunder" useful for propaganda purposes. Its import is that there are only two alternatives: secularism or resignation before God.

FELIX MORROW

Too Good to Be Smart

Wedding Day and Other Stories. By Kay Boyle. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

KAY BOYLE is the outstanding young woman member of that group of American writers who make their headquarters in Paris and whose work until recently has appeared for the most part in the pages of *transition.* This volume of short stories, her first, was originally published in a special edition at Paris. Anyone who reads it and whose standards of the short story are not the standards of the correspondence school will appreciate that the work of Miss Boyle, for simple craftsmanship, is superior to most of that which is crowned annually by our anthologies. Anyone with an ear for new verbal harmonies will appreciate that Miss Boyle is a stylist of unusual taste and sensibility. It is time, therefore, to cease to regard her as a mere lower-case *révoltée* and to begin to accept her for what she is: more enterprising, more scrupulous, potentially more valuable than nine-tenths of our best-known women authors.

She is potentially valuable because it is possible—as it is so rarely possible—that she may write something that has not been written before. When we have read these few brief stories we realize that they sprang from a genuine inner necessity, that the author was helplessly obliged to communicate them with that blind honesty which is the best augury for the future. We also realize that she has an original gift. This gift is a sexual one. With the first sentence of the first story—"the horses . . . stamping and lashing themselves with fury because she passed by them"—we are thrust into the presence of feelings which could have been generated in no other place than a woman's body. And those pages which come to life prove almost invariably to have been written either by or about desire. This is a difficult subject to handle. Miss Boyle's solution, which for the most part is mischievous, not only stakes out

a new field for herself but gives the clearest evidence of her integrity. For although she has allowed herself absolute freedom on one of the most delicate of all subjects she has not written an offensive line. In fact, she has put to shame nearly every other emancipated woman writer who has attempted to deal with this subject: she is by comparison so simple, so honest, so pure. It is probable that the two stories in which she has given comic treatment to sexual themes, Episode in the Life of an Ancestor and Summer, mark the highest stage of her development.

In view of her virtues it is all the more unfortunate that her work abounds in mannerisms, that it lacks a face of its own, that it bears so continually the stamp of fashionable influences. It is unfortunate that she has expended so much of her freedom in exile toward the development of an impeccability of style which is after all but the testimony of her admiration for Hemingway, Cocteau, and others. The result of her smartness is that even her best work has its roots in nothing, being nourished by the repetition of a repetition. Surely we must all be aware by this time that we cannot hope to grow orchids in America until we have had our hardy perennials. One wonders if Miss Boyle is aware that she has only to look within herself to find strong and deep roots for her art. Does she know that she is much better when she describes a lover's kiss—"his mustache tasting of snow"—than when she repeats the jumbled password of the advance guard?

GERALD SYKES

The Right to Work

Some Folks Won't Work. By Clinch Calkins. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

CHRISTIAN and philanthropic in origin and philosophy, "evolutionary" in tactics, the settlement movement in this country is, from the radical point of view, merely one expression of our contemporary industrial feudalism. Extreme radicals, of course, would go farther and say that the settlement movement is a defense mechanism of the possessing class, financed and controlled as an insurance against revolution. To the writer, himself a settlement resident for a brief period, this latter view is not quite accurate or realistic. Social institutions have a way of outgrowing their sponsorship and achieving a life and function of their own. One has only to remember the career of Miss Jane Addams, which has not been lacking in courage, humanity, and realistic intelligence. In evaluating our instrumentalities of social change, the settlements are worth something, and occasionally they do something which cannot be interpreted merely as an attempt to keep the apple cart from tipping over.

They have done something about unemployment—not enough, but something. In June, 1928, the National Federation of Settlements appointed an Unemployment Committee under the chairmanship of Miss Helen Hall, director of University House, Philadelphia. The committee undertook to gather evidence of the effects of unemployment on the individual and the family; it assembled over three hundred case-histories from thirty cities in twenty-three States. This material will shortly be published as a sourcebook by the University of Pennsylvania Press. Meanwhile, Miss Clinch Calkins has made it the basis of an eloquent polemic against the stupid complacency with which well-placed people regard a phenomenon which threatens the very existence of our civilization: not the phenomenon of unemployment incident to a severe business depression such as the present, but the growing percentage of capable, thrifty, faithful workers who were unable to get jobs during the prosperous period between June, 1928, and March, 1929; the progressive scrapping of human assets incident to the "progress" of our laissez faire business civilization.

Here is a close-up of the widening and deepening labor pool without which our business and industrial diehards say they cannot do business. Here, as Miss Calkins points out, is not tragedy, for out of the tragic finalities of destruction and loss the human spirit can sometimes extract purgation and renewal; here is merely cumulative misery, hunger, disease, insanity, and hopelessness; the progressive rotting away of unused human skill, strength, honesty, and courage. Here is the human terror, the social abomination back of that ominous statistical curve which shows, according to the report of the President's Committee on Recent Economic Changes, that between 1920 and 1927 some 650,000 factory workers were displaced from industrial employment without reappearing, so far as the statisticians could figure out, safely imbedded in that cushion of secondary commercial employment which our laissez faire optimists are always pointing to.

As a poet, Miss Calkins is well equipped to write a moving appeal to the conscience and good-will of middle-class people who know nothing about unemployment except as a mounting curve on a statistical graph. I wonder how many of them will read it or do anything about it if they do read it. The immediate thing to do, of course, is to secure the passage of the Wagner bills in Congress this winter. Democratic institutions will be on trial, if ever, in this struggle, and it is encouraging to note that settlement workers are organizing to do their part.

The concluding chapter of the book is a study of Detroit in the "black winter" of 1929-30—less black, incidentally, than the winter that is now upon us—by Miss Helen Hall. Revealing as it does the chronic part-time torture of these "well-paid" automobile workers, it points to the need of a thorough statistical overhauling of that open-shop paradise, including the Ford Motor Company.

JAMES RORTY

Books in Brief

The Magnificent Illusion. By E. Boyd Barrett. Ives Washburn. $3.

The author of "The Jesuit Enigma" and "While Peter Sleeps" has here written his autobiography, a sincere and moving narrative done with great simplicity. It is the story of an Irish priest, a Jesuit. It tells of his long struggle to approach perfection in his religion, of his studies and work in psychology and interest in modern psychotherapy, of his ideal of the priest-analyst, of the influences within his order that opposed his plans and crippled his efforts, and of his final decision, arrived at in New York after a series of humiliations, to leave the priesthood. The story is told with detachment and generosity of spirit.

Alexander. By Klaus Mann. Translated by Marion Saunders. Brewer and Warren. $2.

The reader approaches a novel by the son of Thomas Mann as a loyal subject might approach the son of a beloved king. He loves the young prince beforehand and hopes against hope that he will have inherited his father's virtues. For in the province of letters, of course, it depends upon the reader to determine the right of succession. "Alexander" is the second short novel by Klaus Mann and it is based upon the life of Alexander the Great. It is a new interpretation of Alexander's character and career, assuming he was homosexual and advancing the theory that he became the conqueror of the world because his advances to a boyhood chum were scorned. Much

is made of his two boyhood chums, Clitus and Hephaestion. Eventually, fulfilling the formula of Oscar Wilde, he kills them both because he loves them. He is a remarkably weak, indecisive, embittered, and tearful Alexander. If a well-known distinction by Marcel Proust is valid, it would seem that Klaus Mann has made the mistake of interpreting the virile Greek type of homosexual according to the effeminate modern man-woman. Aside from the matter of interpretation, however, it is extremely doubtful if Klaus Mann, though he is still very young, will ever succeed to his father's throne. His work reflects an unfortunate mixture of timidity and resentment.

Architecture

The Stripes of the News

THE News building in New York is one that achieves an astonishing effect by a sort of bold negation. It presents itself as almost nothing but a series of stripes, nothing but surface pattern. Probably no building in America looks more like a huge backdrop, a sheet of awning, an enormous curtain, or a dazzling banner against the sky. The vertical stripes of dark red brick contain the windows, and alternate white stripes, as in the American flag, are the ribbon-like piers. Even the window shades with their lighter hue of red are a part of this textile weave, and at night the lights shine through them merrily, as if the building were a sort of gigantic paper illumination on parade.

The curious weightlessness, whereby the building, like the banner or the paper box, seems less to stand than to float, derives from the fact that the load appears, by a neat trick, to have been dispersed with exact equality along the whole row of shallow columns, on which no horizontals are allowed to lay burden. The lack of horizontals has also almost destroyed perspective and depth, as in a forest of sticks. The building has no middle and no top: the stripes simply jump off into space. There is hardly a silhouette: the stripes simply stop repeating themselves; and the setbacks are so few and so generous as to seem, like the top, to have been cut with the scissors. All is pattern, through and through.

It is just because this textile mode asks so little of us, I believe, that we can accept it so gratefully. On any city street, however narrow, are a dozen buildings, each high, each insistent on its own "mass" and its complicated setbacks and the scale of its graduated ornament—and all of them, in short, canceling one another. We just don't see them at all. Appears a simple pattern, such as the News, and there at once is something we can grasp—from nearby, from far away, from high or low, and even in small patches from around the corner and down the street. There at last is a type of building that can strike always as a unit; amidst the jumbled roar it inserts a neat pizzicato on a single note.

Of course, a dozen buildings of the same pattern would cancel the advantage once more and drive you dizzy; but the pattern need not always be the same. Already there have appeared a dozen tentative variations in this city alone; and the reason is that you can hang almost anything on a steel frame. That is, the frame, the real support of the building, is nothing but a clothes-tree, or a sort of battening, in relation to what is aptly called the "curtain wall." This skyscraper wall, which carries nothing, not even its own weight, held up as it is on its steel-frame battening, and which serves only for insulation, has tended to become ever thinner and flatter; and that is why, in economy, it now invites color patterns on its outside rather than sculpture or modeling.

Shall we then grant Mr. Hood, the architect, his contention that the News design was inherent in the structure and the plan? Not quite. As I understand it, he was required with his windows to secure one thing—that there should be space enough between any two of them for the owner to be able to run partitions on the inside; but beyond that the architect was almost fancy-free. His stripes, had he wished it, could have run horizontally (as in his own Beaux-Arts apartments), or on the bias, or there might have been none at all, or a checkerboard effect, and so on. None of these would have required any change in solving the problem of light. Indeed, this building makes no startling innovations; there is no superior structural logic; not even, for all the appearance of lightness, is there any diminution of actual weight.

And so the great outward simplicity of the News seems to have carried us right to the edge between two future lines of development—the one of architecture, the other of what is perhaps something else. Already the "450 Sutter" building in San Francisco, by Miller and Pflueger, appears to have carried a similar simplicity on into a nobler structural harmony. But the News also portends the development of another art. This art too has its claims; it is gay and colorful; it too has renounced scale and excessive study; it too thrives under congested conditions and so is calculated to make its impact at once, before you turn the page. To the profound meditations of the reader I submit the subject of architecture as an advertising art.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Films

Selling Sophistication

IT is all very well for literary critics to discuss absolute standards and relative standards, standards (loud cheers) and standards (boos and catcalls). The movie critic has very little use for such fine distinctions. The only standard acknowledged in the movies is the Main Street standard, and whatever may be said of Main Street, I doubt if even Mr. Gilbert Chesterton will claim for it a highly developed sense of artistic discrimination. This is one of the reasons why it may be profitable sometimes to consider films not so much for what they are when judged by themselves as for the light they throw on the views and sentiments of the audience they have been made to please.

This week I have been moved to adopt this course by two pictures that seem to be particularly characteristic of the state of mind of the big public. They are "Fast and Loose," shown at the Paramount, and "Laughter," which preceded it there a week or two earlier. Of both of them it must be said that in their lightness of touch and their pains (sufficiently disguised) to get away from the obvious they represent Hollywood at its best. That this best does not amount to very much if measured by the creative standard need not be stressed in this instance. The important fact about the two pictures is the evidence they contain of the workings of the Main Street mind. The evidence is of course indirect, for it comes only from the makers of the films; but these shrewd judges of their public know what they are doing, and when we see them selling "sophistication" to Main Street we can be sure that this is the sort of sophistication that Main Street wants and appreciates.

So, behold sophistication, grade "Society." We are introduced to a banker's family in a Long Island home. Bankers being the height of the social ambition of Main Street—the American equivalent, so to speak, of their lordships across the ocean—the one in "Fast and Loose" is treated with all the deference that is due his rank. But unlike the bankers themselves, Main Street is rather scornful of British aristocracy,

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

Plays to See

†Art and Mrs. Bottle—See advertisement.
•Elizabeth The Queen—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Fritz Leiber—Ambassador—49 St., W. of B'way—Begin. Dec. 25.
•Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
†Lysistrata—44 Street—44 St., W. of B'way.
†Oh Promise Me—Morosco—W. 45 St.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
*On the Spot—Forrest—49 St., W. of B'way.
*Overture—Longacre—220 W. 48 St.
•Roar China—Martin Beck—45 St., W. of Eighth Ave.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
†The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St., W. of B'way.
†This is New York—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
‡Three's ■ Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
†Tonight or Never—Belasco—44 St., E. of B'way.
†Twelfth Night—See advertisement.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

Concerts and Recitals

Yehudi Menuhin—Carnegie Hall—Fri. Eve., Jan. 2.
Joseph Szigeti—Carnegie Hall—Mon. Eve., Dec 29.
Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Sun. Aft., Dec. 21, 28 at 3; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 25, Jan. 1; Sat. Eve., Dec. 27 at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 26 Jan. 2 and Mon. Aft. Dec. 29 at 2:30. Arturo Toscanini conducting.
Bach's Christmas Oratorio (Friends of Music)—Metropolitan—Sun. Aft., Dec. 21 at 4.
La Argentina—Town Hall—Tues. Eve., Dec. 16; Sat. Eve., Dec. 20 at 8:30; Thurs. Aft., Dec. 18 at 3.

For Children

Young Peoples Concert—Carnegie Hall—Mon. Aft. Dec. 29 at 2:30. Paderewski, soloist, Ernest Schelling conducting.
Grand Opera for Children—Town Hall—Fri. Dec. 26, Mon. Dec. 29, Tues. Dec. 30 at 11 A. M.
The Puppet Players in Rumpelstiltskin and Variety—233 W. 48 St., Fri. Dec 26, through Sat. Jan. 3 at 3 P. M.

Films

What ■ Widow, beginning Sat., Dec. 20; With Byrd at the South Pole, beginning Wed., Dec. 24—The Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.
Disraeli, beginning Sat., Dec. 20; The Green Goddess, beginning Wed., Dec. 24—8 St. Playhouse—52 W ■ St.
The Land of the Midnight Sun, beginning Sat., Dec. 20—5th Avenue Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
"Sous Les Toits De Paris"—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt (German)—55 St. Playhouse—E. of 7 Ave.

Lectures and Discussions

"The Treason of the Intellectuals"—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St.—See Advertisement.
Rand School of Social Science.—See Advertisement.
Will the Companionate Marriage Better Our Morals?—League for Public Discussion.—See Advertisement.
Our Machine Civilization—What Next?—League for Industrial Democracy.—See Advertisement.
Free Love vs Companionate Marriage—League for Public Discussion.—See Advertisement.
"Impressions of 1930 America" by Abbe Ernest Dimnet—Cooper Union—8 St. and 4 Ave.—Sun., Dec. 21 at 2:30.

Ball

New Year's Eve Artists' Costume Ball.—See Advertisement.

THE GROUP
A Clearing House of Opinion
Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th Street
Tuesday evening, December 23rd, at 8:30 P. M.
PIERRE LOVING
(Distinguished Critic and Novelist)
will speak on:
"The Treason of the Intellectuals"

Sunday Afternoon Discussion Group, December 28th, at 4:30
MARIUS UNDERWOOD, on:
"Is There A Proletarian Art?"
Tea Served Subscription 50c
(Weekly notices mailed on request)

and accordingly it gets the silly ass of an English lord to satisfy its democratic resentment. So far it is all pretty orthodox. But with the young members of the family enters sophistication. The spoiled and irresponsible son and daughter kick against the boredom of conventional existence, the son deciding to marry a chorus girl, and the daughter choosing for her mate a young mechanic whom she meets at night bathing in a lonely spot. The affair of the daughter, a girl of Rossettian beauty as portrayed by Miss Miriam Hopkins, is the high spot of the fast and loose behavior of the young sophisticates. One is startled at the discovery of the familiar twists and tricks of "You Never Can Tell" and "Man and Superman" suddenly bobbing up in a film that uses them not only to shock its audience, but also to teach the lesson of the moral superiority of Main Street over Park Avenue.

In "Laughter" we are treated to another variety of sophistication that is being sold to Main Street—sophistication, grade "Artistic Bohemia." Here a young chorus girl married to a bankers rebels against her loveless bondage to cars, frocks, and jewels, and goes back to her artist-musician to listen to him humming his latest masterpiece in the Café de la Paix, Paris. It is extraordinary how tenacious of life is this conception of an artist. It is true, his long hair has gone, but in the divine simplicity of his heart he still breaks into other people's houses, treats himself to anything he finds there, and even plays the piano with a leg of chicken in his hand. Main Street is sure to be hugely pleased with this superb indifference to Emily Post's precepts of propriety.

As a descriptive picture of native life in Siberia "Igdenbu" (Cameo) is highly recommended. Its story is rather weak, and in its treatment it does not come up to the level of "Moana" or "Nanook," but it occasionally approaches them, and there is much in it that is truly beautiful. "Razlom" (Eighth Street Playhouse) deals with a revolutionary theme in a very conventional manner.

Alexander Bakshy

Drama

"A Great Man's First Play"

Gilbert Gabriel, commenting on "Overture," referred to it as "a great man's first play," but to me the tragic significance of the piece at the Longacre is the fact that it is a great man's last dramatic work. As one who has always had an enthusiastic devotion to the prose of William Bolitho, I was skeptical about the manner in which his talent might adapt itself to theatrical conditions. "Overture" swept all my doubts away. Here was a mind so keen and eager that even a new medium could not disguise its brilliance.

Elements of true greatness are to be observed in "Overture," although it is simple enough to point out flaws. In a sense this is a fragment. The subject matter was never thought through to a logical conclusion. Indeed, I came away with the impression that Bolitho very nearly upset his own convictions. If we may employ such simple words as "hero" and "villain" in a desire for familiar labels, it is fair to say that the villain runs away with the play.

Among other enthusiasms of Bolitho was a passionate opposition to the philosophy and practices of Soviet Russia, but Maxim, the Communist in "Overture," is not only the most interesting character but the most appealing as well. I can hardly believe that the dramatist intended to endear him to the audience by introducing a scene in which the red leader calmly walks off stage and shoots a prisoner in cold blood.

In a sense Bolitho has undertaken to do the Russian Revolution on a small scale, although his revolt is placed in a small

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German city. The contest lies between Maxim, the uncompromising proletarian, and Karl Ritter, the disciple of moderation. Now there must be more to be said for the right wing of the radical movement than comes into "Overture." Maxim is real, convincing, and logical. Captain Ritter is a sort of musical-comedy tenor. The tragedy of his frustration and his fall is mitigated by the fact that his failure is so utterly deserved.

No reviewer has a right to rule out the downfall of the inefficient. Even though the fate of such a figure may be inevitable, it can serve to produce poignancy. But I don't think the ultimate result is aided if it is too obvious. A tragedy should be something like a boxing bout, and few of us will thrill when a featherweight is thrown into the ring against a heavyweight champion.

But "Overture" does not miss poignancy on this account. Having created a musical-comedy tenor for a hero, Bolitho has also added a prim eighteenth-century miss as heroine and called her the leader of the working women of Herfeld. In spite of a vivid train of incident these two never caught me up emotionally, because I was forever suspicious of the fact that they had ever lived. Here is the remarkable feature of "Overture." Even though the hero and the heroine are mentally thrown out of the ring for stalling, you still have a magnificent and engrossing play, with Maxim as the most exciting character who has walked a stage hereabouts in many seasons.

By a queer turn of affairs Bolitho, the ardent anti-Communist, has written the most appealing play yet devised in defense of Communist philosophy. Such consciously engendered efforts as "Roar China" are feeble in comparison. I suppose the answer lies in the fact that the unconscious still remains the greatest creative force in man. Though many will dissent, my own conviction is that artistic Russia has not yet recovered from the revolution. The much-applauded Soviet films seem to me not only Hollywood but bad Hollywood—the Hollywood of fifteen years ago. All the propaganda of the modern Russian novel and the modern Russian play is dusty with the wood shavings of overemphasis and too precise a purpose. And lest I be set down as one too prejudiced to venture an opinion, I will shift the field of investigation and base my theory on what went on in America during our war days. I remember that one magazine announced that even its fiction would be built on the win-the-war motive, and the resulting crop of stories marked a new low in American literature. Yet some of these authors were sincere and earnest and a few had ability when functioning under normal conditions.

I think that normal conditions for the average artist are a complete freedom from any regimentation of belief. In fact, I would take issue with Upton Sinclair's "Mammonart" and declare that finer poetry, sculpture, and drama have been done for money than for the Catholic church, the Soviet Republic, or the Boy Scout movement. One can be eloquent in writing about a worker and deadly dull in fashioning a figure which stands for the Working Class. When symbolism comes into the theater I like to slip out the side door.

But one point should not be overlooked. The fact that Maxim, a Communist deputy, is one of the finest theatrical portraits etched hereabouts in recent years cannot be divorced from the circumstance that the performance of Pat O'Brien is far and away the best of the season.

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Other Resorts on Page iii

Militarism in Modern Dress

By PAUL VON SCHOENAICH

[*Baron von Schoenaich, prominent German pacifist, was once equally prominent as a military man. He entered the German navy in* 1883, *serving until* 1887, *when he was transferred to the army. From* 1907 *to* 1912 *he was stationed in the Ministry of War in Berlin; the following two years he commanded the* 15*th Hussar Regiment, and in* 1915 *was given command of the* 14*th Dragoon Regiment. At the end of* 1915 *he was put in charge of one of the important divisions of the Ministry of War, remaining there until the Versailles treaty was signed. During the remainder of* 1919 *he commanded the cavalry units in the Reichswehr. Early in* 1920 *he was retired from active service with the rank of major general. He has since been writing on many subjects, including principally disarmament and peace.*]

PARAGRAPH 177 of the Versailles peace treaty forbids Germany to impart military instruction of any kind to its youth. This decision was based upon the belief that Germany was through and through a militaristic country and as such represented a peril to world peace. It might be well to determine, before going farther, of just what the essence of militarism consists. It does not lie in the character and strength of the military establishment, but rather is to be found in the spirit which gives the military more influence or power in a state than the civil authorities possess. In this sense Germany without doubt was the most militaristic country in the world.

Like all other clauses of the treaty having to do with disarmament, however, Paragraph 177 overlooks the fact that as a result of the World War the whole military technique has been thrown overboard. The time of huge, slow-moving armies is past. Wars hereafter will not be decided alone by the number of soldiers that can be placed in the field, but the outcome will lie to a much greater extent with the industrial and transportation workers at home. Moreover, the development of human material that can be used for fighting purposes is a wholly different matter now from what it formerly was. Paragraph 177 forbids something which in one way has become valueless, and which in another way, because it belongs to popular sports and the workers' daily life, simply cannot be forbidden.

What is the situation today? Sports, particularly among the youth of the nation, have gained much greater importance than they had before the war. Even in the smallest villages athletic fields seem to grow up out of the soil, while the budgets of the state and communal governments in ever larger measure are being devoted to the financial support of all kinds of sporting activities. These activities are developing physical and spiritual qualities in youth that are of value to the whole people. They are also of the greatest worth for the technique of modern warfare. A good football player can move more dextrously through "No Man's Land" than can a poor one. A track athlete can adapt himself more quickly to the hardships of war than a stay-at-home. Clearly, the furtherance of sporting activities such as is taking place in Germany today serves the general well-being of the nation and militarism equally well.

There is one other factor in the situation, and this is perhaps of the greatest importance. Sports discipline promotes worker discipline. Many farsighted industrialists have had their own athletic fields laid out alongside their factories. There also has entered into this phase of the sports movement the consideration that workers who take to games and athletics in their spare time will be less likely to concern themselves with wage and strike questions during their leisure hours. Thus the movement to promote sports presents three questions: those involved in the general welfare of the people, in militarism, and in the development of working-class morale; and these three are inextricably interwoven.

As a result of reflection on the problems involved in this development there has arisen in France, and in my belief with full justice, the opinion that consideration of the disarmament question can no longer be confined to the number and equipment of the soldiery, but also must include the whole *potentiel de guerre*. This *potentiel de guerre* is composed, however, not only of the material defenses of a country, but also of its industrial capacity and of the physical welfare of its people. One dares not cripple either the general well-being of a people or the industrial capacity of a country, even out of fear that their development may lead to their misuses in the interest of war. Hence the entire disarmament question finds itself shunted into a blind alley.

There is only one way out. Mankind must disarm itself spiritually. The age-old belief, which still obtains in this day of closely interrelated cultural and economic interests, that the victor has something to gain by war must be burned out of men's minds with a red-hot poker. The healthy and natural egoism of mankind must be appealed to and convinced that war is no longer profitable.

What is Germany doing in this direction? To stick one's head in the sand and say nothing has no point whatever. One must speak out boldly. There are great numbers of German people, including even some of those who stand far to the left politically, who today are thinking precisely as militaristically as they did before the war. The Minister of Defense today is exactly what he has always been (many people say even more so), the most powerful minister in the whole Cabinet. The Minister of Finance rarely dares strike a single item from the Defense Ministry's budget. And this spirit has naturally found its way to an alarming degree into the sports associations and clubs of Germany's youths. Virtually the only exceptions are to be found among the young Socialists and workers.

All these things must be considered if one wishes to understand the significance of the sports training of youth on the one hand and the difficulties confronting sincere pacifists on the other. There remains but the hope that an improvement in the general economic situation will also bring to Germany's youth recognition of the fact that peace nourishes and war wastes.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 719
EDITORIALS:
Judge Clark's Decision 722
Revolution in Spain 723
A Life for a Life 723
In Defense of Weather 724
WHAT HOPE FOR DISARMAMENT? By W. T. Stone 725
UNCLE ANDY AND HIS TAX REFUNDS. By Paul Y. Anderson 727
COACH WINDOW. By Selden Rodman 728
THE YELLOW-DOG INJUNCTION. By Joel I. Seidman 729
GOING TO SCHOOL IN RUSSIA. By Ferdinanda W. Reed 731
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 732
CORRESPONDENCE 733
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:
A Parting. By Virginia Moore 735
William Hazlitt. By Henry Hazlitt 735
Mr. Bennett Lets Us Down. By Granville Hicks 736
The Pivot of Politics. By George E. G. Catlin 736
Kriegsschuldfragen. By Frederick L. Schuman 737
The Flavor of Folk Poetry. By Eda Lou Walton 738
The Puritan Mind. By Samuel Eliot Morison 738
Why Bismarck Fell. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 739
Pre-War America. By L. E. Robinson 740
Books in Brief 740
Music: Peace Without Euphony. By Arthur Mendel 741
Drama: Another Polite Comedy. By H. H. 742
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 742
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Balance Sheet of the Revolution. By Blas Urrea 744

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CONGRESS RECESSED for the holidays with the Administration forces almost completely in command of the immediate situation. The sum of $116,000,000 was appropriated for emergency-construction work, $45,000,000 for drought relief, and $150,000,000 for the Farm Board. More immediately to the point, the President was given the authority he asked to allocate the construction fund as he thought best, and the word "food" was omitted from the uses to which the drought-relief fund may be put. The net result of the action thus far taken is to put the entire public responsibility for unemployment relief on the States and local government units, as desired by the President, without any suggestion of federal aid. Final Senate acceptance of these bills was made in the face of a vigorous protest from Senator La Follette, who declared that letters which he laid before the Senate constituted "a complete refutation of the idea that the situation is well in hand." The trouble with the President's position is that he has consistently played down the facts of unemployment, and there is accordingly too little public confidence either in the accuracy of the information on which he relies or in the adequacy of the measures to which he pins his faith. This is no time for a do-nothing policy with regard either to unemployment relief or to plans for the prevention and the meeting of future unemployment, but the President's whole aim seems to be to get Congress out of the way with just as little done as possible about unemployment or anything else. By deciding not to report the World Court protocol at this session the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has smoothed his path somewhat, and it is reported that no action on adherence to the World Court will be taken in advance of the regular session.

THE ADMINISTRATION won completely in the matter of appointments to the Power Commission. Threatened opposition to Frank R. McNinch, the North Carolina Hoovercrat, crumbled after Senator Morrison announced his support, and the North Carolinian was confirmed by vote of 47 to 11, 14 Democrats, including Barkley and Wheeler, voting for him. George Otis Smith was confirmed as chairman by vote of 38 to 22, after criticism by Senator Dill on the ground of Mr. Smith's preference for private rather than public operation of power projects. The other nominations were ratified without serious opposition. The whole incident is illuminating. Here is one of the most important federal commissions, whose policies are bound to have highly important political as well as economic results. Instead of appointing outstanding men of undoubted attainments and competence, the President names five appointees of most of whom little or nothing is known, either good or bad, and one of whom is nominated as a straight-out political reward. Unable to find that any of them has direct power-company connections, the Senate feels unable to reject them because of lack of positive qualifications, and accordingly has no option but to ratify the President's choice. The appointments are a rather sad commentary on our standards of qualification for important public positions, and they do not lead to high hopes for effective work by the reorganized commission. Unless it does function vigorously, the growing movement for public operation of power plants will be yet further hastened.

THE ATTACK UPON SENATOR NORRIS by Robert H. Lucas, executive head of the Republican National Committee, will evidently precipitate a first-rate row among the Progressive and regular Republican ranks in Congress, and it is to be hoped that it may further the process of cohesion among the Progressives. To those who feel that Senator Norris, sometimes single-handed, has consistently upheld the finest traditions of American politics, and who applaud his services in the Senate for their disinterestedness, industry, and clear thinking, this diatribe from Mr. Lucas will cause resentment and indignation. But it cannot really harm the senior Senator from Nebraska, and it may serve to clarify considerably the issue of how far party affiliations should go. Mr. Lucas, as a result of investigations by the Nye campaign committee, is disclosed as having disbursed some four thousand dollars for literature and cartoons attacking Senator Norris in the last campaign, which money, according to Mr. Lucas's testimony,

was not contributed by the regular Republican organization but was furnished partly by kind friends and partly from his own pocket. This information was not, as may be imagined, freely given by Mr. Lucas but was dug out of him during the committee investigation. It is, of course, thoroughly discreditable not only to himself but to the Republican organization which he represents. For the attack on a party member, whether regular or not, was, by any standard, sly, under-cover, and cowardly. Mr. Hoover, whatever he may think of Senator Norris, should find occasion to repudiate Mr. Lucas and his tactics.

SECRETARY STIMSON and his colleague in the Department of Labor, Mr. Doak, have come to the rescue of the immigration-law tinkers in Congress by suggesting a flat reduction of 90 per cent in the numbers to be admitted under the quota. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania and Representative Albert Johnson of Washington, it will be remembered, have introduced bills suspending general immigration for two years. The Reed bill leaves intact present preferences in favor of wives and near relatives of American citizens of foreign extraction, while the Johnson bill leaves the door open to such relatives of aliens undergoing naturalization. Senator Reed was "more than shocked" to discover that his bill would cut immigration from Northern and Western Europe as against that from the East and South so as to change the present ratio of five to one in favor of the former to a ratio of only one to eleven, thus in effect repealing our sacred national-origins principle. The Department of State under a strained interpretation of existing legislation is already cutting immigration to a fraction of the moderate numbers allowed under the present law. We can see no sound excuse for further legislative restriction, and we should regret to see another sop thrown to those alien-haters whose real desire seems to be to close our ports against all foreigners.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE is coming to the front in the form of various legislative proposals. Senator Wagner announces his intention to introduce in Congress a bill providing for such insurance and a resolution for a joint committee of House and Senate to study private and public systems here and abroad. The details of his plan have not yet been made public. The American Association for Labor Legislation, after months of study and consultation with experts, has prepared a bill which will be presented to twenty State legislatures this winter. It requires all employers to pay 1½ per cent of their wage bill into a fund out of which workers may receive benefits not exceeding ten dollars a week for a period of thirteen weeks. Placing the direct cost of the system entirely on employers, the measure seeks to give them the maximum of freedom in meeting its requirements and at the same time to afford them every possible incentive for stabilization. The association has tried to adapt its bill to our special conditions, and it seeks to popularize the measure by christening it as an American plan. Very interesting also is the announcement in a United Press dispatch from Philadelphia that the American Federation of Labor has a plan, to be made public in full on January 12, for an unemployment fund to be raised by joint contributions from employers and the government. This plan, it is stated, will be embodied in a bill to be presented in Congress. This announcement made by Edward F. McGrady, general organizer of the federation, is somewhat surprising in view of the strong opposition to compulsory insurance that has heretofore been voiced by federation leaders like Matthew Woll, who denounces such protection as a "dole." Apparently the events of this year are making their impression within the federation.

RUSSIAN DUMPING and forced labor are reported to have been made the subject of a confidential report to the economic section of the League of Nations, and the findings of the report are summarized in rather startling fashion in a series of articles by the Geneva correspondent of the New York *World*. According to this writer, forced labor on a considerable scale actually exists in Soviet Russia, notably in the lumber industry, and under shocking conditions of ill-treatment, privation, and disease. Dumping in the strict sense, it is said, is systematically practiced in Europe, where the inability of Russia to offer goods of better quality than those of her competitors has been offset by underselling, the depression of prices below those of world markets enabling Russia to get its products into nearly all the Continental countries, even those already suffering from overproduction. On the other hand, where competition is strong or tariff protection high, Russian prices remain low only until those obstacles are overcome, and then rise to practically the world level. The United States is represented as not greatly disturbed by dumping, in spite of the fact that its lumber industry is particularly affected, while in no country, apparently, is it difficult to find agents ready to handle Russian goods. As the data for the report are said to have been supplied by Russian refugees and by intelligence-service records, diplomatic reports, and private information, it is clear that the report should be accepted with all reserve. On its face it appears to savor strongly of anti-Russian propaganda.

STALIN'S POSITION as political dictator of Soviet Russia has certainly appeared to the outside world secure enough, but it has been made doubly safe, to all appearances, by the dismissal of Alexei Rykov from the office of chairman of the Council of People's Commissars. The spectacle of a dictator who holds no government office turning out an official whose post was substantially that of a prime minister is one of the anomalies in government of which Russia has afforded many other examples. Precisely why Rykov was "fired" we shall doubtless know more fully later on, but his principal offense appears to have been his opposition to the rigorous pushing of the Five-Year Plan to which Stalin is committed. Rykov, it has been reported, would have eased the strain by spreading the program over six years, and would also have restricted the export of wheat and other food products in order that Russian workers might be better fed. All this, of course, classed him with the right wing, and his dismissal is apparently to be taken as evidence of Stalin's intention to make an end to opposition from that quarter. The only other prominent right-winger who still holds an important office is Nicholas Bukarin, who is a member both of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and of the Supreme Economic Council. It is freely predicted that Bukarin will follow Rykov into retirement. If he does, Stalin will reign supreme, and effective political dissent in Russia will have ceased to exist.

MUSSOLINI'S ATTEMPT to make the United States the scapegoat for Italy's economic difficulties would be laughable if it were not such a serious matter for the Italian people. Quite apart from the fact that the Wall Street gambling orgy cannot very well be held responsible for the overproduction of raw materials throughout the world, for the fall in the price of silver, for the hoarding of gold, or for many other difficulties that have been blamed for the world-wide depression, Mussolini surely cannot contend that this speculative boom had anything whatever to do with Italy's basic economic deficiencies. The Wall Street break-up did not deprive Italy of the fuel supplies and raw material whose lack has for years been hampering her progress. Neither did it have anything to do with Italy's inability to overcome these deficiencies under a government that prefers to spend $261,000,000 a year on its military machine (a 700 per cent increase over 1913) rather than on productive industry. Mussolini may have succeeded for the time being in deflecting attention away from fascism's shortcomings by dragging this red, white, and blue herring across Italy's trail of red ink, but he has not thereby advanced any nearer to a solution of Italy's very serious problem. Only a few days before Mussolini offered this apology for the unexpectedly large budgetary deficit and for the consequent 12 per cent reduction in state salaries, his Finance Minister was explaining to parliament that further salary cuts will soon be needed, and perhaps also a considerable increase in taxes, because the true size of the deficit had been greatly underestimated.

AGAIN THE HOOVER-STIMSON administration of foreign affairs has run afoul of a Latin American situation that has left these two perhaps otherwise able gentlemen looking slightly silly. On the very day that the provisional President of Guatemala, Baudilio Palma, was being forced out of office by a revolutionary leader, General Manuel Orellana, it was announced in Washington that President Hoover had sent Palma a message congratulating him upon his accession to the office and wishing him a successful administration. A somewhat similar blunder was made in connection with the Washington Luiz government in Brazil just before it was overthrown. There is evidently something wrong with our diplomatic service in Latin America when a mistake of this character can be made twice within a few months. The Guatemalan situation has left the State Department with another recognition problem on its hands, but unlike the Bolivian, Peruvian, Argentine, and Brazilian problems, which Mr. Stimson solved by resorting to a policy of expediency, the department in the present case finds its hands tied by its pledge to uphold the Central American treaty of 1923. Under the treaty no government that comes into power by force can be recognized by any of the other Central American states. The United States has undertaken to follow the same policy in so far as these countries are concerned. At the moment, however, Orellana seems to be as firmly and as legally intrenched as any of the South American governments recently recognized, which explains Mr. Stimson's perplexity.

PRESIDENT BUTLER of Columbia University, in his annual report to the trustees, offers a suggestion with regard to university athletics that is well worth the consideration not only of universities but of the public as well. Athletics, according to President Butler, are in themselves altogether desirable; even intercollegiate athletics, when they do not require too heavy a drain upon student resources, both mental and physical, have their place. The trouble with athletic competition today, however, is that it has become a large-scale industry; millions of dollars are invested in stadia, athletic contests draw gate receipts well up into the thousands, and the university expects to derive a large financial profit from the result. Therefore, says President Butler simply, away with the gate receipts; let the alumni endow athletics and remove them from financial pressure.

> If there were no gate receipts to be sought and none of the glory that produces gate receipts to be gained, it would then appear possible so to organize the administration and control of athletic sports and intercollegiate athletic contests as to secure the continued interest and cooperation not only of the undergraduate students but of the great body of alumni and to gain from these sports and contests a maximum of benefit.

Two things stand in the way of realization of some such scheme. One is the money already invested in athletics; the other is the probable reluctance of university officers to engage in a further campaign for endowment over the protests, possibly, of the very persons from whom the money must come. It will be necessary to institute a campaign of education first. And for that President Butler's proposal is an excellent first step.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is making a very pretty gesture in his suit to discharge from bankruptcy the name of his countryman, Rembrandt van Rijn. Rembrandt died in penury with known debts of several hundred florins standing against him. Mr. van Loon now requests, in the name of Rembrandt's descendant, Warner van Lennep, a student at the University of Utrecht, that everyone having claims against the painter bring them forward for adjudication. It is likely, of course, that the statute of limitations will operate, since the debts are nearly three hundred years old. But Rembrandt's name will be cleared by the suit, not, as Mr. van Loon says, because "Rembrandt needs it for his reputation, as much as because I feel we need it for ours." This proceeding opens up all sorts of possibilities for admirers of demised great men. Was the Dark Lady of the Sonnets a legitimate connection of one William Shakespeare? Who will defend his name? Did Milton's young wife leave him after less than a week of marriage for any good reason? Did Mozart, when he died in poverty, pay every penny that was owing to his landlady? Who will champion Shelley the wife deserter, Byron the adulterer, Marlowe the murderer, Villon the thief? This is not by way of bringing up to ridicule Mr. van Loon's loyalty to Rembrandt, but it is a reminder that great men whose names we fondly and proudly remember were not always gentlemen or what is commonly thought of as decent or even honest, and many, many times they were too poor to pay their debts. Genius must be its own excuse for being; the rest of the world may profit by it without scrutinizing too closely its manners or morals while, with a sublime disregard for others, it walks the earth.

Judge Clark's Decision

THE now famous decision of Judge William Clark, of the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey, invalidating the Eighteenth Amendment adds twelve and one-half newspaper columns, or about seven running yards as such columns go, to the available material for the prohibition debate, although not, apparently, quite the kind of material that either the wets or the drys expected. Stripped of its masses of verbiage and irrelevance and its imposing citations of authorities all the way from John Marshall to Walter Lippmann, the decision holds that the amendment is invalid because it was not ratified by conventions in the several States. In Judge Clark's view, if a proposed constitutional amendment "is one designed to transfer to the United States powers heretofore reserved to the States, or, if there be any such, to the people," a proper interpretation of Article V, relating to amendments, in the light of the principles of political science requires that ratification should be given by a convention instead of by a State legislature. The reason for this obligation, Judge Clark contends, lies in the fact that a convention is "a better vehicle for the expression of public opinion than a State legislature." Moreover, the Supreme Court having held that Congress, when it submits a constitutional amendment, is not performing a legislative function, "it follows," Judge Clark points out, "that the nature of its function is administrative." That being the case, its action is subject to judicial review, and an application of the principles governing such review leads to the conclusion that the submission to the judgment of State legislatures of amendments transferring powers from the States to the United States would violate the spirit of Article V and hence "constitute an abuse of discretion on the part of Congress in its capacity as an administrative agent."

The decision, as was of course to be expected, has been promptly appealed by the government to the Supreme Court, so in due time we shall know what that tribunal thinks about it. That it will be affirmed seems highly improbable. The language of Article V is extremely simple and apparently clear. The article provides that amendments, whether proposed by Congress or by a convention called for the purpose, "shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be provided by Congress." It may fairly be assumed, we think, that the States, when they ratified the federal Constitution in their conventions, waived any right they may have had to limit Congress either in the kind of amendment it should propose or in the method of ratification which it should prescribe. The Supreme Court, in the case of Hawks *vs.* Smith, an Ohio case in which the question of the method of ratifying amendments was at issue, was unanimous in holding that both methods of ratification "call for action by deliberative assemblies of the people, which it was assumed would voice the will of the people."

Judge Clark rightly dismisses as outside the case before him the possible effect of his decision, if it should be sustained, upon the validity of other amendments than the Eighteenth, although he finds that aspect of the matter so attractive that he permits himself to discourse about it to the extent of a newspaper column. All the amendments except the Fifth may, he suggests, be passed over as not in danger. The "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment, on the other hand, "might," he thinks, be tested somewhat as follows. Since the Eighteenth Amendment "does not and could not," in the absence of direct declaration, abrogate the "due process" which the Fifth Amendment guarantees, "any action thereunder must be regarded in the light of what is reasonable. The more advanced school of constitutional thinkers consider this 'reasonableness' from the point of view of the efficacy of the remedy prescribed for any particular evil"; and since the Supreme Court has found vaccination and sterilization "efficacious in preventing the spread of smallpox and idiocy," and hence free from attack as violative of "due process," the efficacy of the Eighteenth Amendment and its accompanying legislation in preventing the spread of intemperance might be used as a similar test. Judge Clark admits that the application of the test would be very difficult, but he nevertheless hopes that "some day," in "some court," it may be tried.

All this, of course, like much else in the decision, is merely *obiter dicta* and unctuous preachment. As the decision does not affect the question of the propriety of prohibition, the enforcement of the system may be expected to go on as heretofore until the Supreme Court has had its say. Far-fetched as the decision seems to be, however, Judge Clark has performed a useful service in exposing the unsatisfactoriness of the amending process as Congress has uniformly applied it, and in challenging the notion that judicial decisions, once made, should be stuck to with something akin to awe. Whatever the liberty which the Constitution allows, it is evident that insistence upon legislative ratification instead of ratification by conventions has made it possible to jam through amendments which would almost certainly have been rejected if the people had had a chance at them. We should not have had the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments but for the approval given by rotten legislatures in a reconstructed South which a Republican Congress controlled, and it is quite possible that we should not have had the Eighteenth Amendment if conventions had been asked to pass upon it. It may very well be, therefore, that Judge Clark's pronouncement will hasten somewhat the calling of a national convention to revise the Constitution for which some thirty-five States, at one time or another, have asked. Be that as it may, the decision is a challenge to Congress to adopt in the future a method of ratification more in keeping with the nature of popular government than is the one which it has thus far employed, and an invitation to the Supreme Court to reconsider some of the positions which it has taken in interpreting and applying the Eighteenth Amendment. We may, in short, get something more sensible and scientific in the way of federal jurisprudence even though the amendment which Judge Clark has read out of the Constitution continues to stand.

Revolution in Spain

SPAIN'S revolution is long overdue. It could have come at the time of the French Revolution 140 years ago; it could even have come as recently as ten years ago and still have had healthy consequences. Instead, it has been delayed these many years, principally because of the inertia of the Spanish people, whose normal attitude toward politics and government is one of amused indifference. Apparently it has lately been once more delayed, but even so the revolutionary house-cleaning which Spain desperately needs will have been only postponed.

A century or more of military rule, abetted by the clergy and in the last decade supplemented by a playboy king's sophomoric attempts at dictatorial government, has piled up for Spain a political heritage upon which it is probable neither parliamentary rule nor dictatorship can safely rest. It has brought into being at least two score factions and cliques, most of which are anxious to overthrow the monarchy, but none of which is strong enough to do this alone or to establish any substitute form of government likely to be stable or lasting. Moreover, their constant quarreling among themselves has thus far made it impossible for a sufficient number of these groups to unite in a real revolutionary effort, while the intensity and complexity of their quarrels hold no happy omen for any revolutionary government, should one of their number succeed in that direction. The century of military government, but particularly the last seven years, has also left Spain with an acute financial problem in the shape of an enormous public debt, and with an economic problem arising from the overdevelopment of a few favored industries at the expense of the general welfare of the country. This economic situation has lately resulted in a serious shortage of food, if not actual starvation, in many parts of Spain, and this in turn has been directly responsible for the marked increase in revolutionary agitation of the last few months. Should the monarchy be toppled over in the present crisis, anarchy might well be the result, at least for a considerable period. Yet to preserve the monarchy as it stands today would be but to keep alive the anachronistic and medieval system that has brought Spain to the pass in which it now finds itself.

The Spanish monarchy has always been feeble, whether under the Hapsburgs, the House of Savoy, or the Bourbons, since the defeat of the Armada in 1588 and the decline of the once widespread empire. English and Dutch intervention saved it in the seventeenth century. The Bourbons in the following century managed through despotic means to prevent it from going under. Early in the nineteenth century Spain and its rulers were ever and again at the mercy of Napoleonic France, and through the latter part of the century only military rule, supported by the Catholic church, whose clergy lulled the population into amenable docility, held up the throne in Spain, despite the abortive revolution of 1820 and the twenty-three months of republican government in 1873-74. After the World War, however, the population, or a goodly part of it, threw off its habitual indifference. The general elections of 1920 smashed the two-party system by means of which the government had been arbitrarily rotated between the Conservatives and Liberals. There followed a period of makeshift governments, the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, the various attempts to overthrow the dictator (one of which was with the secret connivance of King Alfonso, who himself had arranged the coup d'etat that brought Primo de Rivera into power), and, finally, the shelving of Primo de Rivera and the present futile experiment with Berenguer.

It was during this last period (when Alfonso substituted dictatorial for make-believe parliamentary rule as promising more effective protection for his throne) that Spain's difficulties passed from the chronic to the acute stage. Under the dictatorship a tremendous debt was permitted to accumulate, an unhealthy industrial development took place (behind the highest tariff walls in Europe), the Catholic church strengthened itself by seizing control of secondary education, civil liberties were almost wholly abolished, and a feeling of distrust and political insecurity spread over the country. The resultant dissatisfaction undermined military morale and gave strength to the republicans; the growing economic difficulties made the workers restless and led to the expansion of syndicalist and Communist activities; and the political chaos encouraged the separatists of Catalonia and the autonomists of the Basque provinces. Thus the monarch brought Spain to its present crisis in his effort to save the monarchy. Both of his dictators have failed, he can no longer count on the army, and the clergy has in effect withdrawn its support, fearful lest a political collapse might also result disastrously for the church. Only the many quarrels dividing the various factions seeking the king's power have kept Alfonso on his throne. Nevertheless, any small accident may in the present circumstances unseat him. Then will probably come the long-delayed and much-needed revolution. Whether it leads first to a period of anarchy or temporarily to Socialist or Communist rule is of small moment as history goes. What is essential is that the revolution should rid Spain of the medieval system that has kept it among the so-called backward nations.

A Life for a Life

MORE than 350 homicides in New York City in 1930 resulted in not one execution. Thus is the capital-punishment law in process of nullifying itself, not only in New York but all over the country. Grand juries refuse to indict for first-degree murder; trial juries time after time will not convict for the same charge, with the electric chair as an outcome. Men who actually get as far as the death house at Sing Sing wait months and even years, living through appeal after appeal and reprieve after reprieve, as if the state itself were reluctant to insist on this particular application of the letter of the Mosaic law.

A select committee on capital punishment in Great Britain has just issued a report urging a suspension of hangings for a period of five years, to test the punishment of murderers by other means than legal murder. The committee also urges the House of Commons to authorize commutation to life imprisonment of the sentences of all persons already sentenced to death and awaiting execution. The committee feels most strongly that such a step would not

"endanger life or property or impair the social security of the country," and adds:

> Year by year the death penalty has been withdrawing itself from the public gaze. The death bell is no longer tolled, the black flag is no longer raised. If we take away the scaffold as well, it is because we feel that it is not needed in this new day of social building. We can build better without it.

This action recommended for Britain is but another indication that the proponents of capital punishment are finding themselves more and more on the defensive. In a recent issue of *Current History* appear two articles on the subject: the first, in favor of the death penalty, by Judge Marcus Kavanagh of Illinois; the second, urging the abolition of capital punishment, by the warden of Sing Sing prison. Judge Kavanagh wishes to keep the death penalty because it prevents murder. To prove his point he adduces figures which seem superficially to show that when the death penalty has been revoked murders have increased and that in the States where it no longer exists the population is so agricultural and so scattered that nobody is disposed to commit murder there anyway. Moreover he declares that in States adjacent to these, where capital punishment is still in effect, the homicide rate is smaller per unit of the population, although the character of the population is substantially the same.

Warden Lawes, with the same country to examine and presumably the same figures to prove his point, demonstrates the exact opposite of Judge Kavanagh's contentions. Answering the Judge point for point he shows that in the eight States which have definitely abolished the death penalty the homicide rate has not appreciably increased, that there has been no definite abatement of murder in the forty States that retain capital punishment, and that neither the imposition of the death sentence nor consequent executions have been followed by a marked falling off of the homicide rate. In Kansas there is no capital punishment; in Missouri there is. Kansas City, Kansas, had a homicide rate in 1929 of 15.2 per 100,000 of population; Kansas City, Missouri, just across the river, had a rate of 24.8. The homicide rate in Montana, where the death penalty still obtains, was 5.2 in 1927; in the adjacent State of North Dakota, where it has been abolished, the rate was 1.7. In 1929 Milwaukee, Wisconsin, with a population of over 500,000, and no death penalty, had 17 murders; Minneapolis, Minnesota, with no death penalty, and with a population of 455,000, had in the same year 10 murders. Buffalo, New York, where capital punishment still exists, with a population of 500,000, had 31 murders in 1929.

The answer to our shockingly high homicide rate, compared with almost any other country in the world, is to be found, not in the imposition of the death penalty, but in prompt and effective law enforcement without it. The theatrical atmosphere which now surrounds our trials for murder with death at the end of them precludes an unprejudiced consideration of the case and allows for innumerable delays and evasions. The murderer now knows that there is a good chance he may never see the inside of a courtroom; if he does, there is a far better chance that he will leave it a free man. Murder, he is justified in concluding, is one of the best rackets in America today.

In Defense of Weather

AS the year 1930 draws to its unlamented close, we feel strongly that something ought to be said in defense of its weather. The whole year through, it has been the subject of well-nigh universal reprobation. Either it was too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, too windy or too breathlessly still—always too something. In fact we cannot recall having heard a good word for the weather since the stock market crashed fourteen long months ago. It seems to have no more friends than the Hoover Administration in the Senate.

Now this, we hold, is thoroughly unjust. To begin with, the weather can't help it. Like a mongrel dog, which it is not like, the weather is what it is. What right-minded man will blame it for that? And more than that, it has many amiable characteristics. It never answers back. We have heard thousands of people curse the weather; we have never known it to say a word in reply. And we respect the weather, too, because, like a cat, it does what it pleases, and not what we please or what Secretary Mellon pleases. And because it never pleases to do the same thing twice, the weather, unlike many of our pet aversions, is interesting. Note the alternative. Southern California has no weather. The wretched inhabitants have had to invent climate to take its place. Hence, instead of denouncing the weather which they do not have, they are driven to a universal and unanimous praise of their climate, just as ill-mannered parents praise the virtues of their bad baby. Let no one complain of the weather until he has suffered from the virtues of climate. Then he will not want to complain.

It is all very well, the critics reply, to defend the weather in general; their complaint is against the weather of 1930 in particular. But James H. Scarr, forecaster for New York, who keeps the weather up on top of the Whitehall Building where the public cannot feed or annoy it, has just shown the hollowness of their complaints. Nineteen thirty broke more weather records, he points out, than any other year in history. Now we may be out of a job, and we may refuse to pass the international copyright law; but every American bosom will swell with pride in recalling that 1930 gave us the hottest February 19, 20, 21, 24, and 25 on record, that April gave us four record cold days, that May broke the records for both cold and heat, and that August 23 eclipsed all previous performances with 2.73 inches of rain in thirty minutes—and so on from one peak of glory to another. Is all this nothing? we ask. What more will any loyal American demand? Just to be comfortable, say some mean-spirited citizens, in whose blood will doubtless be found an alien taint only half a dozen generations back. But the full truth crushes even them to earth. With all its records, Mr. Scarr shows, 1930 was a good normal year. If you were too hot on January 8 and too cold on November 28, on the average you were very comfortable, even if you didn't know it.

But, demand the critics, do you simply defend an order that has made no progress since the days of Washington and Jefferson? Have you no constructive suggestions? We have —a very simple one: Let those who do not like our weather go back each and every one where he came from. Then our weather will be perfectly satisfactory.

What Hope for Disarmament?

By W. T. STONE

SHOULD the world call a "disarmament" holiday? When the Council of the League of Nations meets in January it will have before it the draft disarmament treaty hopefully submitted by the Preparatory Commission as a working text for the first General Disarmament Conference. The Council, which has been waiting for this text for almost five years, will be asked to set a definite date for the conference. November, 1931, and February or March, 1932, have been proposed. In reaching its decision the Council will presumably be guided by the resolutions of the Assembly, which at its September meeting urged the dangers of delay. But the Council might also seriously consider whether the best interests of peace will not be better served by a ban, at least temporary, on further disarmament conferences.

The suggestion need not be lightly dismissed. Disarmament conferences can be breeders of trouble as well as contributors to peace. The Washington conference has been generally set down as a success; on the whole it accomplished more good than harm. Yet it undoubtedly sowed seeds of discontent which bore fruit in the Franco-Italian and the Anglo-American "parity" disputes. The Geneva naval conference of 1927 left little but injured feelings in its wake. The London conference was directly responsible for increasing the tension between France and Italy to a point where compromise has become, for psychological reasons, impossible.

This does not mean that the disarmament efforts of the past ten years should be decried. Far from it. These efforts have been essential, and form an integral part of the larger movement whose end is the replacing of international anarchy by some semblance of international organization. But the results of these three major conferences do show that there are dangers which should be taken into account. The disarmament conferences held so far have all been relatively small affairs: five Powers at Washington; three Powers at Geneva; five Powers again at London. The results, good and bad, were limited. The General Disarmament Conference is expected to bring together some fifty-odd Powers, every important state in the civilized world. The effects of its action will be world-wide.

"Failure," said Jonkheer Loudon, the Netherlands delegate and former chairman of the Preparatory Commission, in referring to the general conference, "would be disaster." Most of his colleagues on the commission were inclined to agree with him. M. Politis, the Greek delegate, speaking at the final session, foresaw the end of civilization in war if the armaments race was renewed.

What are the prospects for success held forth by the draft treaty? The text itself holds little promise. In the first place, it deals only with *methods* of limitation. It leaves to the final conference the fixing of figures and ratios of strength. And even on questions of method it is not an agreed text, but a series of recommendations passed on by majority vote of government agents who had no power to prejudice the position of their respective states at the conference. One may sympathize with the reasons for this unusual procedure. Unanimous agreement could not have been reached in ten years at the rate the commission was proceeding. Arms and expenditures on arms increased while the commission—a body of civil servants—talked. What choice but to turn in a majority report and adjourn?

The first three chapters of this draft treaty lay down the methods of limitation. Chapter I deals with effectives, that is, the personnel of land, naval, and air forces. Effectives are to be limited. Officers are to be limited separately in the case of armies, but not in the case of navies and air forces. Countries with the conscription system are to limit the period of service, which is not to exceed a maximum to be agreed upon.

Chapter II deals with methods of limiting material. Land material (guns, tanks, and munitions) is to be limited indirectly, by fixing expenditures; naval material by applying the provisions of the London treaty, with modifications, to the smaller countries; air material by limiting the numbers and total horse-power of airplanes and dirigibles in service in the armed forces.

Chapter III covers budgetary limitation. The total annual expenditure on land, sea, and air forces is to be limited, and as far as possible reduced. (A committee of experts is to draw up a model table showing how this can be done.)

Chapter IV prohibits the use of poison gas and bacteria in time of war. (This has been prohibited before, but for some reason the conventions have never been ratified.)

Chapter V is the most useful in the draft treaty. It proposes, with the concurrence of almost every state, valuable machinery for execution of the treaty. A Permanent Disarmament Commission is to be set up at the seat of the League of Nations. It is to be composed of experts appointed by non-members as well as members of the League and is to meet at least once a year. It will hear complaints of violations and receive statistical information from the governments showing the strength of their respective armed forces and their expenditures on national defense. And it will submit reports at least once a year, or more often if necessary. This much, at any rate, marks a distinct advance. In addition, however, Chapter V provides an "escape clause" and reaffirms the sanctity of previous treaties, including of course that of Versailles.

Now if this reflected the unanimous recommendations of the Powers the draft treaty might afford a timid beginning to the continuous process of disarmament. No one expects miracles, especially in disarmament. Even technical differences would not be serious. But unfortunately the differences are not technical. They are fundamental. The list of dissenting nations is significant. It is headed by Germany, disarmed at Versailles. It includes Hungary and Bulgaria, the other disarmed Powers on the commission, and Soviet Russia, whose plan for immediate disarmament was summarily rejected four years ago. Since the London conference the dissenters have been joined on several vital points by Italy. There are many others. No state, in fact, has given the draft its complete approval. But it is the formidable bloc composed of those states which are dissatisfied with the

existing status in Europe which holds significance for the future.

Germany takes exception to much that is in the text and much more that is left out. With Russia, Norway, Sweden, Holland, and China she protests the failure to limit trained reserves, the strength of conscript armies. With Russia and nine other countries Germany objects to the failure to limit land war materials and munitions directly, as her own are limited. With eight others she declines to accept indirect limitation of war material, except as a supplement to direct control. She takes exception to the failure to limit airplanes in reserve, war supplies in reserve, and the failure to include exchange of information regarding certain war materials. To these and to many other omissions Germany, Russia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and some others are unwilling to subscribe. It matters little that on the final reading of the draft treaty some of the objections were dropped. They were dropped, by the method of abstention from vote, solely for the purpose of bringing an end to the work of the Preparatory Commission.

Most members of the commission agreed with our own Mr. Gibson that their draft offers "little hope of reduction." Some would say none. What it suggests is a convention on the lines of the London naval treaty, which fixes maximum limits at approximately existing levels, beyond which the parties agree not to go. This, it is argued even by such as Lord Cecil, is the best that can be done at the present time. It should be accepted as the first step.

The assumption of Lord Cecil, undoubtedly as sincere an advocate of disarmament as there is among statesmen, is that the first step will be accepted. Under protest, perhaps, but in the end accepted. But is there any sound basis for this hope? What reason is there for believing that states will accept at a final conference that which they have consistently rejected for five years in the Preparatory Commission? On the contrary, Germany could afford to "be patient" during the commission's debate, which lacked finality; she could hardly continue to "be patient" at the final conference—and for very obvious reasons. The effect of stabilizing armaments at their present levels would be simply to legalize existing inequalities and to pull even tighter the noose in which Germany was forced to place her neck at Versailles. The hard facts all point to Germany's refusal to put her head in the noose again. Moreover, unless some reduction can be promised, Germany is altogether likely to repudiate the disarmament provisions included in the Treaty of Versailles.

There are other storm signals on the horizon, too numerous to set down here, which are clearly to be seen in the shifting political balance and the existing state of tension in Europe. In the face of this situation, it is folly to ignore the possibility—no, the probability—of failure. It is equally absurd to ignore the repercussions which failure would have, not only on the future of disarmament, but on the continued existence of peace. It would be far better to call a halt on what can only be a pretense at disarmament than to invite inevitable disaster.

There is only one alternative. The fifty-odd Powers which are expected to participate in this conference have about twelve months to study the draft treaty, to examine the state of the world, and to decide what to do. Concessions might yet make another conference worth holding. But who is to make the concessions? No nation is lacking in good and sufficient reasons for declining to recede. Germany's legal case, based on Article VIII of the Covenant and the preamble to Part V of the Treaty of Versailles, is well fortified. So is the French case. M. Tardieu, in a speech on November 13, summed up that case when he denied that the treaty had imposed on the ex-Allies an obligation to disarm at the same time as Germany. It obliged Germany to disarm first, and that essential prerequisite, according to France, has yet to be carried out. There is legal support also for the case of every other Power, not excluding the United States.

The United States, acknowledged the most powerful nation in the world, is pleased to regard itself as a peace-loving nation. It has pointed with pride on occasion to its own contribution to disarmament at Washington, and has also on occasion told the rest of the world how to behave. The rest of the world has received the advice in good grace but sometimes it has smiled. The United States has been a member of the Preparatory Commission since it was set up in May, 1926. It has been represented from the beginning by Hugh S. Gibson, career diplomat and now Ambassador to Belgium. Votes were not always counted in the meetings of the Preparatory Commission, so it is impossible to say just how Mr. Gibson stood on the vital points of the agenda. But the records reveal that it was Mr. Gibson who first suggested, in April, 1929, the method of reaching agreement by deferring to the views of the majority. The question at issue was whether or not to limit trained reserves. The "majority" was represented by France and her allies, and trained reserves were excluded.

The United States, by abstaining from voting, has given its tacit approval to most of the omissions protested by Germany and others. In addition it has flatly declined to recommend any reduction in the size of future battleships, insisting on the 35,000-ton limit set at the Washington conference ten years ago, and it has refused to accept the proposed method of budgetary limitation of armaments under any consideration.

The position of the United States on budgetary limitation is especially illuminating. When this proposal was made about three years ago, Mr. Gibson rose to explain the reasons for his country's position. He declared that the plan was "unfair" to countries with a high standard of living, where both wages and costs of war materials were higher, and that budgetary limitation was "impracticable, inequitable, and hence inadmissible."

The justice of this American opposition was admitted and it was subsequently proposed not to compare one country's budget with that of another, but with its own preceding budget. The value of this method as an additional check on competition was emphasized at the recent session of the commission. It was pointed out that with regard to naval armaments competition in expenditure might be just as dangerous as competition in numbers. The only way to stop this competition is by preventing unlimited expenditure. Mr. Gibson, however, on instructions from Washington, but without further explanation, reiterated the inability of the United States to accept any budgetary limitation for itself. As a result of this decision Great Britain, France, and Japan served notice that they would be unable to limit naval expenditure unless all other naval Powers accepted a similar obligation.

In the end, moreover, the United States was the only country which would not accept budgetary limitation under any consideration.

What is the explanation of the American position on this important point? One explanation is fairly obvious. For the past five or six years we have been spending between $30,000,000 and $50,000,000 a year on new naval construction. If we are to build up to the limits of the London treaty, even spreading the program over a ten-year period, annual appropriations for new construction will rise to $150,000,000. The position of this country is scarcely immune from criticism. If concessions cannot be made by the United States, can they well be expected from nations in a less favorable position?

Uncle Andy and His Tax Refunds

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 20

NO one in recent years has performed a more devastating operation than was conducted this week on the saintly Mr. Mellon by the unsaintly but extremely thorough Mr. John Garner of Texas, who for years has questioned the Treasury tax refunds. In a public statement and also in his annual report for 1930 the imperious Secretary of the Treasury took exception to Mr. Garner's remarks concerning tax refunds, and made the following statement:

> During the past fourteen years the total amount of additional assessments resulting from office audits and field investigations has been $5,345,202,277, while the amount paid out in refunds during the same period has been $1,254,317,890. During that period the total internal-revenue receipts have been $44,032,371,357, so that the amount refunded has been only approximately 2.8 per cent of the amount collected.

But the gentleman from Texas, instead of accepting the impressive figures of Mr. Mellon, insisted on dissecting them. Mr. Garner disclosed first that in making up his total of receipts the ingenuous Secretary had included not merely the income, excess-profits, and estate taxes, on which virtually all refunds apply, but also had included the war-time "nuisance taxes," such as those on theater and baseball admissions, automobiles and accessories, tennis rackets, mah-jongg sets, liquor and tobacco, toilet articles, cosmetics, chewing gum, and candy. Actually, the amount of income, excess-profits, and estate taxes collected in that period was less than $33,000,000,000. Next, he disclosed that of the five billion in additional assessments so proudly exhibited by Uncle Andy, more than a billion was assessed under the last five years of the Wilson Administration. Finally, he disclosed that the sum given by Mr. Mellon as "total refunds" *included only actual cash refunds, and entirely omitted credits and abatements, which amount to the same thing.* The total credits and abatements during Mellon's nine-year tenure have been $2,252,042,000! Under his administration collections in the form of income, excess-profits, and estate taxes have been approximately $19,000,000,000, and during the same period he has turned back in refunds, credits, and abatements more than $3,000,000,000. His generosity reached its peak in the grand and prosperous year of 1926, when the total refunded amounted to 32.8 per cent of total collections from those sources. The available evidence indicates that a large percentage of the taxes thus handed back were paid originally on war-time profits before Mellon entered the Cabinet.

IT must now be obvious to all persons above the mental age of ten years that the Hoover Administration has no program for dealing with unemployment and no information on which an adequate program might be based. Enactment of the Wagner bills would have gone a long way toward filling these needs, but it is doubtful whether the result would have been any different. This Administration simply lacks the backbone to undertake such a program if it had one. Strenuous efforts are being made to obscure the situation. The most spectacular of these efforts, in my opinion, was the President's gratuitous and unprovoked attack on the Senate. Inexperienced as he is in dealing with legislative bodies, he certainly knew that his charge of "raiding the Treasury" and "playing politics with human misery" would kindle a fire. Apparently he hoped it would produce enough smoke to hide the weaknesses of his own position. The hollowness of the charge itself is evident. Consider, for example, the transparent device of adding together the figures contained in pending bills and holding up the abhorrent total of $4,500,000,000 as proof of "Congressional extravagance." Every page boy in the House and Senate knows there never was a time in the last decade when a similar total could not have been produced in the same way. Everyone with the thinking capacity of a cherrystone clam is aware of the political considerations which cause Congressmen at every session to introduce scores of such bills without the slightest thought that any of them will be passed, or even considered. If there was any immediate evidence of an intent to "raid the Treasury" it was contained in the Senate bills for drought relief and public construction. Between the amount recommended by Mr. Hoover for those purposes and the amount voted by the Senate the difference was $3,000,000, which is equivalent to the weekly total of tax refunds, credits, and abatements made under Uncle Andrew Mellon! No, the Great Sufferer was worried, but not, I think, over "Congressional extravagance." I think he was worried lest someone call attention to the delectable circumstance that the President of the United States was providing about the same number of new jobs through public works as had been provided by his defeated rival, Al Smith, acting as a private contractor in New York City.

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INCREDIBLE as it seems to one on the ground, his blank cartridge has been taken seriously by most of the newspaper editors of the country. At least, most of them pretend to take it so, for "solemn warnings" and "stern

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admonitions" fill their pages, and the Senate is almost buried under the avalanche of abuse, nearly all of which discloses a marvelous ignorance of the facts or a magnificent capacity to ignore them. Editors are constantly lamenting the fact that newspapers have lost most of their influence. It is notorious that a host of men are reelected to office term after term in the face of unanimous newspaper opposition. Deriving a living from the press, and entertaining some sentiment toward it, I regret its waning power over public opinion, but only an unobservant man could fail to see the reason. Instances where public men have been able to go direct to the voters and make out clear cases of misrepresentation against the press have been so common that the public comes more and more to distrust not only the editorial judgments of the papers, but also their news columns. The next time a metropolitan newspaper editor pauses to ponder this distrust, let him consult his back files covering events of the past ten days in Washington.

* * * * *

IF any doubt existed as to whether "Old Bob" La Follette left a worthy successor to carry on his work in the Senate, the opening weeks of this session have sufficed to dispel it. During the past ten days "Young Bob" has reduced the Republican leaders of that body to a state of embarrassment and confusion that borders on the pitiful. He has put them in a position where they must either vote to rebuke their beloved President or go on record as favoring the "interests of wealthy taxpayers" as against the "relief of human suffering." He has compelled the Administration to reveal its lack of information concerning unemployment, and he has conducted a merciless exposure of the cowardly excuse that "the Red Cross is able to take care of those in distress." While this brilliant thirty-five-year-old statesman was shredding the trashy pretenses of the Administration and forcing it at least to contemplate the problem before it, Uncle George Norris has been hammering steadily toward victory on Muscle Shoals. It is too soon to say he will win at this session, but this much may be said: unless the bill passes soon, and with it that other Norris measure providing for submission of the "lame-duck amendment," the prospect is for an extra session of the new Congress—when both will certainly pass. Either before or shortly after the holidays there will be a conference of Progressives, after which their program will be more definitely known. They are in no humor to recede.

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OVER in the House the Democrats, heartened by election results, have suddenly come to life with an apparent determination to assume the functions of an authentic and active opposition—so cravenly abdicated by their conservative party colleagues in the Senate. On the drought-relief bill the Longworth-Tilson-Snell dictatorship was out-maneuvered for the first time in its tyrannical career, and its high-handed attempt to jam through the $30,000,000 House authorization without giving members an opportunity to vote on the $60,000,000 Senate fund ended in an ignominious licking for Mr. Hoover's henchmen. Only by putting lame ducks to the torture and assuring Western members that the figures would be substantially increased in conference were the two-penny czars of the lowest House able to avert a stampede. Garner of Texas, McDuffie of Alabama, and Jones of Texas have demonstrated that they can match wits and fighting tactics with Longworth, Tilson, and Snell any time. But one marvels why they do not become more active in the matter of Muscle Shoals. Meantime, Republican ranks in the House are seething with mutiny. More than fifty lost their seats in the last election, and another fifty scraped through with majorities of less than a thousand. They are tasting the fruits of having blindly supported policies that were unpopular, and they are bursting with resentment against the leaders who dragooned them into that suicidal course. The right leader could rally them. Ramseyer of Iowa is the man, if he would overcome his natural caution sufficiently to act. Revolt they will; if not at this session, then at the next.

* * * * *

THE jolly junta of Raskob, Baruch, and Shouse, which is bent on eliminating Governor Roosevelt in favor of Owen D. Young for the Democratic Presidential nomination, is continuing its harmless campaign in this vicinity to "line up the Southerners." It has been joined by the ebullient Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope, which suggests that one of its next moves may be to purchase or start a newspaper. This would be a pleasant development, and wholly devoid of threat, for while Mr. Swope has demonstrated that he can run a newspaper and be tremendously entertaining he has never nominated or elected any Presidents. The idea that he or anyone else could nominate and elect Mr. Young on the Democratic ticket as long as Republican campaign orators have access to the records of the power and radio investigations conducted by the Federal Trade Commission and the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce will cause no agitation among practical political thinkers. At the same time nobody can object if they choose to use their money that way. According to all slogan-makers and some economists, what this country needs is more free spenders.

Coach Window

By SELDEN RODMAN

Beautiful slim trees in the slim forest
standing erect by the coals of a dark embankment
where swift trains hurl themselves with terrific abandon
into the tunnels of night;
slim trees in the slim forest, whipped
by the wind and the rain and the leaves playful:
birds singing a few
and some smoke;
trees in the forest where autumn always is
and the ground is matted with dying leaves, and the birds
no longer shatter the sky with their thin sharp notes;
will you remain,
marking the way to the city where tracks leap high
and men build their own tall forests branchless and bare,
or shrivel away
to render the last faint heat
when the stars are near and all things become alike,
when death is an accurate calculation
and the lean ice pulls?

The Yellow-Dog Injunction

By JOEL I. SEIDMAN

THE yellow-dog contract, with the injunction which may be invoked to enforce it, constitutes the most oppressive device that employers, with the assistance of the courts, have so far discovered in their fight against organized labor. For that reason, leaders in the labor movement, as well as liberal opinion throughout the country, are vitally interested in the passage of Senator Norris's anti-injunction bill, which also curbs the yellow-dog contract.

Agreements not to join a union first came into general use in this country about fifty years ago. These non-union contracts, or "ironclads" as they were often called, aroused a feeling of bitterness among workers and antagonized the enlightened public opinion of the day to such an extent that a series of legislative attempts were made to outlaw this new weapon of unscrupulous employers. The method adopted by opponents of the anti-union contract was to work for laws making it a criminal act to force employees to sign such agreements, and such laws were passed in rapid succession by more than a dozen States. The Congress of the United States passed a similar regulation with respect to carriers engaged in interstate commerce.

This federal act, passed in 1898, was the first to receive the attention of the courts. The act provided

> . . . that any employer subject to the provisions of this act . . . who shall require any employee . . . to enter into an agreement, either written or verbal, not to become or remain a member of any labor corporation, association, or organization; or shall threaten any employee with the loss of employment, or shall unjustly discriminate against any employee because of his membership . . . is hereby declared to be guilty of a misdemeanor, to be punished as provided in the act.

A case arose in which an official of a railroad company discharged an employee because of his membership in a labor organization. Action was brought against the offending official under the Erdman Act, as the federal law was called, and the defense challenged the constitutionality of the act.

The case, known as Adair *vs.* United States, was fought through the federal courts and was finally decided in 1908 by the United States Supreme Court. The court held that the provision relating to discharge was a violation of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, which declares that no person shall be deprived of liberty or property without due process of law, since it would compel an employer to accept or retain the personal services of another against his will. The court was careful, however, to restrict the decision to the provision relating to discharge, and to express no opinion as to the remainder of the law. The section of the Erdman Act making it criminal to force employees to sign anti-union agreements therefore remained intact.

The Adair case is of the greatest importance in the history of legislative attempts to outlaw the yellow-dog contract, for when cases arose under one of these laws, the Supreme Court held that in view of the Adair decision it had no choice but to declare such statutes likewise unconstitutional. Such a decision was handed down in 1915 in the celebrated case of Coppage *vs.* Kansas.

> In Adair *vs.* United States [the court said] this court had to deal with a question not distinguishable in principle from the one now presented. . . . Under constitutional freedom of contract, whatever either party has the right to treat as sufficient ground for terminating the employment, where there is no stipulation on the subject, he has the right to provide against by insisting that a stipulation respecting it shall be a *sine qua non* of the inception of the employment, or of its continuance if it be terminable at will.

In thus arguing that because an employee could be discharged for joining a union he could be forced to agree not to join one, the court used a process of reasoning that is open to considerable question. If, in an employment at will, a man can be discharged upon any ground or upon no ground at all, it would follow that there are no limits to the promises that might be exacted from an employee. Yet this is obviously not so, as Justice Day pointed out in his dissenting opinion, for no court would recognize an agreement that deprived a man of his life or freedom.

These decisions, however, did not unduly disturb the labor movement, which was made up of practical men who put more trust in economic strength than in legal enactment and had little fear of laws that could easily be evaded. Besides, it did not regard promises not to join a union as very serious obstacles. The only effect of the agreements, as the labor unions saw it, was psychological, the employers' hope being that the men who signed them would be either too honest or too timid to break their word. The unions, therefore, paid little attention to them and continued to send organizers into the forbidden territory.

The situation was completely altered, however, by the Hitchman decision, handed down by the United States Supreme Court on December 10, 1917. The Hitchman Coal and Coke Company made every employee pledge "that I am not a member of the United Mine Workers of America and will not become so while an employee of the Hitchman Coal and Coke Company . . . If at any time . . . I want to become connected with the United Mine Workers of America or any affiliated organization I agree to withdraw from the employment of said company." The Supreme Court held in its now famous decision that an injunction could be issued to restrain the union officials from seeking to persuade the Hitchman employees to violate these contracts.

Employers were not slow to realize that they possessed in the injunction a weapon of the greatest effectiveness. The Red Jacket case, upon which rests Judge Parker's claim to fame, strengthened the tendency to resort to these contracts, though it added nothing that was conclusive, since it went no higher than the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. As a result, the yellow-dog contract is resorted to at present, not so much for its psychological effect, as for its future usefulness in securing a court injunction against union organizers. Whenever an attempt is made to persuade the

signers of these contracts to join a union, it can be accepted as a certainty that application will be made to a court of equity for a restraining order, and as just as great a certainty that the order will be issued.

This was true of the Kraemer Hosiery Mills of Nazareth, Pennsylvania, and of the United States Gypsum Corporation in Iowa, to cite but two of the most recent instances. In several instances, as in certain dressmaking establishments in New York City, the workers have been forced to deposit cash with the employer as security for observance of the yellow-dog contracts. In one case the helpless employees were even forced to agree that if they violated the terms by joining a union an injunction could be issued against them—which is much like forcing condemned men to say that they are willing to be executed. The use of yellow-dog contracts has spread so rapidly within the past thirteen years that now the Metal Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor estimates that 1,250,000 persons in this country are working under such agreements.

Clearly, labor is being combated here with a peculiarly deadly weapon. A man who has a family to support and no resources upon which he can fall back will of necessity sign anything to get a job. If, then, an injunction is issued and any attempt to acquaint him with the advantages of unionization becomes contempt subject to the summary punishment of the court, it follows that the growth of unionism can effectively be checked.

As a result, in the past five years a new effort has been made to curb the yellow-dog contract by means of legislative enactments that would avoid the pitfalls of unconstitutionality that the Supreme Court, whether its reasoning was faulty or not, held to exist in the Coppage case. The lead in this new movement was furnished by the Ohio State Federation of Labor, which in 1925 introduced into the legislature of that State a bill which declared the yellow-dog contract to be "contrary to public policy and wholly void." In an opinion the Attorney General of the State expressed the belief that the bill was constitutional, and though it failed of passage it attracted a considerable amount of attention and has formed the model for subsequent bills intended to remedy the same evil in other jurisdictions.

Thus far, Wisconsin has been the only State to pass legislation along these lines. The legislature passed a law in 1929, and a decision as to its constitutionality is expected shortly. Similar bills have been introduced in several other States, but they have met with no success.

The interest of all opponents of the yellow-dog contract is centered now in Senator Norris's anti-injunction bill, in which the Ohio provisions declaring the anti-union promise void and against public policy have been incorporated. The major question respecting this bill is whether, if passed by Congress, it will meet the test of constitutionality imposed by the Supreme Court. The first reaction of any informed person toward this question is apt to be pessimistic. Remembering that the Kansas statute was held unconstitutional in the Coppage case, one is likely to conclude that until the membership of the Supreme Court is considerably changed, a similar fate will await any legislative attempt to outlaw the yellow-dog contract. But the situation is not so hopeless as it seems. There is a vast difference between making the procuring of anti-union contracts a criminal act, as was done by the Kansas statute, and merely declaring such promises void as against public policy. Here there is, of course, ample ground for difference of opinion, but it is significant that the Ohio provisions, adopted by Senator Norris, were actually drafted by some of the most eminent legal authorities in the land, including leading members of the Harvard and Columbia law faculties, whose express mission it was to frame a bill that would be constitutional in view of the Adair and Coppage decisions. The bill thus drawn obviously does not involve the point of the Adair case, since no attempt is made to limit the employer's right of discharge.

Moreover, a great many things have happened since the Coppage case was decided fifteen years ago. The contracts have come into much wider use during the interval, with the result that the labor world has become thoroughly aroused to the danger they embody. The press of the country has roundly condemned the yellow-dog contract and the public conscience is aroused against it. More important still, the Senate refused to allow Judge Parker to sit upon the Supreme Court largely because he gave his support to the obnoxious contract. All this cannot fail to have its effect upon the court. In Coppage *vs.* Kansas the court said: "Laying aside . . . so much of the statute as indicates a purpose to repress coercive practices, what possible relation has the residue of the act to the public health, safety, morals, or general welfare? None is suggested, and we are unable to conceive of any." It is not likely, in view of recent developments, that the court would again use such language.

In addition, it is of considerable importance that the New York State courts, which next to the federal system enjoy the most prestige in the country, refuse to enforce the yellow-dog contract. In 1927 the Court of Appeals of New York, in the case of Exchange Bakery and Restaurant, Inc., *vs.* Rifkin, decided not to enforce the yellow-dog contract, since it was not a contract, but "merely a promise based upon no consideration." The following year, in the case of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company *vs.* Lavin, the court rendered a similar decision. No statute similar to the Ohio bill is therefore necessary in New York, since the yellow-dog contract is unenforceable at common law.

In the last analysis, as everyone familiar with labor decisions knows, social prejudice rather than legal analysis is the determining factor. If the majority on the Supreme Court disapprove of the act they will declare it unconstitutional, whereas if they approve of it they will find a way to uphold it, most likely as a valid exercise of the police power. In view of the court's record of conservatism, the statement that the bill has an even or almost even chance of being declared constitutional may come as a surprise. Upon the votes of Holmes and Brandeis we can of course rely. Hughes is almost certain to side with them, for he dissented in the Coppage case; and Stone has shown leanings toward liberal views. It requires but one more, and Roberts is as yet pretty much of an unknown quantity.

Once a federal law along the lines of the Norris bill is passed and upheld, the death knell of the yellow-dog contract will have been sounded, for the States are bound to follow, either by legislative enactment or judicial decision. Employers will still have the power to force their employees to sign anti-union contracts, but with the courts refusing to enforce them by injunctions they will not be worth the paper they are written on.

Going to School in Russia

By FERDINANDA W. REED

IN the District of Kaluga, which adjoins the southern boundary of the Moscow District, an important experiment in the field of education is being carried on—one of the most important of all the Soviet experiments. It is not new in the sense of having been begun since the revolution. It had its beginnings in 1905 when the idea of "environmental education" attracted the attention of leading authorities, and the Czar granted land for a colony in Kaluga for the working out of the principle of the child's participation in its social environment.

For centuries, in Russia's vast countryside, the poverty and isolation of the villages had bred ignorance and superstition in a darkness undisturbed by any ray of enlightenment from state or church. In many families literacy was unknown, in many villages there had never been a school. To such so-called "dark people" in Kaluga came a young man named Schatsky, and in that little colony he developed his work of relating the child's education to its environment and daily life.

When the Soviets took power twelve years ago, the leaders of the revolution saw in this colony soil already plowed and harrowed for the seed they wished to sow. The whole District of Kaluga, comprising an area nearly two and a half times as large as the State of Connecticut, was now included with the colony as the field of experiment; the direction of education in all its towns, villages, and hamlets was turned over to Dr. Schatsky and to his musician wife for an educational undertaking on a heroic scale.

The exhibit of the Kaluga schools which I attended showed the development of their work in a series of posters and collections of small pictures and compositions drawn or written by the children themselves, with photographs and snapshots, arranged according to subjects. These latter may show a house in one of the villages of "dark" people, or some building on a deserted estate, that has been taken over for a school. To American eyes the building, whatever its purpose, appears primitive and rudimentary; as a possible school, it seems still more discouraging. What goes on in that building is a different matter.

When the children first assemble, the teacher does not begin sorting them into classes and apportioning books. It is not at first the teacher's business to teach. It is her business, as one cognizant of the government's various projects for cultural and economic development and as an active participant in the Gosplan (State Program), to acquaint herself with each child's home conditions, background, and surroundings, to the end that the school may deal with the conditions and supply through the child the cultural, social, and economic needs of the home. Whatever the children's ages they can neither read nor write. They come from families where perhaps to father and mother, uncles, cousins, and aunts the printed words of their own language are as undecipherable as Etruscan inscriptions. These children's hands receive for the first time contact with pencil and brush. "Draw a picture of what you did before you came to school this morning," says the teacher. And as once in the dawn of human imaginations the cave men and women scratched their crude drawings on walls and rocks, so now these little children's emerging minds stir to expression. "Me, bringing in wood," "Me, feeding the hens," "Me, sweeping the steps", "Me, watering the cow," and others. Then, "Draw a picture of your house." "What does your father do? Does he till the land? Has he a plow? Draw a picture of his tools. His animals. Does he work in a factory? What does mother do? Tend the house? Take care of the baby? Work in a factory? Does she go to the political meetings?" Then, "What games do you like to play? What do you like to play best? What in winter? In summer?" By and by there are little compositions on family life, relations of children with parents, and relations of children to home work in the house and in the fields. The theme, "We must help mother because she can't do it all," brings out in pictures and in written words used for the first time the simple round of household tasks.

In this way the school comes to the aid of women. Through the child it instructs and helps her in the bringing up of children. Small posters for distribution show "Airing room before the child goes to bed," "Child sleeping with its hands outside the covers," "The child scolded at table, turning dejected from its food," "The child's own little corner with table and chair, for work or play," and many, many others. Posters and photographs show mothers' meetings, mothers bringing babies to school and older children caring for them, mothers—primitive, earthbound, enduring—sitting on the rough school benches listening to a little child reading a report.

When there is to be a meeting of the local Soviet the children write out in school the notices summoning the voters and announcing the matters for discussion, matters which in a village are likely to be familiar and comprehensible to even the youngest of the scribes. The inscription of official public documents is a responsibility not to be lightly undertaken. Only the most approved penmanship, the neatest and most shipshape appearance are to be adjudged worthy the service of the government. Then there is the prestige and importance of distributing the notices to the voters. The youngsters, of course, expect results from their elders. Such intimate pressure from the very hearthstone may confidently be counted on to get out the vote and to confine the number of stay-at-homes to the irreducible minimum.

In one village the well is polluted. Sickness affects families, friends, and neighbors. The children go with the teacher to the well, draw water, and bring it to the school. An expert comes from Moscow bringing apparatus. He analyzes the water before the children, illustrating the tests and magnifying glass, explaining to them the menace to a community of impure water, describing the dangers to health and the consequences of disease. He commands the attention of an audience already personally involved and in some instances painfully so. The children, instructed by the teacher as to form and order, then draw up a report setting forth the evils of the situation in their village and the necessity for a pure water supply. They vie with each other in calligraphy to produce

the document most fitting the importance of the occasion, take the chosen copy and themselves present it to the local Soviet. The local Soviet, moved not only by motives of intimate concern, but by pressure from the children within their private and particular walls, and also by the desire to attract favorable attention from the watchful eye of Moscow, acts. The old well is abolished and a new one dug. The general health improves. Father can go to work again, the baby thrives. The budding young helmsmen have begun to steer the ship of state.

In some villages there has never been a post office. Now one corner of the village school becomes a regularly appointed official post office of the United Socialist Soviet Republics. The children, under the teacher's guidance, take charge. They conduct the business of receiving supplies from Moscow, and of selling stamps and collecting postage. Arithmetic and bookkeeping become vital parts of the training of those who are conducting public business. The children stamp the letters, send out, receive, and distribute the mail, give out government literature and posters pertaining to the agricultural and industrial conditions, the cultural and economic needs of their community. The village is no longer isolated; it has entered, with its own part to play, into the new life and forces of the nation, whose future public servants are getting their experience early.

Dr. Schatsky, in whose prolific mind these projects for relating the child's education to its environment and daily life find unending applications, seems to inspire teachers also to find fresh fields for the functioning of the school in the community. Schatsky himself, sturdy and benign, with a shock of gray hair rising above a ruddy countenance, perspiring even in winter, speaks of these village post offices with a twinkle of especial pride and satisfaction in his shrewd and kindly eyes.

In one village the fire engine has never been repaired since pre-revolution days. In spite of fire-prevention campaigns and instruction fire has continued to cause devastating loss and suffering to the villagers. The teacher sends for a skilled mechanic; the children, as they aid him in making repairs, learn its parts and workings and then give the old engine a fine coat of red paint. The next time a fire breaks out in a straw-thatched roof and homes are threatened, the engine, thanks to the young city fathers, saves the day.

Some villages depend for their livelihood on growing potatoes for the starch factory. Although a new kind of potato and improved methods of culture have been discovered that would greatly increase the starch content of the crop, lectures, descriptions, and all the efforts of the authorities have been unavailing in changing the old potato-growing habits of the peasants. At school the children receive new seed from Moscow; under the guidance of an expert agronomist they prepare ground beside the school where they plant and grow the improved potato. Under their elders' very eyes they raise a bumper crop of superior value. "That's all right for a school garden but it wouldn't work in the big fields," say the doubting Thomases. Next season, however, with the children's advice and help, they try out some little plots. So gratifying are the results that the next season the whole crop is grown according to the new methods. The family income shows a correspondingly gratifying increase and the young props of the community can go on to new fields.

A frieze around the walls of the large exhibit room was composed of pictures in colors by the children. Two-thirds of the pictures were painted by the pupils in the Kaluga schools and one-third by the pupils of a school in Moscow which is also under the direction and guidance of Dr. Schatsky. The work of the country children, whose eyes are accustomed to space, to large effects and contrasts of light and color, showed a fine boldness and simplicity in their landscapes—dark trees against a sunset sky, little house and green field, flowers, chickens, and cows composed against simple backgrounds. It contrasted sharply with the work of the city children, whose sense of detail was exemplified in representations of buildings with many windows, trolley cars, or sidewalks with houses.

Last November Dr. Schatsky received a signal distinction. Very small and paltry it might seem in countries accustomed to measuring outstanding executive ability, resourcefulness, and initiative by money value, but it was highly significant of the profound economic difference between our capitalistic competition and the socialistic cooperation of a country which looks to the eventual abolition of money. Fame and the opportunity in magnificent extent to work out the plans next his heart were already the portion of the man whom the nation wished to honor, and the present simple, frugal living he shares with all. So, as a token of the esteem in which his great services are held Dr. Schatsky was granted free transportation on all the street cars of Moscow. It means a saving of fifty cents a day, which is worth while when the highest Communist salary is only $112.50 a month.

"It is disconcerting, to say the least," said John Dewey in his account of education in Soviet Russia in the *New Republic* of December 12, 1928, "to find Russian schoolchildren much more democratically organized than are our own . . . and receiving a training that fits them more systematically . . . for later active participation in the self-direction of both local communities and industries."

A whole army of new teachers, with new vision, new resources, new contacts, is called into being by the new needs of Russia. All this experience of active citizenship, this training in initiative and enterprise, begets in growing children a spirit of adventure that develops as their horizons widen, and the struggle in Russia is permeated with romance. It may be that capitalism has more to fear from Russia's appeal to the idealism and altruism of youth than it has from her economic competition.

In the Driftway

MOST of the hurried human animals of this hurried generation hold fast to the memory of some quiet unpeopled corner of the earth in which they have at some precious period thrown off the responsibilities of a complicated life. Perhaps it is a grove of spruce or pine rising in lonely sunshine to a blue sky; perhaps it is the bank of a stream where a campfire, long since put out, once threw long shadows on a moonlit clearing; a snowbound cabin with smoke rising from fragrant logs; a strip of sand on an edge of lake; or a trail winding up and up to a frozen peak. To all who carry about with them the remembrance of such glamorous hours the Drifter recommends the latest good deed

of the national Forest Service which for almost forty years has fought a hard and honorable fight to protect the public interest from private greed.

* * * * *

FOR many years, to promote the use of the forests by the public, the service invited and encouraged the building of hotels and roads and other attractions, with the result that last year 23,000,000 people used the national forests for purposes having to do with recreation. Now the problem is to protect the forests from too much use. As a solution, the Forest Service proposes to set aside three types of woodland, to be preserved forever in their present state as natural areas, experimental forests, and primitive areas. The first two types will be left completely untouched and kept for the study of scientists. The primitive areas will be given over to recreational use and will consist of large tracts of forest land that have never been materially altered by either human or natural forces. In these areas trails and low-grade roads will be built only to the extent necessary for fire protection and administration. There will be no automobile roads, no hotels, no permanent structures whatever. The forest look-out presumably will bring his canvas shelter back with him when the fall rains and the first snows bring an end to the fire season. Fifteen such areas with a total acreage of 1,750,000 have already been selected in California alone, and many others are to be set aside in Maine, in the region around Lake Superior, and in the Far West.

* * * * *

THE Drifter, for one, is filled with gratitude. The pressure of business-like tourists with their loud, malodorous motor cars, their orange peels, and their insistence on bathrooms has come to be as great a menace to our finest woods as any timber-slashing, fire-spreading fiend. Those who wish to look upon the highest snows and the greenest glacial meadows should at least pay the price of a journey on foot or by horse. It is good to know that a motor horn will never violate the slopes of Mount Olympus, that the few remaining forests of virgin pine will never be touched, that even to the hundredth generation the pack trail will be the sole and chastening approach to Sunrise Glacier.

* * * * *

AND all of this serves to remind the Drifter once more that the Forest Service is his favorite government department. Its fine record is too little known and much too scantily appreciated. The men who make that record draw no princely salaries to compensate them for a lonely life with its constant threat of hardship and even danger, or for the long and specialized training required. They must find compensation elsewhere, and doubtless they do in the health and satisfaction of living with trees—the Drifter has always considered trees the ideal substitute for human society. But the appreciation denied now will grow as generations pass. With each year the public grows more aware of the value of its woods and streams. The forest ranger in his gray-green uniform has already become a romantic figure, to take the place, with a difference, of the vanished frontiersman. In time he will come into his deserved esteem as the conscientious, intelligent, and trained protector of our watersheds, our timber supply, and our last place of refuge from an overpowering world.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Farmer Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a subscriber to your esteemed publication for many years and have appreciated it very highly, but financial circumstances compel me to request that you discontinue my subscription.

I am unfortunate enough to be a farmer and we farmers are certainly getting it in the neck. Rye, which yielded 20 bushels, is worth 25 cents at the local elevator, which gives the gross return of $5 per acre; oats, with a yield of 45 bushels, now selling at 20 cents, will bring $9 per acre. I am beyond the allotted three score and ten years and have to hire all the work done, and so with interest, fertilizer, and the high taxes it costs me at least $15 an acre to raise, gather, and market a crop, not including depreciation or my supervision. If I were to hire all the teams and men the threshing and marketing alone would take about one-half of the returns.

But I hear the advice, "Diversify," ringing in my ears. We did raise a larger acreage of flax, which is an uncertain crop, and what happened? The price has dropped to one-half of what it was a year ago. And I venture to say that if we increase dairying, beef, swine, and sheep production from 10 to 15 per cent, those markets also will become glutted. So what is the farmer going to do?

Economic experts (?) of the Calvin Coolidge type advise the maintenance of high wages so as not to impair the purchasing power of the laborers, but it does not seem to dawn on them that so long as approximately 27,000,000 people living on the farms are without purchasing power, prosperity cannot be restored. Agriculture has been bled so long by organized and highly protected industry that it seems to be assumed that its blood supply is inexhaustible. But many farmers have already lost everything they have and a great many of those remaining are holding on by the skin of their teeth. Unless the present robber tariff which enables industry to exploit agriculture is wiped off the statute books, or agriculture is allowed to enjoy the same effective protection with a consequent home market, agriculture is doomed.

Wheaton, Minn., November 27 F. J. STEIDL

A Word of Protest from One of the Unemployed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The number of commiserating editorials upon the issue of unemployment has been the stimulus to which readers have responded with a profusion of suggestions ranging from palliatives to panaceas. But whether it is a salve or a solution these gracious citizens offer, the one is about as worthless as the other.

As an irritated member of the unemployed now, and mindful of discomforts suffered during previous periods of enforced idleness, I would suggest that our dilemma might be more quickly resolved if many of the confused champions of our cause were to abandon us altogether. A sense of our own responsibility should be impressed upon us. We have always been too ready to leave to others the solution of problems that belong primarily to ourselves.

Millions of willing workers submitting abjectly to privation is a spectacle not uncommon in the industrial history of America,

though the publicity attending the present instance is unusual. The prevailing universal distress should be an indictment of an economic system that must increasingly wreak misery upon millions of human beings. The jobless themselves should be among the first to denounce it instead of continuing to accept the banal propaganda designed to preserve forever the present order. Their apathy and inertia in the past are in part the reason of their being so absurdly helpless now when confronted with what seems the most acute panic that has ever occurred.

The right of the unemployed to complain of their lot belongs chiefly to those individuals among them who, instead of remaining servilely resigned to their degradation, have occasionally chosen to rebel. The rebellion may have been no more intelligent than the balking of a stubborn jackass; the ass, however, has never been noted for his willingness to be put upon and exploited to the limit, and then to bray to wolves for help.

The lack of comprehension among the unemployed as to the fundamental cause or possible cure of their unhappy predicament makes it extremely doubtful that they will think their way out, but at least, before it's too late, they might do well to emulate the ass, if not by a vigorous kick, then in some manner better calculated to cope with the ominous times ahead than blind trust in political saviors and the apple crop.

New York, December 1 WAYNE WALDEN

Judge Lindsey and the Bishop

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Judge Ben B. Lindsey should realize that intelligence is indeed a sorry ax with which to jump on tables and hack at crass stupidity in its more well-fed aspects. Its impotence as wielded in the skirmish with the Colorado chapter of the knights of the flaming cross should have taught the judge to cast about for a stouter weapon before entering upon "the good fight" with Bishop William T. Manning.

Worcester, Mass., December 9 OTIS C. FERGUSON

Stocks Are Preferable

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The statement that the Wickersham Commission is considering the practicability of flogging as a punishment and deterrent of crime is encouraging. But it seems to me that there are obvious objections to flogging, and that they become most cogent when that form of punishment is compared to others which would take us equally far back to first principles. Of these, the stocks are much to be preferred.

In the first place, flogging is not congenial to our culture. Whether we like it or not, we must face the fact that we have become squeamish and that good wholesome public floggings would simply raise an effeminate uproar. Juries would not convict.

But stocks! There is no device more adaptable to our modern tastes. As things are, there is plenty of interest aroused in criminals by the press, but it is almost impossible for the public to satiate its curiosity. The size and arrangement of courtrooms makes attendance on trials the privilege of a favored few, while such opportunity as there might be to get a glimpse of delinquent notables in corridors, at doorways, and on the street is spoiled by camera men, reporters, and officers ten deep.

This condition could be righted by exhibition of such persons in the stocks. A moderate admission fee could be charged. Who would not pay even as much as fifty cents, say, for the opportunity to look at one of our famous fiends fastened securely and in a good light? And the money could be used for unemployment relief, bonuses to policemen, and the expenses of Presidential commissions on law enforcement.

New York, December 1 J. G. CURTIS

The Farmers and Workers Pay

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The appropriation by Congress of $180,000,000 for depression and drought relief brought from President Hoover a strong protest—not that the $180,000,000 was more than was needed, but that "an increase in taxes in the end falls upon the workers and the farmers, or alternately deprives industry of that much ability to give employment."

To contend that the raising of $180,000,000 more through taxes or bond issues, for projects that would employ labor, would cripple private industry seems poor reasoning.

But when Mr. Hoover asserted that "no matter how devised, an increase in taxes in the end falls upon the workers and farmers," he said what is too generally true under a tariff system that confers monopoly privileges upon favored industrial groups. It helps to explain why 13 per cent of the people own 90 per cent of the wealth of the country.

Denver, December 10 F. S. KINDER

Help the Strikers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the talk about business depression and unemployment there is danger that we shall lose sight of the fact that unemployment is being used to break down wage levels and such organization of labor as exists or is under way. Within the past week I have seen two situations illustrating my point.

In Danville, Virginia, 4,000 workers are in the twelfth week of a strike provoked by a wage cut in the Dan River cotton mills imposed by the employer, who then proceeded summarily to discharge his workers as fast as they joined the United Textile Workers Union. The strike has been singularly unanimous and, until recently, free from violence—the violence which brought troops to Danville was, by the way, greatly exaggerated. The strikers, men and women, have borne actual hunger with remarkable endurance. The leadership is good. But relief is inadequate, though American Federation of Labor unions are now giving help to their hard-pressed brothers. Men of good-will in and out of the labor movement simply cannot afford to let this strike be defeated by tear-gas bombs, hunger, and eviction.

In the West Virginia coal fields, smashing of the coal miners' union has not brought prosperity or employment to the miners. The reorganized United Mine Workers with headquarters at Springfield, Illinois, has handled one strike situation intelligently, though there is still need of relief. In the face of unemployment the working day, under the clean-up system, runs to nine, ten, and eleven hours. Wages have been forced down to about $3 a day and are paid largely in company script good only in company stores which charge from 15 to 50 per cent more than other stores.

The workers in West Virginia and in Danville cannot win their fight alone. The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief with headquarters at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York, will transmit funds promptly in proportion to need.

New York, December 20 NORMAN THOMAS

Books, Music, Drama

A Parting

By VIRGINIA MOORE

Farewell! and let the going be as clean
As frost that cuts the summer from the fall;
Let us be less than nothing who were all
And more to one another; let the lean
Shadow of rancor somberly intervene:
A parting should be unequivocal
As wormwood mingled with a cup of gall,
As apples that are puckery, strict, and green.

Believe that it is better, try the years,
Tutor your face to hold the anguish in,
Weep if you must but crouch where no one hears,
Hide from the blissful pair that we have been.
Lie to your heart if lies will comfort you.
My poor, poor love. I shall be lying too.

William Hazlitt

The Complete Works of William Hazlitt. Centenary Edition. Edited by P. P. Howe. Volumes I, IV, and V. London: J. M. Dent and Sons. Twenty-one Volumes. 15 guineas.

THE present edition of Hazlitt's works, commemorating his death in London just one hundred years ago, was greatly needed. The collected edition edited by Waller and Glover, published in 1902-6, comprising thirteen volumes, has been out of print and at a considerable premium for some years. It did not include the "Life of Napoleon," and of course not the two volumes of "New Writings" that the present diligent editor, Mr. P. P. Howe, has since unearthed. Though this centenary edition is based on that of Waller and Glover, it will come, with the addition of the two foregoing titles and the "English Grammar," to twenty-one volumes, with the text rearranged in a chronological sequence. The present three volumes, though admirably bound, seem in the main to be made from the original Glover and Waller plates. The type is somewhat small, old-fashioned, and, it must be confessed, rather dead-looking.

Dead-looking, that is, until one begins to read, for nothing could be more alive than these pages, than this tireless flood of eloquence, argument, aphorisms, distinctions, confessions, venom, enthusiasms. No writer of English has come nearer than Hazlitt to fulfilling his own ideal of a "familiar" style: "to write as anyone would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes." For him the great horrible example was Dr. Johnson: it was as easy, he saw, to get upon stilts to tell your thoughts as it was to sink into slipshod phrases and slang: the difficult and delicate thing was to write as the ideal talker might speak. And Hazlitt's style is still so vibrantly alive not only because it is so natural, but because it is so intensely felt. His mind was not as profound or as subtle as Coleridge's, he lacked Lamb's humor and balance, but no other prose writer of his time wrote with his unflagging gusto.

His famous description of Montaigne, that he was "the first who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man," voiced the ideal that he unflinchingly set for his own writing. If his prose was vehement, it was because the man was vehement: his artistic and literary enthusiasms were vehement, his aversions were vehement, his political, even his metaphysical opinions were vehement; he painted vehemently, read vehemently, played rackets vehemently, saw prize fights vehemently, drank tea vehemently, and most unfortunately for himself, he loved vehemently. And he had to describe these things, fully, precisely as he felt them. "I could no more live without daring to speak, to look, to feel what I thought," he once wrote, "than I could hold in my breath for any length of time." And nearly all his writing, even his journalistic writing, reads as if he would burst if he tried to hold it in.

So intense a man is not always the most comfortable companion. He does not say yes or even remain silent when a friend expresses a judgment or an opinion with which he cannot agree: these things *matter* to him; he must argue the point, with an excitability that cannot always be polite. He quarreled at one time or another with all his friends, and broke off with most of them. He got a reputation for being very disagreeable. If you direct your candor against your acquaintances, you can hardly expect to remain popular with them; if you direct it against yourself, you give your enemies a weapon that they can use forever. And Hazlitt's enemies had no scruples on that score. They did not like it when he wrote bitter general truths, such as "If mankind had wished for what is right, they might have had it long ago"; or "We grow tired of everything but turning others into ridicule, and congratulating ourselves on their defects." But what they could never overlook was his public confession that he himself fell under the general rule:

> I don't know what it is that attaches me to H—— so much, except that he and I, whenever we meet, sit in judgment on another set of old friends, and "carve them as a dish fit for the gods." . . . We do not affect to condole or whine over their follies; we enjoy, we laugh at them till we are ready to burst our sides. . . . We serve up a course of anecdotes, traits, master-strokes of character, and cut and hack at them till we are weary.

But Hazlitt committed a crime far worse than this. In his loneliness it was his misfortune, at the age of forty-five, to fall furiously in love with his landlady's daughter, apparently a common slut. To win this girl he asked his wife, with whom he had not been living, to dissolve their loveless marriage. When he returned from Scotland, where the divorce was granted, he was confronted by the bitter knowledge that the girl had merely been amused as she was now frightened by him, and that she already had a lover, in the coarsest sense. That a man of Hazlitt's eminence should fall in love with a "servant girl" was incredible to any English gentleman, to any respectable friend; but that he should *write* about it, that he should set down every detail of it because he could not help himself, was unforgivable.

It is hardly necessary, at this late date, to defend Hazlitt's personal reputation. It is his critics—such as Wordsworth (whose illegitimate French daughter had not then been heard of), who declared that "the miscreant Hazlitt is not a proper person to be admitted into respectable society"—who have most to answer for. If there was one quality of which Hazlitt had not a single trace, it was hypocrisy. If there was one virtue he never lacked, it was moral courage. But Hazlitt has written his own best defense: "If there is haste or want of method, there is no commonplace, nor a line that licks the dust; and if I do not appear to more advantage, I at least appear such as I am."

I confess I cannot understand commentators who deplore the "Liber amoris" and profess to admire Hazlitt's criticism,

for the complete and irrepressible candor that produced the first is precisely the quality that gives so much value to the second. He has been accused of being spiteful, and it is true that in his time he said many blistering things; but when we read them today, what mainly strikes us is not their sting, but how felicitously true they are. With amazingly few exceptions, his judgments of his contemporaries are those of posterity, and the chief thing that distinguishes them from ours is that they are written with an eagerness and a fierceness we can no longer muster. Though it is as an essayist that Hazlitt is still most read, his true greatness lies in his criticism. His "On Going a Journey," the favorite of all the essay anthologies, seems to me thin when compared with his magnificent estimate of, let us say, Coleridge.

Honesty and candor alone do not make a critic; he must have discrimination, knowledge, catholicity, independence; and Hazlitt had them all. He was a romantic and admired Rousseau, but the faults of the romanticists, of Wordsworth, Shelley, Rousseau himself, were pretty apparent to him, and he was able, as most of his fellow-romantics were not, to do justice to Dryden and Pope. He wrote about the Restoration dramatists like a civilized man, without the moral squeamishness of Macaulay or even the clever apologies of Lamb, and he never had any use for "those *do-me-good,* lackadaisical, whining, make-believe comedies in the next age."

The outward picture that we get of Hazlitt is that of a lonely and suffering man. We see him living in lodging-houses, getting up at one or two in the afternoon, drinking huge quantities of tea, writing his piece with the breakfast things still on the table, going to an inn for dinner, talking till early in the morning; deeply miserable in his two marriages and his one love affair, always at odds with some friend, continually abused by *Blackwood's* or the *Quarterly,* his former allies one by one deserting the political causes that meant so much to him. But when he came to die, his last words were: "I have had a happy life." And I dare say he was right. For perhaps the worst thing in life is to be tired, bored, indifferent, in short, to lack zest, to lack interest. And if zest and interest are the main symptoms of happiness, then Hazlitt was blessed as few men are. A man who could be thrown into such ecstasies by the paintings of Titian, by the prose of Burke, by the plays of Shakespeare, by the conversation of Coleridge, by a dispute on a fine point in metaphysics, by love, by a pun, by a prize fight, by a juggler, by the play at fives of the celebrated John Cavanagh, a man who could play at rackets for five or six hours at a time, who could lie awake a whole night playing over a shot that he had missed—could such a man really be called unhappy?

HENRY HAZLITT

Mr. Bennett Lets Us Down

Imperial Palace. By Arnold Bennett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IT would be a good deal more interesting to talk about the novel Bennett might have written than to talk about the novel he did write. "Imperial Palace" is haunted—haunted by the ghost of the book somebody ought to do on the modern luxury hotel. There are pages in "Imperial Palace" on which Bennett seems to be writing that novel, pages portraying the superefficient organization of the hotel, the miracles of mechanical ingenuity with which it ministers to the comfort of its guests, the assembling of the representatives of wit, wisdom, and wealth in the modern world. It is these pages—perhaps one-third of the 769 in the book—that make one realize how close a comprehensive description of a big hotel would come to being a description of the characteristics of contemporary life.

But Bennett lost his nerve. Instead of making his novel the story of the hotel, he introduced the story of the affair between Evelyn Orcham, director of the Imperial Palace, and Gracie Savott, sporting daughter of a multimillionaire. At first the affair does not obnoxiously obtrude itself, but later it runs away with the story, and the reader participates, over a couple of hundred pages, in what the blurb writer pleasantly calls "a voyage to Cythera." When Mr. Bennett describes in great detail the conduct of the Palace he is interesting and convincing; when he describes in great detail how love came to Evelyn Orcham he is tedious and banal.

The mental processes that created "Imperial Palace" may be guessed at. In the beginning, no doubt, was the idea of a novel about a hotel. But Bennett, who is a master of potboiling, naturally hesitated to risk a book without sex appeal. Since up-to-date novelists are going in for sophistication and frankness, the Orcham-Gracie episode seemed to fill the bill. However, the purer sections of Bennett's large following had to be considered, and hence Orcham ends in the competent but strictly wholesome arms of Violet Powler. Theoretically at least, everyone ought to be satisfied.

Mr. Bennett is a great expert on what the public wants, and he is probably right. It is possible, however, that by trying to please everyone he has actually pleased no one. What would have happened if he had consistently applied the methods of "The Old Wives' Tale" in writing his story of a luxury hotel? He could have done a fine piece of journalism, not an interpretation, of course, not an imaginative re-creation, but a vivid, authentic, exciting representation. And by writing the kind of book that he alone can write, he would have pleased a good many people, more people perhaps than will be pleased by "Imperial Palace." I may be wrong, but I suspect that what the public wants from Bennett is Bennett.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Pivot of Politics

Psychopathology and Politics. By Harold D. Lasswell. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THIS is a joy of a book. About once a year, if one is lucky, one comes across a book which opens up by its suggestiveness new lines (Professor Lasswell would object to our calling them lines but I hesitate to call them circles) of thought. As he says, "The psychopathological approach precipitates something very like a panic among those who have tried to box the manifestations of human life into conventional common-sense categories."

The prevalent distrust, however, of psychoanalysis is founded upon the suspicion that its addicts gallop across hedges and ditches until they reach their predestined conclusion, whether Freudian, Adlerian, or Jungian. It must be confessed—if we may change our metaphor—that Professor Lasswell frequently skates over very thin ice. We may be prepared to accept the general prevalence among politicians of the latent desire to murder their fathers. It will be noted that Professor Lasswell must in no sense be held to be bringing any unpleasant accusation against them on this score. The impulse is normal enough and, indeed, it happens that there would—so far as we can gather from his fascinating case-studies of the agitator and the administrator—be very little of the psychic energy which makes for success in politics were it not for the fortunate prevalence of this trait. It is clear that the Protestant Reformation and the Russian Revolution are to be attributed, by a natural transference, to a parricidal impulse against the Holy Father and

the Little White Father. When, however, Professor Lasswell grounds the "culminating nonsense" of the unity of the theological Trinity upon the unconscious hatred of authority which imagines new reasons for disbelief and meets them by magical formulae, I confess to a suspicion that a desire to adhere to orthodox psychoanalytical formulae has been carried too far.

Professor Lasswell must, moreover, be careful before he permits his unconscious urges to lead him into denouncing the doctrine of the Trinity as nonsense. The chief contribution of this book on the new casuistry is to point out the superficiality of a theory of politics which supposes human beings to be what they give themselves out to be—creatures of disinterested intellect. Professor Lasswell asks for a political psychiatry—for "preventive politics." It may be, however, that the only people since Plato who have shared this view of politics have been precisely the clergy with their "honest myths," and that the whole Catholic structure is a vast, if slightly out-of-date, attempt to control social and political life by psychiatry. Certainly Freud has not rejected this conclusion in his "Future of an Illusion."

However this may be, democrats will have to give serious consideration to Professor Lasswell's contention that there are flaws in their pet theory that the solution of political difficulties is to be found by "promoting discussion among all the interests concerned in a given problem"—a theory of which the most distinguished modern exposition will be found in the writings of Professor Laski. "The time has come to abandon this assumption . . . The problem of politics is less to serve as a safety valve for social protest than to apply social energy to the abolition of current sources of strain in society." To the reviewer, who is no irrationalist, discussion still seems important: the problem is to avoid wrangle. Professor Lasswell's book, however, compels us to give attention to those deeper founts of political action the consideration of which old-fashioned liberalism tended to shirk in order that it might turn its rhetoric to the service of nobler themes. Here is an honest attempt to answer the root problem of politics: how to direct into healthy channels the neurotic lust for domination, which can no more be "abolished" than any other lust.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Kriegsschuldfragen

The Coming of the War, 1914. By Bernadotte E. Schmitt. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $10.

German Diplomatic Documents, 1871-1914. Volume III: *The Growing Antagonism, 1898-1910.* Edited by E. T. S. Dugdale. Harper and Brothers. $7.50.

A Refutation of the Versailles War Guilt Thesis. By Alfred von Wegerer. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Portrait of a Diplomatist. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THE history of the controversy over "war guilt" has passed through three well-marked periods. During the first the Allied indictment of the Central Powers was generally accepted at face value and it was assumed to be obvious that 1914 was primarily, if not exclusively, the work of William II and his fellow-conspirators. The second period began with doubts about the ethics of the pots calling the kettles black and culminated in extreme "revisionism," well represented in this country by Harry Elmer Barnes, Frederick Bausman, and lesser lights. The Kaiser and his ministers were now carefully whitewashed as the innocent victims of the machinations of Poincaré, Sazonov, Izvolsky, and company, who were dyed black as night in the caldrons of ink soaked from the damning documents appearing on all sides. The third period properly begins with the publication of Fay's "Origins of the World War." Its end is not yet. Almost all of the relevant documentary evidence is now in process of becoming available. Dugdale's admirable four-volume selection and translation of the wealth of material in "Die Grosse Politik der Europaischen Kabinette" now covers, in the volume just published, the period during which the Entente "encirclement" of Germany was consummated. It furnishes for the general reader not interested in research a fascinating first-hand account of Great-Power diplomacy as seen from Berlin. For the professional historian there are now available mountains of documents, and he may stand off a bit from his data and tell his story, not as a eulogy of the heroes or an indictment of the villains, but as an objective exposition of human behavior in international relations.

Professor Bernadotte Schmitt has taken a long step in this direction. His scholarly and exciting volumes constitute the most complete and well-documented account of the immediate antecedents of the war which has yet appeared in any language. He is thoroughly the historian, and never the propagandist. He has no place among the salvagers of German war guilt nor any in the lunatic fringe of "revisionism." In the reviewer's opinion, the charges recently leveled against the present work by Barnes are unworthy of serious consideration. The author has performed his task with a degree of skill, subtlety, comprehensiveness, and erudition which must command the highest respect of all who have done scientific work in the field. The tragedy of June 23–August 5, 1914, is analyzed day by day and hour by hour on the basis of a familiarity with the source materials which is unequaled by any other authority. Schmitt comes closer than any of his predecessors to a realization of the futility of the guilt-and-innocence dichotomy and of the importance of a full and fair treatment of the sequence of events. The surge of public opinion and the motives and logic of the militarists are treated almost as fully as the course of diplomatic action.

In analyzing motives and allocating responsibility Schmitt is less inclined than was Fay to condone the policies of Austria-Hungary and Germany and condemn those of Serbia, Russia, and France. In reacting against the fantasies of the extreme revisionists, he perhaps leans slightly backward in an effort to be fair to the Entente. So long as the lie of Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles remains written into the public law of Europe the usefulness of such an effort is questionable. But Schmitt's work makes it impossible to accept any longer the view once prevalent that Berlin was duped by Vienna into supporting actions which the German leaders disapproved and the consequences of which they did not foresee. At the same time it is equally clear that the fatal steps which transformed the Austro-Serbian conflict into a world war were taken at St. Petersburg with the acquiescence of Paris. "The slipperiness of M. Sazonov appears to have been on a level with that of his confreres in Berlin and Vienna." Again, "It may be said, quite truly, that if France had declined to march with Russia, the peace of Europe would probably have been preserved"—though on terms which the Entente statesmen felt that they could not accept. In this sense, the war came by the will of the Entente. But the "unacceptable" terms of peace were willed by the Central Powers. The dispute thus revolves endlessly around words and loses itself in quibbling. Professor Schmitt is content to tell the story and let those quibble over it who will.

For those who may incline to the view that Schmitt is unduly harsh on Germany, the translation of Wegerer's "Die Widerlegung der Versailler Kriegsschuldthese" with an introduction by Barnes will provide an antidote. Wegerer is not, of course, refuting Schmitt but the original Allied indictment, which Schmitt is in no sense defending. This savors of killing a corpse, but the author has performed a useful service in analyzing the origin and content of the indictment, as contained

in the report of the Peace Conference Commission on War Responsibility, the peace treaties themselves, the ultimatum to Berlin of June 16, 1919, and the covering note accompanying it. He refutes the argument step by step and shows that the case against the Central Powers rested in part upon ignorance of the facts and in part upon deliberate misrepresentation and falsification of the evidence. At times he proves too much. The work is by intention a rhetorical polemic. But on the whole it is sound enough and a useful contribution to an understanding of the German attitude toward revision of the treaties. No one familiar with the story can avoid skepticism regarding the practical expediency of the action of the Allied statesmen in accepting so literally the ancient slogan of "Might makes Right." Bismarck and Bülow had at least a certain blunt honesty. The verdict of Versailles can never be more than the nauseous hypocrisy of the builders of moralistic façades, which have now been stripped of all plausibility and will endure only so long as Germany can be compelled by *force majeure* to support the superstructure of the Versailles system.

Harold Nicolson's charming biography of his father, Sir Arthur Nicolson (Lord Carnock), is perhaps the most readable of these recent contributions. In delightful style and with an accurate sense of narrative values and of the realities of *Weltpolitik,* he sketches the career of one of the most attractive figures of British diplomacy, producing not only an absorbing story but a valuable contribution to the accounts of the origins of the war as well. Many new sidelights are thrown on the Anglo-French and the Anglo-Russian ententes and on the crisis of 1914. The tale serves to strengthen the impression one gets from other sources that the Great War was a legitimate child of the Western state system, in which the motivations of governments and individuals are so conditioned by the forces generated within the system itself that a free choice between alternatives is almost impossible. Each statesman acts as any human being would be expected to act under similar circumstances. The circumstances are the product of the interaction of uncontrollable forces. Without control there can be no responsibility. And in international relations, as in economic life, Western bourgeois civilization is essentially anarchic and incapable of control—almost as much so now as twenty years ago. So the machine speeds toward its own destruction, of which Act I was 1914.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

The Flavor of Folk Poetry

Old Pastures. By Padriac Colum. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

PADRAIC COLUM'S poetry has always the rich and eternal flavor of folk poetry, owing both to this poet's choice of themes, many of which are taken over from the Irish, and to his lyrical rhythms. In his last book, "Old Pastures," he has returned rather to the manner of "Wild Earth" than to the more sporadic treatment he used in his "Creatures." This is his own manner and his own song, springing from his Irish background, his love of old things, old legends, old grandeur, and from the sadness that spreads over the sun when old things perish. There are poems in this volume on Dublin Roads, wherein we have sketches of peasant life, on lilting love, on A Man Bereaved and keening over his loss of a wife. We feel, in general, as we read Mr. Colum, much as he describes himself feeling when he hears a tin-whistle player:

> 'Tis long since, long since, since I heard
> A tin-whistle played,
> And heard the tunes, the ha'penny tunes
> That nobody made!
>
> The tunes that were before Cendfind
> And Cir went Ireland's rounds—
> That were before the surety
> That strings have given sounds!

Although he sings for himself, there is always in his poetry the "tunes that were before Cendfind."

Mr. Colum includes in this book a set of Hawaiian chants, in part almost direct translation. The fifth section here is a beautiful translation of the famous Hawaiian *Mele Ahiahi,* or Evening Song:

> The sign is given; mighty the sign: Tapu!
> All murmurs now, speech, voice
> Subdue: inviolable let evening be.
>
> Inviolable and consecrate:
> Edgeways and staggering descends
> The sun; rain vanishes;
> A bonus of bright light comes back.
> Hawaii keeps the ordinance: Tapu!
> Even far Tahiti now is still, perhaps
> The Island's shelter-giving houses stand;
> The Chief withdraws, the sacred cup is his;
> The mothers call on Kuhe as they give
> Their babies to sleep. O early slumber
> Of the heavenly company thou art indeed!
> O Ku, O Lono, O Kane, they are yours
> The evening hours (subdue
> All murmurs now, speech, voice,
> Inviolate let evening be).
>
> It is evening; it is hallowed for being that;
> Let tumult die within us all: Tapu!
> The spies of heaven, the stars, return: Tapu!
> And peaceful heaven covers peaceful earth.

Mr. Colum has chosen for his particular field, as distinct from Yeats or Stephens, the poetry of the folk and of the folk heart. When he writes from the American scene it is as one exiled here and remembering the starlings. In "Old Pastures" he is again singing his best, or telling legends as they should be told. The essence of poetry is here, and without any striving.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Puritan Mind

The Puritan Mind. By Herbert Wallace Schneider. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

BY an appropriate coincidence the fifteen-hundredth anniversary of St. Augustine's death comes in the same year as the tercentenary of Massachusetts's birth, for the Puritans founded the Bay Colony in order to establish a City of God on earth, and fulfil the prophecy of him whom they revered as "Holy Austin." One will not often find the medievalness of the Puritans admitted, for every age conceives the past in its own image. It flattered nineteenth-century historians to imagine that the New England Puritans were liberals, rebels, and democrats; the more cynical twentieth century seeks an economic nigger in the Puritan woodpile. Then there is the matter of approach. To a person who honestly examines early New England from the best standards of today, the Puritans must be misunderstood as a gang of sadistic kill-joys, reveling in a God of wrath, and seeking to repress beauty, truth, and human nature. To one like Dr. Schneider, who approaches them from medieval church history, they appear what they seemed to themselves: a group of sincere Christians who accepted the Reformation without the Renaissance, who revolted from the materialism of Stuart England and embarked on the audacious adventure of setting up in the New World just such a Christian civilization as existed in the mind of medieval dreamers. The differences of opinion and practice between Puritan and Catholic

were nothing in comparison with the essential unity of their central principle: that man was created for the glory of God, and that human purpose in every department of life should be to glorify God and do His will. This does not make the Puritan more palatable to moderns, but it makes him comprehensible.

Accordingly, the author's opening chapter, appropriately entitled The Holy Commonwealth, is an exposition of the central theme of the four Puritan New England colonies. The phrase comes from a treatise by Richard Baxter, published in 1659. Dr. Schneider, perhaps inadvertently, gives the impression that this tract enabled the New England Puritan to rationalize his ideas. But the Holy Commonwealth idea was carefully developed in the sermon which Governor Winthrop preached on the Arbella in 1630, and he undoubtedly obtained it from the writings of earlier Puritan divines. Certain phrases, too, such as "The magistrates were usually little more than sheriffs in the minds of the clergy," indicate that Dr. Schneider is not deeply familiar with the earlier generations in New England. The union of church and state there was so close that it would be equally true to state, "The clergy were little more than prefects of the magistracy." I must also take exception to the statement that "secular arts, learning, and education were regarded as luxuries, unnecessary for the greater glory of God," having just written the better part of a book to prove the contrary. But it is only fair to say that Dr. Schneider is more concerned with what became of the Holy Commonwealth than with how it worked when it was still more or less holy.

Hard material facts, stubborn human nature, and new ideas, whether imported from Europe or deduced from the Puritans' constitution (the Bible), brought an early decay of pristine ideals. In the Reverend John Wise's "Vindication" of 1717 "we have a complete reversal of Puritan philosophy." He no longer justifies the state as nursing father to the church; the church is justified by her democratic and humanitarian values. Jonathan Edwards's task was to revive the rapidly waning sense of sin, and to rationalize the Puritan theology for a faithless generation which craved reason and symmetry. In view of the influence of Edwards and his disciples on religious thought in Scotland and New England, it is hard to agree that "with his death, his ideas lost their vitality"; but what Dr. Schneider apparently means is that Edwards's chief disciple, Samuel Hopkins, betrayed his master. "His proof was so perfect that when it failed, all was lost." But if Hopkins betrayed Edwards, was it not in the Pauline sense of emphasizing the harsher aspect of Edwards's teaching, to the neglect of his "Catholic idealism which portrays in poetic language the nature of moral ideas"?

After the death of Edwards in 1758 Dr. Schneider traces the New England Puritan mind along three distinct ways: the Hopkinsian, which faded out with the one-horse shay; the idealistic, which was carried forward by Samuel Johnson of Connecticut; and the trail of self-reliance blazed by Wise, hewed out by Jonathan Mayhew, plowed by the American Revolution, smoothed by Channing, and macadamized by Emerson. With the sage of Concord, New England Puritanism came full circle; depraved human nature was now the divine breath; the corrupt seed of Adam became god in his own right. And with this profound observation, the author concludes:

> Whenever self-reliance fails, as it sooner or later must, and sinners see themselves as God sees them, piety becomes reincarnate, though the language in which it finds expression may bear little resemblance to that of the Puritans. But whenever sinners become convinced that they are instruments in the hand of God, elected to carry out his holy will, they lose their piety and begin doing good to others. This is an ancient story, and as long as there are sinners, the story of the Puritans will be but one illustration of a universal theme.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

Why Bismarck Fell

Kaiser and Chancellor. By Karl Friedrich Nowak. Translated by E. W. Dickes. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

DICTATORS are by no means post-war phenomena. There were dictators before the World War, men infinitely cleverer and politically more powerful than the Mussolinis, Stalins, Pilsudskis, and Alexanders of today. Prince Bismarck was such a man. At the apex of his career all the political power in Germany lay in his hands, and a considerable part of Europe, consciously or otherwise, danced to the subtle music of his network of alliances and his secret treaties. Kaiser Wilhelm II was similarly a dictator in a real sense of the word, although his power found slightly different means of expression. Germany, however, could not abide two strong men at the same time; the weaker had to go. The manner of his going and the reasons therefor are here skilfully and for the first time adequately set forth.

Dr. Nowak has dropped the traditional historian's approach —that of measuring his characters by the arbitrary standards of history—and has instead looked upon them as human beings. The power of Bismarck and his ultimate overthrow by the "young master," Wilhelm, were not historic accidents; their causes lay deep in the character and personality of the two men. At the first test of strength between these two strong men, which was almost immediately after Wilhelm ascended the throne, Bismarck "still had the commanding presence of the powerful individuality that Bismarck always was, and the consciousness of his power, a power so enormous as had rarely been concentrated in the hands of a single man. His eyes still blazed with demonic fire in anger or scorn. He could still fight with hard and terrible weapons, which could strike a mortal blow if he wished." Opposed to this man of iron will was a Kaiser who as a Prince "had been restricted in his movements and shut out of life," but who now "was determined to make up for lost time, to conquer every field instantly in enhancement of his new-won glories," a Kaiser whose intelligence was "quick," whose logic was "daring," and whose "very glance was arresting."

It was inevitable that these strong men should clash, and perhaps just as inevitable that Wilhelm should win. After all, Bismarck's work was done. He had created the German Empire, and there was no other task at hand comparable in size to that. Germany continued to grow and to change, but Bismarck somehow could not change with it. He was growing old. Wilhelm, young and ambitious, was essentially of the new order of things. Yet it was not the maze of alliances and secret treaties which he had drawn too tightly about Germany and which the Kaiser and the younger generation feared that defeated Bismarck; nor was it the "mistakes" he made at home; nor yet his confession of approaching weakness in wanting to destroy the young and boisterous Social Democracy with a Napoleonic whiff of grapeshot. Despite their disagreement over these points, Wilhelm still felt that he needed the support of the other strong man. He could differ with him, but not part with him. The break came, not over a question of policy, but over the question of whether Bismarck or Wilhelm was to be the real ruler, that is, dictator, of Germany. Through a Cabinet order of 1852 Bismarck held the government ministers responsible solely to him as Chancellor; they were not to advise or consult with the Kaiser except with his permission. Wilhelm demanded the cancelation of this order, which actually operated to deprive him of control over the government. Bismarck refused and was forced to resign.

Dr. Nowak's work is not only the first authoritative account of the relations between Wilhelm II and Prince Bismarck

(the book being based upon documents and private papers supplied by the former Kaiser at Doorn, these papers being tested by reference to a host of other published documents touching upon these relations), but it is of paramount importance as a sincere and thoroughgoing exploration of Kaiser Wilhelm's political legacy, an inheritance that led almost directly to the World War. MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Pre-War America

Our Times. Volume III: *Pre-War America.* By Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

CONTINUING the admirable plan of its predecessors in the series, Volume III of "Our Times," under the title of "Pre-War America," covers the active period from 1905 to 1908. The events of the period are at most but shadowy to the younger generation of Americans whose citizenship has only recently allied them with political, business, and social responsibilities. To this class of readers the volume and its series will afford an entertaining and instructive approach to contemporary history by a writer of skill in well-balanced selection, able to comprehend and articulate in concise fashion a segment of the many-sided American scene which has come under his own intellectual ken.

For the generation just older Mr. Sullivan's diary-history will furnish a useful and graphic rehearsal of those personalities and events that held its immediate interest during the early 1900's. Roosevelt and Taft, with whose friendship the volume begins, were to be found at the center of popular interest for what they represented in the political life of the day. The friendship of these men is given the touch of spiritual intimacy. Their cooperation in statesmanship during the years that followed the beginnings of their acquaintance in Washington, when Roosevelt was a Civil Service Commissioner and Taft was Solicitor General, forms the background of the book. The growing paternalistic spirit of the more masterful type of the two toward his slower, laughter-infecting, judicial-minded fellow was fated to lead to eventual rupture; but this sequel lies within the scope of a later volume. For a long time they saw eye to eye, and shared, according to Mr. Sullivan, "a continuous concern about the country, as if the nation's affairs were a personal responsibility of the individual."

Occasion for such a feeling lay in the erratic flight of James Hazen Hyde, inheritor and exploiter of the Equitable Life. The predatory and precipitate flotation of numerous unregulated corporate ventures by associates of Hyde, whose biographies have appeared among recent books, forced into politics the new issue of government control of big business. The account given of the dilettante Hyde and his self-exile in Paris when forced to withdraw from his company is an unforgettable picture of a human product of laissez faire. Hyde and the Equitable's troubles reacted in the public consciousness as symptomatic of frenzied corporate finance and of the trend of big business generally in the hands of men who were powerful, unscrupulous, and unchecked by law.

Mr. Sullivan focuses the story of Roosevelt's determined contest with big business in his account of the President's demand upon Congress for effective regulation of railroad rates, and his struggle with his own party leaders in the Senate—Aldrich, Lodge, and others—who were unfriendly to his measure. The clashes over domestic policy during Roosevelt's Presidency were too intense not to give rise to numerous minor leaders of radical temper—to La Follette, of French extraction, nurturing his radicalism as he mulled over a copy of "Progress and Poverty," and to the fatally fluent Bryan.

A multitude of social phenomena which packed the American scene of those years is recorded in Volume III. Important among these is the account of the discovery of the hookworm malady by Stiles and Ashford and the consequent enlistment of the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission toward its extirpation. The Thaw and Orchard trials for murder, the last heresy trial, Woodrow Wilson's belief in the spread of socialistic feelings through the automobile, the prevailing styles in dress and women's hats, and a ninety-one-page account of the popular songs of pre-war days add greatly to the value and diversity of the volume. L. E. ROBINSON

Books in Brief

Camera Obscura. By William Bolitho. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

The distinguishing mark about William Bolitho which set him apart from and beyond most journalists, as displayed in these essays from the New York *World,* was not his style, which was often unnecessarily involved and turgid, but the nature of his mind—quick, fresh, curious, and literary all at the same time. He saw New York or Chicago as a native American could never see them. He went to a play and the performance started things going in his head, so that when he wrote about it the next day he wrote about the world at the same time, his own world, original and strange. He was learned; he had been in many places; he had done many different things. Out of the richness of his experience he could draw for his comment on what he met every day in New York. This is not to say that any stranger to America could write as freshly as he did. He had a knack of putting facts together unexpectedly; some of them were for him new facts, some were old. Their juxtaposition was at once surprising and right. We have no one to replace him in American journalism.

Seven Days' Darkness. By Gunnar Gunnarsson. Translated by Roberts Tapley. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, is the scene of this story of a Northern apocalypse. The sun is hidden from Reykjavik when a volcanic eruption causes a veil of ashes to hover above the city. Meanwhile an epidemic of influenza creeps off a vessel in the harbor, dealing swift death to an astonishing number of citizens. The story is confined to a group of intellectual friends who live in the shadow of the university. Its central character is Dr. Grimur Ellidagrimur, a physician who struggles vainly with the epidemic. The villain is Paul Einarsson, who arrives on the morning of the volcanic eruption and seems almost to direct the fates which slowly bring about the ruin of Dr. Ellidagrimur. After a week of horror it is Paul Einarsson who provides the coup de grace which, though consisting of but a moment's misunderstanding, drives Dr. Ellidagrimur insane. It is with the latter event that the story both ends and begins, taking the form of a cycle. Its significance does not lie so much in its action, however, as in the speeches of its characters and in the reflections of its narrator. These have a religious wisdom which is truly exceptional. There is no doubt that the author possesses a spiritual depth which 99 per cent of our authors lack. He is a man of real profundity. But he is not a novelist. The form of his novel is anything but organic. The story might have been poured into a mold. Since the apocalypse encompasses exactly one week, Mr. Gunnarsson has divided his book neatly into seven chapters, each dealing methodically with one of the seven days of darkness. His narrator gets up regularly at the beginning of each chapter and goes out to discuss the situation with the others; at the end of each chapter he goes home, deeply moved, and to bed.

There is no dramatic progression. The author has not attempted to convey his story in aesthetic terms, but relies upon the horror of its events to make it effective. This does not succeed, of course, and as a result only the ideas are of value.

The Story of San Michele. By Axel Munthe. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

Memories and Vagaries. By Axel Munthe. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

It is hardly necessary at this late day to add to the chorus of praise for "The Story of San Michele." Dr. Munthe is evidently a man of great power of personality, of originality, courage, generosity, and learning. The amazing things which happened to him, the contacts he had with strange and interesting men and women may have been partly due to luck, as he says, partly to his profession, but mainly to his own character. With all the fascinating tales he has told, there is evidently a great deal that he has left out; he has purposely hit the high spots of thirty years of medical practice. The result is, as many thousands of persons now are aware, a book far above the average, one to read with delight and reread and ponder over. It is rather a pity that an earlier collection of essays, "Memories and Vagaries," should have been reprinted on the strength of the reception accorded "San Michele." These are slight, a little pompous, not particularly distinguished; they lack the warmth that makes "The Story of San Michele" rich and interesting.

The Giant of the Western World. By Francis Miller and Helen Hill. William Morrow and Company. $3.

The authors see American economic influence increasing in Western Europe and upon this basis attempt to erect what they term a North Atlantic civilization. They believe this civilization can be preserved and developed through "internationalization of the high seas"—to which purpose the United States presumably would lend its navy—and by international economic cooperation. "Upon the achievement of such a policy," they contend, "the peace of the world depends." The authors quite conveniently forget that Soviet Russia, China, India, the African and oceanic colonies of the European Powers, and South America are also a part of this world and may not be willing to submit to a North Atlantic world-peace policy.

A River Goes with Heaven. By Howell Vines. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

A young Alabaman writes here of the country of the Big and Little Warrior rivers with that passionate devotion to the region where he was bred which is the only tolerable kind of patriotism. He is not concerned with tilling the ground or fishing the rivers for a livelihood. He walks on the waters and soars over the trees with the birds. The love story has a little too much of the cloying sweet of malted-milk-chocolate, but the talk of the old men is rich, flavorful, and nourishing. Uncle Carl Smith, who "never could live in the city" because he wore shoes only when going to a "big gatherin'," said:

> I just love to feel the leaves, and pine straw, and sand with my feet, and walk foot logs and paths, and wade the creeks and branches.

Old Man Lat said:

> Whatever kind of a future life there may be, I'm afraid there won't be woods like these, or rivers like ours. This short life of mine, and this short enjoyment of this woods world that's been mine if ever a man owned a beautiful part of the world, bothers me sometimes. . . . It's like a man getting a drop of good, mellow, thick likker when he would like to have a barrelful, a cellarful. . . . But one thing is certain: if we ever get to a heaven anywhere, it'll be on some river. A river goes with heaven.

Music

Peace Without Euphony

THE thing generally remarked after the League of Composers' first concert of the season was the amazing lack of startling music on its program. Has the League gone tory? Its choice of works for repetition—Roger Sessions's "Choral Prelude for Organ" and Salzedo's "Harp Concerto"—does not lay it open to that charge. For these are works which, if they no longer startle, may nevertheless be classified as definitely radical in their technique.

Have our preferences as between consonance and dissonance, regular and irregular rhythms, euphony and cacophony not alone disappeared, but taken with them the definiteness of our conception of the differences between them? The complacence with which a Carnegie Hall audience could listen to Mr. Stokowski's recent performance of the "Sacre du Printemps" of Igor Stravinsky, the manifesto and the prophecy of all that many of them have been so heartily disliking for fifteen years, undoubtedly suggests an affirmative answer.

Have contemporary composers themselves disavowed their pristine radicalism, forsworn experimentation, learned their lesson, and decided that Old Virtues Are Best? The old guard are a little too anxious to cry "Hear, hear!" for they see the symptoms but diagnose them wrongly. Their implication that the battle that seems nearly over was never worth fighting shows how little they have understood it all along. For what is happening is just what they have always said could never happen. The left is laying down its arms, but only because it needs them no more.

The "Sacre" was the first adequate expression of this extraordinary revolt, a violent reaction against everything that had immediately preceded it. The nineteenth century, in seeking the sublime, had finished by bordering on the ridiculous; perhaps the twentieth by seeking the ridiculous could achieve the sublime. The nineteenth century had carried technical refinement and subtlety to immense heights, had become enormously civilized. The twentieth would try barbarism. Wagner, Strauss, Ravel had achieved enormous elaboration of the principle of definite tonality—emphasis of one central key by ever wider departures from it and inevitable returns to it; so the *jeunes gens* in France would try several keys at a time, and in Germany would chance it without any. Were the old ones solemn? We would be impudent. Did they express their emotions too freely? We'd pretend we hadn't any. Were they pompous? We must be trivial. Was their music warm, rich, highly colored, erotic? Ours must be icy, astringent, black and white, sexless.

Thus the "modernists" thought and thus, for ten or fifteen years, they wrote music. The mood was destructive of course, but fortunately all they could destroy was the ringing of "Tristan" and "Pelléas" in their own ears—and in ours. The fact that a whole evening of contemporary music contains so little of this ear-clearing, and so much that is fairly spontaneous and not too self-conscious music-making, shows not that they were wrong, but that they have got rid of what hampered and annoyed them so.

So that now we are all fast forgetting what the fight was about, and we wonder how it was that terms like "dissonance" and "irregular rhythms" and "cacophony" once had so definite a meaning. We have learned not only the relativity of euphony but the relativity of cacophony. The swords of the rebels are already three-quarters plowshares.

ARTHUR MENDEL

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

Plays to See

†Art and Mrs. Bottle—See advertisement.
*Elizabeth The Queen—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Fritz Leiber—Ambassador—49 St., W. of B'way—Begin. Dec. 25.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
†Inspector General—Hudson—139 W. 44 St.
†Lysistrata—44 Street—44 St., W. of B'way.
*Mrs. Moonlight—Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.
†Oh Promise Me—Morosco—W. 45 St.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
*On the Spot—Forrest—49 St., W. of B'way.
*Overture—Longacre—220 W. 48 St.
†Petticoat Influence—Empire.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
†The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St., W. of B'way.
†This is New York—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
†Tonight or Never—Belasco—44 St., E. of B'way.
†Twelfth Night—See advertisement.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

Concerts and Recitals

Ruth Draper—See advertisement.
Yehudi Menuhin—Carnegie Hall—Fri. Eve., Jan. 2.
Joseph Szigeti—Carnegie Hall—Mon. Eve., Dec 29.
Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Sun. Aft., Dec. 21, 28 at 3; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 25, Jan. 1; Sat. Eve., Dec. 27 at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 26 Jan. 2 and Mon. Aft. Dec. 29 at 2:30. Arturo Toscanini conducting.

For Children

Young Peoples Concert—Carnegie Hall—Mon. Aft. Dec. 29 at 2:30. Paderewski, soloist, Ernest Schelling conducting.
Grand Opera for Children—Town Hall—Fri. Dec. 26, Mon. Dec. 29, Tues. Dec. 30 at 11 A. M.
The Puppet Players in Rumpelstiltskin and Variety—233 W. 48 St., Fri. Dec 26, through Sat. Jan. 3 at 3 P. M.

Films

"Sous Les Toits De Paris"—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt (German)—55 St. Playhouse—E. of 7 Ave.
Zwei Welten—Fifth Avenue Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
The Dream Waltz (Swedish)—8 St. Playhouse—52 W. 8 St.
With Byrd at the South Pole beginning Dec. 24—A Lady of Morals, beginning Dec. 27—The Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.

Lectures and Discussions

Dr. Louis L. Draper, Tues. Dec. 30, at 8:30 P. M.—150 W. 85 St.—See advertisement.
Peoples Institute—Cooper Union.—See advertisement.

Dinner

League for Public Discussion—25 Anniversary Dinner—253 W. 73 St.—Dec. 28 at 6:30.

Drama

Another Polite Comedy

NEIL GRANT'S "Petticoat Influence" (Gilbert Miller Theater) is a drawing-room comedy in the best English tradition. It is, to be sure, a little too much in the tradition, too much like scores of other English drawing-room comedies. Yet a thing which is done very often may finally be done very well. We are perhaps inclined nowadays to attach an entirely unwarranted importance to "originality"; we praise any play, however bungling and crude, that shows the faintest trace of that quality, and we are inclined to dismiss most plays, however finished and urbane, that seem to lack it. Yet we do not apply such standards to other means of pleasure, say automobiles. "Petticoat Influence" is as smooth and workman-like as a Cadillac. If it is also almost as standardized, it is at least standardized on a high level, and evening clothes are worn throughout the first and last acts.

The plot carries no profound or unusual implications. Richard Chalfont has long nourished the hope that he may be appointed governor of the island of Arda, one of the innumerable ingredients that make up the British Empire. He has spent seven years on the island, learned the language, made friends with the natives, written a monumental work on the history and customs—in fact, he is the one man for the job. But he learns that the Earl of Darnaway has already virtually appointed his own wife's uncle. It is here that Chalfont's wife, portrayed by Helen Hayes, takes a hand, unearths a liaison between the Earl's secretary and his wife, and after the usual complications straightens things out to the satisfaction of nearly everyone.

Now this may sound very trifling, and perhaps at bottom it is, yet the characterization is shrewd and delicate, the people are so polished and unscrupulous, the dialogue, if never exactly brilliant, is so constantly agreeable, the situations are managed with such professional competence, that one puts in, altogether, a very pleasant evening. The cast, moreover, particularly Reginald Owen as the secretary, Henry Stephenson as the Earl of Darnaway, and Helen Hayes herself, seems to squeeze the last drop of value out of its material.

H. H.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Holiday Interlude

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The Balance Sheet of the Revolution

By BLAS URREA

[*Blas Urrea is the pen name of Luis Cabrera. Señor Cabrera is one of the original and outstanding intellectual figures of the Mexican revolution, and was an associate of the first leader of the movement, Francisco I. Madero. During the early years of the revolution he filled many important posts in various governments, including that of Finance Minister in the Cabinet of President Carranza. He is now retired from public life and revolutionary-political activities and is practicing law in Mexico City. This review was written by him and published in* El Excelsior *of Mexico City, a daily newspaper of government affiliations, on the twentieth anniversary of the first outbreak of the revolution, November 20, 1910.*]

EVERY anniversary brings with it the necessity of balancing accounts. The commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the revolution imposes the duty of considering the situation of our country. Upon compiling this balance sheet it is necessary, above all else, not to permit one's thoughts to be distracted by the contemplation of transitory personalities and secondary phenomena, but to focus the attention exclusively upon the fate of the fundamental principles which were adopted as the platform of the revolution.

Many men, each according to his scale and the limitations of his capacities, contributed to the overthrow of the Díaz regime and to the reformation of our institutions. Many of these died. It is sad to say that most of them were sacrificed by the revolution itself and that Mexico, more than any other country, has devoured its own sons. It was the minority that fell in battle fronting the enemies of the revolution. It must be observed that among those listed among the forerunners and initiators of the revolution, the greater part of those that still live have retired from active public life and are now taking no part in revolutionary government affairs, some of their own volition, but more because, by reason of circumstances, they are not in a position to do so, or because they are not deemed worthy of a seat at the banquet table, to which many are called but few chosen.

But what should chiefly be analyzed on this anniversary is not the fate of the men of the revolution, but the condition in which its principles remain, coupled with a frank statement of wherein these principles have advanced or retrograded. For the most part, unfavorable comparisons are based upon the present state of our institutions and the conditions which prevailed in the latter days of the Díaz regime. The unfavorable conditions are explained, or at least we provide ourselves with the illusion of explaining and excusing them, by saying that it is naturally to be expected that in the wake of a revolution public and private liberties should continue to be restrained or sacrificed in order to bring about the betterment of the masses of the people. Effective suffrage and no reelection were the two ideals which were considered as basic in the epoch during which a majority of the revolutionists saw in the movement something more than the political problems involved.

Effective suffrage endured for a fleeting moment of our history through the triumph of the revolution of 1910 [led by Madero against Díaz], only to be extinguished almost at once. Upon the triumph of the revolution of 1913 [by the Constitutionalists under Carranza against the Huerta reactionary government] the suffrage became nothing more than an exclusive privilege of the victors. At present one can use the phrase "effective suffrage" in Mexico only as a euphemism. It is true that in the time of Díaz there was no suffrage and no pretense of it; but it is to be regretted that after we had fought to obtain it and had for a moment seen it gleam, it should have again disappeared from the political horizon without leaving to us any hope for its reestablishment. Still, the lack of effective suffrage at present is not to be imputed exclusively to the fault of the political authorities, but in great part to the apathy and indifference of the citizens and above all to their skepticism of the good faith of those in power, consequent upon the crushing brutality of political leadership.

In 1910 continuous office-holding was considered the principal cause of the political stagnation of Mexico; hence the theory of no reelection became a fundamental principle of the revolution of that year. It penetrated so deeply into the national consciousness and was considered to be so firmly established in our institutions that even Carranza himself was overthrown and sacrificed upon the altar of the principle of no reelection [in 1920, when his government was wrecked and he was killed by the Sonoran rebels headed by Obregón, Calles, and De la Huerta because he was held to be trying to impose his own candidate in succession to himself in the Presidency].

Although this same principle was inscribed upon the banner of Tuxtepec [the revolution by which Díaz in 1876 first came to power], it was later erased by General Díaz. But it always retained such an intense vitality that the dictator himself in his final days of office [in 1910, when his government was menaced by the Madero movement] recognized it and asked that it be written anew into our political constitution. No one in 1910, much less in 1917, when the new constitution was being sworn to, would have thought that in exactly ten years this principle of our fundamental law would be eradicated for reasons of purely personal political convenience. [This refers to the amendment to the constitution put through in 1925 by the Obregón faction to permit the reelection of Obregón in 1928.]

Here, without doubt, is the most painful example of the manner in which the principles of the revolution have been flouted. The gravity of the matter lies not so much in the fact that the principle of no reelection has been eliminated from our Magna Charta for personal reasons, but that it was not restored immediately after the death of General Obregón.

During the revolution of 1910 the social problems which

were the true causes of the revolution had not yet been brought out distinctly. Madero and his supporters always believed that the entire Mexican problem consisted in the political questions of suffrage and no reelection. It was not until after the assassination of Madero and Vice-President Pino Suárez [in 1923, after Huerta had seized the government], and as a result of the revolution against the Díaz reaction headed by Huerta, that problems of a social and economic character began to be clearly discerned, although they had been pointed out long before by Andrés Molina Enríquez and Luis Cabrera. It was then that there appeared the truly transcendental principles of the revolution, the most prominent of which we shall analyze.

It must be admitted that illiteracy, and especially the ignorance of the Indians and the lower classes, has been considerably reduced. Among the results of the revolution, education of the masses has been perhaps the most effective and enduring, owing not alone to the technical force of the scholastic culture initiated by Pavavicini and continued by Vasconcelos [former ministers of education], but above all to the practical education derived by all social classes from the great ebb and flow over the country of human masses, a movement produced by the military campaigns of civil warfare which did much to bring Mexicans from different parts of the nation together for the first time.

The danger which now confronts the educational progress of the republic lies in the invasion of Protestant American instruction, with its consequent corruption of our language, and in the distillations of ultra-modern teachers who with their windy shrillings and literary and artistic decadence place in jeopardy the essential end of the school, the education of the masses, and sacrifice the extensive culture of the people for the sake of a technical, utopian training, the principles of which are not unallied to considerations of political convenience of interest to those who control our educational processes.

The division and distribution among the people of Mexico's ancient system of large land-holdings as a means of improving the condition of the peasant is the pretext of which perhaps the greatest use has been made for serving sordid ends and political ambitions without, so far, accomplishing anything fundamental or sensible in connection with the agrarian problem. However great may be the amount of land that has been parceled out, the results of the revolutionary agrarian policy come far short of compensating for the sacrifices which they have imposed upon our national economy. The unjustified distributions which have been made proclaim their injustice in the untilled state of the land. Those who were entitled to land and who have been given it legally lack capital with which to cultivate it. The forests are being rapidly cut away. The economic state of the peasant has not improved. There are no guaranties for the small landowner. The agricultural production of Mexico continues to decrease, and the tendency is for property expropriated for agrarian purposes to fall into the hands of the bosses [political or military leaders]. Huge estates protected by political influence, bureaucratic corruption, or the complicity of military chiefs continue intact, free from expropriations, wholly immune, in contrast to a vast number of smaller rural properties which have supplied the only food for the voracity of the peasants, egged on by their agrarian leaders. On the other hand, new large land-holdings have

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been formed of the old ones, ownership merely having passed from one person to another, while others are being constituted on a basis of modern agricultural technique. Large foreign land-holdings, protected by diplomatic immunity [this evidently refers partly to the case of a consular representative of the United States government who has obtained and holds several huge haciendas in the state of Puebla], provide a pretext and an example for the defense of Mexicans who own extensive tracts of arable land.

To sum up, the revolutionary purpose of dividing the great estates of the country has been almost entirely overlooked. Land distributions have affected only the holdings of the small and middle proprietors, and the new small holdings which have been created display sparse effective results so far as agricultural production is concerned, with tremendous cost to the national economy, which is seriously menaced by the insecure state of the titles and the control of rural properties.

Undoubtedly the social and economic status of the worker has improved in the past twenty years, but this has been brought about at the cost of sacrificing national industry. Only those industries are able to live and flourish which are protected and financed from outside Mexico. It is painful to have to confess that the improved condition of the Mexican industrial worker, like that of the peasant, is principally due to reasons of a political order, depending upon the electoral factor supplied by the industrial employees and the continuance of the control of the labor vote by political labor leaders. This was initiated in 1920, when the politicians and the labor leaders began to traffic in promises, advantages for the worker being offered in return for his political alliance and support.

When in 1914 the old federal army was disbanded, it was believed that the gangrene of militarism, which was one of the evils of the Díaz regime, had been cured. However, the militaristic virus had reached to the marrow of our society, and when the federal army disappeared, the revolutionary army corps of the northwest, the north, and the northeast fell heir to the malady of pretorianism, which later manifested itself in our new revolutionary army in the form of an epidemic of acute militarism, with accessions of revolts. A diagnosis of these proved that they were of the same quality as the army uprisings of 1913 [against Madero], which succeeded, as did that of 1920 [against Carranza]; or as those of 1923 [against the Obregón Government], of 1927 [against the Calles Government], and of 1929 [against the Portes Gil Government], all of which latter failed. In actuality, militarism in Mexico is a malady the possibilities of which are masked in the shadows of prognostication, and the results of which one cannot yet regard hopefully, notwithstanding the reorganization of the army. Not even the temporary lack of an influential military leader to head a revolt constitutes a tranquilizing symptom.

The relaxation of the administrative morale is one of the gravest evils from which the country is suffering as a consequence of the revolution. In all epochs of our history there have always existed corruption, tyranny, and political assassinations. But even though the existence of these was notorious, they were regarded as crimes, or moral sores, which naturally were to be hidden or glossed over. The seriousness of the present situation is that we have lost our sense of shame and our conceptions of good and evil to the degree that boasts are made of tyrannical brutalities as though they were the gifts and acts of statesmanship; that the fact of a person in authority having rapidly accumulated a fortune through peculation or fraud is regarded as merely indicating on his part a meritorious provision for his future welfare.

The protection of life, liberty, and property is now not a normal function of our administrative authorities, but something which one must seek in an appeal to justice. Unfortunately, the Blind Goddess is bankrupt and in a state of progressive disintegration. Even the federal Supreme Court, which should be the moderating power, has been dominated by the trend of the times and has declared itself on strike. It shrugs its shoulders helplessly before the prevailing judicial corruption and ignorance [in the lower courts], washes its hands of administrative spoliation, and admits its impotence in the face of outrages against the law proceeding from military sources.

The nationalistic tendency of the revolution crumbled completely as soon as we permitted a regime of "capitulations" to become part of the conventions entered into between Mexico and the United States in 1923, which later were amplified to include Europe, thus sanctioning a condition of privilege for foreigners. In the terrain of economy, instead of seeking to bring about the development and exploitation of our natural resources by our own efforts, we are buying African corn, Canadian wheat, American eggs, depending more and more upon importations from abroad for the satisfaction of our prime necessities. Even the things which we produce in Mexico, from electrical power to Virginia cigarettes, omitting gasoline and metals, are products of the investment of foreign capital, to consume which we are obliged to pay in the equivalent of dollars.

In federal finance, if much has been gained in the minutiae of bookkeeping and in fiscal ferocity, the penury of the treasury has been correspondingly accentuated by the drainage of wasteful budgets and by the consumption of our sources of income. We are as yet unable to balance our budgets, but in exchange we are on the road to emancipating ourselves from our European creditors by heroically delivering ourselves into the hands of our Yankee creditors.

The complete balance sheet of the revolution would be tremendously extensive and complex if one cared to take the trouble to review in detail all the phases of our public life. This article does not provide opportunity for fixing the responsibilities of the revolutionists or of the enemies of the revolution for the deficiencies in the principles of the revolution or their failures or retrogressions from them.

It is sufficient to say in summary that some of the items on the balance sheet are frankly favorable—education and the economic and social betterment of the masses—while others—relating to our institutions, liberties, national economy, political sovereignty—are lamentably unfavorable.

As an anniversary proposition, worthy of the recollections which the day brings, recommendation is made of the adoption of the formula recently uttered by President Ortiz Rubio; namely, seriously to commence revolutionary reconstruction on a basis of common sense, honor, and patriotism. In this manner those who are sufficiently brave and honest to look squarely in the face the situation in which we find ourselves may discern a remedy for our ills, if they may yet be cured without resorting to a fresh revolution, which would endanger our nationality itself.